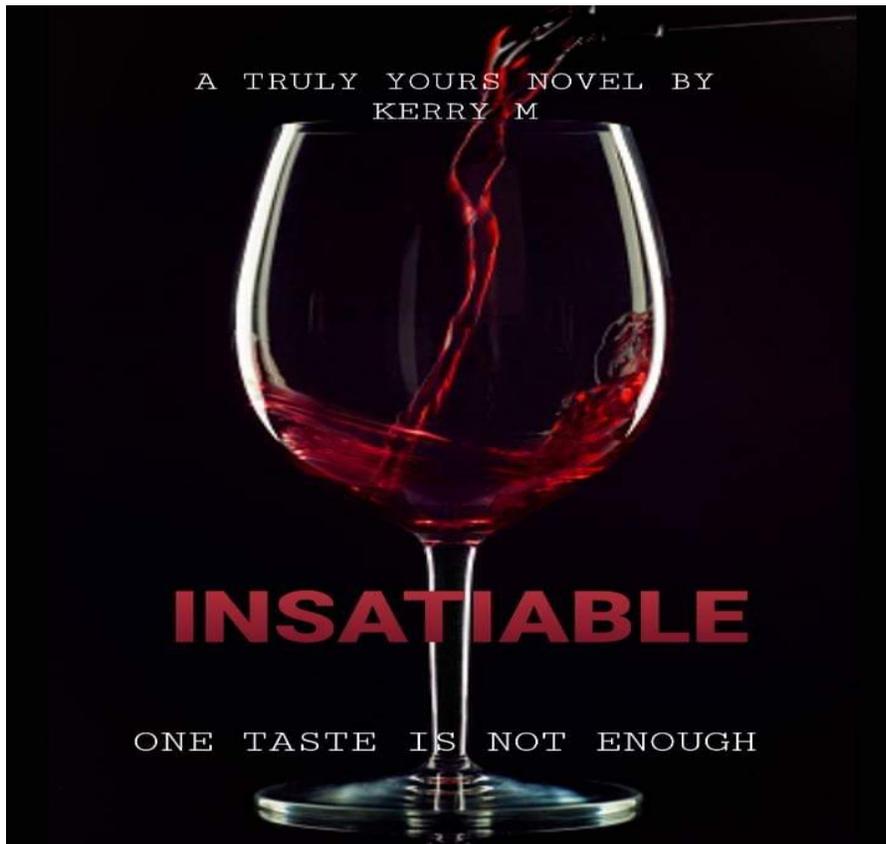


INSATIABLE BY KERRY M



Chapter 1

Millie could hear the laughter and giggles all the way from the living room to the kitchen where she had been slaving away since morning. She didn't want to sound or look bitter but she was

tired of doing all the work while Veronica and her friends just lounged in the living room sipping wine and gossiping. Her aunt had asked her if she could help in the kitchen and Millie had said yes for some reason unknown to her, like she didn't know what a task mistress her aunt was but she also knew that it would have been an issue had she refused.

"Oh My God they are here!" Veronica squealed startling Millie that she almost dropped the grater she was holding, so much drama! She did not have to think hard about who was here; she knew Veronica's in laws were finally here. They had been waiting for them all day.

"Which car is Lefa driving?" She heard Veronica's friend ask ecstatically.

"The Range Rover," Veronica replied and Millie didn't have to see her face to know that her

cousin was grinning. She had hit the jackpot with her fiancée. She wouldn't shut up about him since she started dating him and her aunt told whoever would listen. Lefakae Moeng was apparently a lawyer from a rich family and after six months of dating he popped the question now they were celebrating their official patlo and magadi, the negotiations had went well and the bride price had been paid, Mille had heard it had been a hefty amount of money since Lefakae adopted Veronica's five year old daughter.

Millie continued grating the carrots as she listened to the girls scream and squeal about the cars.

"Is that Zach?" Another friend of Veronica's asked screaming. Millie had to resist the urge to roll her eyes.

“Bitch, I had no idea Daddy Z was friends with your man!”

“I thought I told you,” Veronica sounded boastful. “But yeah they are friends, they are practically family, Lefa said they grew up together.”

“Oh My God, he is sooo hot!”

“How is he so hot? I want him to spread my thighs and spank me and ask me ‘who is your daddy?’”

Millie made a disgusted face at that, this was nothing new. She knew Veronica’s friends were all like this but couldn’t they at least wait until the celebration was over before they could run their dirty mouths? She put the grater down trying to suppress her curiosity but she wanted to see this Zach for herself that made these girls act like this. She had only heard bits and pieces of information about him and knew that



he owned a few bars, clubs and restaurants. And she had only seen him from the pictures on social media, she wanted to see him in person too.

She wiped her hands on her apron and walked out to the living room. Veronica was dressed in her German Print dress but she had removed the head scarf now leaving her straight long Peruvian weave. She was one of those girls that you could tell from the get go that she was beautiful, she had reigned as the beauty queen during their school days winning every beauty contest that she participated in. Her friends, Kesego and Same were in tight fitting dresses that Millie was sure they were not supposed to be wearing at an event like this, they turned to look at her when she entered and frowned like she was some kind of intruder.

“Oh, hello Millie, are you done cooking?”

Veronica asked with a smile, one would think it was a friendly smile if you didn't know her very well but Millie knew better. There was nothing friendly about Veronica's smiles, she had learnt during the years they grew up together. There was no running away from her even if she tried since their mothers were sisters. Veronica was now twenty six and she was twenty three but their relationship was still prickly like it had been when they were just primary school kids when she used to bully her.

“I am almost done,” she replied quietly. “I heard you guys screaming and I just wanted to see what was going on.”

Kesego snorted a laugh in her glass of wine.

“We were looking at men my dear Millie, real men. Do you even know what that is Millie?”

Veronica and Same burst out laughing like their friend had just said the funniest thing ever.

Millie's face burnt with embarrassment and maybe anger too. It was only Veronica and her friends who managed to make her feel like she was a child whilst she was a grown ass woman, she was not even a virgin for crying out loud.

"Millie kana ene mme o montle waitse," Same said with a smirk then looked down at her body. "It's a pity your body doesn't really compliment your face. I am telling you if you lost weight you would have guys keeling over for you."

"And the fact that you are a yellow bone is a plus," Kesego said then pouted. "But reality is you are too fat."

"I swear you look like you are older than V but you are the younger one," Same added shaking her head. "What size do you wear now? 40?"

"I think she wears size 38," Veronica snorted looking down at her nails. "But I know my baby cousin, she will eat her way to size 40."

“It’s that baking business of hers, I would be fat too if I baked all day.” Kesego nodded to herself like she had said something brilliant.

In her mind, Millie had murdered all these girls but unfortunately in real life they were still here breathing.

“Mills, take it from us your older sisters being overweight is not going to help you with anything,” Kesego said putting a hand over her heart like she was sympathizing with a terminally ill patient.

“I mean think of all the risks of getting diabetes and other fat people diseases.”

Millie couldn't believe this girl was a whole accountant, she sounded dumb.

“I am fine,” she mumbled, why was it hard to accept that she was healthy and she was fine with the way her body was? It used to bother her in her teenage years when she used to go

on starvation diets and drank all sorts of weight loss concoctions but nothing worked. She had accepted her body now and she was fine with it. "I am not at risk of any disease."

"I have been trying to get her to go to the gym but no such luck," Veronica said with a shrug ignoring her statement and reached for her wine glass.

Millie felt a tug of anger and resentment at her heart, she didn't even know why she was still standing there and taking in all their hurtful comments about her weight. She had grown up hearing that all her life that her face didn't match her body or she needed to lose weight, it was nothing new but it still made her blood boil hearing these skinny bitches make fun of her like that.

She opened her mouth to retort not even sure what she was going to say but she was interrupted by the door opening and her aunt, Veronica's mother walked followed by her own mother. The two sisters were dressed in matching blue German print dresses and white wedding shawls, Veronica's mother; Moipone was a little slim and taller than her pudgy short mother. Millie's heart squeezed with affection for her mother, she had always thought her mother was beautiful.

"What is going on?" Moipone demanded looking at the girls then her eyes narrowed in on Millie. "Why aren't you cooking neh Millicent? Didn't you see that the people have arrived?"

"The fried chicken and the rice are done, I was just finishing up on the salads but the other two ladies are still in there cooking."

"What about the dessert?" Moipone asked with a frown.

“The red velvet cake is in the fridge,” she replied feeling like she was being interrogated. She hated being on the spotlight and Aunty Moipone was a drill sergeant who could even question your gender in front of people. Millie knew she was not going to get some kind of gratitude for slaving away for her cousin, she had made the cake the night before she never really minded when it came to baking it was her favorite thing to do.

“People are hungry, I want to see plates moving from here to where they are.” Moipone said not looking impressed at all. “You are the one who suggested cooking instead of hiring caterers so go in there and make sure everything is perfect lesa botshwakga Millicent!” (Stop being lazy)

Millie glanced at her mother hoping she would

say something in her defense but like always her mother gave her an apologetic look and looked down. Millie decided not to let it get to her, her mother had never defended her before to her sister so what made her think she was going to start now? She walked to the kitchen and resumed her cooking while she listened to Moipone telling Veronica how beautiful and lucky she was.

Millie regretted coming to assist when she could have stayed home and baked cakes and scones for her customers. Moipone was bossing people around, Veronica was being what she was best; a princess.

“Millie, they want another plate outside.” One of the ladies said walking back in the kitchen with an empty tray.

“Do they want beef or chicken?”

“They didn’t specify,” she replied and Millie wanted to sigh in frustration as she reached for the plate and dished the rice with chicken and salads. She looked around the kitchen hoping to find someone who was going to go outside but she was alone.

She took a deep breath untying her apron before she walked out carrying the plate.

She hoped whoever it was who wanted the food was not picky and whiny and wouldn’t send her back. Lefakae’s family sounded like they were real snobs besides anyone who had the strength and ability to accept Veronica as a daughter in law was probably just as evil.

Her legs immediately turned to jelly as soon as she walked outside, the men were seated away from the women and each and everyone one of

them was rocking a suit that exuded money.

“Oh, Millie the man who didn’t get the food is that one next to our son in law hurry up and go serve him.” The lady hissed and Millie almost threw the food in her face, why the hell was everyone bossing her today? She cleared her throat and walked towards them slowly then almost wished she could turn back when the man looked at her.

Oh No, that was no doubt the Zach that Veronica and her friends were screaming about. He was everything they said he looked like; dark, hot and kind of scary. He looked dangerous in every way possible. His gaze was very intimidating that she wanted to confess her sins right then and there. He was different from the other men Veronica’s fiancée for instance always looked like a nerd she couldn’t believe he was actually friends with Zach, he wore his

shirt with the top buttons undone and a silver chain around his neck, and she caught a glimpse of a tattoo peeking out from his shirt as she got near, she wondered how many tattoos he had. She shook her head calming her mind, she had no business being curious about this man's body. She was now sweating and shaking, he looked like he could pull out a gun and just shoot everyone for no reason and why was he staring at her like that?

"Are you going to give me the food or you want to take it back?" His deep voice broke her out of her trance and she realized she was not walking anymore; she was right in front of him. God, she was so stupid. How long had she been standing in front of him?

"Um, yes," she mumbled blinking rapidly stretching her hand to give him the plate but her hands were shaking and before she knew it the

food came flying down on his lap making him jump from the chair as people gasped. Millie put a hand over her mouth her eyes widening, Lord she wished the ground could open up and swallow her whole.

Yes you guessed it, our Daddy Z is back and if you didn't get enough of him before, this is your chance. This is not a continuation or a sequel to our previous book. It's a standalone so you don't have to read our previous book if you don't want to.

[02/25, 19:11] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 2

“What the fuck?” Zach hissed brushing the rice off his crotch, he had jumped quickly, he was

not proud of jumping like a little wimp but he had been scared that the food was too hot. He rubbed the rice off the front of his pants and looked at the girl who had served the rice to his dick. She had a hand over her mouth and she looked like she was about to pass out, it was probably because of the way everyone was looking at her. Zach opened his mouth to tell her it was fine but a two ladies rushed to him before he could say anything.

“Millie, what have you done?” The tall woman who resembled Lefa’s fiancée asked warily like she had committed a grave sin. “You are so clumsy like a little girl, do you know how expensive these people’s clothes are?”

“Do you?” Zach asked and everyone turned to look at him in surprise.

“What?” Moipone asked in confusion. “Are you

talking to me?”

“Yes, I am guessing you know how much my clothes cost so you can tell her.”

Moipone looked shocked as she stepped blinking rapidly like a doll. “I don’t know the exact price but I know that a man of your caliber wouldn’t wear anything cheap.”

Zach frowned at her, he hated women like these the most. “A man of my caliber? Like a thug? Because that is what I am.”

“Zach, bro cut it out.” Lefakae chimed in gently, he probably didn’t want to be embarrassed in front of his in laws but Zach didn’t care. They weren’t his in laws and he didn’t have to play nice with them.

“Kesego, help him wipe his pants.” Moipone said glaring at Millie before she walked away huffing.

Kesego rushed to him with a dish cloth in her

hand aiming for Zach's crotch but he quickly stepped back looking at her like she had lost her mind.

"What the hell?" Zach asked.

"Oh, I am just helping you," Kesego mumbled looking uncomfortable.

"Get off my dick, what the fuck is wrong with you?" He was irritated and if Lefakae was not one of his best friends he would have long walked out of here. He hated formal ceremonies like this to start with and the women were just rubbing him off the wrong way. It didn't help that he hadn't really been in a good mood for lately.

Kesego stepped back looking like she wanted to cry, Millie looked at her wanting to laugh in her face but she was still rooted on the same spot. She had no idea why she had not even left yet.

“Zachariah,” Lefakae’s father called in a warning tone.

Zach sighed, he did not want to ruin this for anyone, he had known Mr. Moeng since he was a child. He didn’t know how to disrespect him.

“I am fine, I will clean it myself you can go.” He said to Kesego and she immediately turned to leave. Millie turned making an attempt to leave too.

“You are leaving too?”

Millie slowly turned to look at him, he could see that all this attention was making her very uncomfortable. “Um, yes?”

“What are you going to do about my pants?” He asked gesturing at his pants, honestly he didn’t give a shit about the pants. He was never going to wear them again anyway.

“Um, I can wash them?” She tilted her head at him. Zachariah finally got a good look at her

face, her eyes were clear and so white. He had no idea anyone could have clear eyes like that and her small pouty mouth looked very kissable. His eyes dropped down to her chest, she was wearing a hideous dress but he could see the fullness of her breasts. He wondered how soft her skin was, his member jerked just at the thought of it. She was probably very soft.

“It’s okay ngwanaka he is just playing, you can go.” Lefakae’s father said and he snapped out of his lustrous thoughts. Millie turned and rushed away before he could say more. He studied her round behind her butt bouncing in the dress.

“Forget it,” Lefakae grumbled shaking his head at his friend.

“What did I do?” He asked innocently.

“I am not stupid Zach, these are my in laws bro

you can't ruin this for me by fucking their daughter," Lefakae said sternly.

Zach grinned wickedly. "Who said I just want to fuck? Maybe I want to wife her and shit."

"Yeah right," Lefakae snorted. "Do I need to remind you about Amber?"

Zach's grinned quickly vanished from his face replaced by a frown.

"Shit, I am sorry."

"I am not." He shrugged putting his 'don't care' face on. He hated that Amber still affected him like this when it had been months since she left. He cleared his throat and glanced at the direction where she had went but she was nowhere in sight.

They were finally back home on Sunday and

Millie couldn't be more relieved. Visits to Moipone's place always left her frustrated and exhausted. She sometimes questioned that her mother and that dictator were related much less sisters. Her mother was a soft spoken woman and never raised her voice at anyone, everything that Moipone was not.

She plopped on her bed the moment she walked in her bedroom and breathed in the scent of freedom and being away from evil relatives. Her room was her sanctuary, she had decorated it all by herself and her father had helped with painting her walls pink and making some of her furniture. She suddenly missed her father, he was a truck driver so he was away from home very often. She reached for her snack box and pulled out a Kit Kat, sweets knew how to cure one's pain. A soft knock made her look up from her slap of chocolate and her

mother walked in.

“I thought you were going to cut down on the sweets,” her mother said gently glancing at the chocolate slab in her hand.

“I deserve it after all the slaving I did at your sister’s place,” Millie grumbled taking another bite.

Josephine sighed. “I am sorry.”

Millie paused to look at her. “You are always sorry but you never stand up for me when it comes to your sister. Why are you so afraid of her?”

“I am not afraid of her.” Josephine looked away avoiding her daughter’s eyes. “Millie, you know how much I love you that is why I keep urging you to lose weight. I am worried about you.”

Millie’s eyes flashed with anger. “This is not about my weight; it’s about your older sister always bossing me around like I am some sort

of servant and you never standing up for me. I baked and cooked for those people but they still made me feel so small and lazy. Is it because they have more money than we do? Is that why you are afraid of her?"

"Millicent, watch your tone. I am still your mother."

"Then act like my mother!" She snapped angrily.

Josephine looked like she wanted to say more but she just nodded slightly. "Stop eating those sweets and go to bed early." She said gently and walked out closing the door behind her. Millie blinked away her tears of frustration; sometimes she wished she could shake her mother and make her talk.

She laid back on the bed wiping her cheeks furiously, she had tried not to but she really couldn't stand Moipone and she was sick and

tired of them acting like the First family all because they owned and rented out a few properties and her husband was some kind of a big shot at Water Utilities. It was the whole reason why she couldn't wait to move out of her parents' house, she was saving from her baking business to rent a shop somewhere first where she could operate her bakery then move out probably somewhere she could ignore her relatives.

Zach sat on his leather couch sipping his whiskey slowly while he stared into space. The house was quiet and he liked being alone when he was not at the club or at the restaurant but these days it had gotten too quiet that the silence was deafening. The house was too big

for one person. He took out his phone and called Lefakae when an idea popped in his head.

“What do you want?” Lefakae asked with a breathless voice.

“Are you fucking?”

“Yes, now can you let me get back to my fiancée.”

“I will but I need a favor first.” He said and rubbed his jaw. “Ask that girl of yours to give me her sister’s number.”

“V doesn’t have a sister.”

“Whoever that girl that served me food on Saturday then.”

“Zach, we talked about this tlhe rra.”

“I just want her to pay for my dry cleaning!”

“Bullshit, I know you wena stop it.”

“I’ll pay for your honeymoon.”

“What?”

“Yeah if you do this for me I will pay for your honeymoon.”

Lefakae groaned on the other end. “Fine, we will send it but Zach please don’t do anything unruly to that girl. She is kind of my family now.”

“I am a saint,” he said with a straight face.

“Fuck you,” Lefakae grumbled before he hung up.

Zach chuckled to himself staring at the phone screen waiting for the number. He took another sip of his whiskey then quickly rose to his feet when he saw a text from Lefa. He had forwarded him the number, he grinned to himself and quickly called it. He did not believe in wasting time.

“Hello?” Her small voice sounded tired and sleeping, fuck he was acting like a creep calling just before midnight but he shrugged it off quickly.

“Hi,” he greeted hoping his voice was not too scary. “It’s Zach.”

The line fell silent and he quickly glanced at the phone to check if she hadn’t hung up. “Hello?”

“Um, yeah,” she cleared her throat. “Can I help you?”

“Yes, you promised to take care of my pants but you haven’t reached out to me so we could discuss the way forward. You see those are my favorite pair of pants and I cherish them deeply but now I can’t wear them anymore because they reek of chicken and Chakalaka.”

“I am so sorry, I wanted to reach out but I didn’t know how.”

“Great now we are both on the same page,” he

sat back down on the couch and put his feet up on the coffee table. "So, what are you doing tomorrow?"

"I am working."

"What do you do?"

"I bake," she replied.

"Like cakes and stuff?"

She giggled. "Yes like cakes and stuff."

"What is the name of the bakery?"

"Oh, I don't have a bakery yet just an online page where I advertise and communicate with my customers."

"What is your business page called?"

"Millie's Delicious Delights," she replied then cleared her throat.

"Millie," he called her, even her name was sweet, she was a baker called Millie God, she was

everything that Zach never wanted in a woman before and she looked too soft but he still couldn't help being intrigued. "Millicent?"

"Yes," she replied before she yawned. "Listen, I have to go to bed now will you call me tomorrow to talk about the dry cleaning payment?"

"What if you baked me a cake instead?"

"Excuse me?"

"Your cake looks delicious," he said hoarsely. He didn't know what her cake looked like because he was not definitely not talking about that cake.

"Oh, are you on my page?" She asked sounding very proud he almost felt like a dick for lying to her. "Okay, I guess I can arrange that. When do you want it?"

"Tomorrow, I will send you the address so you bring it over."

“Oh,” she said softly, he couldn’t help but imagine that oh coming out of her mouth when he ran his hands all over her body. God, he was going straight to hell. “Um, I am not sure about that.”

“You don’t trust me?” He asked smirking. “You can tell your parents where you are going and give them my address too. You do deliver cakes right?”

“I do,” she agreed.

“Then I will wait for you tomorrow at lunch time.”

“Um, okay. Do you have any specific preference of flavor?”

“No, surprise me with any flavor you want. I am going to love it.” He said and grinned wickedly.

“Millie?”

“Rra?”

“I can’t wait to eat your cake autlwa?”

“Um, okay.” She mumbled and he snorted imagining her flushed face. “Goodnight!” She hung up before he could say more. He leaned back on the couch, he was playing with fire but unfortunately he was not afraid of being burnt.

Evening Trulies, I had people asking if we have a group and I was going to wait until the page had a few more followers before we opened a group but this is our security so we cannot postpone it any longer. Click the link and join our group where we will discuss the books and post explicit scenes that may be banned from Facebook.

<https://facebook.com/groups/1422694231596933/>

[02/25, 19:11] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 3

Josephine leaned against her daughter's bedroom wall watching her as she fretted with her maroon colored dress. She had changed her clothes for the third time something which she never did whenever she delivered her baked goods to her customers so Josephine was suspicious. As much as she liked seeing her daughter like this, she couldn't help but worry about her. The last guy she dated crushed her little heart into pieces and she didn't want that happening to her again.

"You look beautiful," she finally spoke just as Millie was about to unzip the dress. "I think you should go with that one, it looks beautiful."

"Oh," Millie flushed and looked down at her

dress like she was seeing it for the first time.

“Thanks Mama.”

“You are welcome, are you going anywhere special?”

Millie shrugged casually. “Just delivering a customer’s cake.”

Josephine nodded hiding her smile. “And what time are you going to come back?”

“Um, I am not sure but I will be home before three.” Millie assured her then tightened the ribbon on her gold braids. She regretted not undoing them, they were like a month old. She shook her head shaking the thought off her head, why did it matter if the braids were a month or a year old, she was only taking the cake to Zach nothing more. She checked her wrist watch, it was almost lunch and she needed to go if she wanted to beat the lunch rush hour.

“I will be home soon,” she said to her mother grabbing the cake box from the kitchen counter.

“Greet your customer for me,” Josephine said and Millie frowned.

“Sure,” she mumbled then grabbed the keys to the Hilux, her father’s car. She used it for deliveries since her father rarely drove it always being on the road and all. She waved at her mother before she walked out. She placed the cake on the passenger’s seat and looked at it, she hoped it would meet his standards. She had outdone herself by making this chocolate cheese cake for him. She took a deep breath and started the car.

She had been to Phakalane a few times, delivering goodies for her customers but Millie could never get used to the large houses and the clean streets, even the air was fresh. No

wonder people went to an extent of killing for this kind of lifestyle. She slowed down looking for Zach's house, he had sent her the address after their midnight call. She finally stopped in front of his gate and took a deep breath before she reached for her phone to call him but the gate opened before she could hit call. She drove in slowly watching as the gate closed shut behind her. Her eyes met with his just as she finished unbuckling her seat belt and reached for her cake. Zach was leaning against the wall looking very edible in grey sweatpants and a black vest.

Lord, she needed the strength from above to get her through this. Zach didn't take his eyes off her as she walked towards him just like she had done at the patlo and magadi ceremony. It was by luck that she reached him without tripping on her feet and falling.

“You made it,” Zach said looking very amused then looked down at her hands. “And you brought my cake with me, good girl.”

“Um, here you go.” She stretched her hand giving it to him.

Zach looked at the box then turned to walk back in the house. “Bring it in, I don’t accept gifts outside the house!” He called over his shoulder.

Millie sighed and followed him, she was immediately taken by the house. The living room was like those houses she saw on Property 4 U and everything just exuded wealth.

“Do you want anything to drink?” He asked heading to the kitchen, Millie was not even keeping up with him too busy checking out the house.

“Oh, um no thanks I have to head back, I just wanted to drop the cake.” She called.

“I can’t hear you!” Zach shouted from the

kitchen. "Come in here!"

She sighed and walked towards the kitchen and placed the cake on the counter. The kitchen was stunning and his stove was every baker's dream she salivated just at the sight of it imagining all kinds of things she could bake in it.

"So, where are you rushing off to?" Zach asked filling two glasses with Orange juice even though she had specifically told him she didn't want a drink. She supposed he was the kind of man who was allergic to the word 'no'.

"I have some baking to do for my customers," she mumbled avoiding his eyes. It was not only his intense gaze that made her hands sweat, it was his biceps in that vest and the chain around his neck. When did she even start finding chains hot? She needed to get out of here.

"But you can't stay until I have tried your cake?" He asked tilting his head at her.

“I suppose I can stay for 5 minutes.”

“Great, let me get the knife and plates.” He turned to the cupboards, Millie watched him open and close one cupboard door after another searching for plates. You would swear it was not his house.

“I think you should check the top,” she suggested quietly.

“Sorry my housekeeper usually does everything in the house.” He said looking bashful as he opened the top cupboards and finally pulled out two plates, he looked proud of himself. He handed Millie the cake knife and watched her as she cut the cake skillfully into pieces.

“Your hands are so small,” he said randomly and before Millie could respond he reached for her other hand and covered it with his large hand. “Where did your hand go?” He teased.

Millie chuckled shaking her head and attempted

to pull back but he held on tighter. “And they are so soft, I thought bakers’ hands were kind of rough and covered in calluses.”

“I use this hand lotion from Princess Skin, it does magic.” She boasted proudly.

Zach nodded studying her hand like something that fascinated him; Millie couldn’t help but feel the buzz from his touch. He was a very attractive man so there was no doubt she would feel like her body was on fire when he was just touching her hand. She cleared her throat making an attempt to remove her hand from his.

“You are very stingy with your hand,” Zach snorted and finally let her pull back her hand.

Millie placed the slices of cake on the two plates then gave him one. Her brain was now fuzzy and couldn’t concentrate. She couldn’t stop thinking about that touch, just one touch

that had shot sparks through her body.

“Aren’t you going to eat?” Zach asked pulling her out of her thoughts, his cake slice was almost gone and Millie wondered just for how long she had zoned out. “This is very good, I knew your cake was going to be delicious.”

Millie coughed at that reaching for the glass of juice and gulping it down. She needed to leave now, this was too dangerous. “I have to go now, I hope I made my payment.” She mumbled rising to her feet.

“Now?” Zach asked.

“Yes, I think 5 minutes has passed now.”

“Why are you running away from me?” He asked stepping towards her, Millie looked down at her feet but he tipped her chin up with his thumb forcing her to look up at him. She was short so he hovered over her like a giant which made her

feel very small and trapped.

“Millie?” He called hoarsely sending chills down her spine. “Do I scare you?”

She shook her head fervently. “I just have to go home before my mother worries about me.”

“How old are you?” Zach asked with a frown.

“23,” she replied shyly.

“I think you are old enough to stay away from home, don’t you think?” He stepped closer pressing his body against hers. Millie choked on her breath and stepped away like she had been electrocuted.

“Please don’t do this,” her voice came out in a whisper accompanied by fresh tears rolling down her cheeks. “I am not one of those girls and I am not desperate for sex. I am going home and you are not keeping me here.”

Zach frowned. “Millie, I didn’t want to keep you

here against your will.”

“I told you that I wanted to go home and you keep on pushing even pressed yourself against me.” She was rumbling but she didn’t care, she was furious that he thought she was an easy girl who could be seduced easily just like that. “I am not going to let you have sex with me then discard me.”

“Millie, will you please calm down?” He asked trying to soften his voice, she looked terrified and he had no intentions of making her feel like that.

“No, stay away from me!” She snapped before she stormed off heading to the bathroom, Zach wanted to follow her and tell her it was the wrong direction but he didn’t want her freaking out that he was following her again so he waited for her to return.

She walked out seconds later still looking flustered and angry. It was cute to watch actually and Zach couldn't help the smirk that crept on his face.

"Your house is too big!" She snapped furiously then walked away in the right direction this time. Zach snorted to himself; she was feisty and very cute when she was mad which only made him want her more.

"Oh, my dear Millie there is no way I am going to leave you alone now." He mumbled to himself then reached for the cake box and a fork and dug in the left over cake.

Veronica always knew she was destined for greater things since she was a kid, her mother had always treated and made her feel like a princess and that she deserved the world which

she did. She had a little detour on the way to the good life when she dated Zoey's father and fell pregnant just after she finished form five but her mother brought her back to her senses and made her realize that she deserved to be a wife to someone like Lefakae, educated and from a good wealthy family now she and her daughter were set for life, not that she needed it anyway her parents had a successful renting business but still she was a lawyer's wife and she was getting married nothing could beat that.

"Oh, I smell chicken," his nineteen year old brother walked in the kitchen while she was packing Lefakae's lunch. Her mother had taught her that a way to a man's heart is through his stomach so she had asked their maid to prepare dumplings with chicken stew, Lefakae's favorite.

"Hands off that's not yours," Veronica slapped

his brother's hand away just when he reached for the food.

Bokang frowned. "But it's lunch time."

"You can make your own lunch, this one is my husband's."

"Mxm, like you are not even married yet so just chill." Bokang grumbled heading to the fridge and reached for a bottle of coke. Veronica watched him in horror as he drank straight from the bottle. She sometimes couldn't believe she was brothers with this Neanderthal .

"Coming from someone who failed form five and does nothing but sleep," she shot back glaring at him.

"You also failed form five sis then got knocked up so you are doing great as a role model."

"At least I am getting married, thank God I won't have to share a surname with you anymore."

She grumbled.

“You are always going to be Veronica Molatlhegi so don’t be too sure, who knows your husband might divorce you after two months when he realizes you have nothing to bring to the table.”

Veronica fumed and threw a fork at him which landed on his arm.

“Mama!” Bokang cried out clutching his arm.

“What is going on now?” Moipone shouted walking in the room looking at her children.

“Koore lona ga le sa omane ga le heme sentle akere?”

“It’s your daughter throwing forks at me,” Bokang reported eyeing his older sister.

“Next time I am throwing a knife.”

“Vero stop it!” Moipone snapped. “I can’t believe you two are still fighting like cats and dogs. Wena go wait for your niece at the gate, her school bus is about to drop her off and stop

fighting with your sister man.”

“Mxm, I don’t think she is my sister. I want a DNA test.”

“Bokang wee, don’t test me today please don’t.” Moipone warned angrily. “Go wait for your niece man!”

Bokang mumbled under his breath and walked out of the kitchen. Moipone turned to look at Veronica. “You shouldn’t let your brother agitate you like this.”

“He is annoying.”

“He is still young,” Moipone said gently then smiled. “Are you taking the food to my son in law?”

“Yes,” Veronica nodded then closed the Tupperware lid before she packed it in the small cooler box.

“Good,” Moipone smiled fixing her daughter’s

long weave. "You are going to be the most beautiful bride, you have made me and your father very proud. I always knew you were destined for greatness you can't be in the same level as Millicent Seboko, you are a queen and now you are going to live like one for the rest of your life."

"Thank you mama," she smiled grabbing the cooler box. "Let me go so I don't run into traffic."

"Okay my girl, drive safe."

Veronica walked out and smiled when she saw her daughter walking in the yard holding her uncle's hand. Obakeng might have been a piece of shit father but he had given her such a beautiful daughter. She was in standard one now and her beauty enhanced every day.

"Mama!" She called excitedly letting her uncle's hand so she could rush to her.

“Hello baby,” she kissed both her cheeks and patted her afro that she had divided into two space buns. “How was school?”

“Great! We had a spelling competition and the teacher gave me a star, do you want to see?”

“Not now my baby, I have to go see daddy you remember him?”

“Yes,” she nodded sadly.

Veronica sighed, “Why don’t you show your uncle the star?”

“Really?” Her face brightened and she looked up at Bokang. “You want to see my star?”

“Of course Zozo,” Bokang picked her up. “Let’s go so you can show uncle your star, wena kana o crack you are going to be a doctor unlike your dumb mother.”

Veronica glared at him but she held back insulting him back in front of her daughter and

kissed her Zoey goodbye before she walked to her Mazda Demio. She couldn't help to buy herself a bigger car when she officially became Mrs. Moeng.

She fixed her weave before she walked in M&M Attorneys building pulling down her short dress. She had worn it on purpose so she could sneak in a quickie before she went home, her mother had said she had to feed him so he was satisfied and won't even think about stepping outside their relationship.

His assistant's desk was empty so she walked in without knocking then instantly gasped putting a hand over her mouth as she took in the scene before her.

It looked like they hadn't heard the door opening because they were still going at it like dogs on heat. Lefakae was bent over the desk and

Veronica could see the guy's balls as he kept pounding in her fiancée's ass. She couldn't help the gasp that escaped her mouth and they quickly pulled apart. Veronica stared at them with her mouth wide open and the lunch box fell to the ground as she stared at their shiny wet dicks.

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Chapter 4

"Baby," Lefakae mumbled looking shaken as he pulled his pants up his dick still dripping with cum. "Listen I know this looks bad but don't panic."

Veronica stared at him unblinking, she was still frozen on the spot unable to move, every

muscle in her body felt like it had been replaced by blocks of ice. Her head was still reeling from what she had witnessed and she could feel her stomach churning.

“I think she is in shock,” Lefakae’s partner mumbled next to him. Veronica’s eyes went to him taking his features in. He was taller than Lefakae and darker than him too. One wouldn’t even think he could slide in another man’s asshole if you passed him on the street. Veronica wondered just how long had this been going on.

“Ivan, I think you need to leave.”

“Are you sure?” Ivan asked glancing at him.

“Yes, I am sure!” Lefakae snapped.

“Why are you snapping at me for?” He asked pulling up his pants angrily. “Are you going to treat me like shit again after this because I am

tired of your bullshit Lefa.”

“I don’t want to do this right now please leave,” he grumbled. Ivan clicked his tongue and reached for his shirt which he had thrown on the floor pulling it on. He was about to leave when Veronica finally made a sound that startled them both.

“How long has this been going on?” She asked hoarsely, her throat was too dry and she felt like she might choke on her breath. She put a hand over her stomach trying to suppress the nausea.

“Will you please leave?” Lefakae snapped at Ivan.

“No, he is not going anywhere.” Veronica shook her head. “I want to know everything and you two are going to tell me.”

Lefakae rubbed his forehead with his chest heaving. “I didn’t want you to find out like this.”

“Don’t even start with the movie lines, tell me

how long this has been going on.”

Lefakae bit his lip looking down. “It started two years ago before I met you but I promise I had broken up with him when I met you,” he said and cleared his throat glancing at Ivan then down at his feet. “Um, we only meet a week ago again at the club.”

“And you decided to pick up where you left off?” Veronica asked, her voice trembling. Even her legs felt like they were giving up on her.

“It was a moment of weakness baby, I am so sorry.”

“Why don’t you just tell her the truth?” Ivan asked rolling his eyes. “Lefa never wanted to get married in the first place, his father was the one who had been giving him hell about finding a woman and settling down. He is terrified of his father and would do anything for him.”

“Your father doesn’t know?” She asked.

“He knows Lefa is gay that is why he is pressuring him to get married to a woman so soon but he is not fully satisfied trust me.”

“But you um, you have sex with me often,” her voice was barely a whisper.

“It happens when um, I am imagining that I am sleeping with a man.”

Veronica put a hand over her mouth. “You imagine a man every time you sleep with me?”

“V, please don’t tell my father about this.”

Lefakae begged. “If he finds out...” He trailed off shaking his head. “We can move past this V, I will marry you like I promised and I will be a good husband and a good father.”

Veronica’s tears finally fell down her cheeks and she stepped back from him, the man she thought she was going to spend her rest of her life with. “You are very sick, if you think that I

am still going to marry you after this then you got another thing coming.”

“V, wait please!” Lefakae called grabbing her wrist.

“Don’t you dare touch me!” She snapped shrugging him off before she rushed out of the office.

Lefakae slumped against the door, his own tears falling down his cheeks. Ivan walked towards him.

“Hey, it’s going to be okay.” He reached for his face but Lefakae pushed him away shaking his head.

“If my dad finds out,” he choked out not even wanting to imagine what his father would do if he found out about this. Lefakae took out his phone and called the only person who could help him in this mess.

“Mr. Valencia to be.” Zach said when he

answered and Lefakae chuckled without a hint of humor.

“It’s Veronica,” he mumbled then sighed. “I fucked up.”

“What’s wrong?”

“Vero walked in on me while I was with Ivan.”

“Shit, you are back with Ivan?”

“He was in town and one thing led to another when he popped by the office today. I didn’t think V would show up and I thought I had locked the door.”

“Is she going to tell?”

“I don’t know,” he said shaking his head. “Zach if my dad finds out he will kill me this time.”

“Don’t stress too much, she won’t say shit.”

Lefakae looked up at Ivan miserably, the words were supposed to soothe him but they only made him feel worse. He didn’t want to live in

this cage forever but he also knew all hell would break loose if he tried going up against his father.

Veronica got a speeding ticket on her way home but she didn't care, she had been crying and heaving since she left the office. The image of that guy pounding into Lefakae was imprinted on her brain and was not going away. She couldn't believe he was not even attracted to her that he had to imagine a man every time they slept together. She parked the car in front of the garage and stepped out shaking. Her make-up was smudged but she didn't care as she walked inside her mother's house.

"Yoh, what happened to you?" Bokang asked looking up from his video game when she

walked in. "Are you a zombie?"

"Don't talk to me," she grumbled heading to her bedroom, she heaved before she could open the door to her bedroom then rushed to the bathroom and knelt down in front of the toilet and let everything she had eaten in the morning out.

"Was that your sister?" Moipone asked walking out of the kitchen with Zoey tailing behind her munching on her Simba chips. "Why is she back so soon? Where did she go?"

"She is in there," he replied casually pointing at the closed bathroom door.

Moipone frowned walking towards the bathroom and listened to her daughter heaving. "Vero, are you alright?" She asked knocking softly then her face brightened and walked back to the living room. "Oh, it seems like we are

going to have a little Moeng soon.” She said beaming.

“All she is good for is popping kids.” Bokang snorted, Moipone slapped his head. “Ouch, this is child abuse mama.”

“Child abuse is raising a son like you, why can’t you be happy for your sister? She is marrying into a wealthy family and you are going to have fancy in laws.”

Bokang shook his head and reached for his niece’s packet of chips.

Veronica walked out wiping her mouth.

Moipone frowned at the state her daughter was in. Her mascara and lipstick were all smudged.

“What is going on with you?” Moipone asked.

“Even if you are pregnant you can’t be messy like this. I told you that men do not like basadi ba ba boatla.”

“I don’t want to talk about men right now,” she

mumbled shaking her head.

Moipone studied her daughter's face then looked at Bokang, "Take Zozo out to play."

"What?" Bokang raised his eyebrow. "I am finishing up my game."

Moipone clicked her tongue. "Go get P50 from my purse and go buy ice cream for your niece."

Bokang grinned. "Zozo, come let's go your rich uncle is going to spoil you today."

"Who is my rich uncle?" Zoey asked scrunching her nose.

"Me, I am your rich uncle richer than your mother come let's go." Bokang took her hand and walked to his mother's bedroom.

Moipone waited until they walked out from the bedroom with the money and went outside. She turned to look at Veronica who was sniffing.

"Talk to me," she said gently sitting down next

to her. "What happened? Are you pregnant?"

"Mama, I can't go on with the wedding." She said wiping her nose with the back of her hand. Moipone moved back staring at her like she had lost her mind. "Lefakae is not who I thought is."

"What did he do? Did he hit you?"

"No, mama." Veronica shook her head and put a hand over her face. "He is cheating on me with a man! I caught them in his office having sex!" She grimaced as the scene flashed in her mind again. "He was not even the one doing the fucking, another man was fucking him."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course mama, I know what I saw." She hiccupped. "So I can't marry him. I am going to call off the wedding."

"You are going to do no such thing." Moipone said sternly.

“What?” Veronica frowned at her mother. “What do you mean?”

“You are going to marry Lefakae and that’s that.”

“But mama, he is gay!” Veronica cried in disbelief.

“And he is filthy rich,” Moipone added calmly.

“This your jackpot Vero, marry him and be set for life. Who cares what he does after 9? Many men do that with their best friends from time to time and they outgrow it when they are older.”

“Mama,” Veronica called in shock. “I can’t believe you are saying that, I can’t marry Lefa and I won’t. I will dump him and call off the wedding.”

“Yeii why are you being selfish kante?” She snapped. “Are you only thinking about yourself? What about me, how will I face the embarrassment of you calling off the wedding?”

Some women would kill to be in your shoes right now. It's evident Lefakae needs you so go on and marry him what he does is none of your business."

"Mama, I can't do that."

"Stupid girl, who will take care of you like you deserve to be taken care of?"

"I will take care of myself and get a job."

Moipone chuckled shaking her head. "You have never worked a day in your life Vero, you are not cut out for that kind of life trust me I know better. You will marry Lefakae and be perfect daughter in law, do you hear me?" She asked staring at her.

Veronica nodded slightly maybe her mother was right, she couldn't even imagine the embarrassment she would go through for breaking the engagement.

The front door opened and her father walked in.

Moipone smiled at him.

“You are home?”

“Yeah,” Richard Molatlhegi replied and glanced at his daughter. “What is wrong?”

“It’s just flu, don’t mind her.” Moipone said quickly before Veronica could respond. “Vero, go and rest my baby. I will make dinner.”

Veronica nodded and stood up heading to her bedroom. Richard sat back on the couch and studied his wife.

“Are you sure everything is fine?”

“Yes, why wouldn’t it be?” She beamed at him.

“Let me go get started on dinner, I will give Confidence a break from cooking today. It’s been long since we sat down and ate dinner as a family.” She said and continued to the kitchen humming to herself.

She could feel the depression sinking in, it had been there since she left Zach's place on Monday and hadn't managed to sleep a wink.

Millie couldn't believe she had lost it like that but Zach had no right trying to seduce her like that! She had seen what kind of girls he usually dated on social media after hours of stalking and she was far from being close even an inch to his Ex's. She didn't want to set herself up for a heart break, guys like Zach didn't go for girls like her and that was just how things were.

"Millie," her mother called snapping her out of her thoughts reminding her that she was in the kitchen mixing cake dough and not in Zach's house.

"Mma?"

"The cookies are too salty, what happened?"

“Really?” She asked with wide eyes and reached for one of the chocolate chip cookies she had baked for a customer then grimaced spitting it out. They were awful. “I will make them again.”

“Is everything alright?” Josephine asked studying her. “You have been acting strange since yesterday.”

“I am fine,” she shrugged casually reaching for the chocolate chip cookie mix. She was not fond of using store bought cookie mix since she preferred making it herself but she had no choice, the customers deadline was tomorrow and she needed 100 cookies.

“Are you sure?” her mother asked, Millie opened her mouth to assure her that she was fine but she was interrupted by her ringtone. She looked at the unsaved number and quickly answered thinking it was a customer.

“Is this Millicent Seboko?” A formal voice asked.

“Yes, this is she.”

“Good afternoon ma’am you are speaking to Flora from Flora’s Petals and we have a gift package for you. If you would kindly send directions so we can drop it off.”

“What package?” Millie asked with a frown. “I didn’t order anything from you.”

“Yes, it’s a gift ma’am.”

“From who?”

“Zachariah Babupi,” the woman replied and Millie’s heart raced in her chest pressing the phone harder to her ear. “Ma’am, can we have the address?”

“Oh, um yes.” She mumbled and gave her the address before she hung looking shaken. Josephine looked at her. “What is it?”

“Nothing, um a customer is delivering something for me.” She mumbled busying

herself with the cookie dough, she had never been a good liar and her mother could see right through her.

Flora from Flora's Petals called thirty minutes later that she was outside the yard, Millie stepped out feeling uneasy and very anxious. She greeted the short lady who handed her a very large bouquet of white roses and a gold gift bag.

"Please sign here," Flora said handing her a notepad. She laughed when she tried to balance the roses so she could sign and offered to hold them for her instead. Millie scribbled her signature with shaking hands.

"Heelang, so many flowers!" Her mother exclaimed when she walked back inside the house with the bouquet.

Millie placed them on the counter then opened

the gift bag ignoring her mother's curious stare taking out a box of box of chocolates. Millie gasped softly at the assorted chocolates she reached a little card and read the note with a beating heart;

M,

Sorry if I offended you yesterday I meant no harm, I hope you can forgive me for coming on to you like that.

Z

She gulped letting the words sink in, Zach had sent her flowers and chocolates apologizing? What kind of parallel universe was she living in?

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Chapter 5

“What does the card say?” Josephine prodded tilting her head so she could get a clearer look but Millie stepped back before she could catch a glimpse.

“It’s just the customer thanking me for their um cake,” she mumbled and shoved the note back in the chocolate box. “I am going to put the flowers in my room then come back to finish with the cookies.”

“Hau, aren’t you going to put them in the living room?” Josephine asked innocently and Millie looked down at her flowers, no she did not want to put them in the living room for everyone to see. They were hers.

“Um, no I’ll just keep them in the room.”

“But they are too many, we can divide them between the kitchen and the living room and maybe put some in our room. Your father is

coming home tomorrow.”

Millie couldn't help but cringe at the thought of putting her flowers in her parents room, just the thought of it made her shudder. "I'll buy you flowers besides these are not really that pretty they are just plain white." She grabbed the chocolate box and scurried off before her mother could more.

She released a breath of relief once she was in her bedroom then looked down at the huge bouquet, seriously who sent this many flowers for one person? She was going to need a few vases to put them in. She couldn't help but smile at them though, nobody had ever given her flowers before. Her Ex- boyfriend used to buy her KFC and nothing else, she dated him while they were still in college and yes they

were broke and he only bought her KFC when the allowance came but he could have put in some effort.

She was still smiling to herself when the ringing of her phone interrupted her. Millie's heart beat accelerated when she saw his name flashing on the screen, she had no idea why she had even saved his number when she had vowed to stay away from him. She cleared her throat before she answered.

"Hello?"

"I hope I didn't scare you again with the flowers, I just wanted to apologize you seemed pretty shaken yesterday and I didn't mean to come on to you like that."

Millie bit her lip fighting a smile. "I am sorry for overreacting too, I was cut off guard and I wasn't expecting that."

“I find that hard to believe,” Zach snorted. “I am sure you must have guys pining after you every day.”

Millie’s heart sunk to her stomach, no she did not have guys pining after her it was just the ones who wanted to hit and run and she had learnt to avoid them after her last incident with someone like that.

“Anyway I am really sorry,” he said gently. “I hope you don’t run away from me again.”

“I won’t,” she mumbled thanking God that he was not there to see her blush and act all coy like a standard 7 kid being asked out for the first time.

“Good, so when can I pick you up?”

“Pick me up for what?”

“To visit me.”

“I am visiting you?”

“Yes, you just said you will never run from me again.”

Millie blinked in confusion wondering just how his mind worked. She had only promised not to run away from him again but she didn't mention anything about a visit.

“I don't know,” she mumbled.

“I do know, I will pick you up in the evening.”

“Zach,” she called softly then took a deep breath. “I don't know what you want from me but I am not strong enough for one night stands or flings or any of that so if that is what you are looking for I suggest you leave me alone.”

“I am not strong enough for one night stands or flings either so we have one thing in common, I can't wait for us to find more.” He said. “So, I will pick you up at seven, is there anything you want me to bring you?”

Millie looked around the room feeling defeated.

“Um, no.”

“Great, I will bring food. See you at 7.” He hung up.

Millie blinked at the phone her head reeling. Did this man have a hearing problem or something?

She sighed shaking her head and stepped in front of her full length mirror and stared at herself, she did have a pretty face people had said that a lot but her body was made of rolls and thick thighs and wide hips and not the Nicki Minaj kind either. She didn't have a thin waist or anything like he had seen from Zach's Ex. She had spent years learning to love her body and she was at peace now and comfortable in her own skin, she didn't want someone to make her doubt herself and ruin all the self-love she had built.

Zach called to say he was outside just when the clock hit seven. She suddenly regretted giving him directions to her place when she suddenly started feeling anxious and nauseous. Why couldn't she stand her ground and say no? She took a deep breath and gave herself one last look in the mirror taking in her yellow long dress, it was her favorite color that made her feel confident so she was counting on the dress to carry her through this visit.

She took her handbag and stepped out of her bedroom. Josephine looked up from the TV screen where she was watching the news and scanned her daughter from head to toe.

"Where are you going?"

"I am visiting a friend," she said avoiding her eyes.

"Do I know this friend?"

"No, she is a new friend I made while delivering

cakes.” She was going to hell for lying to her mother but Josephine was never going to let her hear the end of it if she told her she was visiting a man she barely knew nothing about.

“Hmm,” She hummed and went back to the TV. “Be back before midnight, Gaborone has gotten very dangerous these days especially for young girls.”

“Ee mma,” she mumbled and turned to head to the door.

“Wait, aren’t you taking your father’s car?”

“No, I am good my friend is picking me up.”

“Hmm, okay well be safe. I am too young to be a grandmother.”

Millie’s face burnt with embarrassment as she quickly hurried out of the room, gosh she didn’t even want to think about sex with Zach but she couldn’t help but wonder.. nope no she was not going there.

She walked outside and saw the Grey Range Rover in front of the neighbor's yard where she had instructed him to park. She could feel her heart beating rapidly as she made her way to the car.

Zach pushed the door open for her when she got nearer and she climbed in avoiding his eyes. The car smelt good and the leather seats felt good, she could see herself driving a car like this one day.

"Aren't you going to greet your man?" He asked smirking at her.

Millie turned to look at the back seat and back at him. "Where is he? I don't see him."

"Very funny," Zach chuckled and looked down at her dress. "Did you dress up for me?"

"No, I always wear like this."

"That's not true, you were wearing a hideous dress on Saturday."

Millie's jaw dropped. "You thought it was hideous?"

"You know it was," he chuckled. "But you still looked beautiful so don't worry too much."

Millie tried to fight the blush that crept on her cheeks and turned to look away. "I have to be home before midnight."

"Okay," he agreed easily but it only made her suspicious. He reached at the back and handed her a Red Feather paper bag. "I didn't know what you would like so I got chicken, ribs, steak and burgers." He placed the bag on her lap.

"Am I supposed to finish it all?" She asked. "I don't eat that much you know, not every thick person is a food junkie." She was actually angry; did he see her as a pig?

"I didn't say you need to finish it all, I didn't know what to get." Zach explained. "We can throw it away if you don't want it." He reached

for the bag but Millie slapped his hand away and clutched the bag protectively. Was he crazy? Who threw away food?

Zach chuckled starting the car. "So wa re you are coming back kamoso?"

"Before midnight!"

"Got it," he smirked at her before he concentrated on the road.

Millie sat on the couch nibbling on the steak, she actually loved the food from Red Feather. Zach had stepped out to the balcony for a smoke so she just sat there waiting for him devouring the food while she watched a baking contest on channel 175. She heard footsteps and quickly sat up straight fixing her posture.

“What are we watching?” Zach asked sitting next to her, their skins touching. She gulped down her food before she choked.

“It’s a baking contest.”

“Is that where you learnt baking from?”

“I learnt from my mother,” she replied glancing at him. “How old are you?”

Zach chuckled. “You are so random, how old do you think I am?”

“40,” she replied with a straight face and Zach chuckled.

“Wow, so you like old men?”

“I never said I like you,” she snorted.

“Yet here you are.” He grinned at her and reached in his pocket pulling out his wallet and handed her his Identity card. Millie looked at it giggling at the photo of younger Zach. He looked like it had been in his twenties probably

when he got the ID renewed.

“Zachariah Oatile Babupi,” she read out loud and glanced at him. “Your middle name is Oatile?”

“My mother called me that,” he groaned.

Millie giggled. “But I love it, Oatile.” She said softly and Zach turned to look at her. He had never really liked the name until now. Millie called it so softly he could imagine her moaning it.

“Ah you are thirty one,” she said looking at his birth dates. “You are still old.”

“And you are a baby,” he said. “Can I have my card now that you have seen my deepest darkest secrets?”

“Sure, here you go Oatile.” She teased.

“You really want me to kiss you don’t you? So you can run from me again.”

Millie's smile vanished as she looked down at his thick dark lips, it was probably from all that smoking. She gulped and faced the screen ignoring the fluttering butterflies in her tummy.

"Nana," he called softly that she wasn't even sure he was talking to her. "You are not going to run from me if I kiss you right?"

Millie's breathing quickened, she nodded slightly before she could stop herself. It seemed all her brain cells and self-control had left the chat and she was all on her own.

Zach tugged on her hand gently so she could turn to look at him, her eyes immediately went down but he tipped her chin up.

"Wait, I need to rinse my mouth I smell like food."

"I love food," he mumbled placing his forehead against hers. His breath fanned her face and she licked her lips. He smelt of breath mints

and cigarettes with a mixture of his cologne. She hated the smell of cigarettes but oddly enough she liked it on him.

“Um, I don’t know maybe I should brush my teeth first because...” Her voice trailed off as Zach captured her lips in his, Millie felt her heart explode like fireworks. The last time she kissed someone was when she slept with a fuck boy who had only wanted to hit and run and the kiss hadn’t been that memorable either. She could feel her clit tingling as Zach deepened the kiss pushing his tongue inside her mouth. She let out small moans as he continued devouring her mouth. He gently tugged her so she was lying on top of him.

“I am too heavy,” she mumbled between the kiss but Zach held her tighter so she wouldn’t move and continued kissing her. She could feel the thick road between his thigh, she was not ready for this and if she didn’t stop it she was

going to do something she was probably going to regret.

“We need to stop,” she mumbled. “Zach.. please.”

Zach immediately let her go and opened his lust drunken eyes. “Did I do something wrong?”

“Um, no.” She mumbled sitting back on the couch. “I just don’t want us to do this, we barely know each other.”

“You can get to know me,” he said licking his lips and saw the discomfort in her eyes. “That’s okay nana but you do know that I like you right? I don’t just bring anyone here and I hope you won’t shut me out.”

“You don’t even know me.”

“Isn’t that the whole reason why people date and hang out?” He arched his eyebrow. “To get to know each other?”

“Yes,” she nodded and fixed her dress her clit still throbbing. Gosh, maybe she should have just let him do it.

Zach stood up and held out his hand. “Let’s go, I will give you a tour of the house.”

Millie stood up putting her hand in his, Zach smiled looking down at her.

“O tshaba pipi wena but don’t worry very soon you will be begging me to fuck you in every position.”

“You have a very crude mouth,” she said fighting the blush that was creeping down her neck, the disadvantages of being light skinned she was sure her cheeks were bright red by now. Zach chuckled and led her out to the rooms. She was suddenly very curious to see all the rooms in this big ass house.

Morning, I hate to be a fussy writer but it would

be nice if we got at least 7 shares or more on our morning inserts considering we get 2 chapters a day. Keep the comments rolling you are doing great 🍷🍷❤️.

[02/25, 19:12] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 6

Zach led her upstairs and Millie couldn't help but feel lightheaded, the luxury of this house made her whole head spin.

He had a bathroom downstairs then two upstairs, four bedrooms and her eyes went wide when he opened the door to the gym.

"You have a gym in the house?" She asked looking at all the equipment, it was just like a

regular gym building except it was inside the house. How much money did he have? Now she was worried about this. This was not some fairytale movie where one get swept off their feet and they lived happily ever after. "Just how much money do you have?"

Zach smirked looking down at her. "I am actually poor you know."

Millie rolled her eyes, yeah right and she was fucking Kim Kardashian then. "If you are poor then I am Kim Kardashian."

"Who is that?" Zach frowned.

"You don't know Kim Kardashian?" She chuckled shaking her head. "Come on stop playing, she is one of the hottest ladies out there and guys probably jerk off to her pictures online." She said then pursed her lips, wow she was talking way too much.

"Well, I don't think she is hotter than you."

“You don’t even know Kim Kardashian,” she laughed. “Your Ex-girlfriend had a body similar to hers though.”

“My Ex?” Zach frowned studying her.

“Amber H,” she mumbled then wished she would have just shut up when he saw the frown on his face. “Sorry. Why did you two break up anyway?” She asked, she couldn’t help the curiosity, they used to be the hottest couple in Gaborone and suddenly they were over.

“Are we talking about Ex’s now?” He asked.

Millie flushed with embarrassment. “Sorry, I am gonna go.” She mumbled and made an attempt to walk out but he grabbed her wrist and placed his hands on her waist. She didn’t want to give in but her body being a betrayer that it was melted at his touch.

“Sorry, that was rude.” Zach said softly burying his face on her neck. “Amber and I had a bad

break-up and I don't really like talking about it."

"It's okay if you don't want to talk about it."

"Thank you," he placed a kiss on her neck which sent chills down her spine. "Please don't leave I haven't showed you the best part of the house yet."

"Okay." She let him lead her to another room feeling like an idiot. Why couldn't she say no to this man? He opened the door to the next room and her jaw dropped at the soft and white interior and the king sized bed. He had a flat TV screen mounted on top of the wall and a creamy white book shelf.

"Is white your favorite color?" She asked looking at him.

"Yeah," Zach said and shrugged.

"Is that why you sent me white roses?"

"Not really, I asked the flower lady to send

flowers that represent innocence and purity and she sent white.”

Millie blushed looking away from him back to the room. “I am not innocent and I am not pure.”

“You are the purest person I have met, trust me.” He said and smirked. “What do you think about the bed? It’s big enough right?”

Millie gulped, she didn’t want to think about a bed right now it only intensified the dirty thoughts in her mind she had been feeling since they left the couch. “Oh, is that your closet?” She asked walking towards the door and pushed it open. She gasped at all the sneakers in the shelves, how many pairs did he own?

“I am kind of a sneaker head,” Zach admitted seeing her shock.

“How many sneakers do you own?”

“I don’t know,” he said with a shrug. “I stopped

counting at 100, don't be so shocked some of them are gifts from friends and business partners."

"You ride motorcycles?" She asked looking at the assortment of leather jackets and helmets on the shelf.

"Once in a while."

"Wow," she mouthed, he looked like someone who really lived a colorful life. All she did was bake, eat and sit home watching TV with her mother. She wanted to be more adventurous but she was kind of terrified of stepping out of her comfort zone. Zach stepped closer and put her arms on her waist turning her around.

"I hope this doesn't intimidate you or scare you."

"It does intimidate me a bit," she admitted and looked up at him then looked down.

"What are you scared of?" He asked tipping her

chin up.

“I am just scared that you are too good to be true and that you don’t really like me.” She didn’t want to sound like some fragile insecure girl but she really didn’t want unnecessary heart breaks that she could have avoided.

“I won’t hurt you nana,” he said softly. “Not intentionally but I promise I won’t.”

Millie looked in his eyes and nodded, maybe this was a sign to stop overthinking everything and just try living a little.

She stood on her tiptoes wrapping her arms around him and pressed her lips against his. Zach didn’t waste time kissing her back plunging his tongue in her mouth. She had never been kissed like this before, just a kiss left her wanting more. It was not enough. She pressed her breasts harder on his hard chest and he groaned his hands moving back to her

butt which he squeezed gently.

She gasped in surprise when he yanked her up in his arms like she weighed nothing then walked out of the closet back to the bedroom. He placed her gently on the bed and moved back taking off his t-shirt. Millie blinked through a lust haze staring at his dark chest covered in tattoos. Zach unbuckled his belt his eyes still on her before he pushed them down together with his boxer briefs and his black member sprung out already dripping at the tip. Millie swallowed hard, Oh God it looked like those dicks on Porn Hub she wanted to touch it and worship it. She had never seen one like that and she was not sure if it was going to fit.

“Do you want to touch nana?” He asked hoarsely stroking himself, he reached for her hand before she could respond and wrapped it around his member. Millie licked her lips and moved her small hand up and down.

“Oh, shit.” He groaned closing his eyes, Millie smiled to herself, she couldn’t believe she was making him grunt and groan just by touching him like this. She increased her pace ignoring the throbbing and burning sensation between her legs.

“Stop I don’t want to cum until I am inside you,” he panted gently removing her hand and leaned to kiss her. “Take off your dress for me nana, I want to see and feel all of you.”

She gulped but the doubts were replaced by lust as she tugged down her dress revealing her pink bra that barely contained her big breasts and her Jockey panty she was sure Zach was used to lingerie but he didn’t seem to be turned off . Zach stared at her and it made her feel so beautiful she wanted to cry.

“So beautiful,” he buried his face in her breasts gently tugging down her bra and took her nipple in his mouth. Millie gasped her eyes rolling at

the back of her head, she wanted to explode. He moved to the other nipple and sucked and suckled. He tugged down her panties and pushed her thighs open. Zach felt his member growing even harder at sight of her swollen wet pussy, her yellow flaps made him want to beat his chest like fucking King Kong. He leaned down burying his head between her legs taking her clit in his mouth.

“Zach,” Millie moaned spreading her thighs even wider for him. “Oh, God.” She didn’t know what to do with her hands she alternated between rubbing her nipples and pushing his head down so he could increase the pressure. It had never been this good before, she wanted to call her Ex and tell him to go learn more about sex. She trembled, her lip quivering as she felt a gush of relief washing over her, her juices leaking from her but Zach didn’t stop and lapped it up until she was done.

“I knew your cake would be fucking delicious,” he grinned wickedly reaching for his bedside shelf and pulled out a condom. Millie was too spent to even retort back as she watched him snapping the condom on his length then came back between her thighs.

“Let me know if it hurts,” he mumbled and Millie nodded fervently as he pushed in her wet slit. She moaned feeling full and stretched but it wasn’t even all in. She bit her lip as he kept pushing in deeper until he was balls down.

“Relax, nana.” Zach said gently placing kisses all over her face. “Relax for me okay?”

“Okay,” she whispered, he leaned down kissing her lips still not moving to give her time to adjust. She only felt a stab of pain mixed with pleasure when he started moving. Millie made all kinds of sounds that sounded like cat noises as he increased his pace, every thrust deeper than the one before. She dug her short nails on

his back scratching him.

Zach kept pounding into her watching her breasts bounce up and down, she was so warm and if he was an amateur he probably would have come the first second inside her, her taste was out of this world.

“Look down nana, see how well you are taking my cock.” He growled.

Millie forced herself to look down at where they were conjoined seeing his dick slide in and out of her was enough to send her over the edge as she whimpered, her legs shaking as she came. Zach couldn't hold himself at the wetness of her cum and he grunted filling the condom. He slumped on top of her catching his breath as he placed his head on her breasts. It had never been like this before. He had fucked too many girls for him to want to cry because of this one

sweet pussy.

Moipone had left Gaborone at the wee hours of the morning so she could arrive in Ramotswa at 5 a.m. She had told her husband she had a friend whose daughter passed away and she needed to be there for her. He hadn't asked too many questions like a good husband he was.

She parked her Mazda CX3 that she bought a year ago after her husband got promotion at work outside the yard before she stepped out fixing her big hat. It would be troublesome if people who knew her saw her here. She walked straight to the run down hut and knocked softly.

"Tsena Mma Molatlhegi!" The groggy voice called, it always amazed her how he knew it was her before she even announced herself.

She took her shoes off and walked in the hut with her head down. She clapped her hands twice in greeting before she sat on the reed mat laid out for the guests. The hut always smelt of wood and smoke and other concoctions that always made her want to vomit.

“I was not expecting to see you so soon,” Makhanga said clearing his throat. Moipone glanced up at him and quickly looked down. The first time she met him she had been just in her early twenties, desperate for a lot of things that she didn’t run when she saw his grey eyes and his ugly face that did not even look human. He had helped her over the years, nobody knew where he came from, they were rumors that he was from Shakawe some said he was from Zambia while some said he was from Angola.

“Your husband got promoted and he is still in love with you, all your houses have tenants, your daughter is getting married,” he said staring at

her then chuckled. "You are afraid she is going to call off the wedding?"

Moipone looked down. "Yes, she is not happy about the wedding but it can't be called off."

"I see," he coughed and spat right on the floor, Moipone tried not to make a disgusted face at that. "The man has someone else in his heart."

"Yes," she nodded quickly. "I don't want him or my daughter to be swayed. I want them to go through with this wedding. I want him to forget about this person and focus only on my daughter."

"Hmm," Makhanga hummed rubbing his jaw. "It's going to be a little tricky, the person he has in his heart is a man, no?"

"Yes, my daughter told me that he is.." she cleared her throat. "That he prefers his own kind."

"Hmm but you want him to love your daughter?"

She is a woman Mma Molatlhegi this man's heart does not beat at the sight of breasts."

Moipone sighed. "Then make him give her more money, if he can't have his heart then for sure his wealth is hers. I want him to give her everything."

Makhanga nodded and reached for his bowl of water. Moipone smiled to herself, she knew everything was well whenever he brought out that bowl of water.

You guys are doing great❤️🥂. Keep those comments and shares coming.

[02/25, 19:12] #R:INSATIABLE

Chapter 7

Millie opened her eyes slowly and blinked

looking around the room. She could see the sunlight streaming in the room through the large windows, Millie mentally kicked herself. She had promised to go back home before midnight but she and Zach had kept going at it like rabbits all night long. They couldn't get enough of each other it was like she had unleashed an insatiable beast in him that couldn't get enough, not that she was complaining. The sex she had last night was enough to last her a lifetime.

She winced when she sat upright on the bed, her whole body was on fire. Zach had taken her from behind, sideways and had put her legs on his shoulders and kept pounding, all the positions that had left her spent and her pussy burning and throbbing. Millie glanced around the room and wondered if Zach had already left, it would be awkward to leave her all alone

without telling her.

She reached for her dress and pulled it on before she got up to search for her panties, gosh she had been too caught up in lust haze that she didn't even care about her Jockey. She cringed at the fact, she needed to get new sexy underwear if she was going to keep having sex with a sexy specimen like him.

"Sneaking off already?" Zach's deep voice startled her, she jumped up looking at him. He looked like he had been awake for a long time in long basketball shorts and a black vest which was drenched in sweat. He was still wearing his cut off boxing gloves the sexy kind that looked like motorcycle riding gloves, she assumed he had been in the gym.

"Um, no I have to go home," she mumbled shyly avoiding his eyes. "I told my mother I would be

home by midnight.”

“Is she going to be mad?” Zach asked stepping towards her.

“I don’t think so,” she said with a light shrug, she was going to get scolded like a child but Zach didn’t need to know that. He already thought she was too innocent and sweet and maybe that sounded alluring for the first time but how long until he got tired of it?

“Have you seen my phone?”

“I think we left it downstairs,” he told her and studied her face. “Everything is good right? You are not regretting anything that happened between us?”

“No, I am not.” She replied and gave him a small smile. “Are you?”

Zach snorted. “I could be sent to death right now because of last night and I still wouldn’t regret it.”

“Okay,” Millie blushed biting her lip. Zach chuckled and leaned in to kiss her, he reeked of sweat but she wanted to rub her hands all over him, gosh was she the gross lover? She never knew she had these kinds of fetishes.

“Why don’t you take a shower and I will get your phone?” Zach asked scanning her face. “Then I can drop you off.”

“I can take a cab.”

“No, you want people to see you walking funny?” He smirked. “I mean I am proud of my work but it would be kind of embarrassing for you knowing they dicked you all night and you can’t even walk properly.”

“Mxm, o taa swaba kana Oatile.” She giggled slapping him playfully but he grabbed her wrist and pulled her towards him. His hands went to her butt and he squeezed gently, Millie bit her lip looking at him.

“The things you do to me when you call me that better than your cat moans.”

“I don’t moan like a cat.”

“You do,” he smirked down at her and made cat sounds at the back of his throat. Millie chuckled slapping his hard chest playfully. “But it was sexy though, now thinking about it makes me want to bend you over and fuck you again but I won’t, there is still plenty of time for me to turn you upside down.”

“So you didn’t turn me upside down last night?”

Zach smirked and spanked her butt. “Not at all nana that was child's play.” He stepped back grinning. “Go shower so you don’t smell like my sperms when you get home. I’ll ask my housekeeper to make something for you to eat.”

“Okay.” She nodded trying to fight the smile on her lips and watched him as he walked out.

She bit her lip wanting to squeal. He was so hot, she wanted to just crawl under his skin and live there forever and ever. Her smile quickly vanished when she remembered she needed to get home to her mother. Millie rushed to the ensuite bathroom to shower, his products were all for men so she didn't have a choice but use his Nivea for men shower gel but she loved it. It made her feel like she was breathing him in.

She only managed to check her phone once she was in the car with Zach driving her back home. She had 30 missed calls from her mother and a message threatening her that she was going to call the police. Millie groaned rubbing her forehead in frustration. Zach glanced from the road to her.

"Is everything okay?"

"It's my mother, she left me 30 missed calls."

“30?” Zach asked arching his eyebrow and chuckled. “Damn, I think you are going to be in trouble young lady.”

“And it’s all your fault when I told very clearly that I had to go home before midnight.” She said then cringed at herself, gosh she sounded like a black plus sized Cinderella.

“What did I do?” He chuckled shaking his head. “You are the one who came on to me.”

“I didn’t,”

“Who kissed who first in the closet kante?” He asked with a smirk and Millie huffed trying to stifle her giggle. “Exactly so me and your mother are victims in all of this wa bona?”

“You are so annoying,” she mumbled and texted her mother telling her that she was on the way home and there was no need to call the police.

“Aren’t you going to eat?” Zach asked glancing at the green Tupperware she had on her lap, it

was the breakfast that his housekeeper had cooked for her but she didn't even have time to eat yet.

"I am not really hungry."

"But you need to eat," he said and smirked, "You used up all your energy last night."

"Will you stop about last night?" She asked giggling.

Zach opened his mouth to retort but was interrupted by the ringing of his phone. He connected it to the car Bluetooth speaker.

"Speak," he grumbled and Millie stared at him all the playfulness and smile were gone replaced by a blank expression.

"Boss, we have a problem." The person on the phone sounded terrified.

"What?"

"We had 40 bottles of Cognac reserved for the

VIP table tonight but there is only 30 left.”

“What is your position?”

“I am a manager boss.”

“Don’t I pay you enough?”

“You do, boss I am sorry I had no idea what happened. We counted all the bottles last night, I don’t know who could have stolen them.”

“I am going to be there in 40 minutes and you better hand me the culprit who has been stealing my fucking stock or your ass is toast!” He spat and hung up angrily. Millie looked down at her hands, gosh this was not the Zach that she had seen last night. It sounded like two people in one.

“You good?”

“Yeah,” she mumbled and cleared her throat. “Is everything okay with the club?”

“It will be once I get my hands on whoever has

been stashing my stuff, that's the thing about people. They are too greedy you give them one taste and they will keep wanting more. People are never satisfied." He said and glanced at her giving her a smile. "Don't worry I will handle it."

"Okay." Millie nodded then her phone rang, her heart skipping a beat when she saw it was her mother. "Oh God, now she is calling again after I texted her waitse mama bathong."

"Answer her," he chuckled.

"No, I am almost home I will see her when I get there." She smiled and looked at him. "What is your mother like? She must have her hands full with a son like you." She teased hoping to see him chuckled but he frowned instead.

"She was a very kind woman," he told her and cleared his throat. "She passed away when I was fourteen."

"Oh, I am so sorry to hear that." She said softly,

she couldn't imagine what it would feel like losing her own mother.

"It's cool," he said with a slight shrug. "It was a long time ago."

"Yeah but I know that it must have not been easy," she said softly. "What about your father?"

Zach cleared his throat and glanced at her.

"Can we talk about something else?"

Millie's face burnt, she had let her mouth run again. "Yeah, yeah I am sorry I didn't mean to upset you or anything."

"I am not upset nana," he said softly reaching for her hand and placed a kiss on it. "Okay?"

"Okay." She smiled at him, he didn't look like the guy who liked talking about himself that much but she was going to be patient with him.

Zach dropped her off by the side of the road because she didn't want her mother to see her. It was already 9 a.m. and she was sure her mother was already awake by now. Zach leaned over to her and kissed her sweetly and gently, brushing away her all the doubt she had about him. He squeezed her breast gently groaning in her mouth before he pulled back.

"Go before I take you right now," he teased and Millie blushed. "I will call you later okay?"

"Okay." She opened the door grabbing the Tupperware and handbag and smiled at him before she crossed the road. Zach sat there watching her and stuck his head out the window.

"Tsamaa sentle tlhe mma!" He shouted. (Walk properly)

Millie's face burnt with embarrassment as some people turned to look at her. She glared at

Zach and quickened her pace as much as she could. Zach laughed to himself before he started the car and drove off.

Of all days her mother could have chosen to clean the yard, it would have been better inside the house than outside. She took a deep breath and opened the small gate before she walked in and walked towards her mother. The disadvantages of being the only kid, all the attention was usually on her.

“Dumelang,” she greeted politely, her mother paused her raking and turned to look at her.

“Ah, so you remembered you finally have a home and you are not a stray kid?”

“I am sorry mama, my friend and I got caught up talking and I fell asleep.”

“Hmm, I hope that friend of yours will stay when you fall pregnant.”

“Mama, I used protection!” She said then snapped her mouth shut, damn her blubbering. “I mean I would use protection if I was doing anything.”

“Hmm,” Josephine nodded. “Go and greet your father he arrived this morning.”

“Papa is here?” Her face brightened and didn’t wait for her mother to reply before she rushed to the house feeling like a little girl all over again. She had always been daddy’s girl and it was never going to change anytime soon.

“Papa!” She called barging in the house, her father walked out from the kitchen with a smile on his face.

“If it isn’t my beautiful daughter,” He opened his arms and she launched herself in them hugging him. “It looks like you missed your old man too much.”

“Very much, I want you to retire as soon as my

business is successful.”

“Aww ngwanake batho it will be successful my girl you will see.” He beamed and looked at her. “I found your mother pacing up and down worried about you, where did you go?”

Millie cleared her throat. “I was visiting a friend.”

“Ah, when are we going to be meeting this friend?”

“Papa,” she chided shaking her head.

“What?” He chuckled. “I want to know akere ngwanake.”

“I don’t know,” she shrugged finally admitting, her father had always been an easygoing man and she didn’t have a problem talking to her than she did with her mother. “It’s still very new.”

“But you like him?”

“Yes,” she said blushing.

“Good as long as you are happy ngwanake and you are careful. You are grown now me and your mother have to accept that.”

“But she doesn’t seem ready to accept that.”

“I will talk to her,” he chuckled softly. “Your father missed your bread ngwanake, will you make it for me?”

“Of course, banana bread?”

“You know your father very well.”

Millie beamed and walked to her bedroom so she could change she probably still smelt like a dude but she wouldn’t want it any other way. It was the first time in months feeling lighter and like she could do anything.

Veronica hadn't slept for the past two days; the scene with Lefakae being pounded into had refused to go away and now lived rent free in her head. How was she supposed to marry a man like that, it would have been better if he had been the one fucking but then the thought of the same dick that could slide into in asshole sliding into her made her want to vomit again. Maybe it was better that he was the one who was fucked.

She lay back on her bed with no intention of going anywhere it was almost 1 p.m. but she didn't even feel like going out for lunch with her girls. She had prepared her daughter for school then went back to bed. She looked at the beautiful engagement ring on her hand and sighed, so she was going to be a trophy wife and nothing more?

“Verooooo!” his brother called barging in her room without knocking.

“Get out of my room,” she gritted out angrily.

“But I have something to tell you,” Bokang said with a childish grin. She hated that her Neanderthal of a brother looked like her. They both had their mother’s smooth skin tone and curly lashes with big eyes. Her mother’s precious looks had been wasted on this good for nothing brother.

“I don’t want to hear it, get out right now.”

“Fine, stay in your room and don’t come out.” Bokang said and walked out banging the door.

Veronica clicked her tongue and lay back on the bed. A minute later the door opened and she almost screamed thinking it was Bokang again but it was her mother.

“What is wrong with you?” Moipone asked putting her hands on her waist staring at her

daughter.

“I am just tired.”

“Lefakae is here with a gift, why did you refuse to see him?”

“What?” She asked. “He is here?”

“Yes, I told Bokang to come call you. There is a gift waiting for you outside don’t keep him waiting.”

Veronica jumped from the bed and followed her mother out. Her eyes widened as soon as she stepped outside and her eyes fell on the black shiny Mercedes next to her mother’s Mazda.

“So I was saying brother in law that Vero doesn’t want this car, you can give it to me since we are family and all.” She heard Bokang saying to Lefakae and she looked at him.

“Is the car mine?”

“Yeah,” he smiled at her. “Do you like it?”

Veronica put a hand over her heart. "Lefa, are you sure?"

"Of course I am sure," he said and reached for her hands. "I just want to show you how grateful I am to have you in my life and I am going to do my best and treat you like the queen you are."

"Oh my God," she gasped as he handed her the key. "Bokang, take a video."

"My phone doesn't have memory." Bokang said shrugging casually.

"Mxm, I was going to give you my old car."

Bokang raised an eyebrow. "Really?" He grinned pulling out his phone and immediately started recording. "Don't worry Vero, your video will be top notch quality. Tik Tok and Instagram will be trending with you."

Veronica smiled and looked up at Lefakae jumping in his arms. "Thank you so much for

this, I can't believe it."

"You are welcome," he smiled pulling back and placed a kiss on her lips. "I promise I am going to behave from now on, you won't ever have to worry about me doing that ever again."

"Okay." She nodded, at this point he could fuck ten men and she wouldn't care she was a whole owner of a Benz. "Mama, I will be taking you for a ride later."

"Yes my girl." Moipone smiled watching her daughter fawn over her new car. Trust Makhanga to deliver, he always understood the assignment.

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[02/25, 19:12] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 8

It was Saturday and it was the only time when Lefakae was not at the firm so Veronica decided it was the perfect time to bring him along to meet their wedding planner. She wanted the wedding to be one of the most extravagant weddings in Gaborone like the weddings on Our Perfect Wedding and Mimi's Events were the perfect company to make her wedding dreams come true.

Lefakae held her hand as they got out of the new Mercedes, he had suggested they take his car instead but she was addicted to the new car smell and was still flaunting it. It hadn't even been a week since she got it so she was still over the moon. She could feel the glances and

stares they got as they made their way to the office building, it was a feeling she could never get enough of being envied by people and wishing they were her.

“Welcome to Mimi’s Events & Décor,” A tall light skinned clean guy greeted them with a smile. Veronica couldn’t help but admire how beautiful and radiant his skin was. She knew guys took care of their skin these days but this guy was too clean. She finally remembered her fiancée and glanced at him and sure enough he was staring at the light skinned guy like he was the only thing in the room.

“I am Katlo, Mimi’s assistant. You must be future Mr and Mrs. Moeng.”

“Yes, that’s us.” Veronica forced a smile and clutched Lefakae’s arm. “I am Veronica and this is Lefakae.”

“Nice to meet you,” Katlo said shaking both their hands grinning at them. “And may I just say you make a wonderful couple.”

“Thank you.”

“Come this way please.” He led them to a small glass table at the back of the room. The office space was small but it was beautiful and well decorated. Katlo offered them something to drink which they both declined before he walked away to get his boss.

Veronica glanced at Lefakae who was still looking around the office taking the office in, she wanted to ask if she had found that pretty boy attractive but she decided to keep quiet, maybe he was only attracted to dark skinned men.

A clinking sound of heels against the floor cut

her thoughts short and she looked up to see the short tiny woman walking towards them with a smile followed by Katlo. They exchanged greetings before they sat down to discuss the wedding.

Lefakae didn't want to be here but Veronica gave him no choice and considering this was their wedding he couldn't make an excuse to get out of it. He was barely listening to what Veronica and the wedding planner lady were actually saying. He couldn't stop looking at the pretty boy with the pink full lips sitting next to Mimi. He looked too feminine for his taste but he was stunning and he couldn't help but imagine kissing those plump lips.

Katlo looked up from his notepad where he had been taking notes and locked eyes with him. Lefakae stared back without looking away. Katlo bit the end of his pen and looked down

fluttering his long eyelashes, fuck he was gorgeous the things he could do to this boy. He knew his kind when he saw them this boy was definitely one of them.

“Isn’t that right babe?” Veronica asked gently tugging his arm.

Lefakae blinked looking back at his fiancée. “Um, yeah that’s right my love.” He mumbled not even sure what the heck they were talking about but this was a wedding so he guessed everything included flowers and all the other things.

“Okay, we will keep in touch.” Mimi smiled at them. “Thank you for trusting us with your wedding we will make sure it will be a memorable experience for you both.”

“Thank you, we can’t wait to see how everything turns out.” Veronica smiled. “Is there a

bathroom I can use real quickly?”

“Yes, come this way.” Mimi said and Veronica kissed his cheek before she followed her out to the bathroom. Lefakae turned to look at Katlo who was avoiding his eyes and engrossed in his notepad. He cleared his throat.

“So, how much do you get paid to work here?”

Katlo shrugged, “Not much but I love it here and Mimi is a great boss.”

“What did you study?”

“What makes you think I went to school?” He asked teasing.

Lefakae smirked at him. “Well, you are too pretty to not be educated.”

Katlo chuckled softly, “If you must know I did Media Studies at Limkokwing.”

“But you want a better paying job right?”

“Yeah but where am I going to get one in this

country?”

“Well if you give me your number I might look for something for you.”

Katlo arched his perfectly made eyebrow,
“really?”

“Yeah,” he said with a smile and took out his phone handing it to him.

Katlo hesitated before he put in his number and handed him the phone; he had nothing to lose anyway. Lefakae smiled and stepped away from him just in time for Veronica to walk back chatting animatedly with Mimi.

“Shall we?” He asked taking her purse for her.

“Yes,” Veronica smiled and took his hand.

“Ncooah you guys are so sweet.” Mimi cooed putting her hands together. Veronica chuckled as they said their goodbye before they walked out hand in hand. Lefakae turned to give Katlo

one last look accompanied by a smile before they stepped outside.

Millie loved running errands, it gave her time to window shop and just admire the people in town. She had dropped a birthday cake for a customer before she set out to buy do her hair. She finally decided to get rid of the old braids and get new ones since they were easy to maintain.

Her phone chimed with a text from Zach when the hairdresser was halfway through with her box braids. They had spent almost every night together the since they slept together. She couldn't believe it hadn't even been a week since they first slept together, sometimes it felt

like they had known each other for a year and it wasn't just the sex it was how she felt around him, safe and at peace.

She opened the text message and immediately snorted when she saw the photo that he had sent; a picture of her bra that she had forgotten that morning. Millie smiled and texted him back.

Millie: You are such a pervert 😏

Zach: You left it on purpose to seduce me. 😌

Millie: As if you are innocent.

Zach: I am a very innocent man; it's you who has me on chokehold cat lady. Meow.

Millie burst out laughing and immediately stopped when the lady next to her looked at her no doubt judging her. She bit her lip and looked down at her phone.

Millie: Stop it, I am at the salon. 😊

Zach: Why didn't you tell me?

Millie: I told you I was running errands today and this is one of them.

She bit her lip waiting for his reply and smiled when her phone chimed with a text thinking it was him but it was an Ewallet notification from FNB. Millie frowned at her phone, Zach had sent her a whole P3000? She immediately dialed his number and he answered instantly.

"Hey, nana."

"I think you made a mistake, you just sent me 3k." She said hissing the last part to avoid attracting the unnecessary attention from the salon ladies.

"Oh, do you want more?"

"No, what is this money for?"

"For you and your errands," came his

unbothered reply.

Millie sighed in frustration, "Yeah but why?"

"Because I can afford it come on nana it's not even that much just pay for your hair and spoil yourself for me okay? Don't forget I am coming to pick you up in the evening you promised to finally feed me anything either than that delicious cake between your legs."

Millie bit her lower lip blushing, she almost forgot that she had promised to make dinner for him and she hadn't even started on working on the menu yet. She wanted to blow him away with her cooking skills.

"Thank you so much Oatile," she said smiling.

"You are welcome nana, let me check something with the restaurant staff and don't forget to send pictures when you are done. I want to see that pretty face."

"Okay, I will." She smiled and hung up feeling

light headed as usual. He always left her hungry and desperate for more of his attention.

She was done with her braids by 2 p.m. and she was happy how the box braids came out so well, very pretty and since she had extra money she decided to go spoil herself with new sexy underwear so she opted for Mr. Price, they always had great stuff. She went straight to the underwear section when she walked in and looked at their array of panties. She needed something lacy and take a break from her cotton panties.

“Take that it’s cute,” A girl next to her said and she turned to look at her, she was a little chubby and shorter than her.

“You think so?” She asked staring at the lacy set of panties.

“Yes wena at least you have a size here nna

mma I have to look all over before I find my size.”

“What size are you?”

“40,” she didn’t seem to mind disclosing her size to a stranger. “So take those panties girl and wear them for the both of us because I really liked them.”

Millie chuckled. “Okay, I will take them.”

“Good girl,” She grinned and looked around the store. “Let me go find my friend that girl never stays in one place.”

“Okay, no problem thank you.”

“Sharp,” She chuckled and walked away. Millie watched as she joined a tall skinny girl by the denim section and they looked at the clothes laughing together. She felt a tug of longing at her heart. She wished she had friends like that too but she was not really a social butterfly and in school she had been too shy to make friends

if Veronica had been different they could have been more than cousins but that was just hopeful thinking. She picked a black ruched dress before to joined the queue to could pay her for her things. She needed to make shopping a habit, who knew it could be this therapeutic like baking?

Later that evening, Zach leaned against the counter watching Millie chop vegetables while the rice was boiling. She looked beautiful with the new braids, her face looked clearer and softer it was addictive just watching her.

She had decided to make a simple meal after all, rice, steamed vegetables with roasted beef with tomato salad and even though he was hungry he was enjoying the view in front of him. It had

been long since someone cooked for him and Millie looked gorgeous while at it.

“Are you not going to help?” Millie asked looking up at him.

Zach smiled shaking his head. “I don’t know anything about cooking.”

“But you can learn.”

“Okay, what do you want me to do?” He asked rubbing his hands together. Millie grinned and handed him two bulbs of onions with a chopping knife.

“You are evil.”

“Chop away my sous chef!” She said with a giggle that always made his heart want to explode.

Was it normal to feel this way after just a few days? Zach was not an easy person especially when it came to feelings but somehow Millie

made him smile, laugh and joke around.

His eyes started watering the second he started chopping, he couldn't even remember the last time he cooked something. He sniffed blinking away the tears; Millie kept glancing at him trying not to choke down on her laughter.

"You are going to pay for this," he grumbled rubbing his eyes with the hand that was holding the onion and grimaced. "Fuck, I am not doing this shit anymore."

Millie burst out giggling and looked up at him. "Let me see you big baby, all this drama for just onions Oatile!"

"You knew what you were doing." He grumbled and spanked her butt. "And I will make you pay for it."

Millie giggled wrapping her arms around him, a week ago if you would have told her she would be here like this with a man like him she would

laughed and called you insane but this felt so natural to do now.

“Okay I am sorry baby,” she said brushing the corner of his eyes with her thumb. Zach looked down at her trying to fight the smile creeping on his lips as he stared down at her pretty face looking at him with so much adoration like he was the sun, his heart clenched at the sight.

“I really like you Millie,” he blurted out before he could stop himself.

The smile that he got in return was breathtaking.

“I really like you too.”

Zach nodded slightly before he reached down to hug her, it was not even a kiss but it made his heart warm, a feeling he thought he would never allow himself to feel again and it terrified him.

He was not ready to go through the same thing he experienced with Amber again but here he was.

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[02/25, 19:12] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 9

Millie had wanted to refuse attending Veronica's bridal shower but she didn't want to create chaos again, Moipone would have made a fuss and harassed her mother about her and she didn't want that.

The past two weeks have been nothing but peaceful and blissful for her and it had everything to do with Zach. She had no idea how that man managed to make feel like she was floating on cloud 9 and didn't want to come down. She missed him every minute they were apart.

She wished she was with him instead of sitting around Veronica and her lousy friends.

The bridal shower was in her mother's yard and the events planner had did their job perfectly everything looked beautiful. Veronica sat on a high chair dressed in a creamy white long dress and a bride to be sash. Millie couldn't help but admire how beautiful she looked if only she carried that beauty inside her too. She sipped her orange juice quietly while everyone was sipping alcoholic champagne, she had never been a fan of alcohol and didn't think she was going to be anytime soon.

"Now, time for our bride to be to announce her bridesmaids!" A girl which she didn't even remember the name of said with a smile and all the other girls squealed. Millie resisted the urge to roll her eyes, they sounded so fake it was nauseating maybe she was better off without friends if this was what it meant to have friends.

Veronica stood up with a glass of champagne in hand. "Well first of all I would like to thank you all gorgeous ladies for making this day special for me by being here and I love each and every one of you."

The girls clapped and cheered, Veronica chuckled taking a sip of her champagne before she continued, "Okay, so my future husband is going to have three groomsmen and a best man that means I get to have three bridesmaids and one maid of honor as well. As much as I would have loved to have you all as my bridesmaids I had to pick." She took out little cards and handed one to Same, Kesego and two other girls that Millie didn't even bother to remember their names.

"Oh My God babe, I am going to be your maid of honor?" Kesego asked putting a hand over her heart.

"You are like a sister I never had." Veronica

beamed.

Millie watched as they hugged and tried not to feel hurt by the statement, it was not like she and Veronica had ever really gotten along anyways.

“Oh my who is going to be Lefa’s best man?”

“I think it’s Zach.”

“OMG!” Kesego squealed fanning her face with her hand. “This is exactly my chance to get that man ya’ll.”

“How come you didn’t get Zach Vero or are you into softer guys like Lefa?”

Veronica snorted. “Well, he did want me at one point but he is too intense for me you know and I heard rumors that he is sort of abusive.”

Millie wanted to shout and tell them to stop talking about her man but she kept quiet, she needed to hear what they were saying about

him.

“I heard that too, gatwe that’s why Amber ran away.”

“Hee, mogirl just vanished into thin air lona.”
Same exclaimed clapping her hands. “Will you handle him Kessy? Nna tota he scares the fuck out of me he looks like he can choke you until you die during sex.”

The girls all broke into fits of laughter, Millie rolled her eyes, a part of her wished she could tell them that he was actually a great lover in bed but she didn’t. She was not going to stand for this anymore. She took out her phone and texted Zach, he had promised to pick her up after the party but she wanted to go now.

Zach texted 30 minutes later to tell her that he was outside, she stood up and wondered if she should say goodbye but Veronica looked too

engrossed with her friends to care so she grabbed her handbag and walked out of the tent.

She was almost at the gate when she heard someone calling her. She turned around to see Moipone walking towards her.

“Is the party over?”

“Um, no it’s not I just decided to leave early.”

“Because you can’t stand seeing my daughter happy?” Moipone asked.

“No aunty that’s not it, I just have to go and Veronica already has her friends so she won’t even notice that I am gone.”

Moipone chuckled and clapped her hands.

“Shuu, yeah neh you are really your mother’s child wena jealous to the core. Did I ever tell you that your mother did not attend my wedding when I got married to my husband? This is exactly what you are doing to your cousin le wena.”

Millie wanted to smack this woman against the wall but as always she held back and couldn't even think of the right words to say to her. "I am sorry you feel that way aunty but I have to go now. Bye." She pushed the small gate open and walked out.

Zach's car was parked right in front of the yard. She walked over and opened the door sliding on the passenger's seat and leaned over to kiss his cheek.

"You in that dress," Zach said studying her and whistled appreciatively. Millie giggled looking down at her white knee length dotted dress which she had paired with black chunky heels. She had felt underdressed at the party when she saw how Veronica's friends were dressed but now she felt gorgeous.

"You like it?"

"I love it," he smirked his eyes lingering on her

cleavage and groaned. "Phakalane is so far away."

"Control yourself caveman, I don't want accidents."

"Then stop looking so sexy cat lady."

"Meow," she teased with a light giggle.

Zach groaned starting the car. "I'll deal with you pussy cat just you wait and see."

Millie smiled buckling her seat belt and clenched her thighs, was it normal to always want someone like this? Every time she saw him she wanted to rip him in half and just feast on him every day.

Inside the yard, Moipone huffed going back to the house passing by the tent. She was glad her

daughter was getting everything she wanted and when she was finally Mrs. Lefakae she was going to be one of the richest wives in Gaborone with Lefakae's wealth. She was just annoyed by that stupid Millicent acting like she was better than her daughter, who did she think she was? She clicked her tongue walking back in the house. Bokang and Zoey were dancing in front of the TV. She frowned at her son.

"What are you teaching my grandchild?"

"We are going to film a Tik Tok after this so I am teaching her some dance moves," Bokang replied proudly and looked down at Zoey, "Akere Zozo?"

"Yeah, uncle said he is going to make me a Tok Tok star." Zoey beamed back at her grandmother.

"Tik Tok Zozo eseng Tok Tok," Bokang said with a chuckle. "We are going to be famous

ntwana and become like one of those influencer kids who are paid to attend shows and parties so we get rich you will see. You won't even need to marry a rich man like your mother for money."

"Kante what are you always saying o kare wa loiwa ne wena?" Moipone asked, irritated. "You can't just be happy for your sister this once?"

"Hau, but I am happy for her and all her successful gold digging business, I fully support ebile I am in the gold diggers fan club and Vero is my number 1."

" Mxm, I am going to make a call keep her entertained and don't let go outside to disturb her mother."

"Yoh mara Vero is feeling herself, all this fuss for a party."

"You only get married once, don't be jealous of your sister." She clicked her tongue and walked

to her bedroom. She sat on the bed and took out her phone calling her sister.

“Josephine wee, who does your daughter think she is kante?” She went off like a bomb as soon as Josephine answered the call.

“What happened?”

“She just walked out of my daughter’s bridal shower and disrespected me when I asked her.” She spat out venomously. “You can’t even handle your daughter Josephine she is going to turn out just like you.”

“Maybe she had somewhere to be Moipone you know she has a business.”

“You mean that silly baking business of hers Josephine, is it the one making her disrespect me and do this to her cousin?”

“I don’t think it is that bad Moipone, Millie is not disrespectful.”

“Ah, so you are defending your love child?” She asked and cackled. “She is acting like this because she doesn’t know that she is your love child a result of your sinister affair akere? Do you want me to tell everyone including her real father?”

“Moipone mma, please don’t do this.”

“I see you want to try me wena you have forgotten who I am but don’t worry I will remind you and that pig of a daughter of yours.”

“I don’t know what you want me to do Moipone, Millie is a grown woman and makes her own decisions I can’t keep following her around and stop insulting her please.”

“I wonder where my late mother got you waitse now I am stuck with a pathetic sister like you for life!” She clicked her tongue before she hung up still fuming.

Millie shoved the last of her pizza slice in her mouth and glanced at Zach who was eating his burger. They had passed by Debonairs to get pizza because she wasn't in the mood to cook. He bought her a large creamy chicken pizza and since he didn't like pizza that much he chose to eat his left over meal from Red Feather, it was cute how he always preferred the food from his restaurant because she was like that too she preferred her baked goods over others even though she appreciated other bakers.

"I can feel your lust from here nana, let me eat first."

Millie chuckled softly and shoved him playfully.

"I was just thinking about what the girls were saying about you at the bridal party."

"They don't even know me like that." Zach

growled.

“But my cousin said you wanted her and she refused because she wanted Lefakae.”

Zach choked on his burger coughing violently and reached for his coke, Millie was glad he was not drinking. He gulped his drink and glanced at her, “What?”

Millie shrugged innocently. “That is what she said.”

“That annoying girl with an irritating voice said I wanted her?” Zach asked and snorted. “She sounds like someone I know.”

Millie frowned. “Who?”

“My business partner’s wife, I don’t know if you know her, Bontle Kgotla she is kind of a business mogul now and I heard ladies love her.”

Millie gasped with her eyes wide. “Shut the

front door, you know Bontle Kgotla?”

“Yeah,” he shrugged casually. “Trust me she is very annoying once she starts talking.”

“But I love her, I use all her Princess Skin products they are so good and affordable, I can’t believe you know her.”

“Babe, it is not a big deal.” Zach chuckled.

“They live down the street kana stop behaving like she is a president or something. Her man used to work for me you know.”

“Yeah, but now they are successful and have a beautiful home I follow her everywhere,” she said with a longing sigh. “They are totally my relationship goals.”

“Bontle and Alex?” He asked then shook his head. “You don’t have taste wena.”

Millie giggled then cleared her throat, she needed to get back to the matter at hand about him wanting Veronica. “So you didn’t?”

“Of course not, what do you think I am?” He actually looked offended.

“Why not? She is beautiful.”

“Maybe but I don’t really see it,” he shrugged and looked at her. “I like my women yellow and with a little meat, I can’t be attracted to no bones.”

Millie snorted out laughing, “You are so mean.”

“I am only nice to you,” he said with a small smile.

“Because I am your pussy cat?” She asked huskily and lust quickly filled Zach’s eyes. She loved that she could turn him on just by saying something so simple. She fed off the fact that she made him like this.

“Come here,” he reached for her wrist but she jumped off the couch with her pizza box giggling.

“I am still eating the rra Oatile.”

“Yeah but now I want to eat you,” he grinned wickedly. “You are the one who messed with the dog while he was sleeping pussy cat.”

Millie chuckled and placed the pizza box on the coffee table and smiled at him. “Okay then big dog come get this pussy cat.”

Zach crossed over to her before she could even blink and wrapped his arms around her capturing her lips. Millie stood on her tiptoes so he could have better access to her mouth as he continued devouring it. He squeezed her butt roughly and she moaned in his mouth rubbing herself against him. She could feel his hard, thick rod rubbing against her and she ached to feel it in her hand and have it inside her but she needed to do something she had always wanted to do first, Zach had always been the one who gave her oral sex and she thought it was time to give back. She pulled away from his

kiss and reached for her dress zipper pulling it down, the dress fell from her body pooling at her feet.

Zach's hungry eyes roved over her body and his member tightened painfully at the sight of her in red set lacy underwear. The bra pushed her yellow breasts up and he couldn't wait to have them in his mouth.

He stepped towards her but Millie gently pushed him back until he landed on the couch, at this point he didn't even care if he landed on a set of needles and pins. He watched as she unbuckled his belt and pushed his jeans with his boxer briefs all the way down, his black member sprung free hard and acting for her softness.

Millie licked her lips before she took him inside her mouth tasting the saltiness of his pre cum. Zach groaned leaning back on the couch, Millie hummed in satisfaction, and took more of him

in her mouth. She was not an expert but she was going to use her lollipop sucking skills to take him to heaven and back so she kept sucking and licking while he writhed and groaned on the couch. She felt powerful making this gorgeous specimen lose control like this and she ached for more so she reached for his balls and rubbed them gently while she gulped up and down on his length.

“Please, please don’t make me cum until I am inside you nana,” Zach begged whimpering.

Millie grinned in satisfaction and stepped back reaching for his jeans, she knew he always carried a condom in his wallet so she took it out and sheathed his length gently and slowly. She moved so she could lay on the couch but Zach pulled her on his lap and her heart raced.

“Zach, I don’t know how to do that.”

“I’ll teach you baby, hop on my dick.”

Millie swallowed hard and climbed on top of him, she watched as he grabbed his member and watch it slide in her already aching warm length. She moaned, her eyes rolling at the back of her head. She always felt so stretched and so full.

“Fuck, you are so tight baby.” Zach groaned when her pussy clenched around him, he held her thick waist and slowly guided him to a rhythm, she made her usual cat noises that always sent him over the edge, he was the big dog feasting on this kitty cat and he was never going to get enough. He leaned forward and sucked one of her nipples in his mouth while he kept thrusting into her.

“Oh God, Zach,” she moaned biting her lip and leaned forward to bury her face on his neck. She could feel herself getting tired but she was not ready for this to be over yet she kept moving on top of him so she could meet him

halfway.

“This is all mine isn’t it baby?” Zach asked spanking her ass and grabbing it so he could get in deeper. “Answer me nana.”

“Yes, yes,” she moaned desperately. “All yours.”

Zach grinned wickedly before he yanked her up and threw her back on the couch, she spread her legs for him and he groaned at the sight of the swollen cookie waiting for him before he slid back in burying his face on her neck. This feeling was out of this world as he kept going. He grunted when her small hands grabbed his ass pushing more of him inside her while she kept moaning and whimpering. Her hand trailed from his ass to the back of his head and pushed him down so he could kiss her. Zach plunged his tongue inside her mouth as he kept working on their release. Her legs wrapped around him and he pounded into her making her breath come out in small pants. He looked at

her face lost in lust and his heart ached. Damn her for making her feel this way when he had vowed never to do it again.

“I love you,” he hissed and that seemed to push her over the edge, she clenched around him, her muscles spasming. He slammed into her twice before he trembled spilling all of him in the condom and collapsed on top of her. Millie’s soft hand rubbed the back of his head while he was still inside her.

“I love you too,” she said softly and he placed a kiss on top of her breasts, yeah he was fucked.

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[02/25, 19:12] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 10

“No, no please don’t,” Millie was woken up by Zach tossing and turning in his sleep. They had just fallen asleep after countless rounds of sex and she had just caught her flight to dreamland when she heard his heavy breath in his sleep and the mumbling.

“Babe,” she called shaking him gently but he was not budging, he was still tossing and turning and it was starting to scare her since he was getting aggressive. “Zach! Please wake up!” She shook him roughly this time around until he jerked up almost hitting her head with his. He blinked looking around the room, his whole body was sweating profusely even though it was a bit cold. The first rainfall of December had graced them last night.

“Babe, are you okay?” She asked gently careful to not freak him out, he already looked freaked out enough.

“I am fine nana,” Zach muttered quietly and

kissed her forehead. "I didn't mean to scare you, go back to sleep."

"Not when you are like this," she said studying his face. "Were you having nightmares?"

Zach dropped his head and rubbed his forehead in frustration. "Yeah, but you don't have to worry about it please go back to bed. I need to blow some steam then I'll come join you."

Millie glanced at the digital clock on his bedside stand that indicated that it was 3 a.m. in red dots. He wanted to blow off steam at this time? "What if I make you some milk with honey? It will help you sleep."

Zach shook his head getting off the bed still stark naked and walked to his closet. Millie bit her lip before she grabbed his shirt from last night and put it on and followed him to his walk in closet. She found him already dressed in his training basketball shorts and his black vest,

some of his tattoos popping out. She hugged him from behind and placed her cheek against his strong back.

“Baby, please talk to me.”

Zach froze in place not attempting to touch her back. He had these nightmares once in a while which was why he always woke up at dawn to blow some steam in his gym or go for a jog down the street. He didn't want Millie knowing about his weak side, it made him feel pathetic and worthless and he was neither one of those things. He was powerful and strong and he could take care of himself now.

“Please go back to sleep nana,” he said softly shrugging her arms off him, it hurt him to dismiss her like this but there was nothing he could do, this was how he dealt with things.

“But you are not okay and I can't go to sleep while you are like this,” She looked up at him

defiantly. "We are in a relationship Oatile aren't we?"

He took a deep breath and nodded, he knew where this was going.

"Then why won't you tell me what's bothering you? And don't even think about telling me it's nothing because I have noticed your weird sleeping patterns, you never sleep enough and you are always punching that gym bag or running early in the morning. What are you running away from?"

"I am not running away from anything," he said moving past her to get his Nike trainers; he sat on the red bean bag in the centre of the closet room to put on his shoes. "I just have trouble sleeping, it's no big deal everyone goes through it."

"I don't think so," Millie said and knelt before him. "Please look at me."

Zach kept his head down afraid that he might just spill his guts if he looked into her soft gaze, she had some kind of hold on he didn't understand. It was never like this before with anyone, it took him two years to break down his walls with Amber and all hell broke loose when he showed his vulnerable side wanting nothing but love in return but all he got was fear and judgment.

"I just want to go to the gym please," he said hoarsely still not looking up at her.

"So you would rather go punch a bag without talking to me Oatile?"

"I told you I don't want to talk what more do you want from me?" he snapped and Millie frowned stepping back from him. "How is talking going to help? You won't do shit for me anyway you

will walk away just like her.”

“Her, are you talking about Amber?” Millie asked in a small whisper. “Are you comparing me to your Ex right now?”

Her voice sounded so strangled which made him want to reach out and just hug her but the words were already out now and he couldn't take them back.

“Are you comparing me to your Ex?” she asked again, her lips quivering this time.

“I didn't mean to say that.”

“Are you even over her?”

“Of course I am, why do you think I am with you?”

“Because you just want someone to fuck.”

“If I wanted a quick easy fuck you wouldn't even be here Millie, there is a lot of pussy for me in Gaborone.”



Millie felt her heart drop to her stomach. "So, you are doing me a favor by fucking me?"

Zach sighed rubbing the back of his head in frustration. "I told you that you are not just someone I am fucking, you are my girlfriend, MINE!"

"Funny because you are not treating me like your girlfriend right now," she sniffed brushing away her tears with the pad of her thumb. She couldn't believe they were having their first fight immediately after professing their love to each other, this was supposed to be a happy night but it was now tarnished.

"Because if I was really your girlfriend you would tell me what's bothering you. People in relationships talk Oatile, they don't just shut the other person out without explaining."

"Why the fuck do you want to know so much?" He shouted making her cower back, he felt like

an asshole for doing this. This was not how he wanted things to turn out either but couldn't people just love each other without all these other stupid conditions?

Millie stared at him, her mouth wide open in shock then nodded to herself. "Because I love you and I want to know all of you, I don't know about you but I am not withholding anything back from you and I am not afraid of you even if you shout and throw your tantrums. I just want you to love me enough to trust me with yourself but I get that we are not on the same page so go do whatever it is you want to do."

"Nana, I am sorry please," he said in a small whisper stepping towards her but Millie moved back from him.

"No, I don't want to touch you right now please go to your gym but let me tell you one thing Zachariah, I am a very emotional person which means I invest my emotions in everything and

everyone I love that's just the person I am. If you are not emotionally available then I guess I am not the one for you."

Zachariah's heart skipped a beat. "Are you breaking up with me?"

"No, I think we need space from each other. Who knows it might be the sex confusing us to think we are in love when we are not really in love."

"Nana, please don't say that. It's more than sex with us you know that."

"Go to the gym." She said quietly before she turned around to walk back to the bedroom.

Zach stood there, his head reeling and his heart pounding. He was terrified of losing her but he was also terrified of baring his soul out to her, women and emotions! If she would have just let him be they wouldn't be having this fight.

Zach did not come back to bed like she hoped he will, he spent the morning in the gym punching the bag that he didn't even hear when she left without even taking a shower.

She walked out of his house with a heavy heart, it wasn't the fact that he didn't trust her enough to confide in her it was the fact that he compared her to his Ex. He thought he was just like all these other girls who ran when the heat got too much.

She took a cab straight home calling her trusted taxi driver that usually dropped her off whenever her father's Hilux malfunctioned. She hoped her parents were not home when she got home, it was a little after 8. She mentally thanked God when she found the living room empty and quickly made her way to her

bedroom and threw herself on the bed letting the tears fall.

“Millie?” Her mother called knocking softly before she opened the door and walked in without even waiting for her to tell her to come in. “I thought I heard you, you are just coming home now when you left in the afternoon yesterday?”

Millie sniffed and sat upright, she didn't want to be scolded for this right now. She was hurting because a man she loved didn't trust her.

Josephine's expression quickly softened when she saw her wet cheeks.

“What did that boy do you?” She asked her facing morphing into anger. “Tell me right now and give me his address and everything I will go there and strangle him. How dare he make my baby girl cry?”

Millie snorted and rubbed her cheeks. "But you have let your sister abuse me in front of your eyes."

Josephine's eyes flickered with guilt and she sat down on her daughter's bed. "I am so sorry my girl, you know your aunt is like that with everyone."

"No she is evil and she wants me to follow Veronica around like her little servant idolizing her and telling her how beautiful she is like she is some Egyptian queen," she grumbled angrily, yes she was going to take her pain out on her mother instead of owning up that she couldn't make a man trust her and forget about his dumb Ex.

"From now on Moipone won't say anything bad to you, I will deal with her and her stupid daughter who is not even marrying a real man."

Millie snorted despite her sadness. "Hau, mama

why would you say he is not a real man?"

"Have you seen his hands?" Josephine exclaimed. "They are too soft for a man's, he looks like someone who has never worked a day in his life and I just can't seem to put my finger on it but something is wrong. I wouldn't be surprised if he turned out to be a wife beater."

Millie smiled, she loved this side of her mother and wished she could speak like this in front of that older sister of hers.

"Now tell me what is wrong baby or should I wake your father to talk to you?"

Millie quickly shook her head. "No let him sleep, I think it is kind of silly anyway."

"Anything that makes you cry is not silly, did the boy hurt you?"

"Who told you it's a boy?"

“Oh,” Josephine frowned. “Is it a woman? You now play for that team?”

Millie giggled shaking her head. “Of course not, it’s a man.”

“How old is this man?”

Millie looked down at her hands, she couldn’t believe she was doing this right now. “He is 31.”

“Haa, Millicent!” Josephine exclaimed putting a hand over her mouth. “Isn’t he too old for you? You are 23 and still a baby.”

“But papa is older than you with 14 years, he is just 8 years older than me.”

“And he is not married? He doesn’t have kids?”

“No, he is not and no kids.”

“He is the kind that plays around with women neh?”

Well, Zach had a reputation of being a player but she was not going to tell her mother that.

She would lose her mind and demand her to break up with him right away. She wondered what she would say if she found out she was a club owner.

“No, he is a good man mama.”

“Then why is a good man making you cry?”

“I just feel like he is not emotionally available, he doesn't really like talking about his parents or his family or anything that concerns him. I want him to see me as someone who is willing to love him with all his flaws and I know this thing is still new but I really love him mama, I don't even want to imagine breaking up with him.”

“Yet you came here running with a cab.”

“How did you even see me?” She was shocked, nothing can go past Josephine neh?

“I just happened to be looking out the window when I woke up and saw you stepping out of a

cab instead of the usual grey Range Rover.”

“Mama!” Millie’s hang open in surprise, so her mother had been stalking her all this time. “You are such a stalker!”

“I am just making sure you are safe” Josephine justified herself but Millie shook her head.

“Back to the issue at hand, I know you are an emotional person and you get attached easily you want people to tell you their fathers left them and why they hate their aunts the first time you meet and it’s not wrong, that’s how you are but some people hate emotions and it takes them a long time to get used to someone before they fully trust you with their emotions.”

“But isn’t love supposed to come with emotions?”

“It does and just because someone is not ready to tell you some things doesn’t mean they don’t love you. It took your father a year to tell me

that he saw his own father killing his mother. It's not that he didn't love me it was too painful for him to revisit opening old wounds is never easy."

Millie inhaled sharply letting her mother's words sink in. She had pushed him until he snapped, she didn't want to hurt him. "Thank you mama."

"I should be thanking you for not hating me after all those time I didn't stand up for you."

"It's okay, I know aunt Moipone is a.." her voice trailed off before she called her mother's sister a bitch.

"She is a bitch." Josephine said making her daughter giggle with delight, she loved this side of her mother.

They were in a club full of alcohol and half

naked girls, something that most men would rejoice over but Zach's eyes were glued on his phone ignoring his surroundings.

Millie had left without even telling him in the morning, he came out of the gym to find her gone. He had debated calling or texting her all day but she said she needed space to figure out if she was really in love with him or it was just the sex. It hurt to think that she might actually break up with him when they had just started. He had to admit that at first he had only wanted to hit and then run but he kept going back for more. He was suddenly addicted to her soft giggles and squeals and the way she rumbled talking about her favorite TV shows. It had only been three weeks but he had never felt this way about anyone before.

“Bro, stop sulking it's my bachelor party.”
Lefakae said plopping down on the couch next

to him, he was already tipsy and his top shirt buttons were undone. Zach thought alcohol made him bring out his eccentric side or maybe it just allowed him to be himself more. Something that he hardly did especially with his family.

“You are marrying someone you are not even attracted to so chill,” he said drily downing the last of his whiskey.

Lefakae chuckled slapping his arm. “I will kick out of my bachelor party if you don’t stop being grumpy.”

Zach snorted and refilled his whiskey, he normally nursed one glass the whole night because he didn’t like getting drunk but his feelings were bruised so he was going all out.

“This is my club motherfucker.”

“You are right,” Lefakae snorted sipping his Flying Fish. “But seriously bro, talk to me.

What's wrong? You look like you could kill anyone who glanced at you right now."

"I always look like this."

"Yeah but the past few weeks you have been happy," he said and chuckled. "Well, as happy as you can look my grumpy friend so tell me what did my cousin in law do to you maybe I can help."

Zach threw back the tumbler finishing the drink in one go.

"She thinks I am emotionally unavailable because I didn't tell her what my nightmares were about and I kind of said that she was asking because she wanted to leave like her." He felt like a whiny bitch talking about this in a club but Lefakae was annoying and after being friends since they were young there was nothing he could hide from him just like he never hid anything from him. He had been the

first person he came out to when they were just 16 and he knew his dark past.

“Because you never talk about yourself right?”

He asked raising an eyebrow. “Zach, you know not everyone will leave like Amber right?

Women are not the same, I don’t know Millie that much but she seems like someone who doesn’t play when it comes to these things.”

“But what if she is disgusted and sees me as a monster?”

Lefakae sighed, he did not have the answer for that. “Just give her little bits of yourself and don’t hold back everything or else she will think you don’t trust her and stop comparing her to fucking Amber. I know you loved her at some point but she was a bitch for leaving you like that so don’t be afraid to let someone in again.”

“You are right,” he said.

“Damn right I am right!” He said then his face

brightened when he saw one of their friends walking in the VIP area. "Look who is here!"

"Long time no see motherfuckers!" Tumo Wright shouted walking towards them with a big smile on his face. Lefakae hugged him before he hugged the others. Zach remained seated watching them greet and congratulate Lefakae until they finally turned to him.

"Z-Man!" Tumo greeted cheerfully flashing his dimples, he was tall and the most light skinned member of their friendship group. They used to tease him about his cheese boy looks even though they all knew that he grew up from a poor background, he just happened to be intelligent enough to go to school and marry a woman from a rich family.

"You finally came out of your wife's skirts?" One of Lefakae's friends from the law firm asked and they all shot him a look. "Oh fuck, I am sorry I forgot about her condition, how is she

doing by the way?”

Tumo looked sad all of a sudden and Zach just wanted to punch the asshole in his face, everyone knew Tumo’s wife couldn’t walk since the car accident last year. Tumo spent most of his time nursing his wife which was why he rarely hang out with them.

“She is hanging in there,” he told them. “She is still doing physio and hopefully she will get better.”

“So, um do you two still have sex and shit?”

“Dude, shut the fuck up!” Zach finally snapped glaring at him, were all Lefakae’s colleagues assholes?

“What is your problem man?”

“My problem is you are an idiot, are you some kind of pervert asking about people’s sex lives?”

The guy shifted uncomfortably on his seat. “My

bad, I was just making conversation.”

“Well you suck at it so shut the fuck up!”

“Zach, calm down bro it’s fine,” Tumo said patting his shoulder with a small grin. “So, what did I miss ma gents?”

“Zach is in love,” Lefakae announced with a soft chuckle. “But he is in a sour mood now because there is trouble in paradise so everyone stay away from Zachariah!” He shouted the last part. Zach shook his head and sipped his whiskey.

“Shit, you in a relationship again?”

“And you are still married so yippee,” he said drily and Tumo laughed but continued prodding him with questions about Millie.

Lefakae stood up abruptly interrupting their conversation.

“I’ll be back soon guys,” he said to them.

“Where are you going?” Tumo asked raising his

eyebrow.

“To the bathroom, I’ll be back.” He said and quickly made his way out of the VIP section.

Tumo and Zach watched him as he went to the bar and greeted a tall guy there leaning on to his ear. The others were too engrossed in the half naked chicks in front of them to see. Lefakae chatted to the guy for a minute before he walked to the bathroom and the guy followed a second later.

Tumo chuckled shaking his head. “Lefakae ke sfebe, what happened to Ivan?”

“I don’t know,” he replied shrugging. “You know your friend never stays in one place for a long time.”

“Yeah, I hope he is being careful with his health.”

“He does get his partners get checked before he starts a sexual relationship so he is good.”

“Good, mara laiti ya gago ke sfebe.”

“He is your boy,” Zach said with a snort.

“You are the best man, I am just the groomsmen.” He chuckled. “So, tell me more about this woman who has stolen your heart.”

Zach reached for his bottle and drank straight from it.

Her parents had left for Serowe in the evening to start the wedding preparations and Millie decided to stay behind. She was only to go when there was a day left for the wedding, besides she didn't want to tire herself out already since Veronica was going to be having 3 wedding celebrations. 1, in their hometown in Serowe, 2 in Kanye in Lefakae's hometown and

finally in Gaborone so they were in it for the wedding drama.

She had debated with herself all afternoon wondering if she should call him until she saw a picture on Veronica's WhatsApp status of him and the guys captioned: Have fun at your bachelor party boys 🧚🏻‍♂️🍷🍷

So she decided to wait until tomorrow and not interrupt his boys time so she busied herself with baking a cake with a spider man theme for a customer who had ordered for her son's fifth birthday party. She enjoyed making kid's cakes more than anything. She was still filling the cream when she heard her name being called outside accompanied by hooting. Millie wiped her hands and peeped through the window to see a car parked in front of their house with Zach sticking his head out shouting her name, gosh when did they open the gate? She needed to convince her parents to build a screen wall

this was trespassing.

“Millie!” Zach continued shouting. “Please come out my love, I am ready to tell you about myself like you wanted.”

Millie sighed before she opened the door and the burglar door and walked outside with a straight face, what if her parents had been here?

“There she is!” Zach said breaking into a full grin. “Tumo wee, isn’t she beautiful?” he asked a guy she had never met in the driver’s seat.

“She is laitaka,” Tumo agreed and stepped out of the car to greet her. “Hello, I am Tumo. I am very sorry for doing this but he was crying at the club a re he wants to come to you so he guided me here.”

“How much did he drink?” Millie asked studying him stepping out of the car and almost falling. She had never seen him drunk like this.

“Millieeee,” he said before he burped and grinned

at her. "Aren't you going to kiss your man?"

"He drank a lot, I was not keeping count but he was drinking dry whiskey."

Millie sighed and caught him before he could fall and put his arm over her shoulder. "Thank you for bringing him."

"It's cool, we are friends." He smiled and stepped back. "Z-Man, go sharp akere I brought you to your woman?"

"Sharp brazene now go I am going to fuck my woman."

Tumo chuckled and waved at Millie before he started the car. Millie dragged him inside the house and threw him on the couch.

"Who told you are going to fuck me?"

"Are you mad at me nana?" he sounded like a vulnerable little boy. "Please don't leave me nana, I know I don't deserve you but please

don't leave me."

Millie sighed and sat next to him. "I am not leaving you Zach."

"I am not your Oatile anymore?" He asked struggling to open his eyes.

"You are," she said softly.

"Then kiss me nana."

"Oatile you are drunk, you need to sleep."

"I am drunk in love with you."

"Okay then Beyoncè but you need to sleep now."

"You are not breaking up with me right?"

"No," she replied. "I am sorry if I made you feel like I was breaking up with you and I am sorry for pushing you to tell me if you don't want to tell me. I will wait until you are ready to tell me what bothers you this much."

“I will tell you nana, I will tell you everything please don't ever leave me again.”

“I will never leave again.” She said softly. Zach blinked and leaned in closer resting his head on her shoulder. “I love you Millie and I know I am a monster but I love you and I am scared you will leave me.”

“I won't.” She promised, she blamed herself for making him feel this insecure which was the last thing she wanted to do.

“You will,” he whispered in a sleepy voice.

“Once you find out I am a rapist and a murderer you will leave.”

Millie froze and glanced down at him but he had drifted off to sleep on her shoulder. What did he mean he was a rapist and a murderer?

This is our weekend bonus for the all shares and comments we got on our chapters this

week❤️🥂. You guys are awesome. See you on Monday my loves.❤️

[02/25, 19:12] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 11

Zach woke up disoriented with a thudding headache that made him feel like he had been hit by a train.

He blinked sleepily and shot up looking around the room, it was too pink and too small to be his. He groaned pressing his hand to his forehead as bits and pieces of the previous night slowly made their way to his mind. Fuck, he had made a fool out of himself by showing up here drunk.

He didn't really remember much from the moment he left the club but remembered begging Millie not to leave, he winced at that.

He was now officially a member of the pathetic men club. He looked around the room wondering if Millie had left him again in her house.

He was about to get up when the door opened and she walked in wearing cute bunny pajamas carrying a tray of food. She placed the food on the bed next to him silently. Zach watched her nervously, was she mad because of last night?

“How are you feeling?” She asked softly finally looking up at him.

“Like I have been hit by a train,” he mumbled groggily.

“That’s what you get for going hard on the bottle,” she snorted and took a seat next to him on the bed. “I made food, I heard greasy salty food helps with hangover so knock yourself out.”

Zach looked down at the plate of beef sausages, eggs and slices of bread. A smile crept on his face, it felt good being taken care of like this. He couldn't remember the last time someone nursed his hangover.

"Why are you smiling?"

"It just feels good being taken care of," he told her and cleared his throat. "I am sorry about yesterday. I wasn't thinking straight."

"No you weren't, you are lucky my parents were not here."

He dropped his eyes like a dog being scolded by it's owner. "Did I make you angry last night?"

"I wanted to be angry but it was cute to see you all drunk begging me not to go."

"I am anything but cute." He snorted.

"But you were," Millie giggled and imitated his voice. "Millieeee please don't leave me. I love you

sooo much.”

“I don’t talk like that.” He chuckled.

“But you did last night,” she smiled and looked down at the food. “Eat so you go and I am not even sure what you are going with because you were dropped by your friend.”

“I can just stay here with you.”

“In my parent’s home?” She raised an eyebrow.

“Don’t act like you never brought boys here before.”

Millie snorted. “No, never, I was a very good girl if you hadn’t noticed.”

“So I am the first one here?” He sounded pleased by that revelation.

“No because you are a man not a boy.”

“I am your man,” he said with a wink and Millie couldn’t help the blush that crept on her cheeks.

“I am still your man right?”

“You are,” she said then studied his face for a minute before she cleared her throat. “Do you remember any of the things that you said yesterday?”

Zach took a bite out of the sausage shaking his head. “Apart from me confessing my undying love for you I don’t really remember much.”

Millie bit her lip and nodded, she hadn’t slept wink thinking about the rapist and murderer part. She was burning with curiosity and wanted to pester him to tell her but it sounded like a heavy subject that he had only said because he was drunk.

“Did I say something last night?” He asked clearing his throat glancing at her.

“Um, no nothing out of the ordinary,” she said in a high pitched voice and immediately cringed at herself. What a way to go Millie!

“Do you want some coffee? I heard it also helps

with hangover so I will go make some in the kitchen right now.” She rose to her feet but Zach gently grabbed her wrist.

“Please sit down,” he said softly, Millie slowly sunk back on the bed feeling like a kid being reprimanded.

“I came here last night with the intention of telling you everything that you needed to know so if there is anything I said last night that piqued your curiosity please don’t hold back nana. I don’t want you to be scared of me.”

Millie looked up at him, his bloodshot eyes looking back at her. She knew she was supposed to be terrified of this tattooed guy that had confessed to two horrible crimes the night before but all she felt was a feeling of protectiveness to soothe him and make all his worries go away.

“I am not scared of you.”

Zach nodded taking a deep breath. "I am not a good guy Millie. I have done things, bad things that I wish I could take back but I can't and those things have come back to haunt me. They are always going to be with me as long as I breathe."

Millie didn't take her eyes away from him silently urging him to go on.

Zach looked down at his hands biting his lower lip, he didn't even notice his hands were trembling. He was terrified of showing this side of him that she didn't know, nervous that it would make her run for the hills and never look at him again.

"My father was a very abusive man, he used to hit me and my mother from time to time but my mother suffered mostly because of the

beatings. One time he choked her until she fainted.” He chuckled bitterly. “I was too young to understand why she didn’t just leave but my mother had nowhere to go. She was just an orphan who also ran away from her abusive family of aunts and uncles and find solace in my father only for him to turn out to be a bigger jerk. When I was 10 she got cancer and the beatings ceased. He took care of her until she passed away when I was 14.” He cleared his throat looking down at his hands.

Millie’s heart sunk to her stomach, he had acted like his mother’s death had meant nothing to him when she asked him before but it was evident he still ached for his mother.

“I thought he had changed forever but he started drinking and dating all kinds of women,

bringing them to the house.” He said with a bitter laugh. “There was this one woman he liked bringing to the house. She used to compliment me on how grown I was and I didn’t think too much of it until one night when my father was passed out from the alcohol she came to me.”

“Zach,” Millie gasped softly, her eyes quickly filling with tears. She wanted him to stop right now because she knew what was coming but she also knew this was important for him, she couldn't chicken out now.

“So she touched me and made me have sex with her,” he inhaled sharply recalling that night and feeling her hands all over him. “I begged her not to do it but she told me that I also wanted it because my dick was hard.”

Millie bit her lip to stop herself from sobbing, her heart was in tiny pieces and she wanted to just rip that woman to pieces for doing that to a

14 year old boy.

“It went on for a month and I couldn’t tell my father because she threatened she would tell him that it was me who wanted her and I knew my father did not care about me. I tried to make her stop by not coming home but my father would drag me back home so I gave up trying. She came to me two months later and told me that she was pregnant and told my father I had done it. He kind of lost his mind and beat me up with a broom stick until it broke.”

Millie put a hand over her mouth, fresh tears rolling down her cheeks.

“I lost it and followed her to her home that night. She let me in the house thinking I had come for more sex. I told her to take her clothes off and she did and led her to the bed and I told her I wanted a blow job and she was too happy to comply. She didn’t even care that my father had almost killed me she was just too happy for sex

and I was angry, I was in pain and I knew she was never going to leave me until I made sure she was gone for good.”

Millie inhaled sharply but shifted closer to him because she just felt the need to be close to him.

“I came with a knife and I stabbed her while she was still sucking me on her back. She fell on the floor groaning in pain calling for help but I kept going. I didn’t stop, I just kept stabbing her everywhere until she gave her last breath.”

“It was Lefakae’s father who took care of the whole mess for me, he had connections everywhere so it disappeared without even a proper investigation. I guess it finally clicked on my father that I was sexually abused by his girlfriend and he sobered up after that and never touched a drop of alcohol again but I had lost all my innocence and I didn’t really care about living anymore. I had nightmares every

time of her having her way with me. I never wanted to feel helpless like that again so I made some bad friends, started smoking, drinking and stealing. I moved out of home and lived with them.”

He glanced at her and gave her a sad smile. “I was out of control but when I was doing all those things I forgot all about that woman and the more my father begged me to come home the more I rebelled. I was too aggressive with girls, I hated them and I loved inflicting pain on them. So there was this one girl who used to pass by where we usually chilled with the guys. I called her one day and invited her over and she came. I started kissing her but she wasn’t into it and told me she wanted to go home but I didn’t let her. I forced myself on her because I felt she deserved it.”

Millie let out her sobs, she couldn’t hold them

anymore. Her heart was torn into tiny pieces, bleeding for the 14 year old whose innocence was taken away and then the innocent girl who paid for the sins she didn't know about.

"Should I stop?" Zach asked, choking on his own tears. It had been long since he let himself cry but seeing her cry for him broke something in him.

"No, go on." She sniffled shaking her head.

"So the girl went home after that and told her brother and uncle. They came to me to confront me but I didn't even show remorse. I told them that she wanted it, I couldn't even see that I had done the same thing that the woman had done to me. They went to the police and they arrested me but I was only 15 by then and couldn't even try me as an adult. Lefakae's father also came through for me that time too.

He was still a colonel by that time so he managed to pull some strings again and the case disappeared. The uncle and brother hated seeing me roaming around after what I had done so they decided it was best to just take me out by taking matters in their own hands. They came to me when I was with two of the guys and just started beating me up. One pulled a knife on me, the friends had bailed on me so I was all on my own. I struggled with them fighting for the knife and I stabbed the uncle. He died on the spot.”

“Oh Zach,” she sobbed putting a hand over her eyes. How can one teenager’s life be turned upside down just like that?

“I killed her uncle after raping her.” He swallowed hard shaking his head. “I don’t know

what happened to them. Lefa's dad took me to a military boarding school after that in Ghana. It was hell too, I wanted to come home but I couldn't until I finished. I soldiered on the abuse from the other kids who were bigger than me but I learnt to hold myself down until I finished and finally came home."

Millie latched on to him before he could even finish and hugged him like her life depended on it squeezing the life out of him while she continued sobbing. Zach buried his face on her neck letting it all out. He had not expected such an embrace, he had waited for her to tell him to leave but here she was hugging him and crying for him. She finally pulled away with wet cheeks and looked at him.

"I am sorry I made you upset," he said softly.

Millie shook her head fervently. "No, you have

nothing to apologize for baby.”

Zach nodded brushing away her tears with his thumbs. “You are such a cry baby.”

“Do you blame me?” She giggled sadly. “You are so strong Oatile, I don’t know how many went through what you went through and made it out alive and now you are a whole business man.”

“I am not strong like I thought,” he said quietly.

Millie shook her head. “No please don’t overlook your strength. I can’t even imagine growing up in an abusive home and being hurt by your own father. My heart bleeds for the boy who was broken and forced to do all the things that you did trying to salvage themselves and my heart bleeds for the poor girl. I am so sorry.”

“You don’t have to apologize nana,” he said softly and pulled her on his lap. “I didn’t mean to make you cry. I just wanted you to know.”

“And I am glad you told me even though I feel sorry that I threw a tantrum. I am sorry for pushing you to tell me.”

“No, it was going to happen anyway.” He held on tightly like she was about to disappear.

“What happened to your father?”

“He re-married and lives in Francistown, I met his new wife and his step son once or twice but I don’t really belong to that family anymore.” He said.

“You belong to me now,” she said softly cradling his face. “And I will guard your heart and protect you.”

Zach’s lips stretched into a smile looking in her eyes. “You will protect me?”

“Yes, anyone who hurts you will have to deal with me.”

Zach’s heart warmed and he buried his face in

her neck. "I love you nana, I don't know what I did to deserve you but I love you so much."

"I love you too." She whispered hugging him back.

"Is that a mouse?" Zach asked.

"Where?" Millie squealed attempting to jump from his arms but Zach tightened his hold on her chuckling.

"Where are you going Miss Protector?" He laughed.

"But you said there is a mouse."

"I am kidding sweetheart."

Millie snorted with a pout pushing his chest playfully. Zach chuckled before he leaned in to kiss her slowly and softly savoring this moment. He wanted to remember it forever when he bared his soul to the woman he loves and she

didn't hesitate to hold him instead of pushing him away.

Don't forget to comment and share for our evening chapter❤️🥂.

[02/25, 19:12] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 12

Lefakae smiled looking down at Katlo's pouty lips as he snoozed snuggled on his chest. It had been more than a wonderful night pity it had to end. After taking his number, they had been texting non-stop and calling each other but they didn't hook up until his bachelor party after their blood results had come back, he liked testing even though he used condoms. He always wanted to be on safe side.

Katlo whined and snuggled even closer to his chest, his lips stretching into a grin. He had fucked this beautiful boy like his life depended on it, one of the perks of being versatile was he got to fuck pretty boys like Katlo and then bend over for control freaks like Ivan. It was the best of both worlds honestly.

His phone blared with his ring tone and he gently untangled Katlo's arms from him before he reached down to his jeans and pulled out his phone. He grimaced when he saw his father calling. He cleared his throat before he picked up. He had been holed up in the hotel room since Sunday.

"Where the hell are you?"

"I slept over at Zach's place."

“You were supposed to be home didn’t I tell you that the pastor wanted to see you today because you didnt even come to church on Sunday?”

Shit, he had forgotten that he had promised to visit the pastor before he left for the wedding.

“I am sorry father, I will be home soon.”

“You are not a teenager anymore Lefakae, you need to stop behaving like one and get your life together. You are getting married this week on Saturday and I don’t want any silly stories.”

“I understand father.”

“Don’t tell me you understand man, do better! I did not raise a wimp and if you want to inherit anything from me you will impregnate that girl immediately after the wedding and give me a grandchild like a real man. Do you hear me?”

“Yes, sir.” He replied quietly his heart dropping to his stomach.

“I am giving you 30 minutes to come home,” he snapped dropping the call.

Lefakae swallowed hard staring at the floor fighting the urge to throw his phone against the wall. His father had always been like this, he wondered if it would have been different if he had been the last born instead of the first son.

His father had always been hard on him since he was young, he always complained about him being too soft for a boy and she had thought it was because he was used to commanding being a soldier and all but he was just dissatisfied with him. He eventually stopped trying to train him when he saw that he was not interested but that meant no attention from him.

Lefakae did his best at school, acing all his exams hoping to get at least a proud smile but

he never got anything and all hell broke loose when he found out that he actually preferred boys over girls. He beat him up and threatened that he was going to shoot him if he ever slept with a boy ever again.

“Is everything alright?” Katlo mumbled from the bed rubbing his sleepy eyes.

“Um, yeah everything is fine.” He cleared his throat and pulled on his jeans. “But I have to go, my father is waiting for me.”

“You are going to leave me here?”

“The room has already been paid for so don’t worry.” He took out his wallet and handed him a P200 note. “You will get a cab home.”

“When am I going to see you again?”

“I don’t know, I am getting married on Saturday but I will let you know okay?” He leaned in and

placed a kiss on his lips. “You were delicious by the way.” He winked before he dashed out of the room speeding to his parent’s place.

His family lived in Block 3, in the suburb area not far from CBD. He had grown there in a big house where he had everything other kids would have killed to have except his father’s love and approval. The day he moved out was one of the happiest days of his life sadly he still was his father's son, not even moving away could change that.

His family was already dressed up when he arrived after changing into a decent outfit at his place.

“You look very handsome,” His mother smiled pressing his cheeks like he was baby.

“Not as beautiful as you.” He smiled down at his mother. She was a good woman, soft spoken and sweet. He just didn’t understand how or why she had married a dictator like his father.

“You are late,” Mr. Moeng said in disapproving tone.

“I had to stop by my place to change first.”

“Still behaving like a little boy.”

“Moeng, leave my son alone tuu.” Mrs. Moeng chided shaking her head.

Moeng grunted and looked at his watch. “What is taking Rorisang so long?”

“She is a girl, they take more time getting ready.”

“We are going to be late!” He threw his hands up. “Rorisang!” He barked looking up the stairs.

“I am here!” Rorisang said with a giggle

descending the stairs in a brown skin tight dress that clung to her body like a second skin. She was a little curvy with a tiny waist and her skin glowed from all the skin products she used. Lefa still couldn't believe her baby sister was now 21.

"What are you wearing?" Moeng asked angrily.

"A dress," Rorisang replied blinking innocently.

"Go change."

"But.."

"Rorisang Esther Moeng go change now!" He barked.

Rorisang rolled her eyes and looked at Lefakae.

"I envy you, maybe I should get married and move out as well." She mumbled under her breath going up the stairs to change. Lefakae sighed and glanced at her mother who gave him a small reassuring smile that did not assure him at all.

The week had flown by very fast and before Millie knew it, it was Friday that she had been dreading.

It was time to go to Serowe for the wedding. She and Zach had been wrapped up in their own love bubble for the rest of the week. He even worked from home and only went to the club when there was an emergency and rushed back to their love bubble.

“Are you going to come kana we should give up?” Her mother asked through the phone and she glanced at Zach who was sitting on the couch with his MacBook replying business emails.

“Mama, I will be there in the evening.”

“I just don’t want you travelling at night Millie.”

“I’ll be fine, how is everything there?”

“Your aunt is bossing everyone as always but it is coming out nicely. The events company is already here to pitch the tent.”

“How is uncle Rapula?”

“He is being himself as always, drinking and insulting Moipone.”

Millie giggled, one thing she loved about her uncle was how she always put Moipone in her place with just one word.

“I will see you when I get there.”

“Okay my baby.”

“Greet papa for me.”

“I will.” She said and they said their goodbyes before they hung up and she looked at Zach who was studying her with a small smile on his face.

“What?” She asked shyly.

“You are such a baby when you talk to your parents.”

“I am a baby have you forgotten I am only 23?”

Zach snorted. “And who is not a baby?”

“This grandpa that I am seeing.” She teased and shrieked when he reached. She loved being picked up like she weighed nothing, she drooled over his tattooed biceps every day.

“I will show you who is the grandpa.” He squeezed her butt and she giggled. He looked up at her still in his arms. “You are so beautiful.”

“You are beautiful too.” She smiled putting her hands on his cheeks and gave him a light peck on his lips.

Zach’s chest warmed and leaned in to kiss her again, deepening the kiss before he placed her

on the couch. Millie wrapped her thick thighs around him, his Lakers t-shirt that she had been wearing riding up to her tummy.

Zach kissed her thrusting his tongue in her mouth as he grinded his already hard manhood against her. Millie herself in his arms as his hands roved all over her body. She was lost in a lust haze as she watched him quickly slip on the condom and slide in her wet warmth.

Sometimes they didn't even need foreplay, just one touch and she was dripping wet. His thrusts were deep and slow reaching for her heart. She couldn't explain it but she felt closer to him after he bared his soul to her. She was his and he was hers.

They were already running late because of all the sex and she finally managed to sneak away from the hungry caveman for a shower. He offered to join her but she refused. They would

have ended up fucking again in the shower.

Everyone had already left for the wedding it was just them.

There were two Louis Vuitton gift bags on the bed when she walked out of the shower. Millie snorted to herself, she knew Zach loved fashion from all the chains and diamond watches he wore. She sat on the bed to lotion her body.

“You don’t like the gifts?” Zach asked working in the bedroom, he had been on the balcony for a smoke.

“What gifts?”

“These,” he gestured at the bags.

Millie glanced at them and looked up with a smile. “These are mine?”

“You are so slow.”

“Well how am I supposed to know when you

just left on the bed?” She asked with a soft giggle and reached for the first bag pulling out a shoe box. Her mouth dropped when she saw the pair of Louis Vuitton heels, he even got her shoe size correct. She had never worn anything Louis before but that didn’t mean she didn’t want to.

“They are so pretty, who helped you pick them out?”

“Alex’s wife helped me order than on Monday, do you like them?”

“I love them,” she said breathlessly. “They must have been so expensive.”

“They didn’t cost that much.” He said with a casual shrug. “I didn’t even know what to get you, I feel like this is not enough.”

“Stop it, this is more than enough.” Millie smiled and reached for the other bag pulling out a Louis Vuitton hand bag. She jumped on him

tackling him on the bed.

“I guess you love my gifts,” Zach said with a chuckle.

“I love them, thank you so much baby.”

“Anything for you nana.” He said softly pecking her lips. “And you look beautiful with this hairstyle.”

She had changed her hairstyle for the wedding and plaited back length half carrot yesterday when she collected her dress from the dress makers.

“And you look beautiful too with this cut.”

“I am handsome not beautiful.”

Millie chuckled and leaned down to kiss him. Was this real? She hoped it wasn't a dream because that would just be cruel.

They arrived in Serowe just a little after 7, she had directed Zach to their late grandmother's home where the wedding was going to be held. She could feel her happiness slipping away from her as the car drove inside the yard. She didn't want to run into Moipone because their last encounter at Veronica's bridal shower hadn't been a pleasant one.

"You good?" Zach asked turning to look at her.

"Yeah, just don't want to run into my aunt."

"Don't worry, I got you." He smiled at her. "I have to go to the guest house to check on Lefa and the guys but I can stay if you want."

"No, it's okay I will see you tomorrow."

"You don't want me to greet your parents?"

"You can come if you want to meet them but they are going to grill you."

Zach chuckled. "Oh, Tumo is here." He said

looking at him in overalls walking towards the car.

He opened the door and they both stepped out.

“You lazy motherfucker, you only showing up now?”

“I am not the one getting married.” He snorted as the shoulder bumped in greeting. “You remember Millie?”

Tumo smiled waving at her. “I remember her, how are you Millie?”

“I am fine.” She smiled politely and glanced at Zach. “I have to go greet my parents now.”

“Okay, sweetheart,” He said softly and stepped towards to give her a kiss but Millie stepped back. “What?”

“There are people around,” Millie hissed looking at all the other guests who were looking at them. She thanked God her mother was

nowhere to be seen, she was not ready to explain yet. "I will call you, okay?" She said quickly walking off. Zach chuckled watching her run off to a two and half peach painted house.

"Is she the one?" Tumo asked studying his friend's smile.

"That's the one."

Millie knew she was coming to chaos but she didn't expect to find Moipone shouting at the women in the house when she walked in.

Nobody even noticed her.

"You people want to try me, so you are telling me the goat meat is gone?" Moipone snapped with her hands on her waist.

Millie quietly slipped in the room listening to the drama unfold.

"Mama, please stop. They will get another

goat,” Veronica said looking up from her phone where she was sitting on the couch looking unbothered by the whole goat meat issue.

“No, I am not going to allow you thieves to get away with this. Le batla go huma ka lenyalo la ga ngwanake akere?”

“Mma Molatlhegi nna I left the meat in here when I went outside to make salads. I have no idea what happened to it.”

“So the meat suddenly grew legs and left?”

“Maybe we should ask Zozo, she was watching TV all day in here.”

“Leave my daughter out of it,” Veronica mumbled. “What would she know about goat meat?”

“I sold the meat!” Zoey announced grinning and everyone turned to look at her.

“What do you mean you sold it?” Moipone

asked her grand-daughter.

“Here is the money,” she said pulling out a crumpled P10 note. “Grandpa Rapula said we can buy more meat with this money so he took the other one.”

“I am going to kill Rapula!” Moipone said and bolted out the door.

Millie mentally clapped her hands, so much drama! She looked at the ladies and was about to ask if they had seen her mother when she heard a familiar deep voice outside. She rushed to the door to find Zach on the door stoep with her handbag. She had forgotten it in the car.

“Hey baby, you forgot your bag,” he said handing her the bag ignoring Moipone’s stare. Millie burnt with embarrassment because now everyone was looking at her.

“What the fuck?” Veronica exclaimed with her

mouth wide open staring at Zach. She had rushed out when she heard someone being called baby. “Is that Louis Vuitton? And did you just call her baby?”

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Chapter 13

Millie quietly grabbed her bag from Zach feeling Veronica’s horrified stare burning holes through the back of her head. Zach seemed unbothered by all these, probably because he was used to women staring at him but she wished the ground could open up and swallow her.

“Is this why you didn’t come to help your cousin with the wedding?” Moipone turned to look at Millie. “Because you were busy running around

with men? You are so evil Millicent, rotten to the core.”

Millie glanced at Zach who was frowning at her aunt and she shifted uncomfortably. She just wanted this to be over already so she could go. Moipone was always calling her out on things like this.

“Baby, let’s go,” Zach said stretching out her hand to Millie. “This is a toxic environment and I can’t have you staying with these people if they are going to treat you like this. Come on let’s go.”

“Excuse me?” Moipone looked like she was on the brink of passing out as she stared at Zach angrily. “We are her family, who do you think you are coming up here and telling her she can’t stay here?”

“Family my fucking ass I might not know much about family but I am pretty sure that you are

not supposed to tolerate shit just because you share blood with fucking vipers that will suck you dry until you become a monster.” He sneered at Moipone. “So, I am taking my girl because you are a fucking viper.”

Moipone clapped her hands shaking her head and looked at Millie. “Millicent, are you going to let this boy speak to me like this?”

Veronica snorted her eyes still on the Louis Vuitton bag. It was definitely authentic and the latest edition! She had so many questions but she was too shocked to even ask them and right now her mother was making a mess out of this whole situation.

“Millicent!” Moipone shouted startling everyone. Millie bit her lower lip and made her way out standing next to Zach now everyone was staring at her like she was Judas.

“What is going on?” She almost wept tears of

relief when she saw her mother walking towards them in her german print dress. She glanced at her daughter with a concerned frown then back at Moipone. "What are you doing to my daughter now?"

"Ah, so you have come to defend your daughter after she brought her thug of a boyfriend to insult me?" Moipone asked.

"You are one demented old lady," Zach muttered shaking his head in disbelief. "I heard you calling her rotten and evil and I know your kind you were probably going to continue calling her names after this claiming you are her fucking family."

"Do you hear that Josephine?" Moipone asked glaring at her younger sister. "Do you see what your daughter's whoring is doing? She cannot even come to help her cousin but she was busy spreading her legs for..." her voice trailed off as a loud smack landed on her cheek, everyone

gasped when Josephine's hand hit her cheek. It happened so fast that but the sound of the slap had been heard by everyone.

Veronica gasped softly putting a hand over her mouth. She had never seen her aunt losing control like that, she had always been so soft spoken and gentle. Her head was still trying to process Louis Vuitton bags and now slaps!

"I have had it with you disrespecting my daughter and calling her all kinds of names," Josephine fumed pointing at Moipone angrily. "Do you think my Millie is like this daughter of yours who opens her legs for everything that has a penis and a wallet? Your daughter is the one who fell pregnant while she was young not mine. If anyone is a whore here is your daughter but I have never said a word because she is my

niece. What makes you think you can disrespect my daughter like that Moipone?”

“Josephine, did you just slap me?” She asked sounding shocked.

“And I will do it again if you try me, I will beat you up not even our ancestors will recognize you.”

Millie looked up at Zach with her eyes brimming with tears. She didn't want to ruin Veronica's wedding but she was so happy her mother stood up for her. Zach grinned wickedly. He was definitely team Josephine!

“You can't just go around hitting people you know,” Veronica mumbled glaring at her aunt.

“We will call the police on you.”

“Call them ngwanaka, call them right now you think I am scared of the police?”

“What is going on kante?” Richard finally made his way to the commotion with Millie's father.

“Moipone why are you fighting with people?”

“Mama is not the one fighting, aunt Josephine slapped her when she told her that um Zach..”

“Keep my name out of your fucking mouth,” Zach growled cutting Veronica short.

“Who is this man?” Richard asked looking at Zach.

“She is Millie’s boyfriend and he is disrespecting everyone,” Moipone spat out sniffing. “I am the one being abused here. Millie brought her boyfriend to insult me and when I told Josephine she slapped me.”

“Because you were calling her daughter rotten and evil you fucking viper!” Zach snapped.

“Zach, bro don’t. Just stay out of it.” Tumo advised calmly. Millie didn’t even see when he got here but everyone was now crowded over them watching the whole drama unfold. She should have just stayed in Gaborone!

“Do you hear him?” Moipone asked then started sobbing. “All I did was ask Millie to stop being jealous of her cousin and come help with the wedding and now I am the bad guy.”

“So you are going to act like you didn’t insult her Moipone?” Josephine asked chuckling in disbelief.

“Moipone can’t we have just one day without your shenanigans?” Her husband asked quietly. “You are ruining your daughter’s wedding.”

“How am I ruining it?” Moipone shouted. “Am I the one bringing boyfriends to insult me? Millie just wanted to show off now that someone took enough pity on her to date her and she is here to gloat to her cousin. Why can’t everybody see that this girl is just like her mother.”

“You know when your heart is filled with evil thoughts you will think everyone is just like you and you become paranoid.” Josephine clicked

her tongue.

“Ke mang yo boditseng gore nna ke nwa jwala, ke robala dipotong!” They all turned to look at Rapula walking towards them with a bottle of Black Label singing and stumbling on his own feet. He chuckled when he saw the crowd.

“Ah, my beautiful family!” He slurred tripping on his own feet before he plopped to the ground.

“Rapula you are making noise,” Moipone said scrunching her nose in disgust

“Didimala moloi!” He shouted with slur. (Shut up witch.)

“Rapula, I am still your older sister man.” Moipone said then started crying again. “You see what I have to deal with? My younger siblings don’t respect me one bit. Josephine thinks it’s fine to just slap me for trying to discipline her daughter while my own brother

can't talk to me without insulting me and everyone thinks that I am the bad guy."

"Mxm, Moipone wa moloi." Rapula shook his head and sat on the ground with bottle next to him. "You all are wasting your energy on this witch. She is my mother's daughter there is nothing I don't know about her. I know her in and out. Evil is her middle name."

"Richard you are going to let everyone disrespect me in front of your daughter and all these people?" She asked tearfully then looked at her son. "Bokang, do you see what your aunt and uncle are doing to me?"

Bokang scratched the back of his head avoiding his mother's eyes. He had his own sibling fights with Veronica. His mother can fight her own battles without him!

"Nywe, nywe Richard, Richard," Rapula mumbled from where he slept on the ground.

“Mxm, boloi! knowing very well that Mricho didn’t love you. You took him from your own sister because you couldn’t stand her being loved instead of you. Your own blood Moipone! Sies man ga ke rata nka phatalatsa lenyalo le la masepa in my mother’s yard nyla.” He mumbled before he closed his eyes drifting off to sleep.

Millie’s eyes went wide as she looked between her mother and Moipone then at Richard who was facing down. Her mother used to date Richard? She couldn’t even imagine her mother dating or better yet loving someone else either than her father.

A few gasps and whispers went around the crowd. Moipone’s chest heaved like she was about to explode glaring at Josephine.

“Fine then!” She snapped. “I am the evil one but Richard came to me not the other way around

but I am going to be crucified either way because Josephine can do no wrong even though she is the one who slept and fell pregnant with my husband's child!" She snapped before she went back in the house leaving the people in shock.

Millie's mouth hung open as she glanced at her mother who was frozen on the spot. "What is she talking about mama?" Her voice was trembling, she didn't trust herself to speak because she was on the verge of tears.

"Millie ngwanake, can we talk about this when we are all calm and in private?" Her father asked calmly.

Millie blinked away her tears shaking her head. "No, I want to know what Moipone is talking about. You and uncle Richard?"

Josephine's hands trembled slightly as she looked at her daughter, a secret she had kept

from her for 23 full years. This was not how she wanted the truth to be revealed, in front of people. They were probably going to be a laughing stock the next day.

“Baby,” she stepped towards her but Millie stepped back before she could touch her. She hated how she was looking at her like she was a stranger.

“Please tell me I am not Uncle Richard’s daughter mama,” she whispered biting her lip. Josephine sniffed. “I am so sorry my baby.”

Millie broke into a sob putting a hand over her mouth and turned to Zach who hugged her patting her back softly.

Richard looked at Josephine, disbelief and shock written all over his face. “She is mine?”

Josephine’s cries only worsened. Her husband patted her back while she watched her daughter crying in Zach’s arms. “Metheo please talk to

her, she needs to forgive me.”

“Shh, give her time Josie.” Metheo shushed his wife quietly.

Millie pulled back from Zach and looked up at him. “Please take me away from here.”

“Anywhere you want to go nana.” He mumbled softly.

“Millie, please don’t go my baby I will explain.” Josephine called desperately.

Millie turned to look at her mother with puffy red eyes. “I can’t even look at you right now.” She said and walked away to the car. Zach heaved a slow sigh as he looked at Millie’s parents. This was not how he wanted to meet them.

“I will take care of her,” he said looking at Millie’s father.

“No, no please don’t take her with you. I need to

explain.” Josephine begged.

“Josie, she will come back to you don’t worry.” Metheo said softly and nodded at Zach. “We have hurt her deeply as her parents so please take care of our baby girl.”

“I will do that sir,” Zach said before he followed Millie to the car.

Josephine spun around and buried her face in her husband’s chest sobbing. She had failed her daughter so many times but this took the cup.

“Josephine, I asked you so many times if she was my daughter but you denied it. Why would you do that to me?” Richard asked an angry frown creasing his forehead.

“Please go talk to your wife,” Metheo said calmly. “My wife is not in the right state to talk right now.”

“She needs to be in the right state because she kept my daughter away from me for 23 years!”

“Richard, please,” Josephine begged softly shaking her head. “I will talk to you just not now.”

Richard shook his head but walked away heading to the house.

To say she was stunned would be an understatement. Veronica couldn't believe all the events that had just transpired. Josephine and Richard then Millie? It all left her brain warped and overworked. Her mother was in bed crying her eyes out but she needed answers, she couldn't believe she was sisters with Millie! Was this why her mother had hated her this much?

“I can’t believe you are eating in the middle of a family crisis,” she shot a glare at her brother who was devouring a plate of beef with rice and salads, luckily her daughter had fallen asleep in the middle of the chaos.

“What do you want me to do?” He asked with a mouthful. “There are grown-ups they know what they are doing.”

“Bokang our father cheated with our aunt and our cousin is our sister!” She snapped shaking her head. “Why are you not moved by any of this?”

Bokang shrugged and continued eating. Veronica sighed in frustration and sat on the couch taking out her phone and called her useless fiancée who did not even tell her that his best friend was dating Millie of all people.

“Hey, V.” His voice sounded sleepy which made her fume. How could he sleep in a crisis?

“Are you sleeping right now?”

“Our wedding is tomorrow so I need all the sleep I can get.”

“Why didn’t you tell me your friend was dating Millie?”

Lefakae yawned on the other end. “Did you wake me up for this?”

“I am in pain right now Lefa, my family is a mess and you are snoring not even bothered to check up on me.”

“V, how would I know what went down at your place when I am here?” He asked drily. “What happened with your family?”

Veronica took a deep breath before she narrated the whole story to him not leaving out the part about Zach and Millie and the Louis Vuitton bag.

“Which reminds me, I want that bag by the way.

It's the latest edition!"

"You can get it on our honeymoon V, I am sorry that happened to you."

Veronica opened her mouth to reply but her father walked in before she could say anything. Great, the player of the month! She hung up without saying goodbye and glared at her father.

"Where is your mother?"

"So you can break her heart again?" She asked her voice dripping with attitude. "I can't believe you papa, I thought you were different. How could you have done this to mama?"

Richard sighed and looked at Bokang. "Where is your mother?"

"In the bedroom," Bokang replied and went back to his food.

Richard walked to the bedroom and frowned at his wife curled up on the bed crying like a baby.

“Stop crying, you need to tell me how long you have known that Millie is my daughter.” He said sternly.

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Chapter 14

Moipone wiped her tears and sat upright on the bed looking up at her husband who was staring at her sternly. She always knew that this day would come but she didn't think it would come this soon. She had used Millie's paternity as ammunition against her sister and now she was weapon less.

“You are supposed to be on your knees right now begging me to forgive you for sleeping with my sister while I was away.” Moipone said frowning at him. “You and Josephine broke my heart for going behind my back.”

“We also broke Josephine’s heart when we got married Moipone, I am not even in the mood to talk about heart breaks and betrayals. I want to know how long you have known that Millicent is my daughter?”

Moipone let out a heavy sigh, “Since Josephine was pregnant but she was the one who didn’t want to tell you not me and I was fine as long as your infidelity stopped.”

Richard rubbed his jaw and sat down on the bed, his head reeling from this new information. He had always suspected that Millie was his daughter but he never did anything about it and when he asked Josephine she denied and said the baby was Metheo’s. He let it go because he was married and Metheo had come into the picture after he married Josephine and they had Veronica.

“Why would you keep my daughter from me Moipone?”

“You have a daughter, she is in the living room getting married tomorrow.”

“I can’t believe you would do this to me. All the years I have lost with Millicent will never be brought back and she already sees Metheo as her father. There is no space in her life for me.”

“Are you going to sulk because of your little bastard that you had because of your infidelity?”

“Moipone don’t say that,” Richard scolded and shook his head. “I can’t even imagine what Josephine went through.”

Moipone rolled her eyes. “Josephine knew what she was doing when she slept with you knowing very well you were my husband.”

“I just don’t understand how it happened,” Richard muttered looking down at his shoes. “I loved Josephine with all of my heart and the next day she just annoyed me. I couldn’t stand

the sight of her. Then that one night when you were away I missed her terribly. My feelings were all over the place.” He palmed his face shaking his head.

Moipone studied him closely before she stood up fetching her toiletry bag. “I will be back wait for me while I take a bath.”

Richard nodded subconsciously not even paying attention to her. Moipone rolled her eyes before she walked outside. The bathroom was built outside the house thankfully because Makhanga had strictly advised that no one else was to see when she used the bath salts and lotion.

Richard, that stupid man, his emotions seemed to be all over the place now that he had learnt that Millie was his daughter. She had risked

everything and done everything for him to suddenly start missing his childhood sweetheart. They had a family and businesses to run, she couldn't afford for him to start thinking straight right now!

She walked back in the house after her bath and luckily Richard was still on the bed lost in his thoughts. She sat on the bed in her long purple night dress and started lotioning her skin.

"Aren't you going to help me apply lotion on my back?" She asked shaking him from his thoughts.

Richard looked up and sighed moving closer to her back. He rubbed the lotion on his hands and gently applied it on her back inhaling her intoxicating scent.

"You always smell so good Pone." He murmured hoarsely.

“Oh, it’s just these soaps that Vero buys for me.” She grinned. “Do you like it?”

“I love it very much,” he mumbled before placing a kiss on her back. “You always remind me why I married you my beautiful wife.”

Moipone smiled triumphantly and turned to look at him fixing her eyes on him. “Now, you are not going to make this Millie and Josephine a big issue right? Your daughter is getting married tomorrow and she needs her father to be present physically and mentally. Are we clear?”

“Yes, my beautiful wife now let us revive our love and let our bodies feel this heat between us.”

Moipone chuckled. “You are so naughty Richard.”

“I am always hungry for your love Pone,” he murmured rubbing her breasts and laying her back on the bed. Moipone smiled opening her

legs for him. Millie my daughter her foot!

“Nana, please stop crying. It breaks my heart to see you like this,” Zach said softly rubbing Millie’s back. It had been 3 hours since they came back from the family yard back to the guest house where they were sleeping but Millie had been crying non-stop. His heart ached for her, he couldn’t imagine how it felt thinking you knew your parents only to turn out that you were another man’s child.

“I can’t believe my own mother would lie to me for 23 years!” She sniffed and chuckled bitterly. “Now I get why Moipone hates me, I must remind her of her sister’s betrayal and she is forced to look at me every day.”

“No, don’t justify your aunt’s bitchy tendencies. Anyone who would hate a child because of their

parent's sin is just as bad. You did nothing wrong to her, why would she hate you for her husband's infidelity?"

"But it was my mother too Oatile," she sniffed and reached for a tissue to blow her nose then looked up at him. "I just feel like my whole life has been a lie. I don't even know who I am anymore. I always prided myself in the fact that my father was a good man who loved me but now I find out that I don't share blood with him?"

Zach sighed and put his arms around her pulling her to him so she lay on his chest. "Sweetheart, I don't believe in blood families because from what I have learnt even your blood can hurt you just like anyone can. I believe you sometimes make your family as you go. You surround yourself with people who care about you and love you. Lefakae's father is not my biological father but I share a bond with him

that I don't have with my own father. Your father loves you so much and helped raise you into this wonderful woman that you are today so please don't be saddened by that fact it will hurt him too if you start treating him differently."

Millie snuggled closer on his chest. "I know that but I just don't understand why my mother didn't tell me."

"I am sure she had her own reasons."

"I always thought that Moipone was the wicked one but she slept with her sister's man!" she took a deep breath shaking her head. She didn't know how to feel about her own mother cheating, she always held her on a pedestal.

"I am sure she had her reasons my love," Zach said running his finger gently along her arm.

"From what that drunk man said.."

"The drunk man is my uncle." She stepped in defending Rapula. She was sad that she didn't

even get the chance to greet him after not seeing him for a while. He might be a drunkard but he was her only uncle.

“Ah, your uncle said your aunt snatched your mother’s boyfriend.”

Millie giggled sadly. “You were taking every word in weren’t you?”

Zach smiled down at her. “I hate being misinformed.”

“You are a gossip.”

“No, I just hate getting the wrong information.” He chuckled softly and tipped her face up with his finger. “I know you are mad at them but please give them a chance to explain.”

“I will but not now.”

“Of course, right now you need to take all the time you need to yourself.”

“You should have been a therapist.” She giggled

wiping her nose.

“I will only be your therapist.”

Millie smiled at him, she couldn't even imagine what she would have done or where would she be without Zach. He came into her life at the right time. She was still in shock and pained by her parent's deception but Zach being there for her warmed her heart.

“Did I tell you I love you?”

“You can tell me again,” he said with a smile leaning down to kiss her. A soft knock on the door interrupted their kiss and Zach groaned.

“Zach, it's me.” Tumo's voice said outside the door.

Zach rubbed his forehead and dragged his feet to open for him. “You are back?”

“Yeah, all the work was done. I just wanted to check if you have a shoe brush, my shoes need

polishing.”

“No check MK.” He said.

“Is your suit ready?”

Zach sighed. “I don’t even know if I am going to attend the wedding.”

“What do you mean?” Tumo asked frowning.

“Lefa will be disappointed if you bail on him. You know he needs you.”

“But Millie needs me.”

Tumo sighed. “Alright but let him know first.”

“Sharp.” He closed the door when he walked away to his room. Zach walked back to the bed and sat next to his girlfriend who was staring at him.

“You are not going to the wedding?”

“I can’t leave you while you are not well and go to the wedding babe.”

“Lefakae is your best friend you can’t bail on him.” She told him. “I will be fine, don’t worry about me. I can take care of myself and wait for you to come back.”

“I don’t want to leave you all alone while I dance at the wedding.”

Millie giggled. “I can’t even imagine you dancing.”

“You think I can’t dance?”

“No, I know you can’t dance.”

Zach stood up taking out his phone and played Panda by Designer. Millie giggled when he started waving his arms, he was a horrible dancer and she couldn’t stop laughing until her stomach hurt.

“Oh my God you are awful, how did you even become a club owner when you can’t dance?”

“I just showed you I can dance,” Zach chuckled

plopping on the bed next to her.

“You are going to go at the wedding and you are going to stand by your friend who has been there for you most of your life. You will find me when you come back.”

“Are you telling me or asking me?”

“I am telling you.”

“And what do I get if I listen to you?”

Millie smirked mischievously and took off her shirt. Zach grinned his eyes landing on her breasts. “This is what I am talking about.”

Millie giggled as pulled her to him with her legs.

The next day, Rorisang at a table reserved for the Moengs wishing she was anywhere but here.

Rorisang wished this whole excuse of a

wedding could end already as she sat in the tent looking at her brother seated up on the pedestal with her bride and their maid of honor and best man.

Lefakae was smiling and chatting to Zach but she knew her brother was probably dying of suffocation having to fake it because their father couldn't accept the fact that his son loved boys and Veronica was a bad choice for a wife even if she was just for show. The girl was all about money and nothing else.

She rolled her eyes and sipped her drink, she needed something stronger to get her through this day but her father would kill her if she touched a sip of alcohol. She glanced over at the bridesmaids and groomsmen table where they were drinking all kinds of alcohol and her

eyes landed on Tumo.

Her heart clenched at the sight of her childhood crush looking handsome as always like the first time she met him when she was just 12 and filled her diary with all kinds of stories about their happy ever after. She couldn't help but feel silly at that, she had only been 12 and Tumo was a full grown 21 year old man by then attending UB and dating all kinds of girls. She glanced at her father who looked proud that his gay son was marrying a woman and stood up. She headed to the house that kept the food and the cooking ladies immediately handed her 3 bottles of Savanna when she asked for them. She sat behind the house gulping them down.

The sun had already set when she started feeling a bit light headed and kept giggling to herself.

“Rorisang?” A voice called and she looked up to see Tumo frowning at her. “Your parents were looking for you. What are you doing here?”

“It’s my husband,” she said before she chuckled softly.

Tumo chuckled. “Are you drunk?”

“Yes, are you going to report me?”

“No but you need to sober up before your father throws a fit.”

“Fuck him for selling my brother off.” She mumbled before she smiled again. “You look so handsome it makes my head spin.”

“I think that’s just the alcohol.”

“No, it’s you.” She giggled. “I used to dream about you, you know and when you got married it broke my heart.”

Tumo chuckled shaking his head, Rorisang had grown up and he would be lying if he said he

didn't notice how the dress she was wearing clung to her in all the right places but this was his friend's little sister and he was a 30 year old married dude. He had no business getting butterflies because of her drunken love confession.

"And when I turned 18, I wanted you to be the one to break my virginity." She said with a chuckle.

"Rori, come on let's get you sobered up before you say something you will regret."

"No, I am not going to regret anything." She smiled and stepped closer running her hand over his cheek. "3 years later and I still haven't found anyone worthy enough of my virginity. It's only just you."

"Rori," he warned faintly glancing around to make sure her soldier father did not come out of nowhere to kick him.

He gulped feeling himself get hard, it had been long since he had sex. Ever since Grace got in the car accident, their sex life became a thing of a past and here was this beautiful girl talking about virginity breaking while pressed against him. He was only human and he was losing his mind.

“Will you break it for me?” She asked sounding like a little girl. “I want it gone.”

Tumo inhaled sharply and closed his eyes before he tore himself from her. “You need to sober up now.” He said before he stalked off with a painful boner between his legs.

Don't forget to comment and share for our evening chapter  .

[02/25, 19:12] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 15

Millie felt like a prodigal daughter returning home as she drove inside her parent's yard. It had been two weeks since all hell broke loose at Serowe and she had been staying at Zach's house while he was busy running around with the wedding. The last celebration had already been celebrated and still trending all over social media.

Veronica and Lefakae had left for their honeymoon in Hawaii. Millie was glad the wedding had continued despite all the drama. She didn't want to be the cause of ruining Veronica's wedding.

She heard her parent's giggles before she opened the door. She was glad that they were

still happy after all that drama. It would have broken her heart to have them torn apart by the whole thing. She opened the door and walked in to find her parents huddled up on the couch. Josephine rose to her feet when she saw her.

“Millie,” her mother called, her face filled with delight and relief. “You finally came home.”

Millie shrugged slightly. “I couldn’t stay away forever.”

“I am happy you came home ngwanake,” Metheo offered her a warm smile. “I hope that boy took care of you.”

Millie nodded; Zach had done more than just take care of her. He had been nothing but an amazing boyfriend supporting through it all. She sometimes didn’t even remember how her life was before Zach, it was just a blur.

“Do you want anything to eat or drink?”

Josephine asked wringing her hands nervously.

“Or I can make you your favorite dumplings but I think I ran out of flour maybe I can send your father to get it..”

“Mama, it’s fine.” Millie cut her off gently and gave her a small smile. “I am your daughter not your guest please don’t be like that.”

Josephine heaved a sigh. “I am sorry, I am just excited that you are here. I missed you so much but I respect that you needed your space after everything that happened.”

Millie nodded and looked at her father, it really hurt that she was not his real daughter.

“Is there anything you want to know?” Metheo asked softly after clearing his throat. “You can ask us anything.”

Millie looked down at her hands not even sure where to start. She had a lot of questions and she was afraid to hear the answers from her parents.

“You have known all along that you are not my father?” She asked looking at Metheo.

Her father winced like he was in pain. “I am your father Millie, I found you when you were just a month old in your mother’s belly and I loved you and looked forward to seeing you every day. It doesn’t matter whose blood runs in your veins you are my baby girl and I love you.”

Millie’s eyes quickly filled with tears.

“I loved you and I still love and I will continue love even when you don’t think I am not your father anymore because you learnt that we don’t share the same blood.”

“No, I will never think that.” Millie said shaking her head, this was the man who taught her how to ride a bike and picked her up when she fell even when he got a job as a truck driver and was never home that much he always made sure to spend time with her on his off days.

There was no better fatherly love than that and she didn't need to share blood with him for her to be his. She was Millicent Seboko, her father's daughter.

"You are my father, no one else will ever be enough."

Mettheo smiled nodding at her then looked at his wife who was looking at them with a smile on her face.

"We never meant to hurt you Millie, I just thought I was protecting you from how you were conceived. I loved Richard since we were young and we dated when we were teenagers. He fell in love with my older sister after he got a job and married her. I was hurt and broken, I couldn't stand the sight of them together that's why I didn't even attend the wedding."

Josephine took a deep breath. "I should have

never allowed my feelings to linger because he made it clear that he was in love with my sister but I still couldn't stop loving him. I am so sorry my baby I let her treat you like that even though it was not your fault. I was just afraid that you would hate me for what I did and you love your father so much I didn't want that to change."

Millie sniffed and stood up to hug her mother. "I am sorry for making you think that I would have judged you. Moipone has been horrible to both of us."

Josephine smiled patting her back. "She will never ever utter another bad word to you ever again."

Millie pulled back and smiled at her. "So you two didn't attend the wedding at all?"

"There was nothing to attend everything was a mess so we left and Moipone and her husband didn't even seem to need us there."



"I guess he doesn't even care about me," Millie said with a small sigh.

Josephine and Metheo glanced at each other before they turned to look at her.

"Do you want a relationship with him?"

"Not really," she said with a shrug. "I have always know him as Uncle Richard, I guess it would be weird to start seeing him as my father now besides I only have one father and he is more than enough. I don't need more."

Metheo smiled. "I love you ngwanake."

"I love you too papa," she said before she hugged him.

"Now that you are here we can make dinner, what will you like to have?" Josephine asked with a smile.

"Actually I am not staying, I have plans." She mumbled avoiding her parent's eyes.

“Hau, he won’t even let you spend a day with your parents after kidnapping you for two weeks?”

Millie giggled. “He didn’t kidnap me mama, I went willingly and it’s just for today he said he has something planned for me.”

“Don’t worry you can go and come back tomorrow.” Her father said and Millie smiled at him.

“I have been meaning to ask though what does he do?”

“He owns restaurants and bars.”

“Really?” Josephine raised an eyebrow in disbelief. “What restaurant does he own?”

“He is the owner of Red Feather.”

“Your mother loves their food,” Metheo piped up with a smile.

Josephine shrugged. “It’s alright but he needs

to come introduce himself if he is going to be in your life. I need to know about his parents, where he went to school and if he doesn't have any baby mamas out there that will make your life hell."

Millie chuckled; her mother could really be dramatic if she wanted.

"He will come when he is ready." She said and glanced at her wrist watch. It was almost lunch time now and Zach had arranged for them to meet during lunch time.

"I have to go now," she said with a smile before hugging them both. "I will see you guys tomorrow."

"And tomorrow you can't leave, you can't be gallivanting around like you don't have parents who love you."

Millie chuckled. "I will be home mama, don't

worry about me.”

They both watched her as she walked to Zach’s grey range rover and sighed looking at each other.

“Our baby girl is all grown up and dating men with tattoos,” Josephine said shaking her head.

Mettheo chuckled. “Maybe that’s her type, she looks really happy.”

“I want to see that boy closely though, I don’t trust men with tattoos.”

“Trust your daughter then my beautiful wife, I know Millie enough to believe she wouldn’t date anyone who is not right for her.”

“You are right.” Josephine said. “Let me go make us lunch.”

“Come so we can listen to the lunch news on the radio in the bedroom.”

“Ha, I can still hear the radio from the kitchen.”

Josephine said letting a giggle slip out.

Mettheo grabbed her hand smiling. "Yes but it sounds better in the bedroom let's go."

"I have to cook!"

"Let's listen to the news first Josie." He tickled her and Josephine giggled as they made their way to the bedroom.

Millie parked Zach's range rover in the parking lot outside a shopping complex before she stepped out fixing her dress. Zach had borrowed her his car when he heard that she wanted to go see her parents and so she could drive here. She had no idea what he was planning but he had looked really excited in the morning.

She looked around the shopping complex before she took out her phone to call him. She quickly hung up when she saw him walking towards her. She had to pinch herself every time she looked at this man to believe that he was hers. He looked very fine and intimidating in just jeans and a simple white t-shirt with the silver chain dangling on his neck and the diamond rings shining on his fingers. He looked like those Black American rappers but she wouldn't change a thing about him.

"I thought you were going to get lost," Zach said with a smile before he placed a kiss on her lips. Millie blushed, she was still getting used to public displays of affection. "How did the visit go?"

"It went really well and they want to meet you." Zach scrunched his nose. "Do they want me to



pay magadi already?”

Millie chuckled shaking her head. “No silly they just want to meet you and make sure that you are good for me.”

Zach heaved a sigh, he was not sure if they were going to like him or not. He had never been worried about anyone’s approval before but these were Millie’s parents and she was their only daughter he would hate for them to think he was not worthy of their daughter.

“Why do you look like you are nervous?” Millie asked with a giggle. “My parents are going to love you.”

“I am not sure about that.”

Millie stood on her tip toes cradling his face. “I am very sure, trust me. They see how happy you make me and will love you for that.”

Zach looked down at her, her face shining in the sun before he leaned down to kiss her and pulled back with a lazy smile. "Do I really make you happy?"

"I have never been this happy before Oatile, I don't even remember my life before you and I don't want to."

"Me too, I love you Millie."

"I love you too." She smiled and gently pushed him back remembering they were in the parking lot, Lord she never knew love could be this addictive. "Now why are we here?"

"Oh, come this way cat lady."

"Don't call me that," she chuckled hitting his arm playfully but held on to his hand ignoring the curious stares they got from people. He led her in an empty building that looked like it used to be a shop. Millie looked around and frowned at him.

“Do you like it?” Zach asked trying to gauge her reaction.

Millie smiled at him. “Is it yours?”

“It belongs to Millicent Naledi Seboko,” he said handing her some documents.

Millie’s eyes scanned over the documents with her names on them affirming that she owned this particular building. Her jaw dropped as she looked up at him with tears in her eyes. “Oatile tell me you didn’t.”

“You told me how much you wanted to have your own bakery and I hope you don’t mind I decided to speed up the process not that I don’t trust or believe that you can make it on your own but because I love you and I want to see you living your dreams because..”

Millie threw her arms around him and kissed him before he could continue rumbling. She pulled back smiling with wet cheeks. “I can’t

believe you did this for me Oatile, it is such a beautiful gift. I love you so much.”

Zach’s heart melted under her gaze and stroked her cheeks with a smile. “So you are not mad?”

“No, how could I be mad at you for this?” She giggled looking up at him. “I just can’t believe someone would do this for me.”

“You are everything to me Millie, I know this thing is new but I heard that when your soul finds it’s mate it knows right away and I think it new that day when you fed rice to my dick.”

Millie giggled, it felt like a long time ago now because she felt like she had always known him.

“I love you Oatile.”

“My beautiful Millie,” he said gently before he leaned down to kiss her again. “So you can get quotations for the décor and everything else and send it to me.”

“You want to pay for that too?”

“Yeah, I want to make sure everything is set for your bakery nana.”

Millie smiled, “Okay, thank you so much for this baby I will bake you lots of cakes forever and ever.”

“As long as I get to devour my favorite cake,” he said palming her womanhood.

Millie giggled. “It’s always baked and ready for you.”

“Just how I like it,” he grinned wickedly and trailed kisses on her neck. “We should christen this place, what do you think?”

“I think you should lock the doors.” She whispered clawing his back already throbbing for him.

Veronica leaned back on the chair lounging by the pool sipping her tropical cocktail. It was their second day in Honolulu, Hawaii and she still couldn't get used to the beauty and the relaxing ambience of the whole place.

She fixed her Dolce&Gabbana sunglasses before she snapped a few photos making sure that it captured all her surroundings.

She finally remembered that Lefakae was in the pool swimming and looked down in the pool but he was not there. She frowned and looked up before her eyes landed on him on the other side of the pool talking, no flirting with a curly headed skinny white dude.

Veronica sat up right taking off her sunglasses and stormed over to the other side of the pool. He was shamelessly standing close to him.

"I have been looking for you everywhere

HUSBAND,” she said glancing at the white boy to make sure that he had heard the emphasis on the word husband. Where gay men everywhere?!

“Oh, hey V,” Lefakae mumbled glancing at the boy. “I was just making conversation this is..”

“I don’t care, I am hungry it’s way past lunch time.”

Lefakae stood up in his wet swimming trunk, Veronica could see the white boy’s eyes lingering on his erect manhood poking the front of his swimming trunk. Ugh!

“Lefa, I want to eat now!” She snapped storming off.

Lefakae gave the white dude an apologetic look before he followed her back to their hotel room. Veronica threw her phone on the bed and glared at him.

“Didn’t you promise me that you were going to

stop?”

“I was not doing anything,” he said with a sigh.’

“Don’t insult my intelligence you were looking at that scrawny white thing like you wanted to eat him.”

“V, you are seeing things.”

“No, I am not!” She snapped furiously. “Tell me the truth.”

Lefakae rubbed the back of his head and sighed.

“You are right, I wanted to fuck that boy because that is who I am V. I like fucking and being fucked by boys I cannot help it. I have tried to convince myself that I can love a woman but I can’t and I am sorry that I married you after this but my father has helped me open my law firm and he can shut it down if he wants to and I won’t get a cent even if he passes away because he threatened to write me off his inheritance if I continue being with boys.”

Veronica's anger subsided and she cleared her throat looking at him. "So there is really no way you could ever love me?"

"I do love you V but just not like that." He bit his lip shaking his head.

Veronica bit her lip before she sat down. "Your father said he will give me P200K if I give you a child."

Lefakae's head shot up. "What?"

"He told me after the wedding," she said with a sigh. "If I promise to stay married and get pregnant for you, do you promise to always give me money?"

"Of course, I will take care of you and Zozo."

Veronica nodded and stood up. "Take off your trunks."

"Why?"

"Because you need to get me pregnant."

Lefakae took a deep breath and looked down at his limp dick. "But it's down."

"Should I suck it?"

"Maybe that will bring it up," he said pulling down his pants.

Veronica got her knees and took his dick out before she started sucking and licking. She was a pro at blow jobs but Lefakae's dick was not even expanding in her hands. She looked up at him furiously. "You were hard as a rock with that scrawny boy now it won't even get stiff?"

Lefakae grimaced shaking his head. "Maybe if I watched porn it could help while you continue sucking me."

"Get your phone and watch it then I am not leaving here without a baby in my stomach. I have plans for that 200K and I hope you didn't fuck anyone yesterday when I wasn't looking."

"I was with you the whole day come on."

“Well you never know with you, I thought you were in the pool but you were out there flirting.”

Lefakae rolled his eyes and pulled his porn hub app and searched for gay porn. His manhood instantly jerked at the two guys kissing and rubbing each other. Veronica looked down at his enlarged penis in awe.

“Wow, you are really gay.” She said shaking her head and climbed on his lap inserting the hard rod inside her.

“Ah, fuck,” Lefakae groaned his eyes still on his phone as Veronica started riding him. He closed his eyes and imagined he was one of the guys in the video.

[02/25, 19:12] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 16

Veronica watched as Lefakae hugged Xavier goodbye. The two weeks honeymoon had finally come to an end and she couldn't wait to go home. She had missed her daughter and couldn't wait to shower her with gifts she had even bought some for her brother, annoying or not they were still siblings.

Lefakae walked over to her with a smile on his face.

"You look like someone who had just proposed," Veronica said with a snort handing him her bag.

"He is great guy, it was cool hanging out with him."

Veronica rolled her eyes but smiled. "So you didn't fuck him?"

“I told you I don’t just fuck anyone V, we only fooled around a bit but it was purely innocent and very PG 13. I don’t go fucking guys I don’t even know.”

“Can we get coffee before we go?” She asked glancing at the hotel restaurant. She was going to miss waking up just to lounge in the sun and sipping non alcoholic cocktails. She had stopped alcohol since she was trying to get pregnant and hopefully the three times that she and Lefakae had had sex was enough to get her pregnant. She didn’t want to have sex with him again because the last time she had to use a vibrator on his ass for him to cum. It had been traumatic and she had wondered if getting pregnant was really all that worth it, well 200 K was worth it but she needed counseling after the sex that she had subjected her body to.

“Sure, our flight is in like three hours or so.” Lefakae said leading her to an empty table.

They both sat down as Veronica waved at the waiter and placed her latte order.

“So, how is this going to work when we get home?” She asked placing her cheek on her hand.

“I don’t know but I guess we can continue living together and making appearances where we need to,” he said with a slight shrug. “What are you going to do with the 200K anywhere?”

“I want to open my own salon.”

Lefakae’s eyebrows shot up in surprise. He had no idea Veronica even had the slightest interest in owning a business.

“Don’t look so surprised, it’s been a lifelong dream of mine since I was a kid.”

“Well you have just never mentioned it before.”

“You never asked,” she said keeping her voice neutral. “You only asked me when I wanted to

do my hair or nails or how Zozo was doing. You have never really asked me about my dreams or aspirations in life.”

“Oh,” Lefakae cleared his throat with a slight frown. “I am sorry.”

“It’s fine I am sure a smart lawyer like you has other things to worry about than their dumb trophy wife.”

“V, come on you are not dumb.” Lefakae said softly. “You don’t have to be book smart to be called smart. I think you are street smart, I know for sure you would never starve on your own.”

Veronica leaned back on her chair and stared at him. He was a fine gent, that was the first thing that had attracted her to him and he was also smart and super clean then the money and the rich family was a cherry on top of this delicious cake. Her heart pummeled to her stomach as

she continued staring at him. Why did he have to be gay? Couldn't he be bisexual at least maybe then he would have loved her.

"My mother says I wouldn't survive on my own."

Lefakae's face contorted in a half grimace at the mention of his mother in law; he could not stand the woman. She made his skin crawl but he couldn't say that to his daughter and what kind of mother would say that to their daughter? Weren't daughters precious and cherished?

"She is wrong, you can survive on your own. I am willing to bet on it."

"You can survive on your own too without your father. I don't understand why you need to do all of this."

Lefakae heaved a sigh and looked down at the table. "It's easier said than done. I love my father as crazy as it sounds because I know that he doesn't love me or if he does then that

love is buried deep down and covered by hatred because of who I am. I have thought about letting him cut me off but being a Moeng is all I have ever known. Our name opens many doors and gets things done if my father were to disown me I will not only lose my name but everything that I know, everything that I love.”

Veronica nodded slightly and let out a small sigh. “I will make sure that you don’t lose your name as long as you don’t do your relationships publicly and if I am pregnant you are going to be a present father.”

“You don’t have to worry about that, I will be there for you and our babies.”

Veronica smiled, so what if he was gay? Her daughter got a father and she got to be a rich Moeng wife. She couldn’t let go of an opportunity like that.

“So that guy that I caught you with at the

office,” she started and chuckled when Lefakae blushed. “Is he the Romeo to your Juliet?”

“Not sure we are kind of on and off,” Lefakae said rubbing his cheek. “Ivan is proud about who he is and he doesn’t bother hiding it and I guess he got tired of the sneaking around. I haven’t talked to him since that day.”

“That’s sad,” Veronica pouted then her face brightened. “You should call him and explain if you want to be with him. I am sure he will understand if he loves you.”

Lefakae tilted his head shyly, he did miss Ivan and it would hurt if he had moved on already. He smiled at Veronica and made a mental note to hit him up as soon as they landed in Botswana.

Red Feather was hosting a Christmas party for

all the employees and Millie was glad to finally take a break from the décor and organizing everything for her bakery. It was quite exhausting than she had expected but Zach had been so helpful since he was a business man and all and she was grateful for his help.

She fixed her diamond ear rings on her ears, an early Christmas gift from Zach. A very expensive gift compared to the t-shirt from Options that she had gotten for him but Zach had seemed to be over the moon and fussed over the t-shirt like it was one of his greatest possessions.

“You look gorgeous,” Zach murmured hoarsely hugging her from behind. Her heart fluttered at his touch the way it always did whenever he was near. He looked painfully handsome in a

crispy white shirt paired with formal pants and sneakers, the shirt was un-tucked and he exuded that 'I don't give a fuck' with his outfit which she loved.

"I am having second thoughts about going now maybe we should just stay in here so I get to be the only person who has to look at all this beauty."

Millie smiled at the compliment feeling her stomach melt like marshmallows. She was wearing a white jumpsuit paired with her LV heels and she had done her make-up earlier and the make-up artist had understood the assignment, she felt like a million dollars.

"I am a bit nervous," she admitted looking up at him.

"Why?"

"Because everyone you know will be there even Bontle will be there," she pressed her hand on

her tummy trying to stop the nerves.

“Bontle is too forward you have nothing to worry about,” Zach said with a snort. “Just be yourself and everyone will love you and if they don’t, fuck them because I will love you enough.”

Millie smiled and placed a kiss on her cheek. “Okay, let’s go then.”

Zach smiled and linked their hands together before they walked out. Zach had said there was nothing to worry about but she was nervous when they arrived at the party hand in hand screaming to everyone like ‘Look, we are a couple!’. The stares and glances they got even made her want to pass out but Zach didn’t seem to mind, in fact he didn’t care at all.

The whole place had transformed into a Christmas box with the tree and all the lights,

everything looked gorgeous.

“Zachariah my man!” Tumo said excitedly walking towards them, also dressed in a white shirt and holding a glass of orange juice. Millie watched as they bumped shoulders roughly and patted each other’s shoulders.

“Nice to see you again Millie,” he smiled down at her.

“Nice to see you too,” Millie smiled back politely. Zach was handsome in that dark guy type of way but she couldn’t deny that Tumo was one of the most handsome men she had ever seen. His smile was very cute with his dimples and smooth face.

“Did you bring Grace?” Zach asked Tumo.

“Nah, she didn’t want to come,” he said softly but Zach could see the sadness in his eyes. Things have been hard for him since the

accident. "But I will have fun for the both of us thank you for inviting me."

"Stop sounding like a chick," Zach snorted.

Millie playfully hit him. "Be nice."

"This is how nice I can get!" He defended and they all chuckled. "She has already started abusing me wa mmona Tumo?"

Tumo chuckled. "I am not getting involved; let me go call Grace and check up on her. I will be back."

"Sure," Zach said and watched him walking out.

"He looks a bit sad," Millie voiced out.

"Yeah, his wife was in a car accident last year and fucked up her legs. I know for sure that the bitch is giving him a hard time."

"Oatile," Millie scolded. "You can't call your friend's wife that."

"Grace is a bitch and everyone knew it, I think

he deserves better but hey I am not cupid or anything.”

Millie giggled then let out a tiny squeal when she caught a glimpse of Bontle across the room. She looked lovely in a white dress laughing at whatever her husband was saying. They looked unreal just like in their You-Tube and Tik Tok videos.

Zach saw her stunned expression and chuckled. “Do you want me to introduce you?”

“No, what am I going to say?” she whispered.

“Hello, I am Millie and I admire your business ethics where did you buy that dress?” Zach teased and put his arm around her leading her towards Bontle and his business partner.

“I thought you weren’t going to show up,” Alex said his face stretching into a wide grin as he shoulder bumped Zach then looked down at Millie. “Are you going to introduce us?”

“You should learn to chill, are you inheriting your wife’s forwardness while she is still alive?” Zach muttered trying to sound intimidating but Millie could see he loved these people.

“Leave my husband alone Zachariah, he is the sweetest human being on earth.” Bontle said with a small giggle and her eyes landed on Millie. “You must be Millie, hi I am Bontle.”

Millie’s breath caught in her lungs and she coughed as Bontle’s slim hand wrapped hers in a handshake. Damn, even her hands were pretty. It was official, she had a girl crush on this woman.

“You know about me?”

“Of course,” Bontle beamed. “This grumpy man of yours couldn’t help but gush about you when he asked me what kind of brands were in season. I hope you loved the shoes and the bag.”

“I loved it so much,” Millie tried not to squeal like a little girl. “Thank you.”

“No, thank you for keeping him alive he was boring us with his grumpiness.”

Zach rolled his eyes. “You are just too chatty and annoying and you think everyone else is grumpy.”

Bontle giggled. “See, he is now happier. I love your jumpsuit, is it Dolce?”

“Oh not really it’s from Legit,” she mumbled looking at Bontle’s dress.

“It’s so pretty, sorry for my forwardness I am kind of a label whore.”

“I know,” she blurted out then bit her lip shaking her head. “I mean I know that you like labels not that you are a whore because I would never think that. You are married and all so..” she trailed off when Bontle started laughing and looked at Zach but he was too busy chatting to

Zach.

“Oh my you are adorable,” she grinned. “I know you didn’t mean it like that, come let’s leave those two and get drinks. I am dying for some girls attention, the only girl I ever hang around these days is my 2 year old daughter and she is a handful plus she can’t drink champagne.” She joked and they both laughed as they sat down.

“Do you want champagne?”

“No, that’s okay I don’t drink.”

“That’s okay there is non-alcoholic champagne,” she said with a smile grabbing a non-alcoholic champagne bottle and filled a glass before she handed it to her and grabbed hers. “More for us drunkards.”

Millie giggled and sipped the bubbly drink, she didn’t get what the fuss was all about it was just bubbles but she didn’t voice that out.

“Your skin is so soft, what do you use?”

“Princess Skin,” she replied and Bontle’s grin widened.

“I think I am going to love you, here cheers to new friendships.” She giggled clinking their glasses together. Millie almost fainted, friendships with a goddess like her. Lord have mercy can she not wake up from this dream?

“Did she have dinner?” Tumo asked leaning against a car in the parking lot in front of Red Feather talking to Grace’s mother. She had moved in with them to take care of her after the accident and as much as Tumo didn’t like her he was grateful for her help.

“She said she will eat when you come back which reminds me; which man goes out to have fun when his wife is sick?” His mother in law

asked and Tumo heaved a heavy sigh, here we go again.

“Grace said it was fine for me to go and it’s not like I am going to be here forever,” he replied.

“Because she doesn’t want you to blame her for not going out, you are gallivanting all over Gaborone attending weddings and parties instead of being with your wife. Is this the thanks that she gets for everything that she has done for you?”

Tumo groaned inwardly. “I will be home in an hour.”

“Please do better, it’s festive season be with your wife so she doesn’t feel left out!” His mother in law snapped before she hung up.

Tumo pressed his fist to his forehead; he was tired of it all. All the nursing, the arguments with his mother in law and Grace’s outbursts when her legs failed her. It was draining and he

wished he could turn back the time.

He looked up to see Rorisang stepping out her baby blue mini cooper in white wide legged pants and a matching crop top. She looked down in her purse searching for something then looked up and their eyes met. Why the hell did Zach and Alex have such bright lights for their parking lot? Rorisang looked away from him and made her way to the restaurant.

“Rorisang!” He called before he could stop himself and she turned to look at him. “Are we going to act like strangers now?”

Rorisang shrugged her shoulders and continued looking at him. Tumo felt something lighting up inside him as he looked at her. Her chestnut brown skin gleaming in her white outfit and the short bob cut weave that she had on brought

out her oval face structure and her big doll like eyes.

“Come on, you can’t ice me out like that. You are the one who came on to me talking about virginity and shit. I didn’t do anything wrong to you.”

Rorisang blinked before she looked away. “I am mad at myself, I know I shouldn’t have said that to you, it was stupid.”

Tumo let out a relieved breath. “I understand you were a bit tipsy and probably horny, wait do virgins get horny?”

Rorisang chuckled. “Shut up, please erase that from your memory.”

“I want to,” he nodded. “But I am a man now I can’t stop thinking about it, are you really serious you saved that for me?”

Rorisang shifted uncomfortably avoiding his eyes. “Yes, but it’s stupid please don’t think too

much of it.”

“Why?” He asked in a strangled voice, he was having an internal battle with his dick and his mind right now.

“Because I love you,” she told him quietly.

“Rori, that’s just a crush I am sure it will go away soon.”

“No, I love you.” She looked up at him defiantly.
“It’s not just a crush.”

Tumo’s lips parted, stunned. He had always thought of her as a little girl but it was clear now that she was all grown up. He cleared his throat trying to form words. “But you know I am too old for you and I am married right?”

Rorisang smiled sadly. “I know but I am in it for the long game.”

“Fuck,” Tumo breathed out shaking his head.

“Rori, you have to stop. You are my best friend’s

little sister. You grew up in front of my eyes, you and me, it can never happen.”

Rorisang smiled a little. “If you say so.”

“Rori, I am serious.”

“I didn’t say anything.” She blinked innocently, fuck those gorgeous eyes. He stepped away from her shaking his head.

“Are you running away from me now?” She was amused and she seemed to be enjoying this. Tumo groaned palming his face. He was about to tell her to go in when she saw a familiar woman walking in the restaurant. He blinked wondering if he was seeing things.

“What’s wrong?” Rorisang asked with a frown.

“I think I just saw Amber walking in there.”

“Who?”

“Zach’s Ex,Amber,” He told her and hurried to the restaurant with Rorisang following behind.

He froze when he saw Amber heading straight for Zach. Shit, was about to go down.

Morning Trulies I understand everyone is swamped with festivities so I will post one chapter (long one)a day instead of two unless I have time to write the evening chapter or if we get 90 comments or more shares then for sure you will get a bonus. We will go back to our usual posting after the holidays❤️🍷.

[02/25, 19:12] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 17

“Hey daddy,” Amber said with a small smile and Zach blinked like he did not understand what was going on which he did not because Amber was not supposed to be here. “Aren’t you happy

to see me?”

Zach glanced at Millie, unlike him and everyone else she looked calm which was scarier than those who had shocked and stunned expressions.

There was a time when he had loved Amber, thought about marrying her even but she was not on the same page with him and it all happened after he had revealed a vulnerable part of himself.

“Why does everyone look like they have seen a ghost?” Amber asked looking around the table and giggled. “Seriously, did someone tell you I died or something?”

Zach cleared his throat and finally spoke, “What are you doing here?”

“Well, that’s not a nice way to greet the love of your life.” Amber giggled before she sat down without warning and picked a glass of champagne from the table. She glanced at Millie sitting next to Zach and smiled.

“Aren’t you going to introduce me daddy?”

“Stop calling me that,” Zach growled, annoyed.

“But you used to love it when I called you that, especially in bed.” She winked and chuckled at her own joke alone. “Since the rude man is not going to introduce us, I will do it myself. Hi, I am Amber H.” She stretched her hand out towards Millie.

“Millicent, what does the H stand for?”

“Hoe,” Bontle mumbled under her breath before sipping her champagne like she hadn’t said anything.

“Hyacinth,” Amber replied unfazed by all the hostile looks she was getting from the table.

“Cute outfit, I had no idea they made it plus sizes.”

“That’s it, you need to leave.” Zach rose to his feet.

“Because I simply said I had no idea they made it in her size?” Amber asked with a slight chuckle. “You are still overprotective as ever daddy. I remember this one time he punched a guy in his club because he tried grabbing my butt. Isn’t he the cutest?” She asked turning to look at Millie with a smug smile.

“He is the cutest, I mean I don’t know any guy who would buy their girlfriend a building just after a few weeks of dating.” Millie smiled back confidently and looked at Zach who was still standing. “Oatile sit down, you are going to scare your guests.”

“Who is Oatile?” Alex loud whispered to his wife who let out a chuckle, tipsy from the

champagne.

“It’s his middle name, I love it so I call him that.”
Millie grinned at Zach.

Amber sat back and watched them with disdain then gulped the rest of her drink before she said, “Oatile doesn’t suit him though, it’s very weak for a man like Zach. He is always been Zach, right daddy?”

“Will you stop calling me that Amber?” Zach snapped frowning at her.

“Daddy issues,” Bontle mumbled under her breath again and looked at Alex ignoring the glare she got from Amber.

“I am not here to cause trouble, I was just in town and I heard there was party going on here and I came,” Amber said fixing her eyes on Zach. “Unless I am not welcome here anymore?”

Zach clenched his jaw and looked away from

her taking a sip from his juice, Millie was making him drink juice since he was going to be driving. He would have thrown a tantrum if it were anyone else telling him what to do but Millie was Millie and he was resistant to her charms and anything she said went.

“Everyone is welcome, right baby?” Millie leaning to rest her head on his shoulder. “It’s Christmas after all, time for friends and families.”

Amber frowned at Zach and tilted her head at him to say something but he kept quiet gazing down at Millie with a soft expression on his face. What the fuck had happened to him? What had this girl done to Zach?

Tumo heaved out a relieved sigh and glanced at Rorisang who had been watching the whole

exchange with an amused expression. He had been terrified that all hell was going to break loose but Millie seemed to know how to handle her and Zach hadn't lost his shit surprisingly.

"You enjoying this?" He asked quietly.

"It's like watching Korean drama," she said looking between Zach and Millie then Amber who already seemed bored by them. Why would she put herself through this torture? It must hurt like a bitch to see your Ex feeling up someone else, she knew it hurt like a bitch. She cried for days when Tumo got married which was silly but still it had been painful.

"You watch those?"

"I love them," she grinned up at him. "I had no idea Zach also had women problems."

"He is only human."

"Yeah but he looks very uptight to have women problems," she stifled a giggle. "I am team Zillie

though which team are you on?”

Tumo frowned in confusion. “Who is Zillie?”

“Oh my God, you are so old,” she chortled shaking her head. “It’s Millie and Zach combined like Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie when they were a thing they used to be Brangelina. Millie and Zach makes Zillie.”

“Nna kana ka lebala gore o le 2000,” he snorted making her laugh, she had a beautiful laugh just like her beautiful voice. He wanted to chat and make her laugh forever.

“That just shows that you are old,” she teased, her eyes gleaming with mischief. “O le 70 kana.”

Tumo chuckled. “Fine, I am team Zillie then.”

“Great,” Rorisang smiled looking up at him; Tumo felt his heart ramming violently against his chest. He was not supposed to be reacting this.

Zach stole a glance at Millie in the car before he focused back on the road. It was 1 a.m. when they decided to call it quits and go home. Millie had been surprisingly calm the whole night, smiling at him and acting like Amber was not there boring holes into their foreheads. He was anxious and a bit scared. He felt like he needed to explain himself that he had no idea Amber would be there but launching into an explanation without being asked sent red flags didn't it?

“What are you thinking so hard about?” Millie’s gentle voice interrupted his thoughts and he glanced at her with a small smile. “Is everything okay?”

“I am fine,” he replied his hands gripping the steering wheel tightly. “I just want you to know that I had no idea she was going to be there. I was ambushed and I could have handled it better but..”

“I think it went well, don’t you think?” Millie asked cutting him off. “There was no need for all that get out drama, I am sure she came thinking she would find you all alone but she didn’t and she didn’t say anything much so I take it she is fine.”

Zach tilted his head, he knew Amber and Amber was never fine unless she got what she wanted. That was the way she was, what he didn’t understand was why was she back now after all this time?

“We are okay right?” He asked taking her hand while the other remained on the steering wheel. “I want you to know that she and I are done like over and done. I am with you and I love you and

I don't have any doubts or lingering feelings."

Millie smiled and brought their intertwined hands to kiss it. "I am confident in the way you love me Oatile and as long as you don't give me reason to doubt you I will never doubt you."

"I love you," he said softly glancing over at her, he now wished he was not driving so he could have his fill just staring at her.

"I love you too," she smiled back. "Don't forget to turn there you are taking me home remember?"

Zach groaned, "Why can't you just sleep over?"

"My parents want me home, you will see me tomorrow at lunch. Mama has already planned out the menu."

"I hope your father doesn't grill me," he admitted.

"He won't, don't worry." She smiled at him, she

thought it was cute that he was actually worried about impressing her parents.

Five minutes later, Zach parked the car in front of the gate and switched off the ignition. He had gotten used to sleeping next to her and he dreaded sleeping bed alone. Maybe he needed to start thinking of ways to keep her forever.

“I am going to miss you,” he whined reaching over to place his head on her shoulder.

“I will see you tomorrow,” Millie promised with a smile patting his head. “Call me if you can’t sleep I will sing you a lullaby.”

“You will be snoring by that time,” he snorted.

“I don’t snore!” She defended and Zach chuckled.

“I will record you one day, you sound like a broken engine.”

“I don’t like you right now.”

“Too bad you are stuck with me,” he pulled back and cradled her face in his hands leaning in to kiss her.

Millie pulled away and smiled getting out of the car and came around to his side sticking her head in through the window and kissed him again before she pulled back grinning. Zach smiled lazily and watched as she walked in the yard biting his lip. He felt a tug of longing, he wanted to beg her to come back but he started the car and drove home missing his girlfriend terribly.

Zach hated festive season the most because that meant he was always busy with the club, luckily Alex had everything under control at the restaurant but the next day he was at the club

finalizing last minute things for the Christmas event with his staff members.

“Don’t forget to re-count the bottles of cognac and Moet, I don’t want any stories tomorrow,” he said sternly glaring at his manager who squirmed in his seat.

“Yes, Boss.” He replied before he stood up.

“And recheck the security, I have VIP seats reserved for some politician dudes so make sure our best girls will be serving the table and it has tight security. Also keep an eye on the alcohol if my bottles go missing again I am not only going to cut off your salary,” he threatened looking down at his groin.

“I will do that boss,” his manager muttered before he scrambled out of his office.

Zach snorted, he still didn’t understand why he was still afraid of him after working for him

after all of these years. He glanced at his wrist watch, it was almost lunch time and he needed to freshen up before he went to Millie's parent's lunch. He couldn't help it, he was nervous and he had smoked at least three cigarettes which was more than he smoked in a day trying to calm his nerves but nothing worked.

He stood up shutting his MacBook so he could leave already. His eyes shot up when he heard the sound of an opening door and he was ready to shout at whoever it was to learn how to knock but frowned when Amber strutted in his office like it was hers. The long tight black dress she was wearing clung to her hour glass figure like her second skin.

"What are you doing here?" He asked calmly.

"You have changed a lot Zee," Amber muttered plopping down on her red leather visitors seat.

“Seasons change, people change now get out.”

“You still haven’t forgiven me I see,” she gave him a small smile and leaned back crossing her legs. “So you have moved on, pity I don’t really like your choice. She is a bit too dull, don’t you think?”

“I don’t care what you like Amber, I want you out of my office right now.” He growled, he was going to kill whoever let her in his office.

“Relax, I am not here to grovel and ask for your love back. I know that you don’t do take backs.” She shrugged slightly. “I need your help.”

“I am not interested in helping you.”

“Zach we were together for 2 years!” she snapped starting to sound irritated. “And then some fat girl comes in sweeps you off your feet and suddenly you don’t give a shit about me?”

“I don’t give a shit about you Amber just like how you didn’t give a shit when you left.”

“I see you are still not over me.”

“Trust me I am way over you.”

“Then I don’t understand why you won’t help me.”

“Because I am not your fucking family or anything to you and I am not obliged to help you,” he hissed. “If you don’t get up and fucking leave I am calling Teddy and he is going to drag your ass out.”

“So you won’t even listen to what I have to say?” She asked then heaved a sigh. “Fine, I guess I have no choice but to post this video for the world to see what goes around in your club and who does what.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?”

“Oh, I am talking about a little video I have of some certain respected ministers of our beloved country doing unruly things in your club like grinding on girls that I am sure that you

provided for them. I am sure the whole country would love to see what our honorable leaders get up to when they come here.”

“You are bluffing,” Zach’s face was blank but his heart was ramming against his chest.

“I thought you might say that,” Amber smiled pulling out her phone and showed him the video of two ministers grinding on the same girl and taking turns with kissing her. “Oh, wait it gets better.” Amber said chuckling as one of the ministers went to the table snorting a line of cocaine. Zach’s jaw clenched, this must have happened months ago when he hosted a private event for the ministers but where did Amber get the fucking video?

“That’s my favorite part honestly,” Amber cackled looking up at him. “Wa sunyetsa honorable.”

“What the fuck do you want?” he drawled the

words out of his tight jaw, he wanted to strangle her. He couldn't believe he was being blackmailed right now.

"I want you to buy me an apartment, and 100K then I will be out of your hair."

"You are crazy," he spat out glaring at her. "You are a demented bitch if you think you are going to get a single thebe from me."

"Then get ready to shut down your little club Big man because once this video gets out it's over for you."

Zach chuckled in disbelief shaking his head.

"You really want to mess with me Amber? You spent 2 years with me I am sure you know what I am capable of. You said yourself that I am a monster and guess what I am still a monster and I will fucking cut you."

"Enough with the threats Zach they won't work on me. I am not alone in this and if anything

happens to me my people will know you did it then little Miss Fattie will know that her dearest Oatile isn't sweet so after all. Does she even know that you are a killer?"

Zach balled his hands into fists willing himself to stay calm. "How do I know you are not going to post this video once I pay you?"

"I have nothing to benefit from ruining you as crazy as it sounds I care about you but I need money and a place to stay and you happen to have plenty."

"Who else knows about this video?"

"Just me and my guys," she said with a shrug.

"But don't worry they don't have the video, only I have it."

"I will talk to my real estate agent tomorrow but I swear Amber if you double cross me I am going to kill you."

"I know," Amber said quietly slipping her

sunglasses on. “You are a fucking monster after all.”

[02/25, 19:12] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 18

She and her mother had gone all out with preparing the food, they both enjoyed cooking and every time there was a reason to make a meal they both went wild.

Millie was sort of nervous now, she knew her parents had seen Zach in Serowe but it was a very brief encounter and he hadn't hesitated to call Moipone a bitch and her father had commented on it. She just hoped they wouldn't bring it up.

“Does your boyfriend have a watch?” Josephine asked setting the plates on their small kitchen table. “He is 10 minutes late, should we start lunch without him?”

“He will be here soon mama, it’s just 10 minutes.”

“Soon it will be 10 hours,” Metheo commented from the living room. “A man must have respect for time especially when it comes to his in laws. I have deducted 10 points from him already.”

Millie let out an exasperation sigh, she had forgotten how dramatic her parents can be. Zach had said he needed to sort out some things at the club and she trusted her man to show up like they had agreed.

“When are you opening the bakery that he bought for you?”

Millie chuckled throwing her head back. “Do you

have to mention that he bought it for me?”

“Yes akere he bought it for you,” Josephine chuckled wiping the cutlery for the second time, Millie did not want to point out but her mother had poured her heart and soul in preparing this lunch and she found it very cute.

“Probably next year since there is a lot that needs to be done. Running a bakery is not going to be the same as being a free-lance baker. It will need hardwork and determination.”

“Yeah but you have all those things my baby. You are a hard worker and I trust that your business will prosper.”

Millie smiled at her, “Thank you mama.”

Josephine smiled back but their bonding moment was interrupted by the sound of a car pulling in the yard. Millie’s heart leapt in her chest and she made an attempt to dash out of the kitchen to greet her man but her mother

held her back.

“Let your father handle him,” Josephine said softly.

“But I have to go and make sure papa does not grill him.”

“Let him grill him then, he is not a chicken so he is not going to die. Hand me that glass it doesn't look very clean to me. Did you rinse it like I told you to?”

Millie slumped and handed her mother the glass grumpily. She already felt sorry for her poor man because her parents seemed to be on some strict African parents act now.

The door opened before Zach could even knock which did not give him time to prepare his greetings. Millie's father was the one who

opened the door and looked at him from head to toe. Zach balanced the flowers on his other hand and stretched his right hand for a handshake.

“Dumelang, I am Zachariah.”

Mettheo looked at his hand for a second longer and he was about to drop it when he shook it tightly. He was a short man and Zach was sure he could crush his hand bones if he reciprocated his action but he didn't, crushing his future father in law's hand was definitely not a sonly in law thing to do.

“Are you getting married?” Mettheo asked taking Zach's outfit in. He was uncomfortable in formal pants and a dress shirt tucked in paired with a blazer but he wanted to look presentable instead of looking like a thug.

“Um, no sir I am not,” he mumbled.

“So you are not planning to marry?”

Zach cleared his throat. “I will marry sir, soon enough.”

“Hmm, come in then,” he said walking back in the house.

Zach took a deep breath before he followed him inside the house. Being the house brought back a moment of de javu when he had showed up here drunk as a skunk and spilled his guts to Millie the next morning.

“You don’t like our house?” Metheo asked and Zach blinked refocusing on him.

“No, I love it very much sir.”

“Sit down Jacob.”

“It’s actually Zachariah sir.”

“And what did I say?”

Zach bit his lower lip and forced a small smile, “Nothing sir.” He looked around the house

looking for Millie.

Was this a trap to somehow get roasted by her father? He nearly asked about her when she walked out from the kitchen looking gorgeous as ever in a polka dotted dress with thin straps. He loved her in dresses especially those that pushed her beautiful breasts up in a cleavage. His lips stretched into a smile but quickly vanished when he saw the side eye Millie's father was giving him.

"Hey," Millie grinned at him.

"Hi," Zach greeted back sounding like a nervous 17 year old.

"Are those for me?" She asked eyeing the bouquet of flowers.

"No, these are for your mother." Zach replied.

"Flowers for me?" Josephine exclaimed walking

in the kitchen wiping her hands on her apron. She beamed at Zach as she took the flowers. "Oh my they are so beautiful, Millie refuses to share her flowers with me thank you papa."

Zach grinned. "You are welcome, I hope you like them."

"I love them," Josephine was beaming and Millie stifled a laugh, a bouquet of flowers and she had already forgotten her strict parent act. "Let me go put them in the vase and serve lunch. I hope you like lamb, Millie's father found it on special so we bought it."

"I love it, ma'am."

"Perfect!" Josephine chirped before she walked back in the kitchen with her flowers.

Zach cleared his throat and looked at Millie's father. "I am sorry I didn't bring anything for you sir. Millie told me you don't drink, I would have brought you a bottle of wine."

“Do you drink?”

“Yes, sir.” He replied bashfully before he quickly added. “But I am not a heavy drinker in fact I just drink ciders and not the heavy stuff.”

Millie’s eyebrow shot up to her hairline, she had never seen him drinking ciders before. He was a whiskey man.

“Alcohol is alcohol, it doesn’t matter if it’s heavy or not,” Metheo mumbled. “So what are your intentions with my daughter?”

“To be with her forever sir,” he replied feeling proud of his answer but Millie’s father frowned.

“Without marrying her?”

“Fu.. no I mean I will have to marry her of course then spend the rest of my life with her,” he quickly said. If Lefakae and Tumo could see him now they would probably laugh their asses off making fun of his discomfort. Who knew pleasing fathers was this hard?

“She is only 23, she has dreams to achieve and I hope you don’t think you own her now that you have brought her a building. She is not yours to own.”

“Of course sir,” Zach sputtered feeling flustered and glanced at Millie hoping she could save him but she looked way too comfortable next to her father to budge. “I respect and love your daughter and I will wait until she is ready to settle down and support every decision she makes for her future even if I am not part of it but I hope I am part of it because I love your daughter sir. She is the best thing that has happened to me in a while.”

Millie’s face stretched into a grin and she looked like she wanted to jump up and hug him.

“Words are nice but they can be said by anyone, I trust actions more than words.”

“And I will earn your trust with my actions sir.”

Josephine walked in the kitchen just in time to save him from another question and told them the food was ready. His heart warmed as he looked at their tiny table filled with salads and food. The only time he got to eat with family was when he was at Lefakae’s house.

“Thank you so much for preparing the food Mrs. Seboko,” he said when she handed him a plate. Everything looked delicious.

“Millie tells me you are a business man,” Metheo spoke just before he took his first bite.

“Yes sir, I run a few bars and restaurants and a club,” he replied.

“How old are you again?”

“31 sir,” he muttered.

“How did you become successful at a young age, are you from a rich family?”

“Not really but Mr. Moeng was my mentor since I was kid and he helped me start up my business when I was 21.”

“Moeng as in Moeng Securities?” Metheo asked.

“Yes sir.”

“You had connections then,” he mumbled. “Why did you wait so long to get married?”

“I was waiting for someone my soul recognized as my mate,” Zach glanced at Millie. “And I think I have found her.”

“That is so sweet,” Josephine beamed at them.

“Now eat before it gets cold. Millie baked chocolate strawberry cake for dessert.”

Zach swallowed the food before he replied,

“Thank you, I love her cakes.”

“You love her cakes?” Metheo asked. “How many of her cakes have you eaten?”

Zach choked when his food went down the

wrong pipe and he wheezed. Millie patted his back while Josephine handed him a glass of water. Fuck, he needed to clean his dirty mind.

“Metheo let the child eat you will kill him,” Josephine chided softly.

“I only wanted to know if he eats my daughter’s cakes without paying for them. They are her business after all.”

Zach gulped down the whole glass of water clearing his throat. “I will remember to pay next time I eat her cake.”

“Good,” Metheo mumbled before he went back to his food.

Millie’s face burnt with embarrassment even though she knew which cake her father was referring to but seeing Zach’s flustered state definitely confirmed that he was not thinking about that cake.

Zach was relieved when lunch ended and after spending two more hours being grilled with questions he felt like screaming triumphantly when he stepped outside the house after saying his farewell. He had no idea meeting parents was this hard.

“You look like you are about to pass out,” Millie pointed out as she walked him to his car.

“I wasn’t breathing in there, are you kidding me?” He exhaled sharply unbuttoning his shirt’s top buttons. “I was sweating the whole time.”

“Why did you wear a blazer in this heat?” Millie asked with a giggle.

“I just wanted to look nice for your parents you

know.”

“You could have worn a simple white t-shirt.”

Zach unlocked his car. “It was pointless anyway I don’t think your father liked me that much and he kept calling me Jacob.”

“That’s just how he is,” Millie told him. “Trust me, he liked you. He is not usually like that but he just wanted to rough you up a bit and I am proud of you. You handled him well.”

“Until he started talking about your cake.”

Millie burst into a fit of laughter. “Don’t get me started on that, I thought I was going to melt on my seat from the embarrassment. Why would you choke on your food when he was talking about my cakes, you are so nasty.”

“Babe, I couldn’t help it the man was on fire.”

They both laughed until they remembered that the parents could hear them, they lapsed into

comfortable silence with Zach staring down at her before he cleared his throat.

“Can we talk in the car for a minute?” he asked unlocking the car. Millie nodded and went to the passenger’s seat. His eyes remained on the steering wheel not sure how to broach the subject but he needed to get it done now.

“Amber came to the club today,” he started after a deep breath.

“Why?” Millie asked calmly with a small frown.

“She has something on me,” he admitted and cleared his throat. “She has a video of some ministers snorting coke in my club.”

“What?” Millie was aghast, her head spinning thinking about a whole minister snorting coke.

“Yeah, it was a private event I hosted for them. She is threatening to post it if I don’t get her an apartment and 100K.”

"Wow," Millie breathed out leaning back on her seat. "Where did she get the video?"

"Someone from my club must have sent it to her, I have been raking my head trying to think of who it could be but I got nothing." Zach admitted. "If that video gets in the wrong hands it's over for me, not only will the club be shut down for drugs those politicians motherfuckers will come for me because they paid a lot of money for me to keep their things private."

"Do you sell drugs?"

Zach shifted on his seat uncomfortably. "No but I know some guys who do and when my clients want party favors I organize for them."

Millie breathed out, relieved. "So you are going to get her an apartment?"

"I have no choice at the moment, I have to deliver while I look for whoever took the fucking video. I have a meeting with my real estate

agent tomorrow, I already have the apartment and I will pay her off tomorrow.”

“How do you know she won’t come for more?”

“I know she will come for more, no one is ever satisfied after one taste but I will handle Amber she thinks she is smart but not really.”

Millie heaved a sigh shaking her head. “I didn’t think it would come to this, I thought she was just another Ex being bitter but this is beyond bitter.”

“Amber loves money and fine things in life but she doesn’t want to work for them. Nobody messes with my money and certainly not my fucking club and when I get my hands on whoever took the video, they are dead.” He clenched his jaws angrily, he did not want to get all worked up but thinking about Amber and her audacity to blackmail him made him want to strangle her.

“I am just worried about you,” Millie said softly taking in his angry expression. “I don’t want you doing anything you will regret Oatile.”

“I will be fine nana, don’t worry about me.” He said softly, his angry expression morphing into a soft one. “I won’t do anything that will jeopardize us being together. I promise.”

Millie nodded and leaned over to hug him, she wanted to strangle fucking Amber herself for blackmailing her man.

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Chapter 19

Never in his wildest dreams had Zach ever thought he would be buying an apartment for a blackmailer because he was not the kind to be blackmailed. He now understood why people

said never say never because here he was watching Amber prance around the two bed apartment full of glee.

“This is what I am talking about daddy,” Amber said smugly turning to look at him. “This must have cost a fortune but I am sure it’s nothing compared to what you and Miss Fattie are going to have in the future. You should be generous with your money more, sharing is caring you know and the more you give the more you get.”

“Shut the fuck up and delete that video,” he growled and Amber cackled.

“So feisty, I always liked that about you.” She took out her phone and handed it to him so he could delete the video himself. He had deposited the 100K in her account in the morning so he had done everything she wanted

at this point.

“Will you take a picture of me?” She asked with a small pout.

“Fuck you,” he growled turning to leave but halted in his step to look at her.

She stood in the middle room snapping photos of the house keys against the snow white wall, no doubt for Instagram. He couldn't fathom how he could have thought that he was going to end up with a girl like her. The sex had been mind blowing, yes but Amber was vain and it was only now that he saw how much of an empty shell she was.

“Take a picture it lasts longer,” Amber snorted turning to look at him. “Are you having second thoughts about going back to Miss Fattie when you used to have all this?” She gestured at her body clad in a skin tight body suit.

“You do have a great body Amber,” Zach started

and Amber grinned in satisfaction walking towards him. "But I was not admiring you at all, I was feeling sorry for myself that I actually believed that I was in love with you. You are nothing but a cold heartless bitch."

Amber's forehead creased into a small frown. "All of this because I couldn't be with a rapist? What would you have done if you were me? I couldn't handle your demons Zach, maybe if you wouldn't have told me we would still be together."

Zach nodded slightly. "Maybe but then I wouldn't have met someone who is not afraid to love me with all my demons. Somebody who understood that I was just a lost child trying to survive the voices in my head."

Amber rolled her eyes. "Miss Fattie probably has bad boy fetish Zach, she has probably never been fucked by a real man before and she can't get enough and the little boy inside you is

desperate for someone to love you. Someone to convince you that you are not a monster of which you are. Does she know you used to beat up people at your club Zach? Does she know that once you start punching someone you don't stop until they are on the brink of death."

"Shut the fuck up!" Zach growled. "I stopped the shit a long time ago!"

"Why?" Amber smirked stepping close to him. "The truth is too much for you? She is not going to stay Zach, trust me. She is going to leave because nobody can handle you, you are trying to convince yourself that you are going to do better and be a good man but the devil doesn't bargain, you will only hurt her because that is who you are Zach. You will never be prince charming."

Zach looked up at her with bloodshot eyes and

before he could stop himself he wrapped his hand around her neck and pushed her against the wall. Amber winced at the pain but she cackled licking her lips.

“Choke me daddy,” she said in a sultry voice before she looked down at the tent in his pants. “Daddy is excited already, does she let you choke her in bed like you used to do with me? Take control and punishing me for that woman’s sins. Does she let you unleash your demons on her body too?”

Zach clenched his jaw tightening, he added more pressure on her neck until she started choking on her breath. Her arms grabbed his trying to push him away.

“Zach... you are killing me,” she sputtered her eyes reddening. Zach finally pulled away, his whole body shaking. Amber crouched on her knees coughing with her hand over her neck trying to catch her breath.

“You almost killed me you fucking asshole!” She sputtered choking on her saliva. She felt like her lungs were on fire trying to get all the oxygen she could.

Zach blinked into focus looking at her then looked at his shaking hands, could he have really killed her? Amber looked up at him with bloodshot eyes.

“See, Zach you are still a monster,” she said a satisfied smirk forming on her face. “The monster inside you will never be satisfied, it’s fucking insatiable.”

“Shut. The. Fuck. Up,” he gritted through clenched teeth shaking his head. He did not believe he was monster, he was trying to be better and he would never hurt Millie. He would die before he hurt her. “Millie is not you, I will never hurt her.” He muttered before he dashed

out of the apartment his whole chest on fire.

He was aching to kill Amber, he wanted to strangle her to death. He opened the door to his car and rested his head on the steering wheel trying to calm his nerves. He looked up when his phone rang and his heart clenched when he saw Millie's name flash on the screen.

"Hey baby, I was calling to just check up on you. Did everything go well?"

Zach exhaled deeply and opened his mouth to respond but no words came out.

"Oatle?" Millie called softly. "Are you alright?"

"Please tell me you love me," he said in a hoarse voice.

"I love you," Millie said without hesitation.

"What happened? Is everything okay?"

"I would never hurt you nana," he said softly.

“Oatile what is wrong?” Her voice now sounded panicked and anxious. “You are scaring me please, what happened?”

“When I am with you I don’t worry about anything else, you are the light that makes all the darkness go away and I don’t want to tarnish your light with my darkness.”

“Oatile, baby, listen to me,” Millie said urgently. “I don’t care who has said what to you but you are not full of darkness baby because when I am with you I feel like I am basking in the sunlight and I love you for that. I don’t see darkness when I look at you, I see someone who loves me and someone that I love back.”

Zach’s eyes burnt with unshed tears and he cleared his throat, “If I was a better human being, I would let you go but I am too selfish to and I am going to try to be good for you Millie.”

“Don’t you dare talk about letting me go Oatile

because I will kill you if you dump me!”

Zach chuckled through his tears at the threat; he could imagine her cute frown right now.

“Okay, I won’t dump you,” he chuckled wiping his eyes.

“Good,” she snorted. “Is everything okay?”

“I am good,” he cleared his throat. “Can I come get a hug before I go back to the club?”

“Come get it,” she said. “I am at the bakery with the painters.”

“Okay, I will be there. I love you.”

“I love you too,” she said and his lips stretched into a wide grin before he hung and buckled his seat belt. He was going to deal with Amber later, for now he needed a hug from his woman.

Zach only got back at the club at 3 p.m. He and Millie had ended up having lunch and he had taken a nap on her lap in the backseat of his car. He felt energized when he left and went back at the club which he found was in chaos.

“What is going on?” he barked at his assistant manager who looked terrified at the sight of him.

“We um, found drugs in the storage room,” he mumbled scratching the back of his neck.

“What the fuck?” Zach sputtered. “And nobody bothered to call me when you guys found these drugs?”

“We um tried calling you but your phone was not going through.”

“Where the hell are the drugs then?”

“Teddy took them to your office,” he mumbled and Zach could feel his blood boiling.

Someone was definitely fucking with his club now and he was going to kill them. He stormed off to his office and found sealed bags of weed and cocaine. He never sold drugs in his club, he only brought them in for his special clients and they had to pay a hefty amount for that to happen too.

“So somebody has been dealing in my club and you don’t know shit about it?” He growled looking up at Teddy. The tall buff black bouncer shifted uncomfortably.

“Nobody was dealing drugs boss, I checked everyone these ones just seem to be planted.”

“Where the hell is my manager?” He asked looking around for Goitse.

“He is gone, boss.”

“He is dead?” He asked arching his eyebrow.

“No, he just left as soon as he arrived this morning.”

Zach stared at them, unblinking and took out his phone to call him but his phone was off.

“Teddy get some guys to find Goitse for me and bring him to me alive, don’t even lay a finger on him.”

“Yes, boss.” Teddy said.

“And I need some guys to get something for me tomorrow, I’ll send the address.”

“Yes, boss,” Teddy nodded before he walked out to carry out his orders. Zach looked at the drugs on his table with his jaws clenched. He was going to fucking kill Amber.

Two days later, Amber walked in her apartment humming to herself softly. She had moved in immediately after Zach handed her the keys

and the title deed to the house. She was going to wait at least three days before she could strike again. She was going to milk Zach until he was penniless.

She switched the light on and immediately gasped at the mess in the house. Her flat screen was smashed on the floor and all her clothes were scattered everywhere.

“No, no,” she said shaking her head as she ran to her bedroom and flung the closet doors open. Her laptop where she had kept the backup video was gone. She rushed to her drawers and rummaged frantically looking for her memory stick but it was also gone. She put a hand over her mouth, fucking Zachariah.

Her hands trembled as she pulled out her phone and went to her cloud to look for the video but it was gone, Zach had deleted everything. She

angrily called him.

“What do you want?” He answered lazily.

“You fucking asshole,” she snapped. “You fucking robbed me?”

“I don’t know what you are talking about,” Zach sounded bored which only fueled her fury.

“You know what I am talking about you fucking son of bitch!” She shouted looking around her messy bedroom. “You are a coward, you know that?”

“Thank you, I always wanted to be a coward instead of a monster you know.”

“This is not over Zach, I still have the video remember I told you I have my guy.”

“Are you talking about Goitse?”

Amber’s heart leapt in her chest, fuck.

“You are not as smart as you think Amber, I thought you would have learnt a thing or two

from the two years you were with me but you only cared manicures and pedicures,” he snorted. “Your guy didn’t tell you that he bailed because he knew I was onto him?”

“This is not over,” she threatened, seething.

“No, it’s not over because when I get my hands on Goitse I am going to kill him for fucking me over.”

Amber’s heart raced. “Don’t kill him please, he has two kids.”

“You should have thought about that before you hired him to fuck with my fucking club, your nigga been stealing my expensive shit and acting like a scaredy cat every time I asked him. Did you ask him to plant drugs in my club too?”

Amber bit her quivering lip and put a hand over her forehead.

“And you need to get out of my apartment by tomorrow, I already sold it to someone else.”

“It’s not yours anymore, I have the papers remember?”

“You dumb bitch, you can’t even tell real title deeds from fake ones?” He asked. “I thought you had the third eye for authentic things or does it only work on Louis Vuitton and Gucci bags?”

Amber felt her whole chest burning, fucking Zach! Why didn’t she look at the documents before she excitedly claimed to have the house?

“Hey, at least you have 100K that’s if you haven’t spent it already. If I were you I would use it to run because when I get my hands on you, you are dead.”

Amber quickly hung up before he said more, her whole body trembling. She quickly pulled up her banking app on her phone to see her bank balance.

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Chapter 20

Zach did not understand people who ran when things got bad, he was the type of person who stayed to handle his shit and take responsibility for his actions besides running was futile when you knew you were going to get caught anyway.

Teddy had called him with information that they found Goitse, his stupid manager and they were on their way to bring him back.

He filled half of tumbler with his whiskey and put in a few ice blocks before he settled down on his chair.

“So, you are going to torture this guy?” Lefakae

asked with a raised eyebrow staring at his friend. He had stopped by the club to check on everything and got caught up in the middle of Zach's revenge scheme.

"Just rough him up a bit," Zach took a small sip from his drink. "Apparently he has two kids and I don't want them to be fatherless."

"What happened exactly?" Lefakae asked trying to wrap his mind around the whole thing. He had been busy since he came back from his honeymoon. He went to Orapa to reconcile with Ivan and he only came back after they have sorted out their things.

"Amber that bitch hired him to spy on my clients trying to get some dirty footage that she could use against me." He said angrily. "She blackmailed wanting an apartment and 100 K and I gave her the fake shit but she couldn't tell."

“What about the 100 K?”

“She only has 40K left in her account,” Zach mumbled then frowned. “Which she doesn’t deserve because she is fucking disrespectful bitch, can you get someone to pull the money from her account?”

“What?” Lefakae blinked in confusion.

“One of the guys from your dad’s security company knows how to mess with this shit.”

“Yeah but he is expensive,” Lefakae mumbled taking out his phone.

“Tell him to get the 40K that he is going to pull from Amber’s account.”

“So you don’t really want the money?”

Zach shrugged casually. “Not really, I am just teaching that bitch not to mess with me ever again.”

Lefakae chuckled. “You are bad for my career, I

am a whole lawyer man. I want to be a magistrate or something in the future.”

“You are already corrupt so chill,” he snorted making Lefakae laugh. “So, how was the honeymoon?”

“Great actually, me and V have reached some kind of agreement regarding our marriage. You should start preparing to be an uncle soon,” he said not looking up from his phone where he was texting the IT guy. “He says he wants her account number.”

Zach grabbed the phone from him and copied Amber’s account number to his before he handed it back and he leaned on his chair.

“You impregnated her?”

“We are not sure yet but we slept together 3 times in Hawaii,” he replied. “She says she doesn’t want to check yet but I have a good feeling about it.”

“So, you want to be a father?”

“Of course, it has always been a dream of mine to be a father and my father is going to pay V for giving him a grand child so it is sort of a win-win situation for us.”

Zach nodded still kind of confused but who was he to judge his friend? “Why don’t you just man up to your father? It’s not like you need him if you are worried about your firm, I’ll hold you down and make sure you never go bankrupt.”

Lefakae shook his head, “If I decide to live my life the way I want to then I will lose my father.”

“You barely have him because he doesn’t really accept you for who you are,” said Zach.

“You don’t understand, he said he will disown me and I won’t be his son anymore Zach, you know my father doesn’t make empty threats.” He shook his head.

“But how long are you going to live like this?”

He asked trying not to raise his voice.

“Easy for you to say you know he loves you more than he loves me,” Lefakae snapped. “I know he probably wishes you were his son instead. You went to military school and you are straight. You are his dream son.”

“That’s not true,” he murmured quietly looking at his friend. He had hid it so well over the years but he could see he was getting fed up, he was just a professional at putting a façade for his father.

“Don’t try to sugar coat shit Zach,” he said sounding angry. “I will handle my shit and if it means marrying a woman and having a thousand babies to keep my father’s name then I will fucking do it.”

“You are right,” Zach rambled with a slight nod, he hated fighting with people he loved. “I didn’t mean to rile you up and shit.”

Lefakae's face softened and he palmed his face. "It's fine, I know you are just looking out for me."

Zach nodded and held his fist for a bump, Lefakae smiled before he bumped him back. His phone buzzed with a text widening his grin as he stood up.

"I have to go," he said looking at Zach. "The guy said it will be done in an hour."

"Where are you going?"

"To see Katlo," he replied fixing his shirt.

"Who the fuck is Katlo?"

"I don't fuck and tell," he grinned making his way out the door.

"You are a slut!" Zach shouted after him and he heard Lefakae's laughter. His phone buzzed with a text from Teddy telling him that they were in the storage room. He grinned wickedly before

he stood up.

Goitse was already tied to a chair when he got at the storage room, Teddy and the other guys loomed over him as if he would run when he was all tied up. He scanned his face searching for bruises and smiled when he found none, good just how he liked it.

“Boss, please don’t kill me,” Goitse mumbled his whole body drenched in sweat. “I never meant to double cross you. I just wanted to make more money on the side and Amber said she knew how we can make money.”

Zach stared at him with a blank expression before he chuckled, his deep chuckle rumbling and echoing throughout the room. “And you believed a dumb bitch like Amber to make you rich?”

“I am sorry,” Goitse mumbled blinking away

tears. "My daughter has been really sick and my father owed some loan sharks money. I didn't know what else to do, I was hopeless."

"Why couldn't you come to me then?"

"Because I was scared, you were already paying me enough," his voice trembled and he looked at him with pleading eyes. "Please forgive me, don't kill me. I am the only breadwinner at home please boss."

"I am not your boss anymore," Zach said frowning at him. "What were you planning to do with the drugs?"

"Amber was planning on calling the cops on you if you refused to pay her," he mumbled. "She said she was going to milk you dry."

"That dumb bitch," he spat and tilted his head.

"I can't even hit you anymore because you were fooled by Amber, what should I do with you? Because I kind of trusted you with my club and

you betrayed my trust. You sold my shit and acted like you didn't know who was stealing from me then took videos and now you want me to let you go?"

"I'll do anything please," Goitse begged.

Zach heaved a sigh, his phone rang before he could speak again.

"What do you want?"

"You stole my money?" Amber's angry voice filled his speaker.

"You mean MY money?" Zach asked.

"I thought you said I could have it now I have nothing in my account," Amber mumbled. "How could you do this to me?"

"I was going to give it to you as charity but then I remembered how you kept calling Millie nasty words and I just got mad because that's my girl you know," he said. "She did nothing wrong to

you so now you are a broke dumb bitch.”

“Zach, please I need that money.”

“Come and get the drugs you planted in my club and go make money,” Zach said before he hung up and looked at Goitse.

He kicked the chair and he plopped to the floor, tears rolling down his cheeks. He crouched down and slapped him hard across the face and he whimpered. His phone rang again and his lips stretched into a smile when he saw Millie calling.

“Shut him up,” he said to Teddy before he walked to the corner of the room while Teddy sealed Goitse’s mouth with duct tape.

“Hey baby,” he answered once Goitse’s mouth was sealed.

“Hey babe, I am at your place and I was thinking of making a little romantic quiet dinner for us, I just wanted to know what you wanted to eat.”

“You,” he said and she giggled.

“I am talking about edible food.”

“Anything you cook is fine baby, I will love it.”

“Okay, when are you going to be home?”

“Um, in two hours.”

“Okay but everything is fine right?”

“Yeah,” he agreed looking over at Goitse. “I am just finishing some paperwork.”

“My business man,” she cooed.

“You know me,” he teased with a slight chuckle.

“Okay let me leave you to it, I will see you when you get home.”

“Okay, nana bye,” He grinned and turned to look at Teddy. “Beat him up, nothing on the face and

don't break his ribs." He instructed, Teddy did not waste time grabbing Goitse and punching him in the stomach until Zach stopped him. He walked over to him and crouched next to him taking out his phone.

"Give me your account number," he said.

Goitse whimpered spitting blood before he painfully spelled out his account number.

"I just deposited some money into your account, use it to help your sick daughter," he said and stood up. "You are fired, untie him and throw him out of my fucking club."

Veronica opened the backseat car door so Zoey could climb out, she fixed her daughter's dress and closed the doors locking them, Bokang could be very annoying if he wanted. The last time she left the Mercedes unlocked he had

drove off with her car to show off at his friends at a car wash in the hood. That boy did not understand anything about sophistication and class.

Her mother was a hosting a Stokvel lunch which explained some of the cars in the yard. She heard giggles and laughter erupting from the house before she even opened it and frowned, did they always laugh like that?

She opened the door and gasped softly at the women in the living room, her mother was lying on the floor giggling while two of her Stokvel ladies were on the couch and the other one was on the coffee table, she knew her mother did not drink and there were no bottles of alcohol so she was confused.

“Is grandma okay?” Zoey asked in a small voice.

Veronica looked at her mother rolling on the floor bursting out in giggles and released a heavy sigh. “Mama, what is going on?”

“Oh Veroooo!” Moipone looked at her with half opened eyes and giggled like she was some type of teenage girl. “Ladies, it’s my beautiful daughter Veronica Molatlhegi, oh wait she is a married woman now so it’s Veronica Moeng!”

The ladies clapped their hands and ululated, it was all the confirmation she needed to know that they were high.

“Baby, why don’t you go to our old room and play with your dolls?” she looked down at her daughter. “I will be with you in a minute.”

Zoey mumbled an ‘okay’ before she walked to their old room. Veronica looked down at her mother taking in her dilated pupils and the sweat on her forehead.

“Mama, what did you eat?” She asked.

“Muffins and scones!” Moipone giggled.

“Bokang baked them, I had no idea my baby boy could bake like this. That fat Millicent is not the only one who knows how to bake.”

“Bokang baked them?” Veronica arched her eyebrows and was about to take her phone to call him when he opened the door and walked in. Bokang frowned when he saw his mother rolling on the floor and looked up at Veronica’s angry expression.

“Oh shit,” he mumbled. “I told her not to eat the damn muffins!”

“What the hell did you put in the muffins?”

Veronica snapped.

“Weed,” Bokang mumbled rubbing his forehead.

“I was baking for Skizo and the guys not for me and I told her not to eat them.”

“Why the hell are you baking space muffins in

mama's kitchen you idiot?" She shouted.

"Don't shout at me, where else am I supposed to bake them?"

"Who taught you how to bake anyway?"

"I learnt from Millie months back," he mumbled and crouched down next to his mother taking in her flushed face. "Fuck, olady is high."

"Of course she is high you idiot, she ate your fucking space muffins!" Veronica seethed.

"Who knows how many she ate at this point."

"Eish," Bokang rubbed his head in frustration.

"I can't believe Millie taught you how to bake," Veronica snorted. "Did she teach you how to add weed too? I am going to kill her."

"Millie didn't teach me that, I only asked her to teach me and she did. I am the one who added the weed on my own."

"Stop talking about Millicent!" Moipone shouted

from the floor and then giggled. "Your father's bastard that he had with his stupid love of his life, don't worry your father is never going to see her as his daughter, I made sure of it."

Veronica and Bokang looked at each other in confusion.

"What do you mean you made sure of it?"

Bokang asked his sister.

"I made him love me man!" Moipone snapped waving her arms in the air. "So you kids should be thankful that I am still keeping your father from going astray. You are the only daughter that Richard has, no one else and certainly not that fat child. I will keep your father for as long as I live."

Veronica frowned. "What do you mean?"

"Don't be silly Vero," Moipone giggled. "You think your father would have loved me with Josephine there? He only had eyes for her and

no one else and I couldn't stand it because I loved him too but he didn't spare a second glance at me." She laughed clapping her hands. "I took him because I deserved him too and I am going to keep him for as long as I live. Josephine can remain with that truck driver of hers, which is what she deserves. She should be grateful I didn't kill her and that daughter of hers."

Veronica felt her body stiffen. Her voice was hoarse when she asked, "Mama, did you use love potions on papa?"

"Of course!" Moipone cackled loudly. "It works wonders, doesn't it?"

"Yoh, what the fuck?" Bokang was aghast. Veronica put a hand over mouth, her eyes filling with tears.

Merry Christmas Trulies 🎄 Share as much as

you can as my Christmas gift 🥳🥂❤️. See you on Monday my loves. Have a good one. ❤️🥂

[02/25, 19:12] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 21

Bokang shifted uneasily on his seat when his mother walked in the living room with a plate of food. She was surprisingly not hangover and she did not seem to remember the things she had confessed to the day before.

“What’s wrong with you?” Moipone asked handing her son a plate of bacon, eggs and toast. Bokang was usually energetic and all over the place but he looked uneasy unsettled which worried her.

“Nothing,” Bokang mumbled looking down at

his food. He was starving but there was no way in hell he was going to eat food cooked by someone who practiced witchcraft. What if she had been putting stuff in their food all this time?

“Aren’t you going to eat?” Moipone asked sitting next to him.

Bokang jumped up from the seat almost dropping the plate.

“Bokang, what is going on with you?”

“Um, nothing,” he replied avoiding her eyes. “I am going to eat in my bedroom.” He said quickly before he dashed to his room.

He placed the food on his dresser and took out his phone to call his sister. He paced in his room biting his lip nervously while he waited for Veronica to answer.

“Do you know what time it is?” Veronica sounded annoyed but Bokang didn’t care, she was not the one living with a witch.

“My life is in danger,” he hissed quietly.

“What happened?” Veronica’s voice morphed from annoyed to alerted concern.

“You can’t ask me what happened when you know very well I am living with someone who practices voodoo,” he snapped.

“You are so dramatic, she is not going to kill you.”

“How do you know?” he shouted then quickly remembered his mother was still in the living room. He cleared his throat and lowered his voice. “I hadn’t slept a wink since yesterday V and she does not seem to remember anything or maybe she is just pretending. I am scared and hungry. You should have never left me alone.”

“Stop acting like a 10 year old and why are you hungry, isn’t there food in the house?”

“She made me breakfast but I can’t eat that,” he

told her. "What if she has been putting something in there?"

"You are being overly dramatic right now, why would she put something in your food?"

"You don't know witches wena, maybe she is the reason why I didn't pass at school. She made a voodoo spell on me."

"That's just you being dumb," Veronica snorted. "Where is papa?"

"He is coming back today, what am I going to tell him?"

"What do you mean tell him?" Veronica hissed. "We still have to think about this, you can't just tell him something like this."

"I am going to tell him V, our mother has been using spells on him for years and you want me to shut up about it? They have been married for 26 years V, twenty fucking six. I am not going to let papa continue with someone he does not

love.”

“You idiot, will you please start using your brain for a few seconds!” Veronica snapped. “Papa is under a spell, do you think he will believe you when you tell him about it? I don’t know much but I don’t think that is how it works.”

“So, what am I going to do?”

“Stay put.”

“Easy for you to say, you are safe with your husband and child in Phaks, I am the one who is in danger here.”

“I’ll be there soon, don’t do anything stupid.”

“Bokang!” His mother called from the living room making him jump, fuck he was being a scaredy cat right now but who wouldn’t after finding out that your mother was a whole voodoo queen and your parents love was nothing but a result of love potions and spells? Who knew what else she had done?

“Shit, she is calling me V, I think she heard me!” he hissed into the phone. “She is going to kill me for sure or cast a spell or some shit! I don’t want to die V, I still haven’t listened to J Cole’s new album.”

“Bokang Molatlhegi calm the fuck down!” Veronica cried in exasperation. “You need to get your shit together man.”

“Fine but if our mother does something to me it will be your fault!” He snapped before he hung up. He took a deep breath before he opened the door and walked out to the living room.

Moipone scanned her son’s face tilting her head.

“Are you sick?”

“Um, no,” he mumbled shaking his head vigorously. “I am Gucci olady, nothing is bothering me at all.”

“Were you talking to someone on the phone?”

Bokang's heart raced, had she heard him?

"I was talking to Vero, you know me and my sister are tight."

Moipone frowned. "Really? Since when?"

Since we found out our mother is a witch! He wanted to scream but he plastered a smile on his face.

"Since she decided to give me her old car," he replied. "As a matter of fact, I should take the car to the car wash right now." He made an attempt to leave but Moipone called him.

"Should I give you the money for the car wash?" She asked rising to her feet.

"No!" Bokang blurted out loudly and saw the surprised look on his mother's face. "I mean the car wash guys are my friends so I don't really need to pay them. I help them with um washing the cars sometimes."

“You shouldn’t do that,” Moipone said in a disapproving tone. “If you want a job, I can talk to one of my friends to give you a job.”

“I am good,” he muttered quietly. “I mean I don’t really need a job; I am too lazy to work anyway. I have to go now bye!” He made a quick dash out the door before his mother could call him again. Moipone remained on the couch, still trying to understand her son’s sudden change. She hoped he was not on drugs.

Grace had already taken her bath and was in bed watching on her laptop. Tumo walked in from the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist to find his wife sniffing with tears streaming down her cheeks. He knew he was supposed to be used to this by now but he couldn’t, she always broke down into tears or

started screaming and pinching her legs shouting for them to walk and it was too much. The doctor had told her to take it easy and she was recovering physio was helping but Grace did not acknowledge any of that, she just wanted her legs to walk the way they used to before the accident.

“Baby,” he called softly climbing on the bed next to her and looked at her laptop screen. She was watching Me Before You again, she had watched the movie for more than 100 times already but she always wailed when the scene with Lou sitting outside a French café reading Will’s letter after his death. Tumo hated that movie, about a crippled dude who had lost the use of his legs in an accident then decided to kill himself, it was euthanasia but still, it seemed like suicide to him.

“I have told you to stop watching this movie,” he

said grabbing her laptop and shutting it off.

“It is just so sad,” Grace wiped her nose and looked at him with teary eyes. “I am sorry, I know I promised not to watch it again.”

Tumo said nothing as he placed the laptop away from her and walked to their closet looking for his pajama pants.

“Babe,” Grace called quietly. “Are you mad at me?”

“No,” he said shaking his head and sighed.

“Okay, yes I am mad Grace. The doctor told you, you are going to be able to walk again but you are so sad and always crying. I don’t know what you want me to do but I am trying here with your parents breathing down my neck.”

“Are you saying you are tired of taking care of me Tumo?” she asked, her face contorting into anger.

“I am just saying that I don’t understand why

you are doing this to me?" he asked. "Why are you always crying and making me look like the bad guy?"

"This is not about you Tumo, this is about me!" she snapped. "Do you know frustrating it is to depend on people to pick you up every time you want to go to the toilet? Do you know how upsetting it is that my own husband doesn't want to have sex with me anymore?"

"Grace, it's not like I don't want to have sex with you. The doctor said you need all the rest you can get and that you shouldn't exert your body too much."

"But you won't even kiss me!" She cried biting her lip as tears filled her eyes again. "How long has it been since you kissed me or told me you love me?"

"How can I do that when you are always crying or shouting at me?" he shouted. "I am only

human too damn it!”

“Are you screaming at my child?” The door violently opened and Grace’s mother walked in with a murderous look on her face. “Gracie, is this boy shouting at you?”

“No, mama we were just talking.” Grace wiped her face quickly.

“Don’t you dare cover for him, this boy was shouting at you.” Mrs. Tshwene said scowling at Tumo. “Is this who you are Tumo? Are these your true colours?”

Tumo shook his head and rummaged through the closet looking for a clean t-shirt.

“I am talking to you man!” Mrs. Tshwene shouted shoving him violently. “My daughter found you with nothing and made you someone. She even found your mother on the brink of death and she is the one who rescued her even when me and her father told her not to, now

that she needs you more than ever you are shouting at her? Who do you think you are mosimane ke wena?”

“Mama, please stop it,” Grace cried. “Please leave him alone.”

“No, this is why me and your father did not want you getting married to someone like him Grace. This is how children from poor backgrounds are, you take pity on them and when they feel like they have made it they become cocky.”

Tumo grabbed his phone and car keys and walked out without another word while Grace’s mother continued hurling insults at him.

He got in his car and hit the steering wheel a few times before he started the car and drove off. He had no idea where he was going but he needed to get out of that house before he said

something he was going to regret. He couldn't call Lefa or Zach because they were busy with their lives too and he had his.

Tumo drove until he ended up at Z's pub and grill, one of Zach's pubs. It was a bit crowded but he managed to find a seat and ordered hot wings with a Castle Light six pack. He didn't even remember the last time he drank alcohol but his heart was a little bruised today and the alcohol was going to act as antiseptic for his bruise.

"Do you want to dance pretty boy?" He looked up to see a woman clad in make up and a cheap gold weave. He had finished five of the bottles and he was on the sixth one.

"Nah, I am good."

"Come on, I will make it worthwhile." She said pulling at his arm.

Tumo was too exhausted to speak but he really didn't want to dance with a strange woman. He shook his head feeling drowsy.

"I don't really want to dance."

"Everybody wants to dance, come on." She cooed.

"He said he doesn't want to dance," an angry voice made him look up and his lips stretched into a smile when he saw her.

"Are you his wife?"

"Yes, I am his wife can't you see he is married?" Rorisang hissed shrugging the woman's hand off of him. She clicked her tongue and walked off in her tight red dress.

"You know how to attract the ugliest women," Rorisang turned to look at him.

"Rori, what are you doing here?"

"My friend was celebrating a birthday so we

came here from the restaurant we are here for drinks.”

“Aren’t you supposed to be in Bali or wherever your parents went?” He asked with a slurred voice.

“No, I decided to stay.” She said before she sat down next to him. “I thought you had stopped drinking, what is this?” She gestured at the empty bottles.

“I am just drowning my sorrows away,” he said with a snort. “You look really beautiful tonight, is that your hair?” He asked reaching for a few strands of her long straight weave she had installed just for her best friend’s birthday celebration.

“It’s not my hair,” she moved back from his hand. “Come, I am taking you home.”

“No, I am not going there.” He shook his head vigorously and reached for his bottle emptying

the last contents of beer. "Do you know how hard it is to prove yourself every day to your wife and her parents? I married Grace fresh out of UB because I was in love with her, she did everything for me because she could afford it even though I never asked her to but she helped me out of love. I never wanted to work for her father's company but she pestered me until I agreed since I couldn't find a job anywhere else but ever since the accident I feel like I am drowning. Her parents didn't like me before but now I feel like they HATE me like I am the reason she got into an accident. I was not even there when it happened, she was with her friends going to Kasane and I understand because she lost some of her friends in that accident but it's hard for me Rori. I feel helpless and useless which was something I never wanted to feel as an adult because it was what I used to feel when I was young when my mother struggled to feed me and my siblings. I feel like

shit.”

Rorisang blinked away the tears in her eyes and cleared her throat. “I am sorry you are going through all that, why don’t you try marriage counseling with your wife?”

“I don’t know if it’s worth it anymore.” He shook his head with a heavy sigh. “I am ordering another round and don’t you dare stop me.”

“I won’t,” she mumbled quietly as he ordered another six pack. It hurt to see him like this and if she could she would take away his pain and give it to herself.

She had completely abandoned her friends and told them to go on without her so she could take care of Tumo, she couldn’t just leave him alone like that. Her feelings aside, he was still her brother’s best friend and she couldn’t desert him.

By 1 a.m. he was too wasted that she had to call some of the staff members to help him to the car. She had to search for his car keys herself and drove him since he didn't want to go home and her parents were in another continent, their home was the best option.

"You are so heavy," she panted dragging him inside the house while he clung onto her like a large octopus, a very sexy octopus.

"Rori," he mumbled close to her neck. "You shouldn't be so nice to me you know."

"I know," Rorisang replied and dropped him on the couch and straightened up putting her hands on he back. Damn, he was heavy.

"You are such a nice beautiful girl, you should find someone without any baggage like me, someone who loves you and respects you to break your virginity." He mumbled and opened his blood shot eyes to look at her. "I will only

hurt you and I can't do that to you.”

“I never said be with me, I only said sleep with me once.” Rorisang said starting to get angry.

“You seem too sweet to only be had once,” he reached for her hand and ran his fingers on her palm sending shivers down her spine. “You are probably warm and tight and once I drive my dick inside you I will lose it. I will go crazy and want to fuck you everywhere because I am a starved man.”

Rorisang's breath caught in her lungs and she stepped towards him without meaning to, his words were like flames and she was a moth pulling her towards him.

“What would you do to me? Even just for one night?” she asked in a breathy voice, she knew he was drunk but she needed to hear this so that she could remember it when he woke up tomorrow, sober and thinking straight.

“I will kiss you until your lips are swollen and then suck on your little perky breasts until you see stars,” he started with drowsy smile looking at her. “I will spread your legs wide and eat your sweet pussy until you almost pass out and then I will fuck you with my fingers until you cream my hands before I push inside you with my dick inside your virgin pussy. I’ll split you in half and you will cry and claw at my back but I won’t stop because I will want to push my dick fully inside you. I will push until I am all the way inside you and you will feel so full Rori, full like you never felt before but I’ll kiss the pain away until you feel good and I will fuck you into womanhood.”

Rorisang’s clit throbbed as she knelt beside him and leaned in close to his face, even when he was drunk mess he was still so cute. She stuck her tongue out and licked his lips, Tumo’s eyes shot open and they stared at each other.

“Tumo,” she called softly. “Please kiss me this once, please.”

Tumo closed his eyes and she sighed in disappointment thinking he had drifted into a drunken sleep until she felt his hand moving around her neck and pushed her face down to his lips. It took a second for her body to grasp that it was really happening until he opened his mouth tangling the tongues together. Her heart felt like it was going to burst in her chest as she deepened the kiss swirling the tongues together and tasting the alcohol in his mouth.

“lyoo thusang!” Bokang shot up from sleep when he heard loud cries. He rubbed his eyes trying to understand where the noise was coming from because he knew his parents never fought. He listened carefully and heard

grunts, groans and cries coming from his parent's room. Fuck, his father was killing his mother. He jumped from his bed and rushed to their bedroom that's where he heard the cries loud and clear.

"Papa," he tried opening the door but it was locked so he banged on the door violently.

"Papa, please open the door you are going to kill her!" He shouted, desperate but his father kept on slapping and hitting while his mother continued screaming and wailing inside the bedroom.

Bokang blinked away tears running back to his room and took out his phone to call his sister.

"Bokang, it's 2 a.m. what the fuck is wrong with you?"

"V, papa is going to kill mama."

"What?"

"He is hitting her right now and I can't open the

door because it's locked." He said.

"Don't you know where the spare keys are?"

"No," Bokang sniffed. "What if he kills her?"

"I will be there right now, call someone or the police."

"They will arrest papa!" Bokang cried out.

"Call them either way before he kills her, I am on my way!" She hung up. The screams and the cries got louder and he rushed back to his parent's bedroom pounding on the door.

"Papa wee, tlhe rra emisa I am begging you." He sniffed, he had never seen his parents fight before.

"I will you today Moipone, I swear to you!"

Richard shouted and Bokang heard the sound of falling objects, his hands trembled as he walked to the kitchen and rummaged for spare keys but he remembered they were no spare

keys to bedrooms.

He rushed outside the house heading to the neighbors and knocked desperately.

“Who is it?” The woman in the house shouted.

“It’s Bokang please come and help my parents are fighting.”

“Bokang ke mang?” (Who is Bokang?)

“Moipone’s son.”

“Ae, get out of my yard your mother once called me a prostitute and said I was trying to seduce her husband, you know your mother doesn’t see me as a person so go away and call the police to help them nna tsa ga Moipone ga ke di tsene.” (I am not getting involved in Moipone’s business.)

Bokang’s chest heaved as he rushed back to

their home. He could still hear the cries and punches coming from his parent's room. Veronica was going to arrive late because Phakalane was far away; he took out his phone and dialed the police with trembling hands.

[02/25, 19:12] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 22

The first thing Veronica saw when Lefakae pulled in their yard was a police van. She swallowed hard trying to calm her nerves. She almost jumped out of the car before it could even stop but she willed herself to remain seated until Lefakae parked next to the police van. She had left Zoey with their maid still asleep. Veronica had never seen her parents fight in all of her 26 years so it came rather as a shock and wondered why they were fighting all

of a sudden.

She made a dash for her mother when she walked in the house. She had a burst lip and her left eye was swelling. She even had cuts all over her arms and she lay on the couch motionless.

She knew her mother had done something wrong by using love potions but she was still her mother and seeing her like this broke her heart.

“Mama,” she called softly reaching for her hand.
“We are taking you to the hospital, okay?”

Moipone only looked at her; the pain was too much for her to even nod. She felt like her head had been replaced by bricks from all the punches and slaps she got from Richard. She did not even understand what made him punch her like that. She had only wanted to initiate intercourse when he violently shrugged her off

and told her to stay away from him. Things escalated quickly and before she knew it, he was slapping her over and over again.

She had never seen Richard lose control like that.

Veronica looked up at her father who was talking to the police officers and frowned angrily at him.

“Papa, what the hell is wrong with you?” She snapped. “You could have killed our mother, do you know that?”

Richard hung his head in shame refusing to look at his daughter.

“I don’t know what came over me,” he admitted quietly. “I couldn’t stop myself from hitting her.”

“I begged you to stop!” Bokang shouted with a tear stricken face and blood shot eyes. “You could have killed her, do you know that? And I would have lived with the memory of my own

father killing my mother while I was there. Is that what you want to do to me?"

"I am so sorry my son," he mumbled shaking his head. "I really don't know what came over me but I will take responsibility for my actions."

"It's time for us to go Morena," one of the police officers said tapping him on the shoulder.

Veronica, Lefa and Bokang watched as they handcuffed him and led him outside to the police van. Veronica ran back in her parents's bedroom and returned with her father's shoes and sweater. She had no idea how long he was going to be in the cell for.

"Please let him wear his shoes first," she pleaded with the officers that were leading him inside the van.

One of the officers took the shoes and the sweater. "Tell your mother to come by the station when she gets better to make a

statement, your brother too.”

“I will,” she mumbled and caught a glimpse of his father’s defeated expression. He looked so lost and exhausted in the van.

Veronica blinked away the burning tears in her eyes and stepped back when the officer closer the door to the van. She watched as the police van drove out of the yard.

She had always thought her parents loved each other, she did not even think too much about the fact that her mother had snatched her sister’s boyfriend. It was only starting to hit her now that her mother had played God over her sister’s relationship, making Richard love her all these years and now everything was falling apart.

“V, are you okay?” Lefakae asked joining her

outside. "We should drive your mother to the hospital now."

Veronica sniffed wiping the corner of her eyes with her fingers. "Let's go."

"V, I know how you feel right now but I just want to say I am here for you okay?"

"Okay." She nodded slightly heading back to the house so she could get her mother ready for the hospital.

Tumo woke up to some weird music playing softly, he slowly opened his eyes and frowned at the huge poster of some Asian guys staring back at him. He blinked trying to chase away the sleep from his eyes and looked around the room. It was definitely not his room, it had a study table next to the large window overlooking the pool and there was a bookshelf

stacked with books. He groaned when he felt a sharp pain slicing through his head and suddenly remembered all the beer he had chugged the night before and fuck, the kiss with Rorisang on the couch! He looked down at his chest and gasped softly, his shirt was gone. Had he fucked her?

He was still asking himself questions when the door opened and Rorisang walked in wearing shorts and a purple oversized t-shirt, her weave was held into two fat pigtails, she looked adorable even when she was not wearing make-up. Fuck, he was doomed.

“How is the hangover?” She asked placing a plate of bacon and eggs with four sausages next to a glass filled with green gooey liquid.

“What the fuck is that?” He scrunched his nose

at the glass.

“It’s a green smoothie, it will help with your hangover,” she told him and plopped down on the bed and handed him the glass. “It’s a little gross but you have to hold it in and just drink it.”

“Can’t I just stick to the food?”

“No, it’s good for you now drink.”

Tumo licked his lips before he took a small sip and groaned. Rorisang chuckled throwing her head back. He made another attempt and took a huge gulp this time before he placed it down on the tray. He looked up at Rorisang trying to gauge her energy, had they fucked?

“Rori,” he called softly scratching his head. He did not want to sound like an asshole for not remembering if they had sex or not but he needed to know. “Um, did we um.. you know... um” he trailed off shaking his head, he now

sounded like a douchebag.

“Are you asking me if we had sex last night?”

Rorisang arched an eyebrow and he nodded slightly. “You don’t remember?”

“No,” he said quietly and looked up at her.

“I can’t believe you!” Rorisang snapped rising from the bed. “How can you not remember sleeping with me when you know it was my first time? Do I really mean that little to you?”

Tumo’s heart clenched. “Rori, I am sorry. I was so drunk and so out of it not that you mean little to you and I am sorry please forgive me.” He begged desperately climbing down from the bed. Rorisang stared at him for a minute with her arms folded before she burst out laughing. Tumo frowned at her.

“Oh my, you are so easy Tumo!” She chuckled shaking her head. “We didn’t do anything last night, I dragged you up to my bed when you

were so out of it then went to park your car in the garage and came back to find you snoring. I would never take advantage of a drunk dude. As much as I want you I am not that insane.”

Tumo let out a breath of relief.

“Wow, nice to know you are relieved that you didn’t sleep with me.”

“No, no of course it would be an honor to sleep with you,” he blurted out before he could stop himself then shook his head. “I mean I wouldn’t want the guy sleeping with you to be some arrogant bastard who doesn’t make it special for you.”

Rorisang stepped towards him with a smile. “Do you remember what you said to me last night?”

“I was drunk Rori,” he defended avoiding her face because her lips were too plump and looking at them only reminded him of the kiss last night.

“Drunk confessions are the most honest ones, remember how I confessed to you?” She tilted her head and placed her hands on his bare chest.

Tumo’s member jerked in his pants at the touch. He really needed to stay away from this girl.

“You were talking about how you would eat my pussy and fuck me into womanhood and I was so wet, I wanted you so much even now I am wet standing this close to you. Do you want to see?”

“I’d rather not,” he choked but Rorisang took his hand and directed it inside her shorts cupping her bare soft mound. Fuck, it was freshly shaved. Rorisang watched his face contorting into lust as she teased his fingers along her clit.

“Do you see how wet it is?”

“Yes,” he choked out. “Let me see it please.”

Rorisang grinned in satisfaction stepping back

from him. She slid down her shorts that she had worn without underwear and lay back on the bed spreading her legs for him. Tumo swallowed hard staring at her beautiful mound, his dick was about to burst in his pants. If he was a dog, he could have stuck his tongue out.

“Do you want to taste?”

“Yes, please.” He choked out like a heavily intoxicated man and knelt on the bed pushing her legs further apart. He dragged his tongue along her slit with the tip of his tongue and he felt her shiver a little. He grinned, pleased that just a bit of contact had a huge effect on her. Tumo opened his mouth taking her clit in before he started sucking like he was a baby suckling on it’s mother’s breast.

“Oh My God, Tumo!” Rorisang cried bucking her hips to meet his tongue. She had fantasized about this moment for as long as she could remember and she wanted to cry that she was

finally not dreaming but living it.

Tumo continued slurping on her pussy his hands softly rubbing her thighs. Rorisang bit her lip wanting to close her legs and open them at the same time. She felt like she might explode anytime soon.

“Tumo, I want to pee,” she begged when she felt a pressing urge to pee. It would be embarrassing to pee on his face.

“That’s not pee sweetheart, let it out I want to taste all of you,” he growled and went back to eating her up.

Rorisang pinched her nipples and rocked against his face chasing her release. She screamed his name as her juices gushed out sending her body in convulsion. Tumo lapped it up like a thirsty puppy. He looked up at her with blood shot eyes and the corners of his lips shining with her release.

“Are you alright sweetheart?” He asked softly, climbing on top of her scanning her face.

“I feel so light right now,” she admitted opening her eyes to look at him. “That was... what the hell was that?”

Tumo chuckled. “That was an orgasm sweetheart.”

“Is this why people love sex?” she asked with a smile.

“Did you like it?”

“I loved it,” she admitted batting her lashes at him and stared at his lips which were now redder from sucking her pussy. Rorisang raised her head and kissed him before he could say more. Tumo rolled them over so she was on top and continued kissing her squeezing her butt and made her grind on his hard cock.

“Rori!” They both jumped off each other when they heard a familiar voice.

“Rorisang wake up!”

“Fuck, that’s my brother!” Rorisang hissed in horror reaching for her shorts and quickly sliding them on. She heard footsteps approaching her bedroom and looked at Tumo in horror.

“Hide in the closet!”

“What?” Tumo got up and fell on his face while he looked for his shirt.

“Fast! He is going to barge in here soon!” She opened the closet and shoved him in before she shut the closet doors and fixed her weave smoothing down the stray strands with the palms of her hand.

“Rori?” Lefakae knocked softly on her door.

“Are you in there?”

“I am here,” Rorisang rushed to the door to open for him with a bright smile.

“Are you alright?” Lefakae asked scanning her face.

“I am good!” she said. “What are you doing here?”

“Well I just came from the hospital, Vero’s mother was beaten up by her husband so we took her to the hospital and I decided to come check on you,” he said and glanced in her room.

“Do you have someone in here?”

“No of course not!” She said quickly then chuckled. “I am all alone here and just listening to BTS.”

“Are you eating in your bedroom?” He asked catching a glimpse of the plate on the bed.

“Yes, I felt stupid eating alone in the living room.”

“You know you can visit me anytime if you feel lonely.”

“Yeah but I don’t really like your wife.”

“She is not that bad.”

Rorisang rolled her eyes. “She is a wannabe Khanyi Mbau.”

“Does that make me wannabe Somizi then?” He asked and they both laughed but she was still uneasy and she needed to get him out of this room.

“Let me go make your breakfast.”

“You haven’t touched yours, let me just eat that.” Lefakae walked past her walking in her room and picked the plate up and frowned at it.

“Since when do you eat bacon?”

Rorisang bit her lip closing her eyes. “I wanted to try it out but as you can see, I failed.”

“Huh,” Lefakae huffed and took a bite of the bacon. “More for me then.”

Rorisang let out a forced nervous chuckle.

“Let’s go to the living room so you can tell me all about Katlo and Ivan.”

Lefakae snorted. “You love drama.”

“I love romance, let’s go.” She put a hand around him and led him outside. “I forgot my phone, let me get it quickly.”

“Okay hurry up,” Lefakae proceeded to the living room while she dashed back in her room and opened the closet door. Tumo was sitting down on the floor and looked up at her, he was lucky her closet was big enough to be a room.

“I am sorry,” she said with a grimace. “I will pester him to get me ice cream and then you can leave.”

“I feel like some horny teenager who couldn’t wait for his girl’s parents to leave.”

“I am really sorry,” she gave him an apologetic look and handed him his phone.

Tumo's eyes went wide when he saw the time on the phone, it was almost 10. "Fuck, I need to get home."

"I know, I will go get rid of Lefa." She said and heaved a sigh before she walked out of the room.

Zach's lips spread into a wide grin as he looked at Millie's status she had updated in the morning. He had never been big on being posted but her posting him felt really good and he looked great in the photo too. It was picture from the previous night when they had dinner together at Red Feather. He replied her status with red hearts and heart eyed emojis which was sort of silly because Millie was in the kitchen baking and he was in his home office replying to emails. They had decided to spend

the day indoors.

Zach put his phone down and diverted his attention back to his emails. He frowned when he saw one particular email that caught his eye from a longtime friend he had made in Ghana. He smiled seeing that it was an invitation to his wedding next month. He couldn't believe Kola Adechi of all people was tying the knot, he used to get punished all the time back in Ghana for sneaking out to see girls.

Zach walked out to the kitchen with a small smile and leaned on the door frame watching Millie decorating the cake she had baked. She still baked for her customers while juggling the renovation of her bakery and everything else. He couldn't wait for her to finally open it, he loved seeing her happy.

Millie turned around just in time to catch him smiling while staring at her and smiled back.

“What are you smiling for handsome?”

“Just thinking that I am the luckiest motherfucker alive getting to wake up to this,” he grinned making his way towards her and kissed her cheek. She smelt of chocolate and strawberries, he was addicted to her baking scent. “Why don’t you just move in with me already?”

Millie chuckled. “I told you my parents don’t want cohabitation.”

“But you are always here and you do your stuff here.”

“Because you have a better kitchen,” she teased and chuckled when he tickled her. “Stop or I will mess up this cake!”

“I want to mess up your cake.”

“You should remember to pay for the cake, remember?”

Zach chuckled stealing a kiss from her lips.

“How do you feel about Nigeria?”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean have you ever considered visiting the country?”

Millie bit her lip contemplating then shook her head. “Not really, why?”

“An old friend of mine is getting married next month and he sent an invitation so I was hoping you could be my plus one.”

“At a Nigerian wedding?” Millie’s eyes went wide.

“Yeah, Kola used to be one of my best mates back in Ghana and we haven’t seen each other for 2 years now.”

“Wow,” Millie breathed out. “I have never really

travelled outside Botswana.” She confessed a little shy. Zach had travelled almost everywhere around the world and she felt inexperienced compared to him now, he was a well-travelled man.

“Well your first trip is going to be to Nigeria,” Zach smiled putting his arms around her waist pulling her to him. ‘Don’t worry about travelling, I will take you anywhere you want to go.’”

“So we are really going to attend a wedding in Nigeria?”

“Of course baby. Don’t worry, Kola is a good guy so is the rest of his family. We will be more than welcome there.”

Millie smiled feeling the excitement bubbling in her tummy; she had seen how extravagant and gorgeous Nigerian weddings were. She couldn’t wait to experience it for herself first hand. She wrapped her arms around him and kissed him.

“So I guess that is a yes?” Zach smiled when they pulled back.

“It’s a definite yes, you know I’ll go anywhere with you.”

Zach’s eyes softened and he looked down at the cream that he had been making with strawberries for the cake.

“Do you want to eat the cream?” Millie asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Yes,” he grinned wickedly and stepped back dipping his finger in the icing bowl and licked it clean. Millie watched him trying to rein her inner hoe that wanted to jump on him just for licking cream off his finger.

“Do you want a taste too nana?” He asked innocently.

“I am fine,” she mumbled and cleared her throat.
“You need to go away so I finish this cake.”

“But I haven’t gotten to the best part yet.”

“What is the best part?”

Zach only grinned and picked her up placing her on top of the counter; he pushed some of her ingredients aside and grabbed the cream bowl. Millie watched him with her heart beating rapidly.

“Open your legs,” he demanded softly and her legs opened automatically, she had no restraint when it came to this man. Zach grinned in satisfaction and pulled down her panties before he dipped his finger in the cream and directed it to her pussy.

Millie’s breath caught in her lungs as the cold of the cream hit her pussy. Zach watched her face contorting into pleasure as he dragged down his finger smearing the cream on her clit.

“Oatile,” she breathed out trying to hold her moans.

“Do you want me to lick it clean baby?”

“Yes, please.” Her voice was desperate at this point that she almost pushed him down herself.

Zach spread her legs a little wider and crouched down so his face was at level with her pussy.

Millie’s eyes rolled at the back of her head when his tongue reached her clit. He trailed his tongue down sucking all the cream he had smeared in her slit. Millie arched her back and pressed his head down to keep him there. Zach continued licking the cream out of her folds while she whimpered and moaned.

“Oatle, please fuck me.”

Zach looked up at her with a slow grin.

“Thought you would never ask baby.”

He pushed down his sweatpants together with his boxer briefs and his hard enlarged dick sprung out. Millie licked her lips staring at the engorged head leaking with pre cum; she

wanted it in her mouth and also wanted it to fill her up. It was such a conundrum!

Zach watched her hungry gaze as she watched his cock and stepped forward pulling her towards him. He teased her entrance with the tip before he slid in stretching her.

“Ah,” Millie moaned biting her lip as she clasped his neck licking his sweat. She loved feeling full and stretched like this.

“You always feel out of this world baby,” he hissed thrusting inside her making her moan again. He gripped her thighs and increased his pace while balancing her on top of the kitchen counter, it felt so erotic fucking her like this while she was still in her dress. He closed his eyes savoring her warmth as he continued sliding in and out.

“Please keep doing that,” Millie cried out pressing her mouth to his ear. Zach grunted

continuing to move inside her. "Oh Oatile, please don't stop."

"Never," he grunted pushing harder and harder and held her tightly pressing his lips against hers and sucking her bottom lip, he slowed down his pace to kiss her thrusting his tongue inside her mouth.

Millie moaned in his mouth, her short nails digging in his back. He could feel his dick threatening to explode but he had to take her home first. He pushed harder until he saw her trembling before she went limp, her orgasm rippling through her body. Zach thrust in one more time before he grunted spilling all of him inside her. He rested his forehead against hers before he kissed her lazily and slowly.

"Oh my God, the cake!" Millie shouted remembering the cake in the oven. She pushed

Zach off and jumped down from the counter pulling down her dress before opening the oven. She squealed in horror seeing the golden brown color replaced by charcoal black.

“This is your entire fault!” She hissed shooting daggers at Zach.

Zach chuckled, “Why am I being blamed for this?”

“You came here to seduce me!”

“I came to tell you about the wedding,” he grinned not attempting to wear his sweatpants. Millie glanced at his dick then shook her head. No, the horny hoe needed to calm the fuck down or she was not going to get any work done.

“Now I have to make it again!”

“Don’t worry, I will help you. This is unsanitary though I am going to tell your customers you use the cream to fuck.”

“Don’t you dare!” She slapped his arm with a dish cloth and he laughed gathering all the bowls and put them in the sink. He knew he was up for some serious bossing around now.

“Can we at least go wash up before we do this?”

“Fine,” she huffed looking at him. “Put on your pants.”

“Why, you can’t resist Z-man?” he waggled his eyebrows making Millie giggle.

“Don’t call your dick that,” she snorted and grabbed her phone from the counter following him out to the bathroom.

She opened her WhatsApp while Zach was running the bath for them, she had a message from her mother telling her that her uncle Rapula was coming to Gaborone to check on Moipone because she was beaten up by her husband.

“The water is ready,” Zach said walking back in the bedroom and noticed her small frown.

“What’s wrong?”

“Apparently Uncle... I mean Richard beat up my aunt now she is in the hospital.”

“Wow, what happened?”

“I don’t know, mama didn’t say much and I assume she doesn’t have the full story either because she only heard it from Rapula.

Veronica must have called him.”

“That’s a mess that her kids couldn’t even reach out to your mother even though she is their aunt.”

“Yeah,” Millie shrugged slightly. “It is what it is but I have accepted that we are not a regular family.”

“Families suck sometimes,” Zach said quietly.

“They do.”

[02/25, 19:12] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 23

“When is he going to come?” Millie asked glancing at her mother chopping vegetables on their small kitchen counter. Millie made a mental note to get started on renovating her parents’ house as soon as possible. She was going to use her savings she had kept to rent a place for her bakery but she did need to do that anymore since her man had bought everything she needed.

“You know your uncle,” Josephine snorted shaking her head. “He is probably all over Gaborone by now but he said he was visiting Moipone at the hospital and then Richard at the station to check on him.”

Millie nodded slightly, Moipone had been in the

hospital for 3 days now and she hoped she was getting better. As much as she did not like her aunt, she did not wish for her to die or anything of that sort.

“I just wonder what happened between Moipone and her husband,” she said quietly.

Josephine shrugged. “Maybe they had a misunderstanding but I know Richard is not a violent person. He used to be a scaredy cat when we were young and some of the boys would even tease him about being too soft.”

Millie looked at her mother trying to imagine her dating Richard but nothing came to her mind. Her mother belonged to her father and that was it.

“How did you guys meet?” She asked softly, her father was out so she saw this as an

opportunity to ask her. "I mean you and Richard."

"We met back in Serowe, I was just 17 at the time and was not really interested in boys and he was 21. He used to come pass by our yard more than 5 times a day and just stare at me. I thought his shyness was kind of cute unlike the boys that approached girls aggressively. He only mustered up the courage to talk to me after months of passing by our yard and asked for a glass of water which I know he did not need because he did not live far from us."

Josephine smiled wistfully at her daughter reminiscing about her youth. "He asked for a glass of water every time until I got fed up and just told him to ask me out."

"Mama!" Millie's eyes went wide and she chuckled. "I can't believe you asked him out!"

"He was too slow for someone older than me," Josephine snorted shaking her head. "And then

we became inseparable after that, I was there for him when his father passed away and he was there for me when your grandmother passed away. We thought we were going to be forever together little did I know he was going to fall in love with my sister.” She smiled sadly.

Millie felt her heart ache for her mother, she couldn't imagine loving someone with all your heart only for them to break your heart by falling for your sister.

“They got married so suddenly that I didn't have the time to heal and I hated Moipone for doing that to me that I slept with him when I got the chance and fell pregnant with you,” she sighed. “It was a stupid thing to do but I had hoped he would come back but he didn't and Moipone didn't want me telling him that the child was his.

I was so hurt and broken until I met your father at the clinic when I went to register the pregnancy. He was still driving small cars by then not trucks and he used to follow me everywhere even when I told him I didn't want him. He pestered me and claimed you as his child. It took a lot of time for me to open up to him but I did eventually and he showed me what love was. He loved you like you were his and saved up enough for my bride price. I still can't believe how far me and your father have come, he was so patient with me."

Millie was full on crying when she finished the story, she loved that her father had healed her mother's broken heart and loved them both.

"You are such cry baby," Josephine snorted. "I am happy with you and your father please don't ever doubt that baby."

“I know,” she wiped her tears with the back of her hands. “I love you guys.”

“We love you too,” Josephine smiled. “Now wash those plates they are not going to wash themselves.”

Millie giggled and turned to the sink, listening to her mother’s story made her miss Zach but he had travelled to Francistown with Alex to check out a space for the restaurant. They were expanding Red Feather and she was proud of her man doing the most. She took out her phone and texted him ‘I miss you’ even though he was offline, he was probably going to see it when he was done.

“Koko!” A loud knock on their door startled them both and knew Rapula had arrived.

Millie went to open the door with a smile on her face. Her uncle stood there in a blue checkered

shirt with khakhi pants carrying a black trash bag.

“Ao Millos,” Rapula grinned at his niece. “You are even more yellow than the last time I saw you, is the boy taking care of you?”

“Nice to see you too uncle Raps,” she smiled eyeing the plastic bag. “Should I help you with the bag?”

“No, it’s very heavy ngwanaka.” He said walking in the house. “My Ex-girlfriend gave me this head when I passed by her eatery where she makes mokwechepe.”

“You have an Ex in Gaborone?” Millie asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Of course, Rap City has women everywhere didn’t your mother tell you?”

Millie chuckled sitting down on the couch, her mother walked out drying her hands on her apron.

“Hello Rapula,” she greeted with a warm smile.

“Ao nkgonne bathong,” Rapula grinned. “My Josie, Josie you and your daughter look very beautiful. I guess these boys are taking care of you neh.” He whistled appreciatively.

“My husband is not a boy wena,” she snorted before she sat down. “What is the plastic bag?”

“It’s an Ox’s head I got from my Ex sweetheart,” he bragged. “I am going to ask that boy Bokang to cook it when I get to Moipone’s yard.”

“How is she by the way?” Josephine asked.

“Hey, o mo nyedisitse Mricho,” he exclaimed shaking his head. “Her eye is swollen and she has a broken ribs maybe Mricho kicked her and her lip is the size of my hand right now. Mricho really lost it.”

“Did she tell you why he hit her?”

“No, I didn’t ask.” Rapula leaned on the couch. “I

know why he beat her up Josie, her potions are not working anymore and Mricho is losing it.”

Josephine arched her eyebrows. “What do you mean?”

“The love potion she used on him is losing it’s magic.”

“Rapula, I know you don’t like Moipone but don’t accuse her of such things,” Josephine chided softly.

“I am not accusing her mme kana, why do you think Mricho left you for her?” he asked. “I am a church goer nna and I went to this church and the prophet did not hold anything back that there is evil in our family it is what I have been trying to tell your that our older sister is the devil’s mistress. I am going to take Mricho to church with me when he gets out but don’t tell Moipone.”

“We don’t even talk anyways.”

“You can come to church too Josie,” he suggested. “You never know what she has planned and you don’t seem to believe me so we will go together.”

Josephine sighed and nodded. “If it will make you happy we will go then.”

“Good, I will be taking Mricho with me so everything can be undone. I know you and Metheo are happy and he will never have another chance with you but I want him to be free from our sister’s clutches he is a good guy.”

“I hear you,” Josephine said before she stood up. “Let me finish up cooking so you can eat.”

“Please make pap Josie,” he told her. “I regret staying at Moipone’s house, Vero has been feeding me rabbit food since I arrived with raw tomatoes mxm!”

Josephine and Millie both burst out laughing as

Rapula shook his head.

“Gompieno ba go nkapeela tlhogo ba tlhola.”

Millie laughed even harder, Rapula was such a riot but she couldn't help but think about what he had said about love potion, could it be true?

Two days later, Veronica picked her mother up from the hospital and drove her back home. Her lip and eye was still bruised but the swelling had gone down. She was glad she was getting better.

“Do you want me to make you something to eat?” She asked helping her sit down on the couch. Bokang and Zoey were watching cartoons and Zoey rushed to her grandmother hugging her.

“Don’t hug her too hard baby, she is sick.”

Veronica pulled her daughter back.

“I am sorry that you are sick grandma,” Zoey said innocently.

“It’s okay my girl, I will get better soon.” She said and looked up at Veronica. “I want to go lie down for a little while.”

“Okay, your brother is probably out to drink.”

“I don’t even know why he came,” Moipone mumbled standing up. “He is useless.”

Veronica and Bokang glanced at each other.

“He is your brother mama and since you and Josephine are not on good terms I thought it was best to call him.”

“Mxm,” Moipone dragged herself to the bedroom leaving her kids in the living room. She pulled out her phone and searched for Makhanga’s number and dialed.

“I see you are out of the hospital,” Makhanga said when he answered.

“Something is wrong with my husband, he beat me up Makhanga but I bet you knew that already.”

“I told you that it doesn’t work when you tell people Mma Molatlhegi, he is confused right now and going through all kinds of emotions.”

“So what am I going to do?” Moipone asked nervously. She only remembered bits and pieces of how she had blurted out the truth and she was not sure how it happened, her memory was fuzzy.

“Get him out of the prison cell and come to me,” Makhanga instructed. “If he finds out it’s over for you.”

“You can’t say that, I trust you!”

“Then do the right thing,” Makhanga rasped before he hung up on her.

“Mxm that old bastard,” she clicked her tongue and stood up.

She needed to get Richard out of that prison cell first. She walked out to the living room.

“Vero, you need to drive me to the police station I am going to drop the charges against your father.”

“What?” Both Bokang and Veronica exclaimed looking at each other.

“Mama, he beat you up.” Bokang said.

“Yei that is my husband man and I will decide what to do with him.”

“Even feed him love potions?” Bokang blurted out angrily.

Moipone’s eyes flashed with anger and pointed a finger at him. “I am still your mother you foolish boy.”

“My mother doesn’t practice voodoo.”

Moipone slapped him hard across his face, Veronica gasped and Zoey looked terrified.

“Mama, what the hell?” Veronica asked.

“Nah, let her kill me V akere she is a witch. It wouldn’t be rocket science for her to kill her own son.”

“Bokang I am warning you.”

“Warn yourself,” he grumbled and walked out of the house. Veronica bit her lip nervously and looked at her mother who was still fuming.

“What are you waiting for let’s go!” She snapped and Veronica took her daughter’s hand and walked out.

The next day when Moipone returned from Ramotswa with the new stuff, she only found Bokang and the maid in the house. Richard had

come home after she dropped the charges but he hadn't uttered a word to her. She had hoped to fix everything tonight and bring her family back.

"Where is my husband?" Moipone asked Bokang but he only glanced at her and continued scrolling down his phone with his headsets plugged in his ears. Bokang hadn't talked to her after the slap either, this was why she needed to act fast before she lost everyone.

"Bokang, I am talking to you!" She snapped but he continued ignoring her. She stormed off to the kitchen to find Confidence washing the dishes.

"Confi, where is my husband?"

"Oh they left just after you left with you brother." She said in a heavy English accent.

"Rapula?" Moipone asked and Confidence nodded. She huffed taking out her phone to call

Richard but his phone was not going through. Where the hell was he? She walked to her room to call Makhanga.

“You owe me overtime Mma Molatlhegi,” Makhanga muttered.

“My husband is not home, what do I do now?”

Makhanga sighed. “I told you to keep him home.”

“I told him to stay home but my stupid brother took him!”

“Wait until it’s sunset and burn the sticks that I gave you and chant his name until the sticks burn out. It will bring him back.”

“Okay.” Moipone said and hung up heading to the kitchen, she didn’t even feel the pain in her ribs anymore. Makhanga had given her something to drink to subsidize the pain.

Ever since he found out about his mother's witchcraft shenanigans, Bokang's heart had been in turmoil that he was even insomniac. He had played pool with the guys at the car wash until he tired himself out and drove back home in Veronica's old car. He was starving but he was afraid to eat any of the food in the house. He had been surviving on take away at the car wash.

He also wished his uncle hadn't left but he was gone by morning and so was his father. He was starting to grasp the fact that his family was falling apart and there was nothing he could do.

He headed to his room the minute he walked in the house and paused when he heard his mother chanting his father's name in their room. Bokang stepped back and listened carefully.

“Richard come back to me,” her mother kept saying repeatedly and Bokang’s heart skipped a beat. Fuck, his mother was really deep into this witchcraft thing. How had he not known.

He walked to his room and took out his bags stuffing his clothes and laptop in them. He got in the car and drove off, he couldn’t stay there anymore if he didn’t want to lose his mind.

He parked the car in front of the high screen walled yard and took out his phone to call his sister.

“What is it now?” Veronica sounded tired, well she could join the fucking club because he was also fed up.

“V, I am outside please open the gate for me.”

“What?” Veronica asked. “Why are you here?”

“Because our mother is a witch V and I can’t

stay there anymore,” he sniffed tears blinding his vision. “I heard her chanting and shit and I just left.”

“I will open the gate,” Veronica said before she hung up.

A minute later the gate opened and he drove in and stepped out of the car and hugged his sister and sobbed.

Veronica patted his back blinking back her own tears. She hadn't seen Bokang hug her since he turned 10 and decided that he was cooler than her. It broke her heart to see her brother like this.

“Come in,” she led him inside the house. Lefakae was out and was going to come back tomorrow because he was spending the night with one of his boyfriends. She wasn't sure if it

was Katlo or Ivan she hadn't bothered to ask because she had things to worry about.

"What really happened?" She asked quietly sitting next to him on the couch.

"I heard her chanting papa's name and asking him to come to her but papa long left with uncle Raps," he sniffed shaking his head. "It was fucking creepy dawg, I felt like I was in some horror movie or some shit."

"I hope you are not making this up," Veronica said quietly.

"Why would I make up something like this?" he asked looking offended and hurt.

"Okay I am sorry," Veronica said softly. "You can sleep in the guest room and tomorrow morning we can go see mama."

"No fucking way, I am done V," Bokang shook his head. "I am not going back there again."

“Okay that’s okay, did you eat?”

“I want to eat.” He shrugged.

Veronica stood up and walked to the kitchen to make something to eat for him.

[02/25, 19:12] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 24

The next day, Millie listened to her mother sobbing over the phone as she narrated the whole story what had happened at the church that Rapula had taken them to. She sounded so broken and lost for words. The prophet had confirmed that she had been using love potion on Richard all this time and they prayed for him for hours and hours.

Millie couldn't help but cry because it was so sad that her mother's love had gotten stolen from her just like that.

"I spent years and years wondering what had happened to us," Josephine cried over the phone. "I blamed myself thinking I was too fat or maybe I had been too bossy that he left. I hated myself for losing him because I blamed myself for it all only to find out that my sister, the one I shared the womb with who was supposed to protect me hurt me like this."

"I am so sorry mama," Millie sniffed, she wished she had gone with them too but she had decided to stay behind.

"I am so hurt," Josephine said. "Richard hasn't stopped crying since we came back from church, this is all too much for everyone right now."

"I am so sorry that you had to go through that mama," Millie said quietly and cleared her throat. "What is going to happen to Richard now?"

"I think he needs time to decide what he wants to do but from now on I am going to join this church. It's a wonderful church and they said they have a branch in Gaborone too. I am so terrified that she has been doing this for almost 30 years now." Josephine sounded so sad that Millie's heart clenched.

"I also can't believe this, do Vero and Bokang know?"

"I don't know," she sighed. "I will try to talk to them when I get there and see if they know something."

"I never thought Moipone could do this."

"Me too," Josephine said. "It's almost 10 let me not keep you from sleep. We will see you

tomorrow when we come home.”

“Good night mama,” Millie said before she hung up and looked at Zach who had been watching her this whole time.

“Are you alright baby?” Zach asked leaning on the headboard and pulling her up so that her head rested on his shoulder.

“I am just so sad,” Millie admitted quietly. “Can you believe my aunt has been feeding Richard love potion all these years? How can someone do that to their own sister without blinking an eye. She watched her own sister break down for the man she loved but she still continued doing it. Why?”

Zach rubbed her arm softly. “People are beasts nana, I told you before that people are never satisfied with one thing. They are insatiable and will always want more, she probably wanted to have her sister’s boyfriend and all that he had

and decided to do some voodoo magic on him.”

“It’s so evil,” Millie said quietly and looked up at him. “If someone ever feeds you love potion please tell me right away.”

Zach chuckled. “I don’t think they understand their feelings once they have been fed love potion nana.”

“But you have to promise to remember me and all that we share,” Millie said rising up so she could look at him properly. “I want you to love me that you would even remember me when you don’t understand yourself.”

“I already love you like that baby,” Zach smiled stealing a kiss from her lips and cupped her face. “No magic love potion would ever make me forget you my love.”

Millie’s chest warmed as she leaned in to kiss him slowly and deeply. She pulled back then

rested her head back on his chest. Her hand traced his tattoos feeling content being in his arms.

“Do you own any rings?” Zach asked catching her hand in his. “I have never seen you wearing one before.”

“I hate rings, I think they make my fingers look funny,” she admitted with a chuckle.

“I think your fingers are gorgeous, come on.” Zach grinned and looked down at her. “So you don’t know your ring size?”

“Not really,” she said with a frown. “I had never thought about that before.”

“Try on my ring so we can see.” Zach gently removed her head from his chest and stood up walking to his closet.

Millie sighed in exasperation, it was almost

midnight and after a long day of running around delivering cakes and dealing with the renovations and then finding out her aunt practices witchcraft, she was ready to pass out but this man wanted to look at rings!

“Baby why don’t we try it out tomorrow? I am sure you are already exhausted from your trip from Francistown.”

“Not really,” Zach said with a smile and came back with black jewelry box where he kept his diamond rings.

“Why am I even trying on your rings? Your fingers are bigger than mine.”

“Yeah but I have some for my pinkie fingers that might fit you.” Zach said and pulled out two rings and slid them on her right third finger, it was a little big. He slid it out and slid another one and it fit perfectly.

“It fits,” he exclaimed in awe sounding like a

little kid.

Millie rolled her eyes. "Yes, it fits can we go to sleep now or should I keep your ring?"

"That's Gucci baby, bring it here."

Millie giggled sliding the ring off her finger and gave it to him. Zach placed the ring back in the box and placed it on the bedside table before he slid back in bed smiling at her.

"I am going to wear that for the wedding, I'll be pulling up looking like an oga from head to toe."

Millie giggled, "I guess I will need to look like a madam then."

"Definitely, we are going to show those Nigerians how we can pull up dripping in Gucci too."

"Aren't we going to wear the attire?" She had been googling a lot about Nigeria since Zach told her about the wedding and was already

looking for the perfect designers that could make their outfits.

“Yeah but we can still get Nigerian attire from Gucci.”

Millie burst out laughing and slapped his arm playfully before her laughter dissolved into comfortable silence.

“So when is the construction going to start in Francistown?”

“As soon as possible then we can start looking for places in Maun as well.”

“Red Feather is doing amazing,” Millie grinned at him. “You inspire me so much.”

“I do?”

“Yeah I think your zeal for business is contagious, I can’t wait to do amazing things with MDD.”

“Me too and I know you are going to do

amazing baby.”

“I was also thinking of not making it into just a bakery maybe I can put a little chairs and tables inside and sell milkshakes and ice creams so that people can sit down and enjoy the cakes with smoothies and coffee.”

“That’s very smart baby. You will kill it with that idea.” Zach grinned proudly and kissed her forehead. “And they say intelligence isn’t sexually transmitted, look at you being my little business lady.”

Millie giggled slapping his arm playfully. Zach chuckled and leaned down to kiss her running his hands trailing down to her butt before he settled between her legs.

“Baby,” Grace called softly the next day Tumo looked up from his phone and arched his

eyebrow. Grace noticed that he hadn't even touched his lunch. It was one of those rare occasions where they were home alone, Grace's mother was with her husband after she dropped her off from the clinic.

“Did you hear what I said?”

“No, what were you saying?” He asked clearing his throat.

“I said I took more than 20 steps today at my physio session.”

Tumo offered a small smile which didn't quite reach his eyes. “That is wonderful my love, you are getting there.”

“I am sorry if I have exhausted you these past few months,” she said quietly scanning his face. “I made you feel like you were not doing enough even though you were doing more than enough for me. I just want to let you know that I love and appreciate you.”

Tumo nodded feeling uneasy, Grace could be nice this minute and breathe fire like a dragon the next. He couldn't tell her emotions apart anymore.

"So, I was thinking that tonight we can cuddle and watch a movie," she said and chuckled when she saw his raised eyebrow. "Not Me Before You I promise."

Tumo bit his lower lip and looked down at his phone, he had promised to watch a movie with Rorisang and here was Grace asking to do the same thing.

"Um, I promised Zach I would help out with the club tonight you know I told you about his manager and all."

"Oh, he still hasn't found a replacement?"

“Yeah, so things are a mess over there.”

“You don’t seem to want to spend time with me anymore Tumo,” Grace said sadly. “I am trying here the least you can do is meet me half way.”

Tumo heaved a sigh shaking his head. “I know Grace but I made a promise to my friend before you suggested we watch a movie don’t turn this into an argument because I am sick and tired of your tantrums.”

“My tantrums?” Grace’s eyes flashed with anger.

“You can’t even have dinner with me these days because you always running away from me.

What is wrong with you? Is it too much to ask you to spend a night at home for once?”

“That is what I used to ask you every time you left me to go party with your friends and I would sit here all alone and depressed while you partied the night away.”

Grace’s jaw dropped. “Is this revenge?”

“Not at all,” he said quietly before he stood up. “You can watch your movie with your mother she is the third person in our marriage anyway.” He walked away and Grace’s lip trembled as she reached for her phone to call her mother.

Later in the evening, Tumo parked his car next to Rorisang’s Mini Cooper and stepped out with a plastic bag full of goodies. He knocked softly and stepped back waiting for her to open the door. His lips stretched into a smile when the door opened and she stood there looking cute in a mint green short jumpsuit. His heart skipped a few beats just at the sight of her, Rorisang looked great in almost every color she wore.

“Hey,” he greeted with a smile.

“Hi,” Rorisang bit her lip. “Come in.” She walked

back inside and Tumo followed her his eyes landing on her butt, the butt that he had squeezed and grabbed a few days ago. He had expected to be some kind of awkwardness between them but surprisingly they fell in a rhythm with each other texting nonstop on WhatsApp and exchanging memes.

“I was afraid that you weren’t going to come.”

“Why?” Tumo asked with a frown. “I promised you I would come didn’t I?”

Rorisang shrugged. “I thought you might change your mind.”

Tumo leaned in and planted a kiss on her lips.

“Stop overthinking, I want to be here okay?”

“Okay,” she smiled.

“When are your parents coming back by the way?”

“Probably next week.”

“Don’t you get scared sleeping in this big house alone?” He asked plopping down on the couch and handed her the Woolworths plastic bag.

“Not really, only when there are thunderstorms and heavy rains either than that I am good,” she grinned looking inside the plastic bag. He had bought her salt and Vinegar chips, chocolate slab and her favorite caramel popcorn and grapes with a tub of Ice Cream. “Aren’t you the sweetest?”

Tumo blushed shaking his head. “Come sit down baby girl.”

Rorisang grinned and settled down next to him and picked the movie, Tumo glanced at her and put his arm around her. She grinned and snuggled closer opening her packet of popcorn.

“Why do you even like popcorn covered in caramel?”

“Because it tastes good!” She exclaimed

popping a few in her mouth. "What kind of popcorn do you like?"

"Just regular plain popcorn."

"You are missing out," Rorisang grinned. "This right here is the way and the truth."

"You are the way and the truth," Tumo teased kissing the tip of her nose.

Rorisang chuckled scrunching her nose which only made her more adorable. "You are right, I am."

Tumo grinned back at her before he leaned down to capture her lips in a slow gentle kiss. It had been a while since he felt so relaxed and free like this, he wished he could just freeze this moment forever. Rorisang pulled back grinning at him.

"Let's watch the movie," she said facing back at the TV screen, the opening credits had already finished rolling and there was an opening scene.

“Aww, a puppy.” She cooed.

“You like dogs?”

“I loooove them,” she told him popping another handful of popcorn in her mouth. “I used to have a dog when I was about 7 but it died.”

“Why don’t you get one now?”

Rorisang shrugged. “I don’t know, I guess I am scared of losing another dog.”

Tumo pulled her closer in his arms again. “Loss is a part of life sweetheart, you can’t escape it and you can’t also deny yourself having things because you are scared of losing it.”

Rorisang glanced up at him and gave him a slight nod. “Okay, I will start looking for puppies so I become a dog mommy again.”

“That’s my girl,” he smiled kissing her cheek before he looked back at the TV screen. He had no idea what the hell he was doing but all he

knew was she was her peace and he enjoyed spending time with her and holding her.

Bokang was a very loud person and he blasted music everywhere he went and she was used to it but Veronica needed space to think about what was happening to their family and she couldn't do that while Bokang was blasting J Cole's Middle Child in the living room and making her daughter sing along.

"Can you reduce the volume?" She asked but they carried on dancing. Veronica huffed and grabbed the remote reducing the volume, both Bokang and Zoey spun around to look at her.

"We were vibing, come on dude!" Bokang whined.

"I can't even hear myself think and I have a lot I need to think about."

“Go in your room, don’t kill our vibe.”

“Don’t kill our vibe mama,” Zoey said imitating her uncle.

Veronica rolled her eyes, great now because of her mother’s witchcraft she was a mother to two kids! She leaned back on the couch and folded her arms watching them.

“By the way, I hope Lefa is not uncomfortable about me being here.”

“No, he is not.”

“Then how come he is never here?” Bokang asked raising his eyebrows. “It’s been days and he always pops in to change and shower then he is gone.”

Veronica shifted uncomfortably on the couch avoiding her brother’s eyes. “He is just busy, you know he is a lawyer and all.”

“Yeah but come on he can’t be that busy all the

time.”

Bokang sighed and sat next to his sister studying her face. “V, you are not settling in an unhappy marriage are you?”

The question caught Veronica off guard and she cleared her throat. “No, Lefa is just busy with work.”

“He should make time for you and not leave you alone in this big house,” he said with a slight frown. “I know we fight most of the time but you are my sister and now that our mother turned out to be a witch and our father ran away I realized how important it is to have a sister. Someone I can rely on when things get hard so I want you to come to me too when you having problems. If Lefa is not treating you right don’t hesitate to tell me because just because he has money doesn’t mean he can treat you some kind of way.”

Veronica felt her throat tightening and her chest warming up at the words.

“Are you crying?” He asked frowning at her.

“No, something got in my eye.” She stood up. “I am going to shower please don’t let Zozo eat Ice Cream again.”

“Wait, V did I say something wrong?”

“No, I am just tired,” she mumbled heading to the bedroom. She lay in her bed looking at her framed photos in the bedroom and felt her tears rolling down her cheeks. Bokang’s words had hit her harder than she had expected.

Her phone rang while she was still crying and looked at her mother calling. She was tempted to let it ring until it stopped but it might be an emergency so she answered.

“Vero, your father is leaving me!” Her mother’s

loud cries filled her speaker. "He did not even come to get his clothes just sent one of his friends to get his work documents."

Veronica sighed. "Let him cool off mama."

"No, this is all Josephine's doing. She and Rapula are working together to separate me and your father. I need to be strong and fight for my marriage."

Veronica was too astounded to speak as she listened to her mother sounding like a mad woman with every word she sprouted out of her mouth. Who the hell was this woman?

"Goodnight mama," she mumbled before she hung up while she was still talking and lay in bed sniffing.

90 comments, 10 shares for an evening chapter  .

[02/25, 19:13] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 25

Three weeks later, Millie was all over the place trying to make sure everything was set in the bakery before she left for Nigeria. Renovating and talking to interior designers was harder than she had ever imagined, Zach helped when he could but he was also busy running around fixing things for his club. He had hosted a big event just a week ago and it took most of his time but he always made time for her.

She had stopped by the tailor's to check on their outfits, she had an evening gown made for the white wedding and the Nigerian attire for the traditional wedding. Zach had told her that they could get the outfits in Lagos but she

wanted to be prepared just in case.

“What’s wrong you don’t like it?” the tailor asked when stepped out of the dressing room with a sullen expression.

“The skirt won’t zip,” she sighed sadly and turned around to look at her behind in the mirror.

“That’s weird,” the tailor scanned the skirt with a slight frown and cleared her throat. “Did you perhaps gain weight?”

“I don’t know,” Millie bit her lip and pinched her stomach. “I guess I have gained some weight.”

“Don’t worry, I can fix it but I will have to take your size again,” she said walking back in her sewing room to get her tape measure.

Millie looked at her reflection in the mirror again with a small sigh. She didn’t want to gain weight,

she was fine with her current weight but even she could see that the skirt was too tight for her.

She felt tears burning at the back of her eyes and took out her phone to call Zach.

“Hey, baby.”

Millie bit her lip sniffing, she knew it was stupid but she couldn't stop crying.

“What's wrong nana?” Zach's voice sounded panicked. “What happened?”

“My skirt won't fit,” she mumbled wiping her cheek with her hand. “I don't know what happened but I have gained weight Oatile, the skirt won't even zip!”

“Oh,” Zach cleared his throat. “You can always get another one baby, I told you we can even get the attire when we get to Lagos one that will fit you.”

“Are you saying I am too fat?” She asked.

“What?” Zach sounded baffled. “No, I just said you can get a bigger size nana.”

“That is you saying I am fat!” She snapped.

“No, no baby I didn’t say that,” Zach sucked in a deep breath. “You are beautiful just the way you are.”

“I never said I was ugly,” fresh new tears rolled down her cheeks. “I just said I gained some weight and you said I am beautiful.”

“Because you are baby, you are beautiful in every way. I love your kind heart and your body there is nothing I would change about you.”

Millie’s lips crept in a thin smile, “Really?”

“Of course baby,” he said softly. “I love you, okay?”

“I love you too.” She grinned.

“Good now finish up and stop by Red Feather

for lunch.”

“Okay I will be there,” she smiled. “I love you too baby.”

“I love you most.”

She grinned wiping her cheeks before she hung up and stood up to get another measurement.

Zach looked at the phone after he finished his call with Millie and shook his head in disbelief. What the hell had just happened? Millie was not a problematic girlfriend but lately her emotions were all over the place, just the other day she cried while baking and said she needed time to space and locked herself in the bedroom for an hour.

He did not want to read too much into it because he knew women were very strange

creatures.

“I love you too baby,” Lefakae cooed with a chuckle reminding him that he was not alone in his office, his best friend had stopped by to check on him for lunch and was lounging on the red leather couch which he kept for his visitors.

“Fuck off,” he growled.

“Who knew you could be this sweet?” Lefakae chuckled. “I even had goose bumps all over my body at your sweet voice.”

“Fuck off,” he snorted and leaned back on his seat looking back at his MacBook tracing his finger on his bottom lip. “The ring is going to arrive today.”

“Really?” Lefakae’s eyebrow shot up to his hairline and grinned. “I guess you are really doing this you cold motherfucker, I guess you are not so cold anymore. Millie has warmed you

up.”

Zach snorted but a small smile played on his lips.

“Zach?” Lefakae called.

“Yeah?”

“I love you,” he said and Zach’s eyebrows pinched in a frown. Lefakae laughed at his expression. “Not like that you son of a bitch, I mean like as a friend I love you. I can be myself around you and you don’t even judge me, I don’t know many guys who would be comfortable being friends with someone attracted to guys. One of my biggest fears has always been guys avoiding me because of my sexual orientation but you and Tumo are not like that. I just want to say I am happy you found love.”

“Don’t be gay,” he teased and Lefakae chuckled.

“Too late, I already am,” he grinned. “Tell me you love me too.”

“No, fuck off.”

“Come on, I just heard you telling nana that you love her. Tell me you love me too.”

“Forget it,” he snorted and Lefakae chuckled leaning back on the couch and scrolling down his phone.

His eyebrows pinched in a frown when he came across a video he had been tagged in. Lefakae’s breath caught in his lungs when he opened the video, it was a video of him pressing Katlo against the wall at the club and kissing the living daylights out of him while he rubbed his dick.

“Fuck,” Lefakae’s breath came out in tiny pants.

“What’s wrong?”

Lefakae showed him the video and Zach’s frown deepened.

“When was this?”

“A week ago at the champagne event you hosted,” he answered rising to his feet and looked at the video. It already had 100K views. He bit his lip willing himself not to cry but his whole chest like it was on fire as he scrolled down the comments on the post:

“LOL, that dude got married not too long ago.”

“What happens after 9, I am on the floor”

“I went to school with this dude never knew he is gay.’

Someone had even gone as far as tagging Veronica and some of his attorneys at the law firm.

“Fuck, my father is going to see this.”

“Calm down,” Zach said. “Who the fuck posted this?”

“I don’t even know this account must be someone from the club, I thought we were alone and we were so far away. How could someone do this?”

“I am reporting this video and texting this motherfucker to take it down.”

“What is the point?” Lefakae wailed plopping down on the couch rubbing his head. “I am sure it has reached my father by now. I am going to lose everything Zach, everything I have worked hard for all because someone was too cruel or maybe too drunk to realize that this is wrong. I can’t believe this.”

“Lefa, I am going to need you to calm down. We will fix it.”

“No, it is done Zach don’t you get it?” Tears rolled down his cheeks. “Papa said one mistake and it’s over for me.”

“Where are you going?”

“I am going home and probably never go out ever again.”

“Lefae, come on.”

Lefae swallowed hard and walked out without another word.

Zach looked down at his phone and searched for the person who had posted the video and sent her a text, he did not understand why people couldn't just let people live their lives.

Veronica stared at the pregnancy test stick with tears in her eyes, after what Bokang had said to her she had been praying that she was not pregnant with Lefae's child and was even too afraid to check and confirm but she was indeed

pregnant.

She couldn't afford to be pregnant right now, her life was in chaos and she was a little depressed because of her parent's situation.

Her father had completely ghosted them and they haven't talked to their mother in 3 weeks even after she tried reaching out to them.

She palmed her face and walked out of the bathroom, relieved that Bokang was not blasting his music again and Zoey was back at school. She plopped down on the couch pressing her palm to her stomach before she burst out in tears. The ringing of her phone made her look up and quickly wiped her tears when she saw Kesego calling.

"Hey friend," she tried to sound cheery but even she could hear that her voice was cracking.

"Friend, have you seen the video that is trending

all over Facebook?”

“What video?”

“Your man was feeling up another man in the club at The Champagne event mma even running his hand all over his crotch, is he bisexual?”

“What?” Veronica asked with a frown, her heart beating rapidly in her chest. “Who posted the video?”

“I don’t know probably someone hungry for fame, it was taken down but people are sharing it on WhatsApp. Yoh, friend I had no idea Lefakae was a man’s man! Did you know?”

“Why would you ask me that?”

“You don’t seem that surprised friend, I know I would be on the floor bawling my eyes out if I found my husband was a faggot.”

“Don’t call him that!” She snapped.

“Hee banna, you are even defending him?” Kesego asked. “Bathong, V you married a homosexual knowing very well that he was homo? Wow, I know you are my friend but you are thirsty shem. You are thirsty for money to no point of return.”

“Fuck you, what the hell do you know about me?” She shouted, her chest heaving with anger. “You trying to act better than me forgetting that your womb is a grave yard for all the abortions you have done, at least I am not a murderer you on the other hand are a baby eater.”

“Wow, you taking it out all on me?” Kesego shouted. “I am not the one who told you to whore yourself to a gay man ngwana wa moloi. You think I haven’t heard that your mother is a whole voodoo queen? You might be a witch too because who in their right mind would shag a homosexual?”

“Fuck off baby eater!” She snapped before she

hung up and searched for the video on Facebook, people had reposted it and it was all over, some had even shared it to her timeline.

Veronica bit her trembling lip and was about to call Lefakae when he barged in the house looking disheveled with bloodshot eyes.

“I am sorry,” he said in a small whisper shaking his head.

“You promised to be careful!” Veronica cried.

“Now everyone is all over my newsfeed making fun of me, couldn’t you wait until you were out of the club to ravage your boy toy?”

Lefakae plopped down on the couch and buried his face in his trembling hands. “V, I can’t change anything. It’s useless to point fingers at me at this point. I am exhausted and terrified. Everyone is making fun of me and calling me all kinds of names please let me be.”

Veronica sighed, her facial expression softening. "What is going to happen now? Because I am pregnant."

"I don't know," he said shaking his head.

His phone rang and his heart raced when he saw Ivan's name flash on the screen. He had probably seen the video of him kissing someone else.

"I thought you were better than this," Ivan said as soon as he answered, his voice strangled.

"Ivan, please hear me out."

"I have tolerated your bullshit for 2 years Lefa, I accepted the fact that you were still in the closet and still stood by you like a fool when you got married then you went ahead and found some other guy?" He sounded hurt. "You have cheated and lied to me over and over again Lefa and I am done."

“Please don’t say that,” he sniffed. “I was just under a lot of pressure, it’s nothing serious. Nothing compared to what me and you have.”

“We have nothing!” he shouted. “We have nothing Lefa because you have a wife and apparently a boyfriend I know nothing about. I am done Lefa; I am really done with you. I deserve better than this. Have a nice life.” He hung up and Lefa looked up at Veronica tearfully.

Veronica sat down next to him putting her arms around him as he sobbed in her arms. He was still crying when he heard a car pulling in their yard then someone shouting his name loudly.

Lefakae’s heart skipped a beat as he looked at Veronica in horror. “That’s my father.”

“Fuck,” Veronica hissed rising to her feet and ran to open the door. Moeng barged in the

house without even acknowledging her and headed straight for his son. His eyes looked murderous.

“Papa, please,” he started but his voice trailed off when his father slapped him across his face.

“Don’t call me that, you are dead to me,” he spat out scrunching his face in disgust. “didn’t I tell you what will happen if you ever embarrassed me like this? You are a fucking Moeng man, what the hell made you feel like you could see boys like that? God made women and men for a reason and you chose to go against his law?”

“Papa, please,” Lefakae gasped for air. “I tried liking women, I really tried but I don’t feel anything for them.”

Moeng clicked his tongue. “I don’t have a son anymore, you are on your own Lefakae do you hear me?”

“Please,” he begged desperately. “I don’t want

to lose you.”

“You should have thought about that before you decided to be an abomination,” he clicked his tongue again and headed for the door.

“Wait!” Veronica called before he could walk out the door. Moeng turned to look at her with an icy glare.

“Am I still going to get my 200K?” She asked biting her lip.

Moeng clicked his tongue and walked out banging the door.[02/25, 19:13] #R:

INSATIABLE

Chapter 26

Lefakae had drunk himself to sleep after his father left, Veronica had tried to take the bottle from him but he had aggressively refused and

drank three bottles of wine, she had to hide the other bottles so he wouldn't come for them.

Veronica knew Lefakae's father was strict but the look he had seen on his face when he confronted his son was pure hatred and disgust and she knew it had been the wrong time to ask about the money but she had panicked when he disowned his own son.

Everything had gone south in just a blink of an eye, what the hell was she going to do if the money stopped rolling in? She had her daughter to take care of, her private school did not come cheap and now she had another one on the way.

Moeng had to pay her fucking money; he was the one who wanted a grandson even though he knew his son was gayer than Somizi.

She took out her phone and checked her bank

balance and frowned when she saw she only had P4000. She had gotten used to having Lefakae's card that she did not even think much about getting her own money.

It was 10 a.m. in the morning, Zoey had already left for school and Lefakae was still snoring on the couch where he had passed out in a drunken stupor while she overthinking about their future.

She looked up when Bokang walked in and headed for the fridge without even a simple 'hello.'

"I am not a statue you know," she scowled and Bokang turned to look at her.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" She asked with a frown, she thought she and Bokang had made progress over the past few weeks they have lived together but the way he

was looking at her made her wonder if he was back to being rude and cold towards her.

Bokang just continued staring at her and she shifted uncomfortably on the seat.

“Bokang,” she called in exasperation. “If you have something to say just say it.”

“Did you know Lefakae was gay when you married him?” His voice was calm and collected that she felt like she was being scolded by her baby brother.

Veronica released a sigh. “I knew.”

“And you still married him?” he asked with a raised brow. “Because of the money?”

“I had my reasons Bokang,” she mumbled avoided his eyes.

“What are they?”

“Why are you even asking me this?” She snapped. “I am already being dragged in the

mud online, can't I have peace?"

"No, I just want to understand V because no woman in their right mind would agree to get married to someone who is not even attracted to them," he said quietly. "I thought you were going to be different from mama but you are just the same."

Veronica's jaw dropped, she had to admit that she liked finer things in life but she would never use love potion on anyone's son. "I can't believe you would say that."

"What else do you want me to think?" he asked with a pained expression. "You guys are so greedy that I am afraid you would stop at nothing to get what you want. You wanted to be the 'it' girl and sacrificed your happiness for a loveless marriage. How could you do something like this V? You could have a man who will love you and see you as a woman but you settled for this? How far are you going to go?"

When will it stop?”

Veronica opened her mouth to retort but only tears rolled down her cheeks, it was these damn hormones. Her heart clenched at Bokang’s words yet again. He seemed to be hitting all her emotional spots these days.

“Bokang,” she started biting her quivering lip.

Bokang shook his head and grabbed his apple and banana and walked out of the kitchen without another word.

She took a deep breath putting a hand over her tummy feeling her 200K baby. She was ashamed when she thought of all the things she had done to Lefakae to get this baby.

Her phone rang while she was still reeling and frowned when she saw her aunt Josephine’s

number. She quickly answered.

“Hello?”

“Hello Vero,” Josephine greeted softly. “How are you?”

“I am fine,” she replied unsure of her answer, she was not fine but she and her aunt have never really communicated that much that she could spill her guts to her.

“We are having lunch on Saturday, I would appreciate it if you and your brother could join us.”

“Oh,” she cleared her throat. “I am not sure about that auntie.”

“I am sure you can come. Millie and I will do the cooking you don’t have to worry about lifting a finger. I just want to talk to you.”

“Oh, okay.” She said quietly. “I will ask Bokang.”

“Thank you, have a wonderful day.”

“You too auntie,” she said before she hung up staring at the phone in disbelief.

Rorisang was not talking to her parents, both of them since the whole video thing erupted. Her father was acting like the dictator that he was scorning her brother and even went as far as planning to re-write his will. She couldn't believe that even in the 21st century they were still parents who were this homophobic especially his father who had travelled to almost 30 countries.

She had visited Lefakae and he had seemed so broken and lost even though the video had been taken down they were still people making fun of him and turning his wedding into a joke. She was her only brother, the only sibling she had

and they were closer than most, seeing him hurting like this tore her heart into pieces.

It was almost 7 p.m. as she lay in her bed listening to her K-Pop songs trying to get her mood up when the door opened and her mother walked in.

“Your dinner is getting cold,” she said softly.
“Rorisang tthe mma, I am talking to you.”

She walked further in the room and sat on the bed but Rorisang got up grabbing her car keys and bolted out of the room. She passed her father in the living room.

“Where are you going?” Moeng demanded but she ignored and continued to the door.

“Rorisang! Come back here!”

She banged the door and walked to her car.

She had no idea where she was going but she couldn't stand her parents. She drove until she reached a guest house and decided to spend the night there.

The room was nice but she was also a bit lonely, she missed Tumo and she wondered if he would come if she called him. He took out her phone and called him, the phone rang twice before he answered in a hushed deep tone.

"Hey, sweetheart."

"Hi," she lay back on the bed. "Are you free?"

"Um, for you, always."

"I am at a guest house, I ran away from home."

Tumo chuckled slightly.

"Are you laughing at me right now?"

"No, sweetheart I am not. I am just thinking how you are white kid in a black girl's body. Who runs away from home?"

“I can’t stand my parents, my dad is abusing and my mother is just letting him. They are not even worried that he might commit suicide because of all the bullying he is getting, they act like depression is not a real thing.”

“I am sorry about your parents sweetheart but Lefa won’t do anything drastic okay? Me and Zach talked to him. He is just trying to process everything right now but he will pull through.”

“I guess,” she said with a sigh.

“Which guest house are you staying at?”

Rorisang grinned. “If I tell you, will you come?”

“I will come.”

“I will text you the location.” She smiled biting her lip before she hung up.

She looked at her sweatpants and oversized t-shirt and groaned. She hadn’t packed anything

else because she had no intentions of coming to a guest house or even to seduce a man. She and Tumo hadn't done anything beyond kissing and mind blowing oral sex but she was ready for something more now and Tumo was a man, he was trying his best to resist fucking her because of his morals but how long does it take for a rabbit to snatch a carrot that is being dangled in front of it?

She had been dangling her virginity for a long time now.

She dashed to the bathroom and took a quick shower after she sent him the directions and wore the white flufy gown and waited for him.

The receptionist called to inform her there was a man called Tumo asking for her and she quickly told her to let him come through. She felt her hands go clammy because of her

nerves but she was not going to back out this time.

Tumo knocked softly on the door a minute later and she fixed her gown and walked to open the door.

“Hey,” he grinned flashing his dimples, her heart clenched at the sight of him in just a plain white t-shirt and jeans. Her knees wobbled just by looking at him.

“Hi,” she smiled back and stepped to let him in. He handed her a box of pizza and her heart sang praises. He was too perfect!

“It’s my favorite tikka chicken flavor!” She exclaimed when she opened the box staring at the large creamy pizza and looked up at him with puppy eyes.

“Don’t look at me like that,” Tumo chuckled.
“You know your eyes make me want to set

myself on fire.”

Rorisang chuckled and pulled him to the bed placing the pizza on the bedside table and climbed on top of his lap.

"You are going home tomorrow right, sweetheart?"

Rorisang shrugged.

Tumo frowned. "You should go home baby or atleast go to Lefa's place."

"This was a ploy to get the rabbit to finally eat the carrot."

Tumo frowned in confusion but Rorisang rubbed herself against him before he could ask.

Tumo's breath hitched as he inhaled her scent, she smelt fresh and clean that he wanted to bury his teeth on her skin.

"I think you should eat, sweetheart."

"I missed you," she said before she cupped his face and kissed him plunging her tongue in his mouth. Tumo groaned and squeezed her waist; kissing Rorisang was like drinking water after a long drought.

"Make me a woman, Tumo," she whispered huskily between the kiss. "Please?"

"Sweetheart, I can't," he panted and Rorisang pulled back and made those puppy eyes, fluttering her lashes and blinking slowly with those huge eyes. Fuck, he was fucked.

"I only want you," she bit her lip grinding slowly on top of him. "I have been yours for as long as long as I can remember. It has always been you."

Tumo stared at her with lustful eyes and his boner jerked in his pants as he leaned in to kiss her grabbing her left boob. Rorisang moaned and tightened her hands around his neck. He

flipped them both so he was on top of her parting the gown.....EXPLICIT

On Saturday, Richard parked his car beside a grey Range Rover outside Josephine's house before he stepped out fixing the collar of his shirt.

He had no idea why Josephine wanted to see him but a part of him hoped it was discuss their relationship which he admitted was just wishful thinking because he had lost Josephine and she seemed content in her marriage.

Millie was the one who opened the door for him after he knocked, he blinked at her not sure what to say. He still couldn't believe this was his daughter, his heart ached at all the years of her life that she had missed out on.

"Dumelang," Millie greeted politely.

Richard blinked out of his trance and greeted back before he followed her inside the house. His heart dropped when he saw Metheo on the couch, he had hoped that it would just be him and Josephine and maybe their daughter too but it was obvious Metheo was not going anywhere, love potion or not he had lost Josephine forever.

They greeted each other briefly before they fell in silence while Millie and her mother were cooking up a storm in the kitchen.

“Why are they not talking?” Millie whispered to her mother in the kitchen. “What if this is going to be very awkward for them?”

Josephine snorted. “Stop worrying about grown men, they can handle a bit of tension.”

“What if they fight for you?” Millie asked with a raised eyebrow. “I mean Uncle Richard is not

under a spell anymore and I am sure he still loves you.”

Josephine sighed and put the lid back on the pot before she faced her daughter. “I will always love Richard, that much I can tell you but as much as I feel sorry for him that he was wronged and was in a daze for almost 30 years, I can’t leave your father. I can’t even imagine doing that at my age but your father has been my best friend for years now, I can’t do that do that to me.”

“You guys are my IT couple,” Millie grinned and scrunched her nose feeling nauseous at the smell of the spice and took a deep breath. They were leaving for Nigeria tomorrow and she couldn’t afford to fall sick now but she had been feeling nauseous.

“I think Vero and Bokang are here,” Josephine said when they heard a car pulling in. “Go and greet them.”

Millie nodded and walked out to the living room, Veronica and Bokang had already walked in with Zoey. Millie grinned at the cute little girl who waved at her.

“Hey guys,” she greeted with a small smile glancing at Veronica. They hadn’t really talked much since the wedding but then again she and Veronica had never been close even with the whole paternity issue.

“I had no idea papa would be here too,” Bokang said glancing at his father lounging on the couch.

Zoey’s expression brightened when she saw her grandfather and rushed up to him throwing herself on his lap. Richard chuckled and greeted her softly asking her about school.

“You guys can sit down,” Millie said to Veronica and Bokang, they looked uncomfortable at the

sight of their father.

“Hello kids,” Richard mumbled shamefully, he hadn’t talked to his children for weeks.

“Sure,” Bokang mumbled but Veronica remained quiet.

She had nothing to say, he probably didn’t want them anymore because they were a result of endless love potion. She wouldn’t blame the man if he disowned them.

Josephine walked in with a warm smile and greeted them both before she sat down. They all fell in awkward silence not sure what to say to each other.

“Thank you all for coming,” Josephine started, breaking the thick silence. “I know a lot has happened and we are all still trying to process

everything and I just wanted to let you all know that we cannot dwell on the past forever because if we do, we will not move on.” He glanced at Richard who looked down. “I understand that you have been hurt Richard, you didn’t deserve this, if anything it’s my fault for bringing you into our lives this would have never happened without me.”

“Don’t blame yourself for Moipone’s greedy heart Josephine, I am sure she could have done it to any guy.”

Veronica and Bokang looked down at their feet avoiding everyone’s eyes.

“Vero and Bokang, you guys do not have to feel ashamed for what your mother did. She is your mother, yes but you don’t have to pay for her sins. You are your own people and no one can tell you otherwise as long as you make healthy

decisions in life,” she said quietly and looked at Richard.

“I know you feel betrayed and hurt but these are your kids. You can’t wipe them out of your life because of their mother’s sins, please don’t let them be fatherless because they need you more than ever.”

Richard’s eyes dropped to the floor and he cleared his throat. “I never thought about abandoning you guys.”

“It’s okay if you do,” Bokang mumbled. “We were not exactly conceived under normal circumstances.”

“No, I am still your father no matter what.”

Richard placed Zoey down from his lap. “I just needed time to think and I didn’t think about how hurt you guys must have been. I am sorry about that.”

Veronica bit her lower lip avoiding her father’s

eyes.

“Vero,” Richard called softly. “I am sorry my daughter, BK? I am sorry.”

The tears that she had been holding in finally rolled down her cheeks. They both stood up to hug their father with tears and chuckles.

Millie sat on the couch smiling at them, her own tears rolling down her cheeks. Veronica was being dragged on social media for marrying a gay man so she needed her father the most right now.

“You want to join in the hug?” Metheo asked with a small smile.

“No, I am good.” She grinned at her father and scrunched her nose, Veronica’s perfume was overwhelming that she gagged.

“Are you okay?” Metheo asked with a concerned frown.

“I am just a bit nauseous today,” she said smoothing her chest with her palm. “I think it’s the eggs I had for breakfast this morning. Zach is not a good cook.”

Mettheo chuckled. “He should learn quickly, no daughter of mine will slave away in the kitchen. You should go to the clinic maybe it’s food poisoning, you can’t afford to travel while you are this sick, Nigeria is very far.”

Millie opened her mouth to reply but gagged again, she put a hand over her mouth and dashed out heading to the bathroom.

“Is she alright?” Richard asked with a frown looking away from his children.

“She says Zach fed her uncooked eggs in the morning,” Mettheo said and they chuckled.

Josephine sighed and stood up walking to the kitchen to dish up.

“I told this girl not to make me a grandmother

this early,” she mumbled to herself shaking her head.

The explicit scene will be posted at group in the evening❤️🥂.

[02/25, 19:13] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 27

“Baby, we are going to be late!” Zach called glancing at his wrist watch, they could have left 30 minutes ago but Millie was still in the bathroom doing who knew what women did in bathrooms.

He was worried about her though, she had been all over the place the past few days and he had tried taking her to the clinic but she had bluntly refused.

He hoped she was not going to get sick on the trip, he knew he would die if he had to see her in pain, okay maybe he was being dramatic but he wanted her happy and healthy all the time.

“Baby!” Zach called again and finally, Millie walked out of the bathroom pulling her grey hoodie down. It had rained the whole night so it was a little chilly they decided to wear sweatpants and hoodies, it was the comfortable travelling attire anyway.

“Are you okay?” he asked studying her face.

“I am fine,” she faked a small smile. “Is Tumo here?”

“No, he is on his way.”

“Then why were you yelling like he was already here?” She asked with a frown.

Zach opened his mouth in shock struggling to find the right words. "I just meant that we needed to hurry up so you can check if you packed everything. I didn't want you forget anything because we left in a hurry."

"Mxm, you are so full of drama." She rolled her eyes walking to her carrier bag placed on the bed and unzipped it to check if everything was there.

Zach felt his chest burning up, was Millie already fed up with him? He couldn't believe she was already giving him an attitude when he had bigger plans for them.

He stepped closer and wrapped his arms around her waist placing a soft kiss on her neck.'

"Nana, did I do something wrong?" He asked trying not to sound like a whiney little bitch.

“What makes you think you did something wrong?” Millie asked with a much softer tone.

“You just snapped at me and I know the bakery planning and all that has been stressful but we can use this trip to unwind and just forget other responsibility and enjoy life.”

Millie turned around in his arms to face him and smiled putting her arms around his neck. “I didn’t mean to be rude baby, I am just all over the place.”

“You would tell me if something was bothering you right?”

Millie swallowed hard and nodded, she wanted to tell him that she hasn’t received her period and it was stressing her out but she didn’t know how Zach would respond to that. What if he was not ready to be a father? They hadn’t even discussed anything involving kids or marriage

which was only normal because they hadn't dated for that long despite their closeness, this relationship was still new.

Zach smiled before he placed a kiss on her lips; she opened her mouth deepening the kiss feeling his hard chest press against her boobs. She moaned softly in his mouth and wished they were not going anywhere so she could rip his clothes apart and take him right now.

The kiss was getting too steamy when they heard a car honking in the yard and knew Tumo had arrived.

"Later, cat woman," he murmured with a teasing grin as he pulled placing one last kiss on her lips.

Millie chuckled and slapped his chest playfully. Zach wheeled their luggage out the house while she followed behind with her purse and her

carrier bag. Tumo was leaning against his car when they walked outside and he offered them a dimpled smile.

“Love the outfits!” he grinned taking in their matching grey tracksuits and Nike Jordan’s sneakers.

“Hey, Tumo,” Millie greeted and he gave her a one arm hug.

“Hi, Mills,” he smiled. “So how long did have to convince him to wear matching clothes?”

“He was the one who bought them actually.”

“Really?” Tumo asked, mischief gleaming in his eyes as he looked at Zach. “I have to give it to you Mills, you are doing a great job with this one.”

“Will you shut the fuck up?” Zach growled at his friend but Tumo only chuckled.

“I am just happy for you my friend.”

“Be happy for whoever is giving you hickeys,” he snorted opening the car door for Millie.

Tumo’s mouth snapped shut as he fixed his hoodie so it covered his neck and got in the driver’s seat buckling his seat belt.

“So, are you guys excited about the trip?” He asked driving out of the yard.

“I am excited and nervous at the same time,” Millie giggled. “It’s my first time out of the country.”

“And your first time out of the country is in Nigeria,” Tumo said whistling appreciatively.

“Next thing your wedding will be in Paris.” He blurted out and snapped his mouth shut when Zach shot him an icy glare. He chuckled shaking his head. “I mean if you ever do get married Millie, either to this guy or another one.”

“Will you just drive?” Zach asked in exasperation.

Millie giggled taking out her phone to text her mother to tell her that they were on their way to the airport. She listened to Zach and Tumo as they chatted quietly about sports, the club and everything else while she tried to fight her anxiety about her period and travelling to a different country.

Veronica put her feet up on the coffee table scrolling down her phone while she snacked on grapes. She came across Millie’s Facebook post, it was a photo of her and Zach in matching tracksuits at the airport. The photo looked nice as she looked up at him and Zach gazed down at her. She scrolled past it going down to other posts, she rolled her eyes when

she landed on another post about Lefakae's sexuality, didn't people know how to stop?

Lefakae walked in the room just as she was put her phone down, bored out of her mind. He handed her a bowl of yoghurt before he sat down next to her.

"How are you feeling?"

"I am fine," she mumbled digging her spoon in the yoghurt.

"Aren't you supposed to get like sick when you are pregnant?" he asked with a frown.

"I don't normally get morning sickness," she replied adding her grapes into the yoghurt bowl.

"I didn't get sick with Zoey too."

Lefakae nodded and leaned on the couch, his phone rang and he took it out checking the caller before he hit the ignore button.

“Why are you ignoring him?” Veronica asked with a frown, he had been ignoring Katlo’s calls since the video was posted. “It’s not his fault that the video was posted.”

“I know,” he sighed. “But I just need space and time away from everything else.”

Veronica nodded before she bit her lip. “Is your father going to give me my 200K?”

“V, come on,” Lefakae groaned. “I can’t believe you are still on about the 200K.”

“He promised to give me 200K if I got pregnant with your child and here I am. He needs to hold his end of the deal.”

“But he has already said I am not his son anymore, I am sure it doesn’t matter if he has my kid or not.”

“He is being dramatic, no father can disown their child.” She rolled her eyes. “He needs to swallow his pride and accept you as you are.”

“My father is not the kind to do that.” He told her with a sad expression. “Once he says something, he will never go back on his word. I have already accepted my losses, I will have to navigate through life without him.”

“Before you do that please tell him to pay me.”

“Why do you need the money so much?”

“So I can stand on my own feet after our divorce,” she raised her eyebrows like ‘duh’.

“You can still stand on your own after the divorce V, your family is not poor.”

“I don’t want my family’s money,” she admitted quietly. “I am trying to stay away from my mother as much as I can and now I am responsible for three people since Bokang will not go back to our mother.”

“I will help you,” he said quietly. “You are the mother of my child and you don’t need to take on the responsibility alone because I will be

here for you if you need me. You and Bokang can continue living here with me for as long as you want. The house is too big for me anyway.”

“Really?”

“Yeah,” he said with a smile. “I think you are actually one of my friends even though you are crazy sometimes.”

“I am not crazy,” she said with a snort.

“You are!” Lefakae chuckled and cleared his throat imitating her voice, “Wait! Am I still going to get my 200K?”

Veronica chuckled shoving him. “Stop it, I don’t sound like that.”

“If I was straight, I would have really loved you V.”

“Really?” She raised her eyebrows. “Why?”

Lefakae shrugged. “I don’t know, I just feel like you are the kind of woman who keeps one on

their toes and I like that you don't really let people get to you."

"I am not really a good person," she admitted quietly. "I used to bully kids a lot about their looks at school and used to feel superior over everyone who didn't have the same things that I did. I was a mean girl."

"You still are," Lefakae teased, "But you don't have to be, I don't know much about your childhood but I feel like we are influenced by our parents a lot. I mean look at how you married me after your mother told you to. You sacrificed your happiness for all of this and I might even lose it. I don't think you are a bad person V, I just think your choices were fueled by desire and greed."

"Why did you have to be gay?" she asked wistfully and he chuckled.

"I would have made a great husband neh?"

“The best.”

“I’ll try to be the best father, don’t worry.” He put a hand over her tummy. “Hey, 200K it’s daddy.”

Veronica burst out laughing.

The next morning, Grace wiped the sweat off her forehead as her mother gently stretched her legs, she still felt like she was being pricked with pins and needles whenever she straightened her legs or walked but she could feel herself getting better. The pain was not excruciating like before.

“Do you want to stop?” Mrs. Tshwene asked with a small frown.

“No, I am just a bit thirsty.”

“I’ll get you a bottle of water,” she said before

she walked out to the kitchen.

Grace lay back on the training mat catching her breath. She felt her phone vibrating on the floor and shifted her body so she could reach it. She smiled when she saw that it was her friend calling.

“Hey friend.”

“Friend, I thought you said you and Tumo are having problems.”

Grace frowned. “Yeah, we are.”

“Well, it looks like he is ready to fix things.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, I just saw him walking out of Flora’s Petals with roses chile, a very big bouquet at that.”

“Really?” Grace’s face stretched into a grin. “He said he was going to stop by to get food, I had

no idea he was getting me flowers. It's been long since he bought me flowers tthe mma. I thought he was giving up on our marriage."

"Well, it seems like he is willing to work things through." Her friend chuckled. "Gape Tumo will never go anywhere my friend, you have done everything for him since university days."

"Yeah neh," she bit her lip. "You just cheered me up, let me wait for my flowers."

"Okay, girl bye!"

Grace grinned looking at the phone; gosh Tumo could be so unpredictable. Her mother walked back in with a glass of water and found her grinning.

"What are you so happy about?"

"Tumo is getting me flowers."

"Did he tell you that?"

“No but Lone called and told me she saw him at a flower and gift shop.”

Mrs. Tshwene snorted. “It’s about time he pulled himself together and started acting like the husband that he is.”

“Don’t be too hard on him mama, Tumo is a good man.”

“Drink your water so we go again,” Mrs. Tshwene instructed. Grace grinned and gulped her water down.

She had already finished with her leg exercises when Tumo walked in the house, her smile faded when she saw his empty hands and frowned. Where were the flowers?

“Hey,” Tumo smiled kissing her cheek.

“Hi,” she mumbled drily. “Are you home for good or you are going back to the office?”

“I am going back to the office,” he said with a small smile. “I just came to get a few files, I forgot at home. I am meeting some people for the Kasane tender so I might be home late.”

“Okay,” Grace forced a small smile and watched him walk to the bedroom.

Tumo took out his phone as soon as he was in the bedroom and checked Rorisang’s WhatsApp status. His grinned widened when he saw she had already posted a photo of herself holding the bouquet of red roses with her eyes closed. It was her first day back at school for the new semester and he had decided to surprise her with roses.

Tumo: Looking that gorgeous should be a crime. He smiled when she instantly replied back.

Rori: Come arrest me.

Tumo: I am going to put you behind bars for life.

“Tumo!” He quickly shoved his phone in his pocket when he heard Grace calling him. He quickly grabbed his files and walked out to the living room.

“Yeah?”

“Are you staying for lunch?”

“Umm, no I have to run back to the office right now. See you later.” He kissed her forehead before he dashed out.

Mrs. Tshwene walked out and frowned at her daughter. “Where are the flowers?”

“Maybe Lone saw someone else and thought it was him,” she forced a small smile swallowing the hard lump on her throat.

After endless hours on the flight, Millie couldn't believe they were finally in Lagos. She opened her eyes as soon as the announcer let them know that they were landing. She had been curled up on her seat sleeping for the past 2 hours, flying first class had it's perks since the seats were bigger she could put her legs up freely. She rubbed her eyes and looked at Zach who was grinning at her.

"What?"

"You look adorable," he smiled and showed her the picture he had taken of her snoozing off.

Millie chuckled. "I'll get you back for this."

"Nah, I don't sleep like you madam."

She snorted and looked out the window, it was already dark but you could see the lights. She couldn't believe she was in Lagos. It felt so surreal she wanted to pinch herself to convince

herself that this was not a dream.

“Time to go nana,” Zach said gently as he stood up helping her with her purse.

Millie rubbed her eyes and stood up following him to the door, Zach held her hand as they descended the plane staircase and she took her first breath of the Lagos air.

They had barely made it down when she heard howls and shouts.

“Zachariah, you motherfucker!”

“Kola, you asshole!” Zach’s face stretched into a wide grin as he looked at the dark skinned man walking towards them coming from a black limo.

Millie’s jaw dropped, so people drove around in limousines like it was nothing?

Kola chuckled and before she could blink the two men tackled each other like they were on a brawl. Some passengers looked at the curiously but they didn't seem to care as they continued wrestled like small boys.

"Alright, tap out!" Kola chuckled tapping his arm so Zach could remove him from the head lock. "I see you haven't lost your touch you asshole."

"Never," Zach grinned and fixed his clothes glancing at Millie. "I want you to meet my girlfriend, Millie this is Kola Adechie, Kola this is my girlfriend Millicent."

"Oh, nice to meet you Millicent," Kola offered a polite smile. "Thank you for coming all the way from Botswana."

Millie smiled fighting the urge to laugh at his pronunciation of Botswana. "I am looking forward to learning more about Nigeria."

"And we will teach you a lot, Zach is practically

Nigerian at this point.” Kola chuckled and looked at Zach. “I also have a surprise for you.”

“What surprise?” Zach frowned.

Kola just grinned and clapped his hands facing the limo. The door opened and another man walked out also decked out in a suit that looked like it was made just for him.

Zach’s jaw dropped. “No fucking way, Femi?”

“In the flesh,” he grinned at him. “I had to hunt this motherfucker down and finally found him in some exotic island.”

“Happy to see me?” Femi grinned before he tackled Zach in another brawl. Millie just stood back watching in awe, maybe this was how they greeted people in Nigeria.

“You asshole, you disappeared on us!” Zach said with a chuckle after they stepped away

from each other.

“I texted you guys,” he defended.

“Only once a year!” Kola shook his head.

Femi smiled and his eyes landed on Millie,

“Should I introduce myself you fuckers?”

“Ah, this is my girlfriend Millicent, babe this Olufemi Balogun. We also schooled with him in Ghana.”

Femi stepped towards and took her hand looking straight in her eyes. “ O lewa, you can call me Femi.”

“Millie,” she mumbled avoiding his eyes, he was lighter than Kola in skin and his accent was not thick compared to Kola’s. She wanted to ask what ‘O lewa’ meant but she decided to ignore it.

It sounded like he had lived in England before because his English had a bit of the British twang.

Femi grinned rubbing his thumb on the back of her hand before he let go stepping back.

“I am glad to be back in Lagos,” he looked back at Zach and Kola, his eyes twinkling in delight.

Morning, for those who have been asking about paying for bonuses you can contact this number via WhatsApp for more information. (+267 76623926).

[02/25, 19:13] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 28

Millie woke up the next morning tangled up in Zach’s arms.

They were staying at one of the finest hotels and Lagos but she hadn’t even had the chance to tour the place because they had been too

exhausted to do anything else last night. She looked up at Zach who was still asleep with his arm around her waist, a smile crept on her lips as she stared at him.

Zach's eyes fluttered open and he looked down at her with a small smile forming on his lips.

"You are awake," he grinned.

"I am," she leaned to kiss his lips softly. "How did you sleep?"

"With you in my arms, I'd sleep fine on rocks."

Millie giggled and sat upright rubbing her eyes, her legs felt too heavy but she supposed it was the jet lag, it had been her first flight after all and it was a huge change from southern Africa to Western Africa. Her body was still adjusting.

"What are we going to do today?"

"Kola is busy with wedding things but Femi promised to spend the day with us."

Millie nodded biting her lip. "What did he mean when he said 'o lewa'?"

"He meant that you are beautiful," he gave her lazy grin. "Why didn't you ask him yesterday?"

Millie chuckled. "I am not that friendly you know. You didn't mind him telling me that I am beautiful?"

"No, because you are beautiful and complimenting you meant he was complimenting me and besides Femi is a wild cat, he doesn't like to be tamed."

"You mean he is a player?" She arched her eyebrow, it made sense that he was a player, the way he had smiled was enough evidence that he was used to flashing that smile everywhere he went and making panties drop.

"If you put it like that," he said with a chuckle and got up from the bed. "We should take a shower and go down for breakfast. You can call

your parents, Botswana is only 1 hour ahead of Nigeria.””

“Oh, let me call mama.” She reached for her phone excitedly.

Zach leaned in and placed a kiss on her lips before he walked to the bathroom.

Two hours later, they walked down from their hotel room to the hotel restaurant and found Femi lounging at a table filled with all kinds of food. He looked up from his phone and grinned at them.

“My people!” He exclaimed rising to his feet. “I hope you slept well.”

“She has a bit of jet lag but she will be fine,” Zach pulled a chair so Millie could sit down.

“Ah, you will get over it,” he sat back down and reached for his glass of orange juice. “I hope

you don't mind, I went all out with breakfast."

"You are still an over the top bastard as always," Zach snorted reaching for a croissant.

"I am just preparing you for the day ahead of us, we are going to eat street food from here. Your girl needs to taste all the Nigerian delicacies and what better way than from our people not these fancy restaurants that have ruined our generation."

"Are you running for a political position or something?" Zach teased.

Femi laughed loudly. "I wonder how you even fell for him Millie with all his sarcasm."

"I love it actually," Millie giggled looking at Zach who smiled back at her.

"He is the best, this guy." Femi grinned. "We had each other's backs at school, military school was not easy and a lot of us were troubled teens trying to find our way through

this harsh life. He is one of the best guys I know.”

“He is,” Millie looked at Zach with a smile reaching for his hand.

“Ugh, looking at you guys makes me want to settle down too,” Femi chuckled lightly. “Tell me Millie, are all the women in Botswana as beautiful as you? If yes then I am jumping on the first flight to your country.”

“She is the only one,” Zach teased, his eyes lingering on Millie’s face, Millie felt her cheeks heating up. Zach had a knack for blurting out things that gave her butterflies.

“I might believe you,” Femi chimed in grinning at Millie. “At least tell me you have sisters who look like you.”

“I am an only child.”

He groaned loudly making them both laugh. He seemed like an ‘okay’ guy, she might have

judged him a little too quickly thinking he was a player but maybe he was just friendly.

“Did you live in England?” Millie asked after clearing her throat, she was never one to start up a conversation but Femi was making an effort to make their stay comfortable so the least she could do was to get to know him.

“Yes, I studied in London after I left Ghana and lived there for a few years now I am just moving around the globe searching for home, somewhere I can settle and live life you know?”

Millie nodded slightly, rich people problems neh?

“Sometimes home is not a place,” she told him quietly and shrugged. “I just feel like maybe if you found someone you wanted to spend your life with you would settle wherever that person is, sometimes home is a person and not a place.”

Femi stared at her for a second like he was

considering her words, she glanced at Zach who was smiling at her and she exhaled a sigh of relief that she hadn't said anything wrong and looked back at Femi who was still staring at her.

"You might be right Millie," Femi's face stretched into a grin. "I might be looking for home in all the wrong places."

Millie nodded and reached for her fork then scrunched her nose at the eggs, gosh what was everyone's obsession with eggs?

"We can order something else," Zach said noticing her expression.

"I just want a fruit salad."

Femi clicked his fingers calling a waiter and placed an order for fruit salad then looked at Millie with an expression she didn't understand. Femi was weird when he stared at people, made you feel like he could see all of your

secrets which was how Zach's gaze was.

After breakfast, Femi took them to a market place which was crowded with people. Millie had never seen this many people in one place before, Botswana's population was not that big. Everyone was trying to walk past something or someone and selling a lot of things. They were street vendors selling different things, from clothes, food to livestock.

"This is home," Femi smiled looking around the market. "The smell of food in the air and lots of people."

"It brings back some memories," Zach admitted with a small smile clutching tightly to Millie's hand. "When I first came here, I was shocked by all these people in one place. That's not really

something you see back home.”

“Let’s go get some food,” Femi announced rubbing his hands together. “I know just the perfect place.”

He led them towards a small shop with plastic chairs and metal tables outside. Femi greeted the shop owner in fluent Yoruba before they all sat down.

“Can you speak Yoruba too?” Millie looked up at Zach.

“The guys taught me but it has faded over the years now.”

Millie smiled with a nod. Zach and Femi chatted a bit while waiting for the food, she didn’t feel left out as they included her in the conversation but she couldn’t help but look around the place taking it all in. It was very different from the hotels and all the large houses they had drove

past which showed just how much Nigeria was divided.

The shop owner walked out with a large metal tray carrying all the food, Millie was too tempted to get up and help her because she looked exhausted but she remained on her seat as she placed the small bowls of food on the table and walked away.

“Are you ready to try the food?” Zach asked with a small smile handing her the basin to wash her hands.

“I am a bit nervous,” she admitted looking at the array of assorted dishes. She had googled a lot about Nigeria including the food.

“Don’t worry, you will like it.” Zach grinned.

“You should try the fufu and the egusi soup first,” Femi suggested pointing at the dishes.

“Fufu is made out of cassava, it is boiled, pounded and made into balls like this. Egusi

soup is made out of egusi, palm oil, onions, red bell peppers and any type of meat and other vegetables and this is Efo Riro, my favorite dish. It's actually a Yoruba dish that's why I love it so much, it's spinach cooked with peppers, onions, palm oil and stock fish."

"Wow, you guys like palm oil huh?"

"We produce palm oil since we have a lot of palm trees," Femi chuckled and watched her expectantly. "Go and try it and tell me what you think."

Millie cut a small piece from the fufu and dipped in the soup before she took her first bite. Both men stared at her expectantly as she swallowed and smiled.

"It's pretty good," she said.

"Ah, I knew you would like it." Femi exclaimed with a smile. "We still have jollof rice and ofada stew."

“Those are my favorite,” Zach told Mille with a small smile. She chuckled eating more of the fufu and the soup.

They were exhausted by the time they got back to the hotel but they had had fun, too much of it. The wedding was tomorrow and she wasn't even sure they were going to sit through it because they were tired.

They had driven around Lagos with Femi showing them everything he liked about Lagos. She was tempted to ask him if he knew where Davido or Tiwa Savage lived but decided against it. He probably did not have time to obsess about celebrities.

Millie had even sneaked out and bought a pregnancy test while Zach and Femi were too

busy playing pool with some guys they met at the market. She was too nervous to test it because what if she was pregnant and Zach did not want a baby? He had had a rough childhood; it would be understandable if he did not want to be a father. She sighed turning the pregnancy test box in her hand.

“How was it?” Zach asked grinning when he stepped out of the shower in just a towel. Millie looked up to him, startled and dropped the box on the floor.

Zach frowned and grabbed it before she could reach for it. He looked up at her with a frown.

“Is this...” he trailed off shaking his head. “Nana, what is going on?”

Millie fidgeted with her hands. “Um, I think I might be pregnant.” She mumbled biting her lip, she had been the stupid one to not think about contraceptives when she was having sex every

day. They had even ditched using condoms as soon as they tested.

“I know we never discussed babies and all that,” she said studying his face. He was quiet which only made her more nervous. “And it might seem like it’s too early but..”

Zach planted a kiss on her lips before she could go further. “I know we never discussed the future but I know that I want to build my life with you and give you as many kids as you want.”

Millie blinked biting her lip. “I thought you wouldn’t want kids.”

“Because of my father?” he asked with a small frown. “I thought that I would never want kids too but then I met you and I want to give you everything that you want.”

“What about what you want?”

“I want you and all the babies you are going to

give me.”

Millie’s tears fell down her cheeks and threw herself at Zach hugging him. “I was so nervous.”

“You don’t have to be,” he said softly pulling back to look in her eyes. “We can check together, right?”

“Yeah,” she nodded wiping her cheeks.

“No wonder you were snapping at me,” Zach chuckled.

“We are not even sure yet.”

“Oh, I am sure now.” He grinned.

Millie walked in the bathroom with the pregnancy test and Zach followed her. He sat on the edge of the bathtub watching her pull her pajama pants down and sat on the toilet seat.

“I can’t pee with you staring at me like that.”

“You always pee in the shower even when you

are with me,” Zach arched her eyebrow.

“This is different,” she said with a pout, you are staring at me.

“Should I look away then?” he asked with a teasing smile.

“Please wait outside,” she bit her lip trying to fight her smile, Zach could be so silly if he wanted.

“I love you,” he kissed her lips like she wasn’t sitting on the toilet seat before he walked out. Millie closed her eyes trying to summon her pee.

She walked out with the stick and placed it on the dresser and sat next to him on the bed.

“Why do you look so nervous?” Zach asked putting his arm around her.

“I don’t know,” she mumbled. “I don’t know if I can handle pregnancy let alone motherhood.

The bakery is going to open next month and I will be pregnant instead of running it like a girl boss.”

“You can still be a boss even when you are pregnant nana,” Zach said rubbing her arm. “I will be with you every step of the way, you won’t be alone. I was going to wait and plan some romantic gesture but before we look at that test, I want to ask you something.”

“What?” Millie looked up at him.

Zach took a deep breath. “When you look at me, do you see someone who you could build a future with? Like forever kind of a thing?”

“Yeah,” Millie replied without hesitation.

“I want to wake up next to you every day of my life, I want watch you bake and inhale your scent after that. I want to be your husband Millie.”

Millie’s breath caught in her lungs as tears

quickly filled her eyes. "Oatile,"

Zach pulled out a black box from under the pillow and smiled a little. "I had this for some time now, I didn't know how or where I was going to do it. I had planned some over the top grand gesture after the wedding tomorrow but since we are about to find out if we are having a baby or not, I wanted to ask you to be my wife." He knelt down before her while she sat on the bed opening the box, the crystal blue diamond blinked back at her and she put a hand over her mouth.

"I think I knew from the first moment you threw rice at my dick that you were the one. There is no else out there for me, believe me I never knew until I met you. Will you marry me nana?"

"Oatile," Millie sniffed staring at him.

"Is that a yes?"

"Yes," she breathed out and he smiled reaching

for her hand sliding the ring on her finger.

“It’s so beautiful,” she grinned staring at the ring. “You even got the size right.”

Zach chuckled before he took her in his arms kissing her.

“Wait,” Millie pulled back when he laid her back on the bed. “I think the results are ready now.”

Zach got up taking her hand leading her to the dresser where he she placed the pregnancy test stick. Zach turned to look at Millie after looking at the two lines on the stick.

“I guess we are getting a baby,” he grinned.

“I can’t believe this,” she breathed out with a soft chuckle and looked up at him. “So we are really having a baby?”

“We are doing this,” he replied in a soft voice before he picked her up leading her to the bed.

He gently placed her on the bed and positioned

himself between her legs staring at her with a smile on his face then Millie noticed his eyes shining with unshed tears.

“Are you crying?” She asked cradling his face in her hands. She had only seen Zach cry once and she had given up hope that he would ever cry again.

“You know what you said to Femi about finding a home in someone,” he said blinking away his tears. “I think I was also lost for a long time with no warmth and a place to call home. You are my home Millie.”

“You are my home too,” she said softly wiping away his tears.

Zach leaned down and kissed her softly and gently, his hand trailing up to her boobs. His heart felt like it was going to explode in pieces as he trailed down kisses on his new fiancée.

Our last chapter for 2022. INSATIABLE will resume on the 3rd of January. Wishing you all a happy new year. 🎉🎉❤️🥂🥂

Love,

Truly Yours.

[02/25, 19:13] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 29

Millie huffed in frustration as she quickly unwrapped the emerald green head scarf from her head. She had watched countless You Tube videos on how to tie it properly like Nigerian women do but it turned harder than she had thought. The wedding was in a few hours and she was still struggling in front of the mirror with the head wrap. She heaved a frustrated sigh as she replayed the video again and

watched the You Tuber explaining on how to wrap the Gele.

Zach walked out of the bathroom already dressed in his clothes with an Agbada over his attire, she sighed sadly, men always had it easy everywhere! Zach took one look at her sullen face and frowned.

“Is everything okay nana?” He asked softly walking towards her.

“I don’t know how to wrap this,” she admitted feeling tears burn at the back of her eyes. These damn hormones had her all over the place. “I don’t know what I am doing wrong, I am following all the steps in the video and yet mine comes out looking like a blob of cloth.”

“We can get one of the hotel staff to help you baby,” Zach said gently cradling her cheek. “It’s no big deal, right?”

Millie sniffed blinking away her tears and nodded feeling like a little girl who lost her doll. Zach placed a kiss on her lips before he straightened up walking to the door.

He heard a knock the moment he reached for the lock and frowned a little before he swung it open. Femi stood there with a big cheerful smile looking like a typical Nigerian billionaire in his attire and two women standing behind him.

“Good morning, I trust that you and your beau slept well?” He grinned spreading his arms for a hug but Zach moved back with a huff. Femi chuckled slightly. “No time to be grumpy Zach, our mate is tying the knot and subjecting himself to one woman for eternity, we should be jolly.”

“Trust me, I am fucking jolly right now.”

Femi laughed. “Anyway, I brought some reinforcements with me, I thought your woman

might need some hands in getting ready. They are beauticians who work in hotel Spa.”

Zach let out a relieved sigh. “Thank you so much you bastard. Millie was actually having problems with the head scarf thing.”

“The Gele,” Femi corrected with a snort.

“Yes, whatever.”

“Well consider me your fairy god father,” Femi grinned and looked back at the two women with a smile. “Ladies, go do your magic.”

The curtsied a little bit before they walked in the room. Femi strolled in next to Zach and smiled at Millie.

“Hey, Millie.”

“Hi, Femi” she greeted with a warm smile,

“Thank you so much for the help.”

“Don’t mention it, anything for Zachariah and his woman.” He smiled patting Zach. “Relax

and let the women do their magic, me and Zach will catch up while we wait for you.”

Millie nodded and smiled at Zach before she faced her front so the beauticians could get started on their work.

“You have very beautiful skin ma,” one of the girls said admiringly.

“Really?” Millie beamed. “I use Princess Skin products you can order them online and they will be delivered to you all the way from Botswana.”

“You will have to tell us the website so we place our orders.”

“I will,” she assured with a grin.

Three hours later, she was adorned in the Yoruba attire complete with the proper Gele and

the jewelry. She couldn't believe it was her reflection when she looked in the mirror, she could convince anyone that she was Yoruba with this look. She put a hand over her chest and smiled when her engagement ring sparkled back at her. It was probably going to take some time getting used to the fact that she was engaged now and in nine months she would pop out a mini Zach.

It was still surreal that she felt like she was dreaming, when did she start existing in this parallel universe where she felt like she was the main character instead of just the side or supporting character? The idea of being married to Zachariah Babupi left her brain all fuzzy and made her want to thank God and all her lucky stars.

"That is a beautiful ring ma," one of the girls beamed stepping back to admire her.

"Oh, thank you."

“I guess you are tying the knot soon too.”

Millie chuckled, the thought of getting married just made her want to kick her legs in the air and giggle all day. Millie thanked the girls and they scurried out of the room while she slipped in her silver strappy heels and grabbed her matching clutch bag before she set out to find her boyfriend, no her soon to be husband now.

Zach and Femi were waiting for her downstairs in the hotel lobby both nursing glasses of whiskey. Zach was the first to look up as Millie walked towards them, his breath caught in his lungs as he stared in enchantment unable to look away. Femi followed his gaze and his eyes fell on Millie looking like a complete Yoruba goddess.

“Wow,” he muttered under his breath subconsciously.

Zach rose to his feet and walked over to her before she could reach their seats, his eyes raked all over her body taking in the outfit and her face, his chest felt like it was going to burst just looking at her. He couldn't believe he got to have this woman and now he was going to have her for the rest of his life.

"Do I look okay?" Millie asked with a grin, his look was enough to tell her that she looked more than okay but words never hurt anyone.

"You look breathtaking," he muttered out taking her hand in his. "I am just wondering what did I ever do to deserve you."

Millie grinned. "Well, it's the tattoos that had me hooked."

"Not forgetting the dick," he leaned in to whisper in her ear and she giggled. "I might not tell you every day because I am not really good with words but I am still in awe that you are

mine nana and that you are going to be the mother of my child.”

“My head is still processing too,” she smiled at him.

Zach grinned and leaned in to hug her taking in her delightful scent, he now wanted to go back to their hotel room and make love to his fiancée for hours and hours.

“Alright love birds!” Femi clapped his hands cutting their hug short. “We need to go or we will be late for the wedding and I need to check out all the pretty bridesmaids.”

“I thought you wanted to settle down and find home,” Millie teased, her eyes twinkling with mischief.

“Who knows?” Femi shrugged. “I might find home in one of those bridesmaids.”

“You fucking slut,” Zach said with a chuckle.

Femi laughed throwing his head back. "Can you believe this guy? He used to be the ultimate ladies man back in the day. We would escape from school during the weekend and take the bus to Accra to charm some ladies. Zach used to go for the university chicks that me and Kola could never pull."

"Really?" Millie asked in amusement. "I never knew he was a player."

"He was!" Femi exclaimed with laughter. "But all those days are gone now, he has found a home in you even I can see that he is complete."

"I am complete with him too."

Femi smiled his eyes landing on the crystal blue diamond sitting on her finger and nodded.

"I am happy for you guys." He grinned pressing the elevator button.

There was something exciting and just emotionally satisfying about weddings especially if you were also about to get married. She and Zach hadn't talked much about the wedding plans but he had told her that he intended to send his people over as soon as they arrived in Botswana, being here was such a beautiful experience as she looked at all the guests dancing and the bride grinning from ear to ear next to her groom.

She was a beautiful bride in a fitted wedding gown with her dark skin gleaming under the coral beads she was wearing with her hair pulled in a doughnut bun. Kola looked like he was going to die with happiness as he pulled her into the dance floor as Banky W's All I Want Is You filled the speakers.

"Nana, I have to talk to that dude over there will you be okay on your own?" Zach asked

gesturing at a grey haired man sitting at the next table.

“I will be fine,” Millie grinned. “But you have to promise we are going to dance when you come back.”

Zach chuckled and kissed her lips softly. “I promise my love.” He stood up heading to the table. Millie smiled and looked back at the couple.

She had heard that Kola’s bride was a politician’s daughter so it made sense that everything at this wedding exuded wealth and class.

“Why is our soon to be bride all alone?” Femi asked sliding on the chair next to her, last time she had seen him he had been flirting with one of the bridesmaids.

“Zach went to talk to someone over there,” she said gesturing at Zach with the old man.

“Ah,” Femi said with a nod. “That is our old principal back in Ghana.”

“Why won’t you say hi too?”

“I didn’t like him that much,” Femi admitted taking a sip from his wine glass and grinned looking at her hands. “That is one blinding rock, my poor eyesight.” He teased putting hands over his eyes.

Millie chuckled looking at her ring. “You are so dramatic, this is not even that big.”

“But it is beautiful,” he complimented. “I guess he popped the question.”

“I wasn’t expecting it too,” she told him glancing over at Zach already missing him.

“The best things are unexpected,” Femi took her hand scanning the ring with interest. “This is one beautiful diamond, I bet it’s custom made.”

“Yeah, he said it was custom made.”

“Zach is a goner,” he smiled and let her hand go leaning back on his chair sipping his wine. “I guess I should prepare my engagement gift to you guys.”

“You don’t have to do that.”

Femi opened his mouth to reply but Zach’s abrupt reappearance at the table cut him short. Zach smiled at Millie stretching out his hand.

“Shall we dance?”

“Let’s go,” she said putting her glass back on the table before she stood up letting Zach lead her to the dance floor.

They spent one last day in Lagos after the wedding before they got ready to go home.

Millie had a wonderful time in Nigeria but now she was homesick and she missed her parents dearly that she couldn't wait to break the news of her engagement to them.

"Are you ready to go home?" Zach asked putting his arms around her waist when he emerged from the bathroom.

"I am going to miss it though."

"I am going to miss it too, it was where we found out we are going to be parents and got engaged so I guess Lagos will always hold a special place in our hearts."

Millie nodded brushing his arms softly. "Thank you for this wonderful past few days baby."

"I should be thanking you," he murmured kissing her neck softly. "I am going back home content because I am a father and a soon to be husband, something that I never thought I would ever have."

Millie spun around in his arms to face him and wrapped her arms around his neck, Zach leaned down and kissed her softly and gently squeezing her waist gently as his tongue tangled with hers. He was never going to get used to kissing her. He pulled back with a lazy grin and baby kissed her lips.

“We should get going before I take you on this bed and we will miss our flight.”

Millie giggled pressing her legs together to fight the urge to bend over for him right then and there. “Let’s go hubby.”

“I love the sound of that wifey,” he said with a grin picking up her back.

They rode Femi’s limo to the airport as she curled up in Zach’s arms feeling content in his arms. She almost fell asleep when Zach told

her that they had arrived at the airport softly.

The chauffeur opened the door for her and Zach took her hand leading her to the pit. Her jaw dropped when she saw a white plane waiting for them with Femi's name written in cursive letters in front.

"Don't tell me this belongs to Femi," she muttered feeling dazed.

Zach grinned. "I can't because that belongs to Femi."

"He owns a private plane?"

"He says he bought it last year, that rich bastard."

"Just how rich are your friends?" She looked up at him with a frown.

"Femi is sort of a billionaire at this point," Zach told her. "He took over his father's oil company and has hotels all over Africa at this point. The

hotel we stayed at belongs to him.”

“Wow,” Millie breathed out still dazed as Zach carefully led her up the stairs inside the plane.

The flight attendants greeted them with curtsies making her feel like royalty before she led them to their seats. The plane was big just for the two of them but she supposed that is how private planes worked.

“Would you like anything to drink or eat sir and ma?” the attendant asked them politely.

“I will have fruit salad if you have it please add more peach slices.”

“I will just have a bottle of water.” Zach said to the assistant before she walked away. He leaned back in his seat taking Millie’s hand so he could kiss it.

“Millicent Babupi,” he called testing the name and Millie giggled. “I love the sound of it.”

"Me too," she smiled.

"The mother of my child," he said softly brushing his finger over her ring. "I still can't believe I am going to be a daddy."

"You are going to be a great father."

"Really?" he arched her eyebrows. "I had this fear for a while that I would be like my father to my child but ever since I met you I feel like I am a better person Millie. You opened your heart and loved me with all my flaws and I hope you never give up on when I seem lacking in some ways."

"I will never give up on you baby," Millie said softly. "You are my person remember?"

Zach nodded with a small smile just as the pilot announced they were ready for takeoff and Millie's eyes widened when she heard him say Paris, France instead of Botswana.

"Paris?" She asked with a frown.

Zach grinned leaning back on the seat. "I thought my future wife to be would love to go spend a few days in Paris to celebrate our engagement. It's a present from Femi, he said it's an engagement and pre wedding gift."

"Wow," Millie mouthed failing to form comprehensive words. "Oatile, just how rich is Femi?"

"I told you he is a billionaire now baby," Zach chuckled.

"I guess the military school in Ghana was for troubled rich kids."

"Sort of," he said with a shrug. "But they were some few kids from poor families."

"How did Lefakae's father manage to pay for all that?"

"I always wondered too but I found out today that he knew the principal on an intimate level."

“What?” Millie sputtered almost choking on her breath. “But the principal was a dude!”

“They were deployed together in Afghanistan when he was still a young soldier,” Zach said with a light shrug. “I always suspected it but it was confirmed today by him, I guess he has nothing to hide anymore since they are both getting old.”

“But you said Lefakae’s father hates homosexuals.”

“Or he hates that he used to live like that too,” he said with a sigh.

“Are you going to tell Lefa?” she asked.

“When the time is right,” Zach said and squeezed her hand affectionately, “for now we should just enjoy our new engagement and worry about our friends later.”

Millie smiled at him as the attendant brought back her fruit salad and Zach’s bottle of water.

She grinned at the huge peach slices before she took a bite.

Zach looked at her with a grin on his face as he watched her eating the peach slices happily; he guessed he was going to need to buy a lot of peaches from now on.

90 comments, 10 shares for an evening chapter  .

[02/25, 19:13] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 30

Veronica had hoped she would prolong the inevitable or just pretend that her mother did not exist but she couldn't stay away forever especially when she called her so early in the

morning crying about divorce papers she had received from their father. As much as she would have loved to stay away, she couldn't change the fact that she was still her mother and there was nothing she could do to change that.

She drove to her parent's home as soon as she dropped Zoey off to school on Friday morning, she had asked Bokang to come along but he didn't even want to hear it. Veronica understood that her brother had been traumatized but there was nothing they could do since they were her children.

She found her mother curled on the couch with red puffy eyes, the brown envelope next to her on the coffee table. Veronica released an exasperated sigh before she sat down looking

at her mother.

“How long have you been crying?”

“My marriage is over Vero and you are asking me how long I have been crying?” she sniffed rising up from the couch. “Your father is willing to throw away 26 years of marriage just like that? He didn’t even have the decency to come and break it off himself. After everything I did for him Vero.”

“You fed him love potion for those 26 years mama, what did you want him to do?”

“So Josephine has influenced you too?”

Moipone’s eyes flashed with anger. “I never thought I’d see the day where you turn your back on me Vero after everything I have done for you and this family and this is the thanks I get?”

Veronica resisted the urge to roll her eyes, she wondered if her mother suffered from mental

illness because nobody could be this delusional. She had fed someone love potion and basically made him her puppet and she is going on and on about what she had done for the family?

“You should go take a shower while I make you breakfast.”

“I don’t want the damn breakfast!” She snapped. “I just want my husband and my family back. I am not going to let Josephine get away with this. Who does she think she is? Don’t think I don’t know you went to her place. Were you guys plotting to kill me?”

“Mama,” Veronica called shaking her head.

“Please stop this, you will go crazy if you go on like this.”

“Are you calling me crazy?” she sounded angry and quite honestly she was getting terrified. “I raised you, fed you and made sure that you never lacked anything in life and now you are

calling me crazy? Do you think we would have all of this if it weren't for me you ungrateful little brat? I made your father and I can break him Vero do you hear me? Everything that we have, all these houses and cars it is because of ME! If it weren't for me your father would have never gotten that promotion, if it weren't for me you wouldn't be driving that car of yours right now. Everything I did, I did it for you and now I am the evil witch that everyone is shunning."

Veronica bit her trembling to stop herself from crying as she listened to her mother rambling on and on about her witchcraft like it was no big deal. How had she not seen this before? How had she let her mother control her life in the way that she wanted it to go like some kind of puppet? And she was not even remorseful.

"What do you mean if it weren't for you, I wouldn't be driving that car?"

Moipone clicked her tongue. "I made things happen Vero because I did not want you to suffer and live under Millicent's shadow like I did with her mother. Nobody paid attention to me when my sister was born, they were all crazy about her and couldn't stop gushing about her which made no sense because she was a fat pig. I didn't want you to live like that because people like her get everything without even working hard."

Veronica took a lungful of breath feeling her chest burn like it was on fire. She blinked and let the tears fall down her cheeks as she continued staring at her mother. She could clearly see the kind of woman she was, jealous, greedy and hateful and she had been training her to be just like that, to hate Millie and never let her get anything she wanted.

"Mama, do you love me?" she asked in a strangled voice.

“Of course I love you, what kind of stupid question is that?”

“You say you love me yet you let me get married to a gay man.”

“Because I knew you would be set for life!” she snapped throwing her arms in the air.

“But what about my happiness?” she asked softly biting her lower lip again. “Didn’t you want me to get married to a man who treats me well, mama? Someone who will love and cherish me and treat me like the princess you always say I am? Didn’t you want that for me?”

“Mxm, now you are sprouting nonsense. Maybe you should go make tea for me if you have nothing better to say,” she huffed. “I wanted you to have everything you wanted wena you are talking about happiness, what is happiness going to get you?”

“Mama,” Veronica choked on her breath feeling

like her lungs were on fire. "I am your daughter, how could you have done this to me? Do you see what I have become because of you? I dumped Zoey's father because you convinced me that he was nothing but you know what mama? I used to love him even though he did not have money or come from a rich family. He made me happy and made me feel alive but I listened to you and let him go and got married to a gay man instead because of your greed. You are not a good mother mama, you trained me to hate when I should have loved and made me this mean bitch I am today. How far will you go mama? When will you stop?"

"Vero wee, I said go and make me tea if you have too much time on your hands," she said with a small sigh with no hint of remorse on her face. "I did what I could for you, if you want to see Millicent making it more than you then fine but don't come crying to me."

“I don’t care what Millie does mama!” she shouted startling her. “Can’t you see that I have never cared if she marries a fucking president or not? You are the one who made me feel like Millie was a threat to me and that I should do better than her all the time. Don’t you feel sorry for me at all?”

“You have too much time wena,” Moipone said standing up. “I am fighting for my marriage and you are acting like Maria mmaagwe Jeso. Help me talk to your father so we can fix things and stop being emotional.”

Veronica nodded, swallowing the hard lump on her throat and stood up grabbing her purse. “Do whatever you want mama but you are on your own from now on. I hope you stay away from me and my daughter.”

She gave her one last long look before she pulled the door open and walked out to her car on her shaky legs.

Paris was everything that people said it was, from the streets bustling with well-dressed people to the cafés selling delicious pastries to the fashion houses selling all kinds of clothes.

Millie could hardly believe she was living a life where she got to travel to Paris like it was nothing with her fiancée it all felt like a dream like she was about to wake up. Femi had booked a suite for them at one of the most exquisite hotels in Paris where she could see the Eiffel tower from the balcony.

She did not want to leave but they had spent a week in Paris and needed to go back home.

They had indulged in the French cuisine and did a lot of shopping, she ended buying more designer bags and clothes than she needed and took a lot of photos on their sightseeing trips

but she was still hungry for more. She wanted to see the world and go out there more.

Millie sighed sadly as she finished packing the last of their clothes in their bags, it was their last night and they had just finished a delicious dinner of coq au vin which Zach had told the chef to make with non-alcoholic wine because almost half of the menu was cooked in wine.

“What’s wrong nana?” Zach asked looking up from his ipad where he had been reading business emails.

“I am just sad that we are leaving tomorrow,” she said with a pout. “I wish we could stay here forever.”

Zach smiled and stood up walking towards her. “We could always postpone our departure.”

Millie melted in his arms resting the back of her head against his hard chest. “I wish we could but I have a bakery to open in a two weeks and

you have a club and restaurants to run. We can always come back on our honeymoon.”

“I love the sound of that,” Zach hummed placing a soft kiss on her forehead. “I have never been this happy before.”

“Me too,” Millie admitted turning to face him. “I feel like I can do anything with you by my side.”

“Me too,” he muttered leaning down to kiss her softly. “When my mother passed away, it was really hard for me to accept she was gone. I kind of resented her for leaving me all alone with my abusive father and resented her when nothing went right in my life but I believe she sent you to me to apologize for leaving me too early and I couldn’t be more grateful.”

“Oatile,” Millie’s eyes sprung with tears she did not even know she had been holding. Every day always felt like the first time they confessed their feelings for one another and she wondered

if they were ever going to get tired of it.

“I love you so much nana.”

“I love you too,” she whispered wrapping her arms around him as he leaned down to kiss her, slowly his tongue gently coaxing hers. She moaned in his mouth tightening her arms around him. They had had sex in the morning and in the afternoon when they came back from shopping but making love to him was never enough. She always wanted more of him. Zach brushed her nipple through her sheer night dress she was wearing making her whimper; all it took was just a finger rub to set her body on fire these days.

Zach led her to the comfy bed and placed her gently on top like she was a porcelain doll that could break if he pressed too hard, the gentleness just brought more tears to her eyes. He gently slipped the thin straps of her night dress keeping his gaze locked on her, it was the

last night in the city of love after all so he planned to make every second of it memorable. Zach brushed his fingers on her bare breasts sending shivers down her spine before he leaned down to take her nipple in his mouth....

EXPLICIT

On Sunday morning, Tumo stared at Rorisang sitting on the bed with her legs up munching on a bowl of popcorn while she watched one of her sappy Korean dramas.

They had just recovered from a toe curling, mind blowing session and he went to check on his documents for his meeting the next day. He couldn't believe he was with her in a beautiful place like this.

He had come for a weekend trip in Kasane and Rorisang had tagged along. He didn't believe it

when she said she would come along because he knew how strict her father was but she was here and ever since they arrived on Friday, it had been more fun.

He spent some hours at the site making sure everything was in order but came back to her bubbly and overly energetic self-waiting for him.

“Isn’t it too early for popcorn?” he asked with an amused smile.

Rorisang looked up from her laptop and grinned. “It’s never too early for popcorn.”

“I think you are just obsessed with popcorn.”

“I will not deny that,” she giggled. “Ah, here open wide.”

“Isn’t that your thing?” he asked with a wink.

Rorisang blushed but covered it up with a giggle, “Just open.”

Tumo chuckled and opened his mouth; she

aimed for his mouth throwing a handful popcorn in his mouth. He only managed to catch a few while some fell around him. Rorisang giggled throwing her head back.

“I am going to get you back for this,” he snorted placing his laptop on the table and tackled her on the bed tickling her. Rorisang laughed writhing beneath him while she tried to fight him off. Tumo smiled before he paused staring at her beautiful face full of glee, he felt that familiar pang in his heart again reminding him that he might never have more than this.

“What’s wrong?” Rorisang asked softly noticing his change of expression.

“Nothing,” he said clearing his throat and sat upright fixing his boner. Rorisang hugged him from the back placing her chin on his shoulder.

“Is being here with me making you feel guilty?” she asked in a quiet voice.

“No, sweetheart. I love that you are here with me.”

“Then what is wrong?”

Tumo sighed palming his face. “Every day when I wake up, I look forward to hearing you talk or laugh and smile and when I am not with you I miss you so much I feel like I am suffocating. I know I am not supposed to feel like this because we both know how this is going to end but I can’t help it, I want so much more of you sweetheart.”

Rorisang’s eyes softened and she rubbed his back softly. “I also want more of you, I don’t see what is wrong with that.”

“Rori,” he started but Rorisang shook her head cutting him off.

“We promised that we were going to feel what we feel and do what we want without worrying about anybody else. You will not think about

your wife and I will not think about my brother.”

Tumo sighed, defeated maybe he was overthinking everything and just needed to live in the moment. “I am heading to the construction site, do you want to come with me and we can go for a drive after I finish?”

Rorisang beamed. “I would love that.”

“Go shower up then we go.”

“Piggyback?” Rorisang made puppy eyes at him and he chuckled picking her up on his back heading to the bathroom.

He did not spend much time at the site before they set off on their drive. Rorisang kept her feet on the dash board and played some pop songs while she sang along in her beautiful melodious voice, Tumo found it hard to concentrate while her long smooth legs and thighs were on display since the short military

dress she was wearing had ridden up her thighs.

“Eyes on the road mister, I am too young to die,” Rorisang said in a singsong voice, her eyes twinkling with mischief. She knew what she was doing and she loved it, who wouldn’t want their childhood crush to be this attracted to them?

“And who is not young?” Tumo snorted.

“Someone who is not 21,” she chuckled winking at him. “But don’t worry, you are still fucking hot nonetheless.”

Tumo chuckled covering his blush. “I should have never given you a taste.”

“You mean of this?” she asked leaning in to press her hand against his boner; Tumo bit his lip trying to concentrate on the road. Rorisang beamed and sang along to Camilla Cabello’s Never The Same while brushing Tumo’s member up and down.

“It’s you babe, And I am a sucker for the way

that you move babe, And I could try to run but it would be useless, You are too blame, Just one hit, You will know I will never be the same.”

Tumo gritted his teeth gripping the steering wheel as Rorisang removed her hand and kept singing like she hadn't just touched a nerve. Tumo chuckled glancing at her.

“Just one hit and you will never be the same, huh?” he teased.

“I was not singing about you.”

“Really?” He snorted. “All I heard was me in your song because I am the only that's ever going to hit it.”

Rorisang bit her lip trying to fight the smile dancing on her lips.

“Not so chatty now miss Chatterbox?”

“Don't tease me or I will suck your dick right now,” she threatened and he held his breath

stifling his laughter. Rorisang looked outside just as the fat drops started falling.

“Fuck, the weather report didn’t mention anything about it raining today,” Tumo muttered in frustration. “I hate driving in this weather.”

“We can park here until the rain subsidizes.” She suggested.

“What about wild animals?”

“We will keep a look out and we can just drive off when we see one.”

Tumo nodded pulling the car off the road, they shuffled to the backseat and Rorisang rubbed her arms shivering a little.

“Are you cold?”

“Sort of,” she replied between clenched teeth.

“Come here,” Tumo said pulling her closer so she was snuggled tightly against him. “Is it better?”

“Much better,” she answered sliding her hand under his t-shirt. Tumo chuckled before he kissed her forehead.

They remained like that for a while, with Rorisang telling him funny stories from school, he couldn't help but smile as he listened to her ramble on and on about naughty classmates and funny professors, he realized that he didn't mind listening to her talk for more than hours like this in his arms where he felt like she belonged.

“Rori,” he called softly cutting her storytelling abruptly.

“Yeah?” she tilted her head so she could look up at him.

Tumo swallowed hard staring in her eyes before he blurted, “I love you.”

Rorisang looked taken aback then her expression softened before she smiled widely.

“I love you too.”

Tumo leaned down to kiss her softly before he tightened his arms around her. Rorisang released a sigh of contentment, her heart bubbling with affection and her tummy filled with all kind of butterflies.

Zillie's explicit will be posted tomorrow. ❤️🥂.

[02/25, 19:13] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 31

He had missed being home as much as he had enjoyed spending all day with his fiancée, he needed to take care of things back home.

They had told Millie's parents about the pregnancy and the engagement even though Millie's mother hadn't looked that surprised at

all but her father threatened him again that if he did not make things right or hurt his daughter in any way he was going to kill him. Zach believed him, he looked like the kind of man who would do anything for his daughter but hurting Millie was the last thing he planned to do. He planned to cherish and love her all the days of their lives.

“Welcome home, motherfucker!” Tumo said cheerfully walking in his living room. Millie had spent the night at her parent’s house because they insisted that she had been gone for too long so she needed to rest at home which he understood but then he had terribly missed her. He couldn’t wait for her to be his wife so they went home together.

“Congratulations on your engagement bro,” he said patting his shoulder proudly and handed him a bottle of Cognac. “I bought that from your club but it’s the thought that counts right? My

gift to you from a fellow married man to a future married man.”

Zach snorted accepting the bottle. “Thanks.”

“So how was the trip?”

“It was great,” he shrugged with a blank expression even though his heart was gushing about the whole trip, it had been perfect. He now understood why some couples were obsessed with travelling, it kind of brought you closer.

“You cold dog, you are probably screaming right now. “Tumo chuckled leaning back on the couch. “When are we getting the Patlo and magadi?”

“I talked to Lefa’s dad last night and he agreed to send people over next month.”

“I guess we are doing this?” He asked with a grin.

“There is that engaged motherfucker!”

Lefakae’s voice echoed in the room before he appeared in the living room with a smile. He was still wearing his suit so Zach guessed he had just come from the firm, Zach was working from home since he was still a bit exhausted from the trip but to everyone else it was a regular Thursday and they needed to go to work.

“You are too loud,” Zach growled fighting the urge to smile at him.

“I love you too,” he teased and kissed his cheek but Zach pushed him away.

“What the fuck?”

“This is how they congratulate each other in Europe,” he chuckled plopping down on his couch. “I thought you would have learnt the culture by now. French people invented kisses why do you think it’s called a French kiss?”

“Stop being ridiculous,” Tumo said with a snort.

“It doesn’t suit you.”

“I am happy you are back man,” he smiled. “I was going to congratulate you as a married man but me and Vero filed our divorce today so I am just going to say congrats as your bachelor friend.”

“You guys are already divorcing?” Zach arched his eyebrow.

“Yeah, she said that it’s best we do it now,” he shrugged slightly. “But it’s cool, we are having a baby and everything.”

“Are you happy?” Tumo asked studying his expression.

“I guess,” he replied with a heavy sigh. “I mean some of my colleagues don’t really look or talk to me the same since the news came out and my assistant resigned because she said it was against her religion and it wouldn’t be right to work for me but being disowned is not that bad.”

I still have my lovely sister who checks up on me from time to time even though I lost all rights to the Moeng fortune.”

“Rorisang is amazing,” Tumo blurted out before he could stop himself and cleared his throat when he saw Lefakae staring at him suspiciously. “I just meant that it’s cool that you have a lovely caring sister. You know all I have is older brothers and they only call to ask for money or something from me.”

Lefakae nodded slightly. “Yeah, can you believe she even made our mother watch a gay movie so she could be more accepting. I mean it probably didn’t help because my mother hadn’t reached out to me but she is really trying.”

Tumo grinned thinking about Rorisang’s defiance and how she always went after everything she wanted at full force. Her fighting spirit was just admirable and hearing Lefa talk about her made him miss her more.

“Dude,” Lefakae called with a frown. “Are you even listening to me?”

Tumo blinked out his haze and focused back on Lefakae. “Of course I am listening.”

Zach studied him for a minute before he went back to talking to Lefakae. Tumo took out his phone when it buzzed with a text and bit his lower lip fighting the grin when he saw a text from Rorisang.

“Who is making you smile like that?” Lefakae asked looking at him again.

“Nobody,” Tumo said quickly shoving his phone back in his pocket.

“Are you and Grace fixing things?”

Tumo’s grin dropped off his face before he forced a smile. “Yeah, sort of.”

“That is great,” Lefakae smiled before he stood up. “I am going to the bathroom.”

Zach watched Lefakae until he disappeared in the bathroom then looked back at Tumo with a raised eyebrow.

“You are banging Lefa’s baby sister?” he asked in a hiss.

Tumo coughed violently choking on his breath. Zach leaned back on the couch watching him until he caught his breath.

“I guess I am right,” he said with a scoff. “What the fuck Tumo? That’s his baby sister man he is going to kill you.”

“I know, I know,” he said quickly glancing at the door to make sure he was not back. “But one thing led to another and before I knew it I didn’t see her as Lefa’s baby sister anymore. I saw someone who is loving and fun to be with.”

“You could have controlled yourself,” Zach hissed again.

“I know,” he rubbed the back of his head. “But she was the one who came onto me and those eyes bro, those eyes I couldn’t say no to that and I am not using her just so you know. I love Rori more than I thought I would ever love someone.”

“But you are married you asshole!” Zach frowned angrily. He had grown up around Moeng’s family so Rorisang had always felt like a sister he never had to him. “You can’t string her along like this because you are going to break her heart one way or the other.”

“I don’t want to hurt her,” Tumo said with a wince, just the thought of making her cry clawed at his heart like a sharp thorn. “But I don’t know how to do this shit Zach, Grace’s legs are getting better now and I wanted to wait until she was fully healed before I filed for divorce but it’s hard getting out of normalcy you know?”

“Fuck that,” Zach spat out. “Stop behaving like a weak little bitch, that woman does not make you happy and we both know it. If you are going to do this thing with Rori then you should do it right or else Lefa and Moeng are going to cut off your balls.”

Tumo groaned palming his face and looked up to see Lefakae strolling back in the room with a blank expression. Tumo looked down nervously hoping he hadn't heard their conversation. He let out a breath of relief when Lefakae plopped down on the couch. Phew, his heart could now go back to beating normally. He was going to tell him eventually but not now, he couldn't come to him while he was still married to another woman and claim to love his sister.

“Does anyone want anything to drink?” he asked standing up.

“Just bring me a bottle of water, I am meeting a client after this.” Lefakae said looking up at him. Tumo nodded and walked out to the kitchen.

“He is seeing someone else these days isn’t he?” Lefakae grinned looking at Zach.

Zach shrugged slightly looking down at his phone.

“I am going to check,” Lefakae grinned standing up and grabbed Tumo’s phone.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you,” Zach said calmly.

“I know his password, don’t worry.” Lefakae grinned and unlocked his phone; his grin vanished from his face as he stared at his sister’s photos he hadn't closed their WhatsApp chat.

He threw the phone on the couch before he could get a deeper look. What the fuck?

“What the hell?” Lefakae asked turning to look at Zach, “Why is my baby sister sending Tumo photos like that?”

“There he is, ask him.” Zach said coolly gesturing at Tumo who walked back in the room, his hands laden with drinks. He took one look at Lefakae’s angry face and muttered a small curse under his breath.

“Please tell me you are not fucking my baby sister you married son of a bitch.”

Tumo swallowed hard. “Lefa, I know how this looks...”

“It looks like you are fucking my baby sister while you have a wife you miserable piece of shit!” He snapped crossing over to him and took a handful of his collar. “What the fuck man? How could you do this to me? You turn my sister into your side chick because you need some release now that your wife can’t give it to

you?”

Tumo opened his mouth to speak but Lefakae’s fist connected with his jaw before he form any comprehensive words. He stumbled back and didn’t even have the chance to stand up properly before he punched him in the stomach, he groaned crouching over.

“My fucking sister you motherfucker!” Lefakae shouted kicking him while he was still crouching over and he fell to the floor. “My fucking baby sister!” He sat on top of him and punched him again while he kept chanting ‘my fucking baby sister’.

“Oh my God!” Zach turned to look at Millie standing at the door with her hand over her mouth and her eyes wide.

“Hey baby,” Zach grinned walking over to kiss her lips. “I didn’t know you were going to be back so early, did your parents let you or you

sneaked out?”

“What is going on?” Millie asked, her eyes still on the two guys brawling on the floor. “Why are you not doing anything?”

“They should fight it out to get it of their system.”

“But he is going to kill him!”

“Nah, he won’t.” He said with a shrug and looked over at his friends. “Guys, keep it clean. I don’t want blood on my floor.” He looked down at Millie. “Did you already have lunch?”

“Oatile, people are going to kill each other,” she said staring at him.

Zach sighed. “Fine, I will break it off.” He walked over to where they were still fighting and pulled Lefakae off Tumo.

“I am going to kill you!” Lefakae threatened pointing at Tumo. “I am going to kill you

motherfucker, do you hear me?"

"Calm the fuck down," Zach said pulling Lefakae back.

"Don't tell me to calm the fuck down, this asshole thinks he can do this to my sister?" Lefakae asked. "You think you can use my sister like that?"

"I am not using her," Tumo grumbled still lying on the floor. "I fucking love Rorisang."

"Don't you dare say her name you bastard," Lefakae said lunging for him again but Zach tightened his hold on him. "I am going to kill you motherfucker, don't think this is over, you seduced my baby sister you loser and I will burn your whole house down if you ever set your eyes on her again."

"I am sorry that I didn't tell you," Tumo said wiping the blood of his burst lip. "I am sorry that I started something with her while I was still

married but I am not sorry that I love her man. I don't want to hurt your sister and I will make sure that I never hurt her, I will file for divorce and if she will have me, I will be hers."

"You are full of shit," Lefakae grumbled and freed himself off Zach's hold. "I am not going to say this again but stay the fuck away from my sister."

He clicked his tongue and grabbed his phone off the coffee table and looked at Millie who was frozen in the center of the living room watching everything unfold.

"Hey Millie," he said in a much calmer tone. "Congrats on your engagement."

"Thanks," Millie said feeling uneasy; she couldn't believe he was greeting her like he hadn't been punching someone like that. Lefakae nodded and stormed out of the house. Millie turned to look at Zach helping Tumo up,

he winced as he stood up and she felt sorry for him.

“You are stronger than Lefa and yet you let him fuck you up like this?” Zach asked raising his eyebrow.

“He is Rori’s brother,” he mumbled wincing again at the cut on his lip.

“You are a fucking goner for her aren’t you?” he muttered shaking his head. “Let’s get you cleaned up, you look like fucking Humpty Dumpty.” He said leading him to the bathroom. “Baby, I will be with you in a minute.”

Millie nodded slightly, her brain still trying to process what had just happened.

Later that evening, Tumo parked his car beside the road and waited for Rorisang. His face still

felt like it had been hit with a heavy brick.

Who knew Lefakae could throw mean punches like that? He hadn't even went home because he needed to see Rorisang first. He couldn't see her during the day because he had back to back meetings with one of the clients on their new construction project.

He heard a slight knock on the window and reached over to open the door for her. Rorisang slid in the car seat and softly gasped at his face, judging by her reaction she already knew about the fight.

"I can't believe Lefa would do this to you," she muttered with a slight frown.

"I guess he told you," he said with a sad smile.

"He even went to wait for me at school," she told him gently touching his face and quickly removed her hand when he winced. "I am sorry, did it hurt?"

“Just a bit,” he inhaled sharply. “What did he say to you?”

“He threatened to tell papa that I am sleeping with a married man if I don’t stop seeing you.”

Tumo nodded slightly, he had expected that honestly but it still hurt to hear her say out loud.

He cleared his throat turning to look at her.

“What are you going to do?”

“I am an adult and I can do anything I want,” she said scrunching her nose.

“Your brother thinks I am using you and that you are going to get hurt and I don’t blame him because it’s wrong how we started all of this but I meant it when I said I love you, I was not just saying that.” He took a deep breath. “And I know this might just be an exploration for you and maybe you will decide that you don’t want me anymore in the future but I didn’t realize how unhappy I was in my marriage until you, I

have been so unhappy for a very long time but I didn't even realize it because I had gotten used to the normalcy of it all. I am going to divorce Grace but I want you to know that you are not at fault; our marriage has always been shaky before you even came into the picture and even if you fall out of love with me I want you to feel free to leave and not feel like you are obligated to stay because I am leaving my marriage for me not for you, so I can be happy as well but if you will have me I am all yours."

Rorisang blinked away the tears in her eyes. "I don't know what to say." She whispered, it all felt like some dream because she had never really expected Tumo to leave his wife even though she knew he was unhappy.

"Say whatever you want sweetheart."

"Of course I will have you dummy," she lunged herself at him, Tumo groaned slightly but tightened his arms around her with a small

smile. "I have always been yours."

90 comments, 10 shares  .

Explicit at 13:00

[02/25, 19:13] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 32

"Why do you look so nervous?" Bokang asked with a raised eyebrow glancing over at his sister.

It was Sunday and she was driving to her aunt Josephine's place, she had invited them for church and they had agreed, they needed all the deliverance they could get at this point because who knew what their mother had done to them? She had left Lefakae at home nursing his

bruised ego because he was not talking to his friend for sleeping with his sister, wonders shall never end! Veronica had tried to tell him that Rorisang was old enough to do what she wanted with whoever but big man claimed that "no one fucks with my baby sister" so she gave up.

"I don't know," she mumbled taking a deep breath and looked at her daughter through the mirror, she was all dolled up in her pink dress with her hair in two space buns and she was hardly paying attention to them.

"Millie is going to be there."

"Yeah, so?"

"Doesn't it feel weird to know that she is our sister and not our cousin?"

Bokang shrugged casually. "I guess so but I think I kind of like it a little bit, Millie is cool and kind."

“Unlike me right?” Veronica stole a glance at him.

“You also have your qualities Vero,” Bokang said quietly.

“Yeah, like what?”

Bokang sighed scratching the back of his head biting his lower lip, he opened his mouth then closed it then opened it again.

“Forget it,” Veronica dismissed him with a snort.

“Come on,” Bokang chuckled. “You are also good in your own way, I mean you are famous on social media and you are a good mother and a good sister- sometimes but regardless of everything else you are my sister and I love you.”

“I just don’t know how to act around Millie you know?” Veronica admitted with a small sigh.

“You guys are sisters, you shouldn’t do what our

mother did to her mother.”

“You think I would do that?” she frowned glancing at him before she focused on the road.

“You were scaring me Vero, I honestly thought you were going to end up like mama and go all voodoo queen on everyone,” he admitted and grinned. “But the worst thing you have ever done at this point is conceiving 200K.”

“Will you stop calling my baby that?” she asked with a slight chuckle, she should have never told him about the 200K now he didn’t want to let it go.

“I am going to call him that forever,” he said with a laugh. “But seriously though, you understand you don’t have to hate Millie right? Because she has done nothing to you, it would be nice if you guys started getting along.”

“How do I even do that?”

“Start by saying nice things like complimenting

her shoes and clothes and stuff, girls love that shit.”

“Don’t cuss we are going to church.”

“Hallelujah.”

Veronica chuckled and kept her eyes on the road thinking, she had no idea how to be nice to Millie or anyone for that matter but Bokang was right if she did not want to end up like her mother she needed to start making amends.

Bokang helped Zoey out of the car when they arrived at her aunt’s place. She spotted a grey Range Rover next to the white Hilux and knew Millie was already there.

Josephine beamed when she opened the door for them and picked Zoey up.

“You look so pretty Zozo, are you going to buy me the same dress?” She asked with a smile.

Zoey giggled. "Noooo, mummy will buy for you. I don't have money."

Josephine chuckled. "Okay, I will ask mama to buy for me then." She placed her down. "Let me go finish dressing up, sorry we are running a little late."

"It's okay, we were a little early."

"Alright," Josephine said before she walked back to the bedroom. Millie walked out of hers five minutes later dressed in a green flaring dress. She greeted them with a polite smile and high fived Zoey.

"I like your shoes," Veronica blurted out.

Millie raised an eyebrow and looked at her pink slippers; she was still not wearing her shoes.

"Um, thanks?"

"And I also love your dress," she said with a smile. "It makes your eyes pop, I never liked the color green you know? I thought it made me

look too dark but on you it looks like a dream.”

Millie blinked in confusion and glanced at Bokang who looked defeated. “Um, is everything okay?”

“Of course!” she chirped.

“Are you teasing my dress?” Millie asked with a frown because she knew Veronica would never compliment her for no reason at all.

Veronica shook her head. “No, of course not, I am just complimenting you because I really think it’s a nice dress.”

Millie looked down at her dress and up at her with a suspicious look and nodded. “Thanks.”

“Welcome,” she said with a full on grin. Millie frowned and shook her head walking back to the bedroom. She had no idea why Veronica was being friendly all of a sudden but it kind of freaked her out.

“You are hopeless,” Bokang muttered shaking his head, not impressed by his sister’s attempt at being nice, it all sounded fabricated. “Let’s hope the church will deliver you and instill some niceness in you.”

Tumo walked out of the bedroom to the living room when he heard the car pulling in the yard, Grace had travelled with her mother to their hometown and had said they would be back by Sunday.

He had thought this through all week and even though Lefakae was still not talking to him but he hoped it would pass because he valued their friendship.

“We are home!” Grace grinned hopping over to him with her crutches and kissed his cheek. “I hope you were not lonely without us.”

“No, I was fine,” he forced a smile. “How was your trip?”

“It was great,” she beamed. “Next time you should totally come with us, you know how fond my grandmother is of you.”

Tumo nodded and glanced at Mrs. Tshwene. “I am glad you enjoyed your trip.”

“Yes, it was nice being with family.” Mrs. Tshwene said before she stood up. “Let me unpack and make something to eat.”

“My poor baby, I hope you cooked instead of eating take away all week.”

“I was too busy,” he rubbed his jaw and cleared his throat. “Can we talk in the bedroom?”

“Sure,” she said and Tumo helped her to their bedroom and sat her on the bed. He sat next to her with a sigh.

“Can I speak first?” Grace asked taking his hand

in hers. "I know that the past two years have been hard on our marriage. I was frustrated about not being able to conceive and partied way too hard but I just wanted to tell you that I love you my husband and mama has promised to go back to her house so we will have our house back to ourselves and since the doctor said my legs are better, we can start trying for a baby again."

Tumo bit his lip nodding slightly and lifted his eyes up at her. "I would have loved that Grace; you know I would have but I think our marriage has ran its course. We have hurt and disrespected each other to no point of return and I honestly don't think I can do it anymore."

"Don't say that," Grace whispered, her eyes filling with tears. "We can see a marriage counselor and we will go back to normal please don't give up on us."

"I love you Grace but I have spent so many

years being disrespected and unhappy that I didn't even see it," he said. "If I remain in this marriage I am going to hate myself and I am going to hurt you."

Grace swallowed the hard lump on her throat. "It's her, isn't it?"

"What?"

"Rorisang, the girl that you have been fucking behind my back"

Tumo was astounded, did everyone know now?

"I checked your phone while you were in the shower a week ago and found your chat and all the presents and all the sex you had," she sniffed. "I thought it was just something you were doing to pass time but you want to leave me for her? She is a fucking child Tumo!"

"She is 21 and no I am not leaving you for her, I have been unhappy and we both know that Grace." He sighed palming his face. "I do love

her yes but she is not the reason I am leaving you.”

“I helped you when you had nothing, gave you a job and did everything for your useless brothers and your sick mother and this is how you repay me?” she shouted. “You cheat on me and ask for a divorce, is this the thanks I get for turning you into something?”

“You did that all by yourself Grace even when I asked you not to,” Tumo said angrily. “And don’t act so holy on me either, how many times have you cheated on me and I forgave you? You always claimed that it was a mistake or that you had been too drunk and I still took you back.”

“Because you are a loser who needed my money,” Grace spat out fuming.

Tumo chuckled bitterly with a nod. “Yeah, I am a loser Grace that’s why I forgave you, forget that

I thought you were the love of my life and I have loved you since the day I set my eyes on you, forget all that because I am a fucking loser who married you for your money. But guess what? You can have it all because I am done with your gas lighting and manipulative abusive behavior. I am fucking done.”

He stood up and walked to his duffel bag and hung it over his shoulder. “You will be served with papers on Monday.”

“You are not going to get anything from this divorce, do you hear me?” she shouted at him. “I am going to make sure that you are dirt broke after this just like I found you, you worthless piece of shit!”

“Why are you shouting at my daughter again?” Mrs Tshwene walked out of the kitchen with an angry frown.

Tumo walked out ignoring his mother in law’s

shouts and Grace's insults. He threw his bag on the passenger's seat and drove out of the yard.

Moipone had begged and even threatened Richard to come back to her but he was still not budging, it only took Millie's name out of her mouth and he came running dressed in formal wear even though it was a Sunday evening.

She led him inside the house and offered him a seat but he opted to remain standing.

"Why are you dressed like that?" she asked looking at him.

"I went to church then had lunch with the kids."

"Since when do you go to church?"

“Since I have been under a witch spell for 26 years Moipone,” Richard said with exasperation. “You said you had something urgent to tell me about Millie.”

“And you came running like some possessed man, would you have come running if I mentioned Veronica?”

“Yes,” he grumbled losing his patience. “Can you tell me what this is about?”

“Your lawyer told me you are splitting the assets among the kids and even leaving some property for Millie.”

“She is my daughter,” Richard said with a sigh. “Is that what you called me here for?”

“Richard, you are not giving your pig of a daughter my property do you hear me?” she snapped. “I have worked hard for you to get those things and you want to give them away just like that? You are a weak man and you



would have never achieved everything that you have now because of me and you want to give it away?”

“I don’t care what you think you did but that property is mine and I can give it away if I want to,” he spat out his eyes flashing with anger. “If you don’t have anything else to say I am leaving and don’t ever call me again, I am still waiting for those papers with your signature on them.”

Moipone heavily breathed and reached for the broom on the corner of the house and thrust the back of his head before he could open the door. Richard grunted in pain holding the back of his head and stumbled back seeing black spots, he turned to look at her but she hit him again on his forehead with the broom stick until it broke in half. His forehead trickled with blood feeling dizzy as he tried to open the door.

“You think you can take away everything I have worked hard for and give it away?” she asked

breathing hard as Richard tried to regain his strength. "Don't you see that it's either you are with me or you die?"

"Moipone, don't do this." He wheezed out feeling his head get heavier by the second. Moipone hit him again with the half of the broom stick until he plopped on the floor.

She looked around throwing the broom stick on the floor and reached for the couch cushion and pressed it over his mouth.

He struggled a little bit but he was in too much pain and he was too dizzy and too weak to push her away. She pressed it against his mouth until he saw his eyes rolling back, she moved back breathing frantically and reached for her phone with shaky hands, she needed to let Makhanga know as soon as possible.

P.S I don't have subscribed chapters for those

who have been asking. I have thought about it but it's not the right time so maybe in our next book but you can be a BREADWINNER and SPONSOR a BONUS chapter right here on the page because I know you guys are INSATIABLE too 😂

[02/25, 19:13] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 33

Two days later, Veronica frowned at her phone as her father's phone did not go through again.

He had promised to have lunch with them at Lefakae's house and she had went all out preparing her father's favorite dish with Bokang's help, she was not the best cook out there but she had tried the best she could and made all the delicious salads and cooked the meat just like her father liked it.

“Can you try calling papa’s phone?” Veronica asked when Bokang strolled in the kitchen balancing Zoey on top of his shoulders.

“You don’t have airtime?” he asked with a grin.

“Yoh, I never thought I’d see the day where you were broke Vero.”

“I do have airtime you dummy but papa’s phone is not going through so I thought it was my phone acting up.”

“That’s so unlike papa, he never switches his phone off,” Bokang said and placed Zoey down before he slipped his phone out from his back pocket and tried his father’s number but the call was not going through. He frowned and stared at the phone worriedly. “Do you think maybe he changed his mind about coming here?”

“He could have texted,” Veronica said with a small sigh and shook her head. “I just don’t have a good feeling about this.”

“I am sure he is fine maybe he is working you know how papa is.”

Veronica bit her lip and nodded slightly. “I am going to take a shower, keep trying his number okay?”

“Okay.” He nodded and slid on the counter stools; Zoey had already excused herself and rushed back to the living room to watch her cartoons.

He stood up and reached for the pot of beef stew and grabbed a few pieces, he nodded to himself enjoying the taste.

“Hey,”

He jumped almost choking on the piece of meat as he turned to face Lefakae. Bokang wheezed placing a hand over his chest. “Damn, Lefa I thought it was Vero.”

Lefakae chuckled and walked further in the kitchen. “She will kill you if she catches you

doing that.”

“Why do you think I almost had a heart attack?”
He chuckled putting the lid back on the pot.

“I thought you guys were having lunch with your father.” He looked around the house as if expecting to see him pop out of the corners of the house.

“Yeah but he is not answering his phone,”
Bokang sighed licking the soup off his fingers.
“Maybe he blew us off.”

“I don’t think your father is the kind to do that.”
Bokang shrugged. “You never know, so why are you back so early?”

“I am here to get some files, I am going to court in a few.”

“Cool,” Bokang said with an admiring nod and was about to ask how being a lawyer was like when he was interrupted by his phone ringing.

He glanced at it and saw his mother calling before he hung up and slid it back in his pocket.

“Ex-girlfriend?” Lefakae asked with a grin.

“Nah, my mother.”

“Oh,” he cleared his throat and walked to open the fridge taking out a bottle of water. His own phone rang just as he was about to uncap the bottle. He frowned when he saw Veronica’s mother calling him. “Your mother is now calling me.”

“Don’t answer her,” Bokang said.

“It might be urgent,” Lefakae said before he answered the call. “Hello?”

“I have been trying to call my children but neither one of them is picking up,” Moipone sniffed. “Something bad has happened to their father.”

Lefakae glanced at Bokang cautiously. “What

happened?”

Moipone’s sniffles got louder as she tried to gather herself. “He was... he was found dead just outside Gaborone. It looked like he was hijacked because they took his car and his belongings and left him to die all alone. My poor husband what am I going to without him now?” she resumed her wailing.

Lefakae felt his chest getting tighter as he glanced at Bokang who had a bored look on his face. “Um, when did this happen?”

“Someone found him dead today and alerted the police, I don’t even know where Richard was going for him to get killed brutally like this. I just can’t believe he is gone.”

“I will let them know.”

“Please tell them ngwanaka, my poor babies. God, why?”

“We will come by mme,” he said before he hung

up while she was still wailing.

He cleared his throat looking at Bokang.

“What did she say?” Bokang asked drily. “You shouldn’t answer her calls you know? It is bad luck to talk to people who practice witchcraft.”

“Um, Bokang can you sit down for a minute while I get your sister?”

“Why?” he frowned in confusion but sat down on one of the stools.

“I will be back okay?” he walked out feeling dazed; he had no idea how he was going to break these news to them. Damn Mrs.

Molatlhegi for making him the messenger when he did not know how to handle these things.

He came back minutes later followed by Vero who had been pulled out of her shower that she had to throw on her white gown.

“Lefa, you are scaring me what is going on?”
Veronica asked sitting down. “Oh My God, is your dad chasing you out of the house?”

“The house is mine not my dad’s,” Lefakae said calmly and inhaled sharply. “I got a call from my mother and she told me that your father is no more.”

Veronica and Bokang glanced at each other.

“What do you mean no more?”

“Um,” Lefakae cleared his throat and shifted uncomfortably on his seat. “Um she said he was found dead on the outskirts of Gaborone with his car and belongings gone.”

“That’s not true,” Veronica said shaking her head vigorously and chuckled. “Don’t you know my mother? She is being a drama queen and probably wants to get attention right now because my father is still alive. He promised to have lunch with us today.”

"I am so sorry V," Lefakae said quietly rubbing his jaw.

"You have nothing to apologize for because papa is alive," she said standing up. "I am not going to entertain that woman's craziness." She said walking out of the kitchen.

Lefakae glanced at Bokang who looked frozen on his seat.

"Bokang," he called gently.

"V is right, there is no way papa is dead." He said quickly before Lefakae could say another word. He stood up and walked to his room too. Lefakae sighed and followed Veronica to her room and found her curled on the bed.

"V, we need to go over there and hear it for ourselves."

"There is no way papa is dead, Lefa." She looked up at him with teary eyes. "We were with him at church on Sunday and he promised to

have lunch with us today. How can he be dead now?"

"I am so sorry," he said softly reaching for her. Veronica finally burst out in tears and sobbed while he consoled her.

Millie was at the bakery carrying out interviews for employees since there was nothing more left before they opened when she heard the news from Zach.

Her mother had called him instead and he drove to pick her up from the bakery worried that she might be too shaken by the news. Millie had never thought Richard would be gone just like that. He had expressed interest in getting to know her better and be present in her life but that would never happen because he was gone now.

Moipone's yard was already filled with all kinds of cars by sunset, Richard's colleagues and friends had stopped by as soon as they had the news. Moipone had been wailing since they arrived and one of her Stokvel friends was seated with her consoling her.

Bokang and Veronica looked so lost that Millie's heart pained for them, she had also lost a father but she didn't know Richard like they have known him and his death came as a surprise just when he managed to free from Moipone's evil clutches.

"Are you supposed to be working right now?" Zach asked softly when she brought a tray of tea to the men that were seated outside.

"It's nothing much, I am just delivering the tea."

"You shouldn't be working in your condition," Zach said with a frown. "Please go sit down and

let everyone else do the job.”

“It’s no big deal, I am just serving tea. I am not the one making it.”

“Still you shouldn’t be doing that.” He took the tray from her. “Go, I will serve the dudes their tea.”

Millie snorted. “Really?”

“Yeah, it’s no big deal please go sit with your mother and don’t touch anything else.”

“I don’t know how you are going to behave when I am nine months pregnant,” Millie said with a slight chuckle.

The over protectiveness was cute but he could be so over bearing for no reason at all. She was not even two months pregnant and he was doing the most. She offered her greetings to Lefakae before she walked back to the house. She passed by some women whispering loudly

as she made her way back to the house.

“I heard that she used love potion on him Shem,” one of the women whispered to her friend. “It is a little fishy that he died just after he found out that she has been using love potion on him.”

“Yeah neh,” the friend agreed. “I also find it suspicious that he is dead all of a sudden but the police declared it as a case of a hijack gone wrong, apparently the thieves stole the car and everything else and left him to die.”

“I have never liked this woman though.”

Millie took a deep breath and continued her way to the house.

Veronica was curled up on the couch with reddish puffy eyes. Millie cleared her throat before she sat next to her not sure what to say to her.

“Do you think my mother killed him?” she asked breaking the silence and catching Millie off guard.

“Um, I don’t know.”

“Everyone else keeps saying she did it,” she said quietly and turned to face Millie. “What will become of me and my brother if it’s true? We are the children of someone who not only practices witchcraft but is a killer too.”

“Maybe it’s not true,” Millie said softly and took her hand in hers. “I am sorry about your father Vero.”

“He was your father too.”

“Yeah but he was more yours than mine,” she said with a weak smile. “You were his daughter.”

Veronica sniffed, her eyes filling with tears again. “I remember when he bought me my first pink bicycle and he taught me how to ride it. I

felt like the luckiest girl in the world but my whole life feels like it had been a life after I found out about her witchcraft, I don't know who I am anymore and now my father is gone.”

Millie sighed and leaned closer to put an arm around her, Veronica sobbed on her shoulder while she patted her gently. They were startled by screams coming from Moipone's bedroom. They both stood up and rushed over to find a woman pulling Moipone's hair while Josephine and the other women tried to pull her back.

“You are a witch!” she shouted lunging for her again. “You killed my brother you evil woman, he is dead because of you.”

“Rebecca calm down.” Josephine chided softly.

“Don't tell me to calm down when my brother is dead because of her,” she shouted. “You imprisoned my brother in a loveless marriage fueled by potions and for years he never cared

about his family except you. I can't even remember the last time he went back home to his family now he is going to Serowe in a casket."

"I am also mourning for my husband," Moipone cried out. "I am a widow who has lost her husband, say whatever you want to say but Richard loved and cherished me. The day he died, he came to see me so we could try to fix things. Why would I kill him?"

"Papa wanted to divorce you," Veronica voiced out with a shaky voice. "He wanted nothing to do with you."

"But he came here to try and fix things," Moipone sniffed wiping her nose. "Confidence you heard Mr. Molatlhegi asking me to reconcile and fix things for our family, right?"

Everyone turned to look at Confidence who gave a curt nod. "Yes, I was in the kitchen while

they were talking and I heard Mr. Molatlhegi beg her to get back together. He said he forgave her for everything that it was in the past and then he left saying he needed to go to his friend's cattle post outside Gaborone."

"That's right," Moipone said. "I loved my husband and I would never kill him."

"You are a liar Moipone but mark my words, I am going to unveil everything and you will pay for my brother's death," Rebecca snapped and turned to look at Josephine. "If only my brother had not met you Josephine he would still be alive today." She stormed out of the house sniffing.

Josephine looked at Millie defeated, Millie walked over to her mother and put an arm around her.

"It's not your fault mama," she whispered gently.

"This is so wrong," Josephine sniffed

swallowing the hard lump on her throat.

“Richard was not supposed to die.”

“You will not cry for my husband Josephine, you will not do it in front of me!” Moipone snapped looking at her viciously. One of the neighbors pulled her back and instructed her to sit down.

“We should go outside,” Veronica told them quietly and walked out without another word to find her daughter. She was emotionally and physically exhausted and everything that came out of her mother’s mouth just irritated her.

Zach was waiting outside the house when Millie and Josephine walked out and looked at them studying their sullen expressions.

“I heard shouting, what is going on?” He asked scanning Millie’s face.

“It was Richard’s older sister fighting Moipone,” Millie replied and looked down at her mother.

“I am going to find your father and see if he is not hungry,” Josephine said to her daughter before she walked away.

“If it’s too stressful we can leave nana, I am not comfortable with you being in a stressful environment.”

“We are about to leave anyway, we will be back tomorrow since everyone else will be heading to Serowe after that. It all feels surreal you know?”

“I know,” Zach said and kissed her forehead softly. “Are you hungry?”

“I just ate an hour ago.”

“I am just making sure you are not starving Peaches.”

“Peaches?” she raised an eyebrow.

“I am afraid our child is going to be a peach by the time you give with the way you have been eating them.”

Millie chuckled shaking her head. "Mxm, that's not true."

"I bought a can of peaches on the way here, do you want some?"

"Really?" her eyes twinkled in delight.

"Yeah, come on we will come back for the closing prayer. Let's go."

Millie giggled shaking her head before they walked to Zach's car. He was driving his GD-6 since she had taken ownership of the grey Range Rover. She had gotten to driving it that it was practically hers by now.

Confidence who had been listening to the couple's chat walked back in the house and was relieved to find Moipone all alone in her room; the ladies had walked out to prepare for the prayer. Moipone pulled out her purse and handed her a bundle of cash.

“It’s all in there, P5000,” she said in a whisper glancing at the door. “Don’t forget if anyone asks, you should stick to the story.”

Confidence nodded, she was going to send the money to her sick mother back in Zimbabwe and buy clothes for her two sons. “I had no idea your niece was also pregnant, she and Vero are practically going to give birth to twins.”

Moipone looked up in surprise. “Millicent is pregnant?”

“Yeah and her boyfriend is so handsome and looks so rich. It’s a pity Miss Vero is getting a divorce it would have really been nice for them to be married and live happily.”

Moipone nodded slowly and took out a few notes from her wallet. “Thank you for the information Confidence you may leave now.”

Confidence smiled counting the money to P500, now her sons were going to eat chicken back

home and all that for a little piece of information? "Thank you Mrs. Molatlhegi."

"Leave now," Moipone said and leaned back on the bed.

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Chapter 34

Everyone was staring at Moipone as she threw herself on the ground when the casket went down; one of her friends had to hold her back because she wanted to throw herself in with the casket.

It was Saturday and Richard Molatlhegi's final farewell to the world, a lot of his colleagues and his childhood friends had showed up to bid him farewell. Millie felt like her aunt's cries and screams were over the top overpowering

everyone who were really sad about Richard's departure.

She glanced over at Veronica who was standing next to Bokang, they both had dark circles under their eyes like they hadn't slept a wink which was understandable because their father's death had taken them by surprise. Millie couldn't even imagine the pain of losing your parent just like that.

"You good?" Zach asked softly squeezing her hand.

"I am fine, this is just sad."

"Yeah it is," Zach agreed with a sad sigh, they both looked up again when Moipone started wailing until she fainted.

Some of the guests ran over to her with bottles of water and sprinkled all over her face until she regained consciousness. Millie was now sure

that her aunt must have been an actress in her past life because she was pulling this broken widow act very well.

They closed off with a sad hymn before the pastor dismissed everyone to go home. Zach led Millie back to the car in tow with her parents. Lefakae was driving with Veronica and Bokang and even though people seemed to be gossiping about him and Veronica about their plastic marriage, she was glad that she had someone by her side. She had looked really broken these past few days.

The catering company had already started setting up their food trays when the people came back from the cemetery.

Moipone had gone all out in preparing Richard's funeral, he was even buried in one of the most expensive casket. It might look like she had

loved her husband to people who didn't know her but they knew the truth.

"Should we go?" Zach asked as soon as they arrived.

"We will leave later, it would be rude to leave now."

"Yeah but everything is already done."

Millie smiled shaking her head. "Just go sit with the men and I will dish a plate for you."

"I will eat on our way back to Gaborone, I am not comfortable about eating the food here and you shouldn't too, I still have your food in the car so if you are hungry you should go eat."

Millie chuckled. "Peaches has turned you into a controlling monster, next thing I know you will be monitoring my bathroom trips."

"Speaking of which, did you pee today?"

"Just stop," Millie said with a chuckle. "Did I tell

you you look so handsome today?" She asked staring up at him, he was dressed in black formal pants and a black shirt with a matching blazer, Millie loved her man in black he always looked hotter than the sun in Sahara desert.

"I do?" Zach grinned lazily. "I want to take you back to the guesthouse so you can show me how handsome I am today."

"Oh My God," she giggled making a few people turn to look at them then cleared her throat. "Go chat with papa, I will come to you after I am done talking to Vero."

"Your father keeps calling me Jacob now everyone thinks my name is Jacob."

"Go then Jacob, he is your father in law after all."

Zach chuckled and walked away to join the men seated under the tree, some were drinking alcohol already claiming it was after tears.

“Ah, Jacob here can buy you a few bottles of beer. He is our son in law after all.” Metheo said as soon as he sat down.

Lefakae frowned in confusion looking at Zach.

“Who is Jacob?”

“I am Jacob,” he muttered under his breath pulling out his wallet and handed P400 to the guys sitting next to Metheo.

“Tanki monna Jacob,” he grinned, “O monna tota.”

“I thought his name was Zachariah but I guess I was too drunk to hear it last time,” Rapula piped in. “Thank you Jacob wa ga Millie, we should drink our sorrows today and say goodbye to Richard.”

“We should,” the other one said with a nod. “I just can’t believe Mricho is gone just like that. There is so much crime these days with all

these young boys hijacking and killing for no reason at all.”

“I thought I had helped Mricho waitse,” he dropped his head and grabbed his bottle. “He was going to start over and find happiness again. I failed him tota.”

“You did the best that you could do Raps, I am sure Richard is smiling at you from heaven.” Metheo assured him softly.

“Yeah neh,” he took a swing of his bottle looking sad.

“You look tired, did you eat?” Josephine asked when Millie sat next to her after she had made sure Zoey had eaten. Veronica was still in a daze, Millie was worried she was going to

starve herself to death.

“Yeah, I ate,” Millie replied with a small smile.

“Zach brought me food before we came here.”

“Good, please don’t eat the food here.” She said gently and took her hand in hers and closed her eyes for a bit before she opened them again.

“Are you praying for me?” Millie asked with a soft chuckle.

“Just a little prayer for the baby to be safe, gatherings like this are usually dangerous with different people and different auras they might harm the baby. I would have preferred it if you stayed home honestly.”

“I know but I wanted to say goodbye to Richard my last act as his biological daughter.”

Josephine nodded. “Have you seen Vero?”

“She is still inside the house, I made sure Zozo had something to eat but Zach already wants

us to go Gaborone.” She told her. “I am going to check on her before I go.”

“Okay my baby,” Josephine smiled. “I am proud of you, I know that Vero hasn’t been nice to you but you are willing to be the bigger person here so it’s very nice.”

“Thank you mama,” she grinned before she stood up and walked to the house.

Veronica was on the couch again staring into space. Millie cleared her throat making her look up.

“Hey,” she said quietly. “Zach and I are going to go now and I wanted to see if you needed anything.”

“I am fine,” she mumbled and looked up at her face. “Why are you being so nice to me?”

“What?”

“Don’t you hate me for everything I used to say to you?”

“I mean it used to hurt hearing you say those words but I choose not to dwell in the past,” she said with a sigh. “Besides you just lost your father.”

“Thank you for being nice.”

“You are welcome.” She smiled before she walked out of the house and went to look for Zach.

Veronica leaned back on the couch trying not to think about her father dying, everyone else had talked about how he had been her mother’s puppet all these years that he abandoned his own blood. They hadn’t talked about how he had been a good father and a good friend to some because none of that mattered because everyone knew he had been a man fed with love

potion.

Veronica had hoped they would finally get the chance to experience the love of their father without being influenced by anything but he was gone.

“Oh sorry I didn’t know you were alone,” a teenage girl said walking in the room with a plate of food and a can of Liqui fruit juice. She felt her throat get dry all of a sudden reminding her that she had barely drank or eaten anything since morning which in her condition was not good.

“Can I have the drink?”

“I was supposed to give it to...”

“You can go get another one, I am thirsty.”

“Here you go,” the girl handed her the can. “Do you know where I can find Millie?”

“She said she was leaving, check maybe she is

still outside.” She popped the can open and took a gulp letting the refreshing liquid run down her throat. The teenage girl walked out while she leaned back on the couch.

She didn’t know how she fell asleep after that but she was woken up by Lefakae shaking her gently. Veronica blinked her sleepy eyes as she sat up to look at him.

“Hey V,” Lefakae said softly. “It’s nice to see you sleeping for a change.”

“What time is it?” she asked rubbing her eyes.

“It’s nearly four,” he replied. “Rori called me and she was a crying mess, she says Tumo’s wife is suing her for ruining her marriage and posted on Facebook claiming she had wrecked her marriage and papa kicked her out so I have to go sort out everything.”

“I want to come with you.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah, I feel like I am going to suffocate if I remain here for a second longer. Let me tell Bokang and get Zoey so we can leave.”

“Alright, we are leaving in 20 minutes.”

Rorisang was at Tumo’s new place he had rented after he left his wife which only fueled Lefakae’s anger when he went to pick her up. She was not going to be a live in girlfriend while he was still alive, over his dead body!

They stopped by at Tumo’s place as soon as they arrived in Gaborone. Veronica remained in the car while Lefakae went to knock on the door. Tumo was the one who opened the door in long basketball shorts and a vest.

“Where is my sister?”

“She is getting her things,” Tumo replied quietly and rubbed his arms. “I am really sorry that everything has come to this.”

“You are putting my baby sister through shit and now she is getting sued by your ratchet wife for what?” Lefakae snapped, his veins bulging. “couldn’t you have just stayed away from my sister Tumo? Now my father has kicked her out of the house.”

“I will try to talk to your father...”

“Talk to him about what?” he shouted angrily. “Do you think he will listen to you if you go to him? He is going to kick your ass and squash your balls.”

“I will talk to Grace to drop everything.”

“I don’t care who you talk to but if your psycho wife comes for my sister tell her I will bamboozle her ass in court she should get

ready.”

“Will you stop shouting at him?” Rorisang asked walking out with her carrier and laptop bag.

“Tumo has done nothing wrong, why are you blaming him? His Ex wife is also threatening to take everything from him including his salary and his car. He is already stressed enough.”

“Why won’t you think about yourself for a minute?” Lefakae looked at his sister. “Your name is being dragged in the mud on social media and papa kicked you out.”

“Papa is not oxygen, I will survive without him.”

“Like hell you will, you are used to being sheltered and being given monthly allowances and shopping sprees, where are you going to get all that?”

Rorisang sighed in exasperation. “Are we going to go or should I spend the night with Tumo?”

Lefakae grumbled and grabbed her bag walking

to the car. Rorisang turned to look at Tumo with a wistful look.

“I am sorry about everything sweetheart,” Tumo said softly.

“Your ex-wife doesn’t scare me,” she said with a small smile. “It’s how you let her overturn your emotions that scares me.”

“She just makes me so angry.”

“That’s what she wants but you shouldn’t entertain her,” she said softly. “I wish I could hug you but Lefa would come out of the car to kill you.”

“I hate that he thinks I am some kind of monster now.”

“He will come through don’t worry,” she assured and was about to say more when Lefakae started honking the car loudly. Rorisang rolled her eyes. “He is such a drama king, I will see you tomorrow.”

“Goodnight sweetheart.”

Rorisang nodded before she walked back to the car and got in the backseat with Zoey who was already in dreamland. She greeted Veronica quietly and buckled up her seat belt.

“Are you alright?” Lefakae asked glancing at Veronica who was hunched over on her seat with her hands pressing against her tummy.

“My stomach hurts,” she gritted out in pain.

Lefakae’s heart beat accelerated as he remembered the baby. “Fuck, we are going to the clinic.”

Veronica closed her eyes wincing as another knife like pain sliced through her abdomen then she felt her panties get wet and looked at Lefa with tearful eyes. “I think I am bleeding.”

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Chapter 35

“It happens to most women in their early stages of pregnancy, it is not rare to have women spotting or bleeding lightly in their first trimester you have nothing to be alarmed about. You can also experience mild cramps.” The doctor told her pushing his glasses up his nose.

Veronica let out a breath of relief and glanced at Lefa who was holding her hand on the other side of the bed.

The pain was gone now but for a moment she had feared she had lost her baby, it only clicked that she did not want to lose this baby even after regretting the pregnancy for the past few weeks and she had freaked out when she felt her panties getting wet but her gynecologist had just explained that her baby was fine and healthy.

"I really thought I lost my baby, are you sure the baby is fine?" Veronica asked again.

"I am very sure Mrs. Moeng," he smiled.

"She is a very dramatic person." Lefakae teased.

"You guys did good by coming here instead of ignoring it when the pain subsided because it might have been dangerous if she bled heavily," he explained. "It also shows here that your stress levels are high and your glucose intake is low, have you been stressed lately Mrs. Moeng?"

"Yeah, I just lost my father."

"But you need to take care of your health Mrs. Moeng," he told her quietly. "Being stressed can be very dangerous to the baby and you must make sure that you eat because you are now eating for two. I'll prescribe some supplements after this and give you something to help you with the stomach cramps if they happen again."

“Thank you doctor,” Veronica breathed out a sigh of relief as she put a hand over her tummy and looked at Lefakae who blinked away the tears in his eyes.

“I was so scared V,” he admitted quietly. “I thought... I don’t know if I told you how much this baby means to me and I should have been more attentive and made sure you were eating. I am so sorry that I let you suffer on your own.”

“Are you kidding?” Veronica asked reaching for his hand. “I don’t know how I would have handled these past few days without you taking care of Zoey and driving us everywhere. I am sorry that I put our baby in danger by neglecting my health.”

“We should do better and make sure she is protected from now on.”

Veronica let out a small smile. “You want a girl?”

“I am fine with everything but how cool is it that me and Zach are going to have kids of the same age, I mean ours is going to be born a month earlier than theirs but I am rooting for them to be best friends.”

“Like you and Zach?”

“Yeah,” he said with a grin and put a hand over her tummy. “It’s going to be okay now baby, daddy will make sure that mummy is not starving you.”

“Stop badmouthing me.”

Lefakae chuckled and sat back waiting for the doctor to come back and release them with the prescriptions.

He didn’t know what he could have done if something had happened to the baby, it was the only good thing he had going on in his life.

Two days later, Moipone got tired of waiting and waiting for the news to reach her ears. It was not like she could call and ask anyone if anything had happened to Millicent's pregnancy, that would raise suspicion.

She was back in Gaborone already because she couldn't stay in Serowe for long; she had insurance policy payouts to sort out, Richard's insurance money was more than enough for her to live a lavish life for a while but she was looking forward to owning all the assets, they were hers to begin with she was the one who had worked hard for them.

She paced around her kitchen feeling anxious and decided to just call Makhanga, the old man

never called to alert her of anything unless she called.

“Mma Molatlhegi,” he answered with a raspy voice before he coughed violently. Moipone waited for his cough to end before she could speak again.

“I haven’t heard any news of miscarriage Makhanga, what is going on?”

“Did you do what I instructed you to do?”

“Yes, I handed the child the sealed can and she took it to her. You said a sealed can wouldn’t be suspected.”

“It doesn’t seem like she drank it, did you rub the oil on the can like I told you to?”

“Yes, I did everything!” she snapped, it was not like she was an immature who could forget something so trivial. “Maybe your magic is losing its power Makhanga because now everyone is going to think my daughter is a

loser and she will remain in that girl's shadow forever. How hard is it to terminate pregnancy? Can't you send her something from where you are?"

"I have tried but I can't see her shadow," he grumbled and inhaled sharply. "You should have made sure she drank the drink."

"Let me call you back!" she snapped before she hung up and thought about the girl.

She couldn't remember her name very well but she knew she was Mma Molemi's daughter. She scrolled down her contacts list and searched for Mma Molemi's number.

"Mma Molemi, where is your daughter?" she asked calmly once she got the fake pleasantries out of the way. "I wanted to ask her something."

"Let me call her you know these children are always glued to the TV," Mma Molemi said and

Moipone waited while she shouted for her daughter. Two minutes later a breathless clear voice answered with a polite hello.

“Hello nana, do you remember me giving you food and drink to give to Millie?”

“Ee mma,” she replied politely, “But Millie was already gone and Vero drank the juice.”

“What?” Moipone’s heart beat accelerated, “Why did you give her Millie’s drink?”

“She said she was thirsty and I looked for another can but the drinks were finished.”

“What happened to the food?”

“I ate it with my sister,” she replied and giggled. “I am sorry I didn’t tell you.”

“You are so stupid,” Moipone spat out. “You are a very stupid girl and I don’t know how your mother survives with a stupid child like you.” She clicked her tongue before she hung up and

quickly called Veronica but then she remembered none of her children were talking to her before she hung up and called Lefakae instead.

“Hello Mme,” Lefakae sounded exhausted but she didn’t care, she needed to make sure her daughter was safe.

“Is Veronica alright?”

“Yeah she is fine, I left her at home.”

“Is the baby okay?”

“Yes the baby is fine.”

Phew, Moipone let out a breath of relief as her knees buckled.

“Is everything okay Mme?”

“Yes, please tell her that her father’s will is going to be read on Friday, she and her brother should be here at lunch.”

“Okay Mme, I will.”

Moipone hung up still trying to catch her breath, she would have strangled that old man if anything had happened to her daughter but then again it had only been meant for Millie so nothing could happen to her daughter.

Makhanga was getting weak now that he couldn't even do a simple job, she needed to start looking for someone more powerful, old age was starting to catch up to him and she wondered if he had somewhere that could inherit his talents and he had looked too sickly for her liking the last time she visited him to get the oil for the miscarriage.

Confidence walked out from the bathroom where she had been cleaning and Moipone looked at her carefully.

“Confidence, don't you know any witchdoctors

in Zimbabwe?”

“No Mrs. Molatlhegi I don’t.”

“What do you know hela?” she clicked her tongue in irritation and walked out to her bedroom.

Lefakae did not want to be the overbearing, controlling brother but it was already Friday and Rorisang hadn’t attended any lessons for the rest of the week.

He did not know how things worked at universities these days but he was sure it was not supposed to be like this. He knocked off at lunch to check up on her. Things on social media were pretty bad since Grace’s post and her sister tried to act strong but she could see it

was taking a toll on her.

He found her curled up in her bed watching her Korean dramas with a bag of Simba chips next to her, all she did was eat and sleep these days.

“So you are going to waste your life away like this?” he asked sitting on the edge of the bed.

“I am not wasting my life,” she grumbled not looking up from her laptop.

“Then why aren’t you at school?”

“I am having a bad week.”

“Rori,” Lefakae called with a sigh. “You will not graduate if you go on like this; I understand that it hurts to have people talk about you behind your back but you can’t let that stop your life. You made your choice by having an affair with Tumo and I am not saying you deserve all the hate you are getting but you have to own up to

it.”

Rorisang finally looked up at her brother with tearful eyes. “Everyone keeps bashing me and I can’t go to school because even the professor made a comment about me sleeping with married men on Monday and I came home.”

“You should give me the name of that professor, he has no business commenting on your personal life.” Lefakae frowned. “Are the kids bullying you too?”

Rorisang shrugged. “A lot of people are talking about how we are pathetic.”

“Are we pathetic?”

“No,” she said quietly shaking her head.

“Then don’t let them win,” he said with a small smile. “I will handle your lawsuit don’t worry Grace won’t do shit to you.”

Rorisang nodded and opened her mouth to

thank her brother but was interrupted by a knock on her door, Lefakae's housekeeper popped her head in when she called 'come in'.

"Mr. Wright is outside sir," she said facing Lefakae.

Lefakae glared at Rorisang.

"I didn't invite him, I swear!" she said defensively.

"Let him in," Lefakae grumbled and shook his head. "I just can't believe you and my best friend are doing this."

"Please don't hate him Lefa, I would feel terrible if you guys lost your friendship because of me. Tumo didn't want to but I am the one who pushed him to fall in love with me," she admitted with a soft sigh. "You know I have always loved him."

"This is very awkward for me," he told her.

"Tumo is one of my best friends and he used to

tell me how he likes to have sex now..." he trailed off shaking his head.

Rorisang chuckled. "Then don't talk about it, he is still your friend either way."

"And he is so much older than you God Rori, what's wrong with the guys your age?"

"All they do is drink and have sex," she scrunched her nose. "I love Tumo and he makes me happy please try to accept that."

"Fine," he let out a defeated sigh. "I will try."

"Can I come in?" Tumo poked his head inside the room.

"You are already here anyway," he stood up and Tumo walked in carrying a snow white fluffy puppy. Rorisang squealed putting a hand over her mouth.

"This guy said he wanted to belong to Rorisang."

“Is it mine?” Rorisang jumped from her bed pulling her pyjama shorts down and carefully grabbed the puppy from Tumo like it was a baby.

“It’s yours,” Tumo said with a grin watching her cradling the puppy and pressing her cheek against it’s fur. “I saw it advertised on Facebook and knew it had to be yours.”

“All it took was for a Chihuahua to make you smile?” Lefakae stared at his sister.

“It’s Maltese,” Tumo said quietly.

“Enjoy your dog child then!” he walked out of the room throwing his hands in the air.

Rorisang rolled her eyes before she looked up at Tumo.

“Lefa is bitter,” Rorisang said with a giggle. “I love him, thank you so much baby.”

“I figured with everything going on, you might

need a friend.”

“That’s so sweet,” Rorisang said with a smile. “I feel ten times better looking at him, I am going to call him Marshmallow because he is so soft.”

Tumo chuckled. “Well then Marshmallow say hi to mummy.”

Rorisang giggled snuggling closer to her new dog, she had missed having a pet and maybe taking care of it was going to get her mind off things about being sued for marriage wreckage and being dragged online.

Travelling tomorrow, see you on Monday 

Have a nice weekend .

[02/25, 19:13] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 36

Coming home knowing that their father will never set foot inside his house ever again sent Veronica into a whirlwind of emotions. She didn't know how she was going to survive when she missed him this much.

She glanced at Bokang who had the matching sullen expression on his face. He hadn't really spoken much since their father passed away and Bokang was someone who liked expressing himself in words but he chose to bottle it inside this time. She was worried about him but she also did not want to pester him, she was going to wait until he was ready to talk.

"Hello Miss Vero," Confidence greeted them with a big smile when they walked in the living room. Veronica frowned at the new set of leather couches that had replaced the old ones.

“Your mother bought a new set of couches yesterday and gave me the old ones which I sent to Zimbabwe.”

“She is already spending papa’s money?”

Veronica asked scanning the living room, even the old decorating ornaments were gone replaced with new shiny ones.

“It’s also my money,” Moipone said walking back in the house dressed in a black dress and red chunky heels. “I am so happy to see you kids.” She opened her arms to hug Bokang but he pulled back sitting on the couch and plugged in his headsets.

Moipone sighed and looked up at her daughter.

“Are you ever going to forgive me for feeding your father love potion?”

“We are here because you said the lawyer wanted us to be here,” Veronica said before she sat down putting her handbag on her coffee

table, "When is the lawyer coming?"

"He is on his way," she said and looked at Confidence, "Confi, go serve lunch so the kids can eat while we wait."

"We ate before we came here." Veronica looked down at her phone scrolling down her Instagram. Moipone sat down next to her and exhaled loudly.

"Vero, I can't believe you are giving me a cold shoulder like this when we used to be so close. Has Josephine really succeeded in killing my husband and stealing my children from me?" she asked with a small voice. "I can't believe my own sister would do this to me."

"You did everything to yourself and I will never trust you again mama, after this will reading I am never coming here again."

Moipone opened her mouth to retort when they heard a car pulling up in front of the house. "It's

the lawyer!” She exclaimed happily heading to open the door. She greeted the lawyer before she invited him inside the house offering juice and lunch which he declined.

“Can we get this over and done with?” Veronica asked in a bored tone looking at her mother beaming like a child in a candy store. She should have beamed like this during the burial instead of creating a scene with crying and fainting.

“Let’s all take a seat,” Moipone beamed and sat down next to Veronica and stared at the lawyer.

“I Richard Molatlhegi declare this to be my will,” the lawyer read in a clear voice they could all hear. “I leave all my residential and personal property to my wife, Moipone Molatlhegi. I leave a trust fund of 100K each to both my children Veronica Boitumelo Molatlhegi and Bokang Vincent Molatlhegi.”

“Aww, my husband was sweet until the very end.” Moipone cooed looking at Veronica who ignored her and kept her eyes on the lawyer.

“I leave my rental properties to my son, Bokang it is his to do as he pleases.” The lawyer continued reading. “I also leave land in Serowefor my daughter; Veronica for her to do as she pleases. I leave P20 000 for my grandchild Zoey Laone Molatlhegi. I leave all the money in my current and savings bank accounts for my wife, Moipone Molatlhegi. Signed Richard Molatlhegi.” He finished and looked up at them.

“Excuse me, lawyer dude,” Bokang piped up speaking for the first time since they arrived.

“Um, I don’t want any of the money or any of the property that was left for me can I refuse it?”

“Bokang!” Moipone gasped.

“My mother can have it all,” he said before he

stood up and walked out.

“Bokang!” Moipone shouted after him. “How can this boy be so ungrateful when I have.. I mean when his father has left him his legacy? Does he know how much money the rental properties are worth?”

Veronica cleared her throat and looked at her mother. “I also don’t want the money and neither does my child. You can keep it all.”

“Veronica Boitumelo Molatlhegi don’t be absurd!” she shouted but Veronica got up from her seat and made her way outside to the car.

Bokang was already inside when she got in and took a lungful of breath, how did she not notice how her mother was suffocating before?

“Can we pass by the car wash so I can say hi to the guys at the car wash?”

“Fine but don’t be long,” Veronica grumbled before she drove out of the yard and drove to the car wash. She frowned when she saw a police car and two police officers standing next to three guys.

“So your friends are criminals?”

“I only come here for Skizo and he would never hurt a fly, let me see what is going on.”

“Hurry up,” Veronica warned and remained in the car as Bokang walked towards them. The officers had already cuffed two of Skizo’s friends whom Bokang remembered playing pool with from time to time.

“Skizo, what is going on?”

“Eish these guys monna gatwe they are suspects for your father’s death.”

“What?” Bokang asked in shock turning to look at him.

“Yeah, Eish,” Skizo shook his head looking at his friends.

“Let’s go boys,” one of the police officers said tightening the handcuffs while pushing them towards the police van. One of the guys looked at Bokang.

“Tell your mother I am not going to pay for a murder I didn’t commit wena,” he spat out glaring at Bokang.

Bokang looked at Skizo feeling his chest getting tight all of a sudden. “What is Rambo talking about?”

“I don’t know,” he said putting a hand on his waist. “Kana these guys told me that they had a gig on Sunday and they left me here and I remember telling them to get out of this criminal life but they promised it was legit now they are being arrested for hijacking and murder.”

“I need to go Skizo.”

“Sure, Eish I am sorry ntwana.”

Bokang only nodded tripping on his own feet before he walked to the car, he put his hands over his face wheezing. Veronica frowned at her brother, was he that saddened by his criminal friends getting arrested?

“Vero, our mother might have really killed our father,” he said just when Veronica was about to ask what was wrong.

“What?” Veronica frowned.

The first time Grace cheated on him had been on their first month as a married couple and Tumo had been shattered and broken that he had wanted to divorce right there and then but

he couldn't go through with it.

Grace had apologized profusely and she had lost a lot of weight that he felt sorry for her. He ended up forgiving her because she had claimed it had meant nothing and she was never doing it again.

Then she cheated again this time with someone he knew from work and he forgave her again.

Looking back at it, he had forgiven her for so many things. Her reckless behavior and her insults, she liked hurling insults every she was drunk and got aggressive with everything.

She once threw a picture frame at him but luckily it had missed him and hit the wall instead. He could lost an eye that day but he forgave her when she agreed to go for therapy to deal with her anger issues.

On the day of the accident, she had left in fury after they fought. He was not pleased with the way he had been hanging around one of her male friends and when he voiced it out she lost it and called him all sorts of names trashing his family and his poor upbringing. Tumo had made up his mind then that their marriage was over but she got in an accident and injured her legs that he was compelled to stay. He did not understand how Grace went from a sweet girl to a vicious monster in just a blink of an eye.

“I can hear your thoughts from here,” Zach said snapping his mind off his thoughts. “Stop it.”

Tumo sighed looking around the living room, it was Saturday and he was at Zach’s place watching football and catching up. Lefakae hadn’t showed up because he was still sulking over his and Rorisang’s relationship which was understandable because everything was a

mess but he missed his friend and hoped they could get over the awkwardness soon.

“Grace says she wants 300K from Rorisang for wrecking her marriage and she is taking all the assets.” He told him taking a sip from his Heineken.

“You married a psycho,” Zach said with a snort.

“She is relentless,” Tumo said with a frown.

“She just pisses me off that I want to strangle her every time I see her. What about all the time she has cheated on me in the past?”

“You can sue her back.”

“But I don’t know for sure if she was sleeping with that guy that we had a big fight about and I don’t even know his name.”

“Why don’t you reach out to her friends and ask them?”

“As if they would ever tell me,” he said with a

sad sigh then something crossed his mind.

“The guy once posted a group photo of their friends and tagged Grace. Let me check and see if I can find that photo.”

He pulled out his phone. Zach leaned back on the couch stifling a yawn.

“You and Millie never sleep, huh?” he teased.

“Not in the way you are thinking you pervert,” he snorted. “She woke me up at 3 a.m. because she wanted to make fries and she wanted me to peel the potatoes myself.”

Tumo chuckled. “And you did?”

“What else was I supposed to do?” he shook his head. “She was going to cry if I didn’t do what she told me to, I swear pregnancy has turned her into something else.”

“Who are you talking about?” Millie asked walking in the living room with a plate of ribs and put it on the coffee table.

“Oh, we were talking about Tumo’s crazy wife. She is still being impossible and making crazy demands out of the divorce.”

“I am sorry Tumo,” Millie said with an apologetic look, from what she had heard from Zach, Grace was a crazy woman.

“It will be okay,” he said with a shrug. “Just don’t go crazy on my boy once you tie the knot okay?”

“I won’t,” Millie said with a chuckle. “You guys enjoy your game.”

“Thanks, how is your bakery going by the way?” Tumo asked before she walked out.

“I am officially opening on Monday, come by and show support.”

“I will definitely be there and when my divorce is finally please make me a cake with a writing that says ‘FUCK YOU GRACE!’”

Millie chuckled. "Whatever you want." She walked out to the kitchen leaving them in the living room.

"Did you find the guy yet?"

"I think this is him," Tumo said zooming the photo where Grace had been tagged. The dude was darker than Grace and he had his arm around her shoulders in the photo both of them grinning at the camera. There was no way Grace hadn't fucked this guy, he could see it written all over their faces. He clicked on his Facebook profile and the first thing he noticed was his cover photo of a female arm.

"This is Grace's arm."

"How do you know?"

"She has a little tattoo on her wrist," Tumo replied and chuckled humorlessly. "So this guy was fucking her to an extent of even showing her off on social media even though she was

married?”

“I told you Grace is a bitch,” Zach grumbled.

“Oatle no calling women bitches!” Millie shouted from the kitchen and Zach clamped his mouth shut.

“Sorry baby, slip of tongue!” he called back and looked back at Tumo. “So what are you going to do?”

Tumo was about to reply when he came across RIP messages on his timeline, he had passed away on the day of the accident that meant he had travelled along with Grace. He turned to look at Zach in astonishment before he stood up.

“I have to go,” he said quietly, his head reeling.

“Wait, what about the guy?”

“I need to talk to Grace.” He said walking out of the house.

Zach let out a breathy sigh before he grabbed the plate and sat back on the couch. Millie walked out with her glass of orange juice and looked around. She looked breathtaking as always in a navy blue dress and the pink apron printed Millie's Delicious Delights that she was wearing on top of the dress.

"Did Tumo leave already?"

"Yeah," he said with a slight nod and grinned.

"Aren't you going to sit down and watch the game with me?"

"I don't even know what goes on in those matches."

"Well, we can have our own match." Zach grinned suggestively.

"I want to sit by the pool, it's very hot in here and I want fries."

“But you were cooking in the kitchen.”

“I was baking a cake for a customer now I want fries.”

“We can just go get fries from the restaurant....”
He trailed off when he saw the icy glare she was shooting him with and stood up. “I’ll go peel the potatoes.”

“Really?” Millie beamed. “Thank you so much baby, let me take out the potatoes for you wena you never pick the beautiful ones.”

Zach followed her resisting the urge to ask her just how exactly beautiful potatoes looked like.

Grace’s tummy recoiled as she stared at the Tik Tok video that Rorisang has posted of her hugging a fluffy puppy, the caption was what made her blood boil: Welcoming our first child.

Thank you baby.

The girl was busy flaunting Tumo around when their divorce was not even final and for this she was not going to drop the lawsuit. Ever! Her father was rich so she could pay her 300K.

She bit her lip with her hands trembling before she sent her a long message venting out everything she wanted to hurl at the girl.

She had just clicked send when her mother barged in her room.

“Did you call that stupid boy here?”

“Who?” Grace frowned in confusion.

“Tumo, who else?” she snapped and before Grace could reply Tumo barged in the room without even knocking. Well, well was he here to grovel and beg for forgiveness already? She knew he’d never survive without him.

“What are you doing here?” she asked, she was

not going to make it easy for him.

“Can we talk alone?” Tumo asked looking at Mrs. Tshwene.

“You want to strangle my daughter?” She asked shaking her head. “I am not going anywhere.”

“Okay,” Tumo looked at Grace. “I am really sorry I underestimated what you are capable of Grace, I underestimated your skills to toy with people’s emotions like they are puppets. All those nights you woke up crying in the middle of the night and watched that goddamn awful movie and cried your eyes out, I had no idea you were mourning for your lover.”

Grace shifted on the bed glancing at her mother.

“Mama, can you give us space?”

“No you stay, you didn’t want to leave in the first place so stay to make sure I don’t strangle your psychotic daughter,” he said before he turned to look back at Grace who now looked

uncomfortable. "You and Colin had fun playing happy couple on trips right?"

"Don't say his name," Grace gritted out. "Don't even talk about him like you knew him."

"Because you knew him better right?" Tumo cocked his head and nodded and looked at Mrs. Tshwene. "Your daughter was not sad about her legs, she was mourning for her dead lover who died on the day of the accident and claimed that they were just a group of friends going to have fun but I paid for it every day with the guilt and the insults and now she won't even divorce me peacefully because she is a sadist who likes seeing me in pain."

"Who do you think you are talking about my daughter like that?"

Tumo ignored her and kept her eyes on Grace. "It's time to stop now Grace and I am sorry you lost your lover it looked like you guys had

something great going on but don't take out your anger on me. See a therapist and settle your griever and I also need you to drop the lawsuit or else the same people that are supporting you on social media are the same people who will be dragging you in the mud and if you want Colin to rest in peace and not have his name dragged too you will do the right thing."

Tumo walked out before Grace could say anything, the tears she had been holding trailed down her cheeks as her mother stared at her.

"Grace," her mother called.

"Get out," she snapped and her mother frowned.

"I said get out right now! Go, just leave me alone!" She screamed on the top of her lungs hysterically until her mother dashed out of the room when she started throwing things at her.

[02/25, 19:13] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 37

Bokang's words had not stopped ringing in her ears since he said them. A lot of people has suspected foul play in her father's death but a part of her believed that it was not true and that people were only judging her mother because she used love potion on him, using love potion did not make her a killer but after Bokang's friends arrest she was not sure anymore. Veronica's head was filled with all kinds of questions.

She decided that it was time she paid her mother a visit on Sunday and try to see if she can get her to drop hints about her father's death.

Veronica walked out of her bedroom already dressed in jeans paired with a white shirt and sandals.

“Mummy look at my nails!” Zoey beamed flashing her little nails covered in pink nail polish decorated with tiny stars. “Rori painted my nails like this, aren’t they beautiful?”

“They are very beautiful baby,” she said kissing her cheek. “Did you thank aunt Rori?”

“She thanked me,” Rorisang said walking in the room with an empty dog bowl which meant she had just fed her dog. “Unlike her mother she is very polite and nice.”

“Mummy is nice too!” Zoey defended and Veronica chuckled.

“Thank you baby, why don’t you go look for your dolls and pack them in your toy box before Marshmallow cuts the heads off.”

Zoey’s eyes went wide. “I don’t want Mallow to

hurt my dolls!” She rushed out of the room to look for her dolls. Veronica smiled at her before she turned to look at Rorisang. They were not the best of friends but she didn’t want it to be tension between them since they were now living together. She had no idea when Rorisang was going back to her parent’s home.

“I know you don’t like me but can you please not say mean things about me in front of my daughter?”

“What mean things did I say?” Rorisang asked shrugging innocently.

“Calling me mean in front of her is not mean?” She raised an eyebrow. “I know that you don’t like me but can we at least try to be nice since we are living in the same house?”

“Speaking of which, when are you moving out since your fake marriage is over? Or you have gotten used to living in Phakalane?”

“I will leave when your brother asks me to leave even though I doubt that is going to happen anytime soon since I am pregnant with his child.” She squinted her eyes at her.

Rorisang rolled her eyes and walked to the fridge taking out a tub of yoghurt .

“That is mine!”

“You bought it with my brother’s money so it’s practically his.”

Veronica’s hands shook with rage aching to slap her but she bit her lip instead and took deep breaths. She did not need to get worked up over trivial things when she had a lot to deal with her family.

“You look nice, are you going somewhere?” Lefakae asked walking into the living room in shorts and a Orlando Pirates T-shirt.

"I am visiting my mother."

"Are you sure?" Lefakae asked arching his eyebrow. "The gynecologist said you must avoid stress at all costs and you are always worked up whenever you see your mother."

"I heard your mother was a witch," Rorisang chimed in and pouted at Veronica. "Is that why you and your brother are camping in my brother's house?"

"And I heard you are a bitch, is that why you are fucking married men?" Veronica shot back.

"Stop it both of you!" Lefakae said in exasperation.

"She is the one who started it." Veronica clicked her tongue. "Acting like she is better than everyone when she is running after married men at her age. A little advice nana, stick to your age mates you are too young to be wrecking marriages."

“Lefa put your bitch on a leash.”

“You are the bitch that needs to be put on a leash,” Veronica spat out. “I have heard enough of your childish princess behavior acting like you are the only one with a brother in this world or are you scared that he will get tired of your bratty tendencies and kick you out too?”

“V, come on,” Lefakae said softly when she saw Rorisang biting her lip trying to fight her tears.

“No, let her continue talking shit to me and I will show her how ratchet I can be! Busy pissing people off in the morning mxm!” She grabbed her bag from the kitchen counter and looked at Lefakae. “Have you seen my brother?”

“Um, no.”

“Then look after my daughter until I get back!” She clicked her tongue before she stormed out of the kitchen.

Lefakae sighed and turned to look at his sister who let the tears trail down her cheeks.

Rorisang quickly wiped them with the back of her hand and continued scooping the yoghurt in the bowl.

Lefakae rubbed his jaw not sure what to say. He did not want to look like he was taking sides between his sister and the mother of his child but he had heard Rorisang say whatever she wanted to say to Veronica without being nice.

“You should start being nice to her you know, she is carrying your niece or nephew.”

“Why should I be nice to someone who married you for money?”

“I wanted her to marry me because at the time I was desperate to please papa,” he said and sat on one of the counter stools. “Tumo does not

like mean people and if you want this thing between you two to work you have to start being nice.”

“I am nice!” she cried out with a frown. “It’s only your trophy wife that irks me.”

“Vero is not that bad once you get to know her,” he told her quietly. “She is someone who has been controlled and pushed around by her mother and I have a feeling she does not know what kind of life she wants for herself because she was influenced by her mother since she was a child but she is a good person Rori. I hope you two can get along because we are going to be living here together because it’s obvious papa is still mad at you.”

Rorisang looked down at her bowl and sighed. “Fine, I will try to be nice to her but you should also be nice to Tumo and not mistreat him

because of me. He told me that you didn't even watch the game yesterday because you thought it would be uncomfortable."

"He betrayed my trust so it's going to take some time for us to go back to how things were but I will try."

"Good."

"By the way, Grace's lawyer called me yesterday and told me they were dropping the lawsuit."

"So soon?" Rorisang's eyes went wide.

"Apparently you have your boyfriend to thank for that."

"Tumo?" she frowned in confusion.

"Yeah," Lefakae agreed and snorted. "Look at him acting like a superhero going to great lengths for you when he tolerated Grace's manipulative behavior for years."

"Aww," Rorisang cooed putting a hand over her

heart. "He is so sweet Lefa, did I tell you that he always calls me in the morning to say good morning and at noon to check if I have eaten lunch then at night to say goodnight? I swear he is the sweetest man alive and I just want to strangle Grace for mistreating that sweet man."

"He is not that wonderful," Lefakae scoffed.

"He is!" Rorisang said with a giggle. "And he always picks me up when I am tired and carries me around and..."

"Spare me the details please," Lefakae grumbled and pointed at her. "And if he breaks your heart I am going to break his ribs."

Rorisang chuckled. "Stop acting like papa."

"It sounds like something he would say doesn't it?" Lefakae snorted and imitated his voice. "If you two are tired of being my kids then get out of my house! I will not tolerate entitled kids who want to be coddled all their lives!"

“Act like a Moeng and think like a Moeng or go live somewhere else!” Rorisang added in a deep voice and they both burst out laughing until they both forgot what they were laughing about and slumped their shoulders.

“I kind of miss him,” Rorisang admitted with a pout.

“I miss him too,” Lefakae sighed and stood up.

He did not want to want to think about his father because he had made peace with being disowned but he hoped his father’s anger subsided soon because Rorisang might look tough on the outside but she was still fragile and she missed her parents.

“You should come to Zach’s patlo and magadi next week if you want to see him,” he told her quietly and started walking out but turned to

look at Rorisang. " I know you are young but don't play with Tumo's heart, he had a rough childhood and then that devil of his wife messed up with him too. He is a good guy and when he loves, he does it with all his heart so I hope you are not taking him for a ride."

"I love him too much for that."

"Good," Lefakae huffed before he walked out of the kitchen to the living room and smiled at Zoey who was dressing her dolls.

"Lefa, come and drink tea with Barbie and me!" Zoey whined when she saw him.

"Are you two ladies inviting me for tea?" He grinned.

"Yes," Zoey giggled and pulled one of her tiny pink plastics chairs for him. "Sit down so I pour you a cup."

He sat down making sure not to exert all his weight on the tiny chair or else it was going to

break. He watched her with a smile as she fixed her tea cups and kettle and knew it was going to be a long day, once Zoey started playing house she was never going to stop.

Veronica frowned when she saw a white Range Rover parked in front of her mother's house.

She frowned as she got out of her car. She hoped her mother had not snatched a boyfriend even if her father was gone she needed to have at least a bit of respect for the man.

"What is going on?" she blurted out when she saw a woman busy giving her mother's feet a massage while she sat on the couch in a white robe and a glass of champagne with strawberries in hand.

"Oh, Vero you came!" Moipone beamed before taking a sip of her champagne. "Make sure you

press between the fingers too, I am paying you a lot of money for this.”

“Yes ma’am,” the girl replied and carried on with her work.

“Sit down too Vero, she will give you a full body massage if you want.”

“Mama, papa’s corpse has not even rotten and you are drinking champagne and getting massages, what is wrong with you?”

“This is to relive stress,” she told her calmly. “I can’t stop living just because your father is dead and I am celebrating my new car.”

“Is the Range Rover yours?” she asked with her eyes wide.

“Isn’t it beautiful?” Moipone grinned. “I bought it today cash my baby.”

“Just how much money did you get from papa’s insurance payouts?”

Moipone giggled tipsy from the champagne. "Now you want to know? Akere you and your brother refused the money, why do you care about it now? It was almost a million."

"Why didn't you at least give his siblings some of that money mama since they never got anything while he was alive?"

"Why should I give them my husband's money when they were toxic creatures who never liked me?" she asked with a frown and clicked her tongue. "Don't test me with your Mother Theresa behavior, you need cleansing wena because Josephine wa nywana has turned you against but don't worry mummy will fix it soon. You will all come back to me soon. Heela baby girl keep massaging my feet, are you listening to me now?"

Veronica shook her head and walked to the

kitchen and found Confidence cooking up a feast fit for a village. The tantalizing smell coming from the pots was enough to make her stomach growl but she was scared to eat anything in her mother's house.

"Hello Confidence."

"Hi Miss Vero!" Confidence greeted brightly.

"Is my mother having guests?"

"She said she invited some friends," she said with a shrug.

"My mother is losing it, isn't she?" Veronica asked shaking her head and studied Confidence's face who was avoiding her eyes.

"Confidence did you really hear my father begging my mother to get back together?"

Confidence looked away and busied herself with the pots.

"Confidence," Veronica called sternly. "Did you

hear her or not?”

Confidence glanced at the door cautiously and cleared her throat. “I was not going to say anything but your mother has really been acting weird lately buying things randomly. She just bought that car this morning.” She sighed and lowered her voice. “To tell the truth I was not here that Sunday since it was my day off and I went to visit one of my home girls in Zola.”

“Then why did you lie?” she looked at her inquisitively.

“She told me to lie saying that it was to avoid embarrassment from people since Richard did not want her anymore and she gave me money so I can send to my family.”

“Confidence do you know you could be an accomplice to murder?”

Confidence gasped. “Murder? Did she kill your father?”

Veronica sighed. "What else did my mother tell you?"

"I don't know much but I heard her shouting to someone about how hard was it to terminate a pregnancy," Confidence said and twisted the dish cloth. "Please don't report me for lying Miss Vero, my boys depend on me and I can't go to jail."

"I will not report you if you tell me what you know."

Confidence narrated the whole thing she had heard from Moipone's conversation including the conversation with Makhanga.

Veronica was astounded by the time she finished. Her mother wanted to kill Millie's unborn child? She felt her stomach turning and her head reeling. What kind of person was her mother?

“What are you two whispering about in there?”
Moipone shouted from the kitchen.

“Nothing Madam!” Confidence called back quickly.

Veronica was too stunned to speak she felt like her knees might give up on her anytime soon.

“Confidence!” Moipone shouted again. “Come and refill my glass!”

Confidence grabbed the champagne bottle from the fridge and walked out to the living room.

She was still filling the glass when they heard knocks on the door.

“Go open the door, what are you waiting for?”

Confidence put the bottle down and rushed to the door and opened it. She gasped looking at the police officers. Her heart beat rapidly; did Miss Vero report her already?

“Is my mother home Confidence?” Bokang asked stealing her attention from the police officers; she hadn’t even noticed him standing next to the police officers.

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Chapter 38

“Dumelang mo lwapeng,” one of the police officers greeted politely glancing at Veronica who had walked back in the living room after she heard deep voices. “We are looking for Mrs. Moipone Molatlhegi.”

“What has this boy done now?” Moipone asked glaring at her son and shook her head. “I have long told you to stay away from those criminal boys at the car wash and now you are bringing police officers to my house?”

“We are actually looking for you mme,” the constable said calmly. “We are under an investigation about your late husband Richard’s murder and we would appreciate it if you came to the police station with us.”

“Why do I have to go to the police station?” Moipone asked in an annoyed voice.

“Your name came up in our investigation ma’am so it will do you good to comply with the law and come with us.”

“I am not going anywhere,” Moipone snorted crossing her arms. “I am still mourning for my husband’s death and you want to carry me around in your van where you transport filthy criminals back and forth?”

“Ma’am you have to come with us or we will think you are hiding something and arrest you right here and right now.”

“You are crazy!” Moipone clapped her hands

and stood up from the couch glaring at her son. “You are a foolish boy; you think you can call the police on me accusing me of killing my husband. What is wrong with you?”

“We suggest you go put on some clothes so we can go Mrs. Molatlhegi, we are being generous with you here.”

Moipone clicked her tongue and stormed off to the bedroom. Veronica stared at Bokang, wondering how he even managed to go report his mother without letting her know. She glanced at Confidence and the masseuse girl both looking confused.

Her mother walked out two minutes later dressed in a black dress and black shoes looking like the black widow herself.

Veronica could only stare at her, this was the

same woman who had raised her and taught her to be confident but looking back at it, her mother taught her how to superior to others and to tear others down so she could feel good about herself. She had not taught her confidence at all. Her vision blurred as she blinked away the tears forcing herself to breathe because she felt like her chest was on fire.

“Let’s go but you will regret this,” Moipone clicked her tongue. “You are busy wasting government resources on me instead of looking for my husband’s killers. Let’s go so that I can come back home, I have invited people for supper.”

“Let’s go,” the police officers followed her out to the police van.

Veronica remained seated on the couch, her head still reeling.’

“Who is going to pay me now?” the masseuse asked looking at Veronica.

“How much does my mother owe you?”

“P1200,” she replied quietly.

Veronica looked at Confidence. “I am sure you know where she put the money go get it and pay her.”

“Yes, ma’am.” Confidence nodded walking to the bedroom and came out with the money in an envelope a minute later and handed it to the girl who bid her farewell before he collected her tools and left.

Confidence walked back to the kitchen even though she was not sure if she should continue cooking.

Veronica turned to look at Bokang. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

“I also didn’t know I was going to report her,” he

admitted quietly. "I only went to go check if I can talk to Rambo and ask him what he was talking about."

"What did he say?"

"He said Moipone called him in the evening and offered to pay them P30 000 each including papa's car if they did something for her," he inhaled sharply, his eyes filling with tears. "He said they came here... and.. They found him stabbed with a knife on the floor with his forehead bleeding."

Veronica's chest felt tighter as she tried to imagine her father laying there lifeless in a pool of blood.

"It looked like he didn't die right away," he said shaking his head trying to force himself to keep going. "Rambo said his pulse was weak but he was alive and Moipone told them to wrap him up in black trash bags and go throw him away."

He bit his lip breathing hard. "Our mother killed our father like a dog and threw him away like one."

Veronica put a hand over her mouth sobbing, everything hurt inside. She felt like she was being turned upside down as she kept listening to Bokang.

"Why would she do something like that?"

Veronica sniffed wiping her nose.

"Anyone who goes to witchdoctors can do anything," he replied dropping his head.

"Do you think they will arrest her though?"

Veronica asked and stood up. "I can't stay in this house Bokang, our father died in here, how can she be fine and act like a victim when she murdered her husband in cold blood like this?"

Bokang stood up too and they both walked out to Veronica's car. She was still shaking so Bokang offered to drive them back home.

“I hope she pays for what she has done,”
Veronica said quietly looking outside the
window, she bit her lip rubbing her tummy and
hoped the bad energy had not gotten to her
unborn baby.

Later that day, Moipone walked out fuming.
They had released her of course because
Makhanga made sure to cleanse her and cover
her shadow so the murder wouldn't come back
to her so even though the boys had babbled to
the police about her involvement nothing was
going to hold her in the cell, one minute they
were threatening to arrest her and the next they
were telling her to go home.

She needed to get her kids back though,
Makhanga needed to do something so her kids
could be tied to her and never go anywhere.

She barged inside the house, tired and ready to sleep after being at the police station for hours. She frowned at Confidence sitting on the couch sipping her champagne. Confidence jumped as soon as she saw her.

“Did you think I had died that you are acting like the madam of the house in my house?”

Moipone asked with her hands on her waist.

“I am sorry,” Confidence sputtered almost spilling the champagne. “I was a little thirsty.”

“There is plenty of Coke and water in the fridge or did you finish that?” Moipone asked clicking her tongue. “Finish it all since you have already started. I have to go somewhere and I will be back when those gossiping ladies I have invited for dinner come, give them the food and tell them to go away.”

“Yes ma’am.” Confidence said quietly and watched Moipone walking back in the bedroom.

She came back a minute later dressed in a black skirt and a long sleeved T-shirt with a big sunny hat and sunglasses.

“Stop behaving like the owner when I am not here Confidence, witches will try to burn me but I will remain standing.” She huffed putting her handbag over her shoulder walking to her car.

She needed Makhanga to strengthen her so the police wouldn't come back sniffing around her again and maybe she should do something about those girls.

She pulled her car in the yard and stepped out of the car, it was already dark but she could see people. She fixed her glasses when she saw people in front of mud house that Makhanga used to sleep in.

She stood there wondering if she should go or not.

A little boy ran to her just as she was still contemplating.

“My grandfather is dead, are you looking for him?”

Moipone felt her heart dropping to her stomach.

“Who did you say died?”

“My grandfather,” he answered brightly like he was not talking about death. “We are going to bury him in Shakawe, are you going to come with us?”

Moipone looked over at the small crowd stumbling back and shook her head. Makhanga cannot die now when she needed him the most. She put a hand over her forehead feeling hot all of a sudden and quickly rushed to her car.

Millie had not believed that this day would come

but it was here. People were already outside while she was still getting her make-up done. She and Zach had decided to combine the patlo and magadi weekend together with the signing and the surname changing together with the traditional wedding celebration.

She wanted to have their white wedding after she gave birth even though Zach wanted them to do it now. She wanted everything to be perfect and immediately go on honeymoon after the white wedding and they couldn't go right now because she had just opened her bakery and she couldn't travel anywhere far while she was still pregnant.

They were in Serowe and she hadn't seen Zach since the week started because her mother insisted that it was tradition but she missed him even though they video called and chatted every day she couldn't help but miss him. She

couldn't wait to see him today.

"Close your eyes," the make-up artist told her gently and she closed her chat with Zach and closed her eyes so she could get her work done.

It was Friday and the official day for their patlo and magadi their traditional wedding celebration was on Saturday.

Her aunts from her father's side were busy running around making sure everything was set before Zach's family arrived.

Moeng was the one spear heading the negotiations for Zach and even brought some of the Moeng uncles. Millie was glad that Zach had someone who was like a father to him.

"Baby girl man!" Metheo's sister walked in the bedroom ululating already dressed in her blue German print dress. "Ay, you look beautiful ngwanaka."

“Thank you Rakgadi,” Millie smiled opening her eyes when the make-up artist told her to and looked around the room with her mother staring at her proudly. She blinked suddenly getting teary.

“Ng, ng, no time for tears my love this is a happy occasion we should be smiling and rejoicing.”

“These are happy tears,” she chuckled dabbing her eyes with a tissue.

“Your in laws are already here,” Her mother told her standing up.

“Hei banna!” Mokgadi exclaimed peeking out the window. She was her father’s youngest sister and the most talkative one, “Ga se ka di GD-6 ko ntle di bolaa motho eses!”

“Let us go outside,” Josephine said to her daughter. “We will come get you when it’s time.”

“Okay,” she said nodding with a small smile and watched them shuffle out in blue dresses and white shawls. She had decided that they dress up like this for her wedding. She didn’t know what the women from Zach’s side were going to wear.

She had already changed into her blue German print dress with the matching head scarf when Veronica walked in the room wearing a blue German print dress as well and gave her a small smile.

She must have arrived with the Moengs and Millie was dying to know what was happening outside.

“Hey,” Veronica greeting quietly. “You look amazing.”

“Thank you,” she smiled. “You look great too.”

Veronica nodded biting her lip not sure what to say, things were a little bit awkward between

them and even more awkward that she knew her mother had wanted to harm the baby. She didn't want to tell her especially on a great day like this. She was about to open her mouth to speak when someone called Millie's name barging inside the house.

"Bontle!" Millie called chuckling in disbelief.

"I came to see the blushing bride and to bring her some food," she said handing her a brown KFC paper bag with a Woolworths plastic bag.

"Your future husband told me to give this to you to feed your cravings."

"Really?" Millie beamed reaching for the bags. She had told Zach she wanted dunked wings and very-berry crusher from KFC but she did not expect him to buy it on his way here. Her man had to be the most considerate human ever now she missed him.

"Look at you looking gorgeous in that dress,"

she beamed at Millie.

“Stop it,” Millie giggled. “You are the one looking gorgeous in that dress.”

“Do you like it?” Bontle twirled around in her dress paired with a blue shawl. “Ke tsile go go nyadisa baby girl.” She said then chuckled. “I never thought I’d ever say that. I feel so old now that I am invited to wedding negotiations too.”

Millie chuckled shaking her head already indulging in her dunked wings. She finally remembered Veronica had been in the room and looked up to see if she could introduce her to Bontle but she had already left. “So, can you tell me what is going on outside?”

“No ma’am, I can’t,” Bontle giggled. “Don’t worry everything is going well at least you don’t have crazy relatives. At my patlo and magadi my aunt insisted that Alex pay 80K because I had

modeled overseas and I didn't have a child. She went nuts on my in laws."

Millie giggled. "I also have crazy relatives, my uncle Rapula but he said he has stopped drinking now since he found a girlfriend at church."

They both chuckled and stood up walking to the window. "Why don't you go and hear what they are saying?"

"A good bride should behave and sit in the room until she is called," Bontle said looking outside the window. "Yerr man, doesn't my man look hot in that suit. I am getting all hot and bothered just watching him sitting there like the married man that he is." Bontle asked staring at her husband seated with the man wearing a serious expression like all the men.

Millie chuckled shaking her head. "I also want to be happy like you guys in our marriage."

“You will be happy, don’t worry.” Bontle put a hand over her shoulder. “Oh, there is your husband, they have called him from the car.”

Millie smiled watching Zach walking towards the elders in a royal blue suit. She had forced him to wear formal shoes for this because he wanted to wear his sneakers. Imagine! She smiled; he looked so dashing in that suit. She was ready to spend the rest of her life with this man.

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Chapter 39

Bontle had gone outside to join the ladies so she was left inside the house finishing her wings.

She heard the ladies erupt in ululations and

stood up to go peep through the window. She smiled when she saw them standing up which meant everything had gone well.

She went back to her couch finishing off her wings and the crusher before the ladies walked in.

She stood up and fixed her dress and wiped her hands with wet wipes. The ladies came back inside the house to escort her outside the house. She knew she had to keep her head down even though all she wanted to do was look up at her future husband.

The proceedings went successfully and she couldn't be happier that everything had gone well.

She had been nervous thinking her family would demand too much from them but Zach had already told them before that he was willing to

pay any amount just so he could have her as his wife.

“Why won’t you look at me?” Zach asked in a husky voice looking down at her when everything was done and they were seated for lunch.

“Everyone is kind of looking at us,” she whispered quietly. It was good that she was seated on a mat next to him or else it would have been difficult to not look at him.

“I thought you missed me but I guess I was wrong.”

“Of course I missed you,” Millie quickly looked up at him with a frown and Zach gave her a lazy grin.

“There is my beautiful wife,” he smiled winking at her. “Doesn’t your neck hurt from looking down like that?”

“I am supposed to be this shy and humble.” she

giggled.

“No you should be confident and proud like a true Mrs. Babupi.”

Millie grinned at him and glanced at her mother who was watching them closely and shook her head smiling.

“Did you enjoy your wings?” Zach asked looking down at her.

“I did,” she replied with a smile.

Zach smiled and looked up as they started serving the food. He had been too nervous that he hadn't eaten anything since the morning and he only remembered that he was famished when he saw the food.

Everything had gone well, they did not even negotiate because he knew from the beginning

that he wanted to pay 100 000 for Millie. The family members had been left speechless that they did not even have anything to say after that offer.

“Who is driving the Range Rover like a maniac?” Tumo whispered to him from where he was seated next to him. “Is it one of your crazy friends?”

Zach frowned staring at the Range Rover that violently drove in the yard almost hitting the little children that had been eating.

Everyone turned to the car to watch as Moipone stepped out of the car complete in a blue dress and heels.

“So you all thought to have this without inviting me?” She shouted at everyone who was listening. “You forget that I am the aunt and I am important here. Josephine is this how you

treat your older sister now?”

“Moipone please don’t create a scene if you want to be here then be quiet and sit down but if you don’t then you can leave,” Rapula said calmly walking up to her sister.

“Wena shut up!” Moipone snapped pointing a finger at Rapula. “You and my sister were in cahoots to kill my husband and leave my children’s inheritance to Josephine’s pig daughter but not anymore! I am going to expose you for all your evils of even turning my children against me so they could even report me! Bokang and Vero where are you? Let’s go home, I am not going to let you become Josephine’s slaves while I am still alive.”

“Moipone please leave you are only embarrassing yourself,” Josephine chided gently.

“Why should I leave?” she shouted. “I am more

than welcome here since I am family kana jang?”

Millie looked up at Zach with tearful eyes, she had celebrated too soon thinking everything could be perfect here was her aunt making a mess out of everything. She stood up dusting her dress.

“Nana, where are you going?” Zach called rising to his feet following her.

“Ehe, Josephine’s love child where are you rushing off to?” Moipone asked and reached to grab her wrist but Zach pushed her back before she could touch her. She stumbled on her feet and plopped to the ground.

“Don’t you dare touch my wife!”

“Somebody call the police!” Moipone shouted still lying on the ground. “This criminal just assaulted me and you all are witnesses. Are you

going to just watch while someone assaults me?”

“Mama, that is enough!” Veronica walked up to her with an angry frown, fuming. Her mother had done a lot of embarrassing and evil things but this one took the cup.

Millie sniffed looking at Moipone. “Why do you hate me so much?”

“Because you are your mother’s child and she is evil and you are evil too,” she shouted making everyone gasp. “I knew if I didn’t protect my daughter you could have done the same to her because your mother is a whore just like you!”

Zach lunged forward but Millie grabbed her wrist. Lefakae and Tumo held him back before he could slap her.

“He now wants to beat me up,” Moipone cackled clapping her hands. “A criminal through and through, this boy. So Josephine sold you

off to a criminal so he could abuse you for the rest of your life?”

“Will you shut the fuck up?” Zach lunged for her again but Tumo and Lefakae held him back.

“Zachariah, cool down.” Moeng said in a calm but stern voice.

“This old woman is hurling insults at my wife and my mother in law and I am supposed to be calm, why don’t you get this bitch out of here?”

“Language Zachariah,” Moeng said keeping his eyes on him.

Zach heaved and turned to look at Millie but she was gone. He cursed under his breath and shrugged his friends off and stalked down to go look for his wife.

“Moipone get up and stop creating a scene,” Rapula yanked her up with an angry frown. “You

have done enough damage, you need to go.”

“You all are evil!” She shouted dusting her dress and looked up. “Where is Makhanga?”

“Who is Makhanga?”

“I know you and Josephine hid him somewhere because you want me to go down like you.”

“Moipone, are you losing your mind?”

“Makhanga!” She called looking around frantically and walked towards the Moeng men.

“Have you seen him?”

“What is she talking about?” Lefakae’s uncle asked with a frown.

“It is very hot here, it’s because evil people like you are gathered here.”

“Ma’am let us pray for you,” Moeng said calmly and Moipone shrieked jumping.

“I am looking for Makhanga get away from me!” She shouted.

Veronica tried grabbing her wrist but she shrugged her off and rushed to the stand pipe in the yard and opened it washing her face.

“Mama, stop this right now!” Veronica shouted pulling her back from the tap.

“It is very hot here Vero, we need to go.”

“You need to go tell the police what you have done mama, this is not right.”

“You want to sell me off too?” Moipone asked pushing her back violently. Veronica plopped to the ground and Lefakae rushed to her.

“V, are you alright?”

“I am fine, I didn’t fall painfully.”

“Are you sure?” Lefakae asked with a concerned frown. “Maybe we should go to the clinic and check if the baby is still fine.”

“I am fine,” she said looking at her mother tearfully. “Please, please go turn yourself in

mama and stop using whatever it is that you have been using.”

“Josephine has won!” Moipone clapped her hands and pointed at Josephine, everyone was now staring at her in astonishment. “You have won autwa Josephine but don’t worry because it will end in tears! Wena you can be motherless with your brother!” She clicked her tongue heading to her car. “I am going to find Makhanga then it’s over for you!” She shouted before she roughly reversed her car out of the yard and sped off.

Lefakae looked at Veronica and put a hand over her shoulders. “I am going back to Gaborone, the police can’t let my mother go after what she has done.”

“I’ll go with you.”

“No stay and be with your best friend, I will let

you know as soon as I arrive besides Rorisang and Zoey are still home so if I manage we will come to the traditional wedding tomorrow.”

“Alright, update me okay?”

“Okay.” Veronica nodded wiping her cheeks and walked to the house to get her things.

“Yoh, Veronica’s mother reminds me of Grace.” Tumo said to Lefakae shaking his head.

“Nana, please stop crying,” Zach said softly wiping her wet cheeks as more tears spilled down.

They were in his car and he had taken a short drive away from home because she said she needed to breath.

“Why would she come and ruin this for me when I have done nothing but be respectable to

her?”

“She didn’t ruin anything baby,” Zach said softly. “Don’t give her that credit because everything went well today and I paid magadi for you and tomorrow we will be signing and celebrating with the family.”

Millie nodded biting her lip. “She has so much hate for me.”

“She probably is a hateful and spiteful person, please don’t let her get you worked up.”

“I wanted this day to be perfect.”

“It is still perfect my love,” he said cradling her face in his large hands. “You look stunning and I paid for that cake so I can eat for the rest of my life.”

Millie giggled despite her tears. “How much did you pay anyway?”

“It’s a secret,” Zach winked at her.

“I want to know how much I am worth!”

“You are much worth than any amount baby,” he smiled pecking her lips softly.

“Give me a hint,” she said and Zach chuckled shaking her head.

“Come on,” Millie pouted but he reached and kissed her instead.

She easily melted in his arms opening her mouth and tangled her tongue with his. It had been a long dry week and she was not used to going two days without getting it. She reached for his erect manhood massaging it gently. Zach groaned in her mouth and had to tear himself from her, heaving.

“I have to get you back home before the elders get mad at us, there are still things that need to be done in the evening.”

“But I want you,” Millie said with a pout.

“And you will have me baby but for now we have to go back, I am sure things have died down now.”

“Don’t put it all in ee, just insert the tip.”

“Babe, we can’t. I will fuck you until your knees turn into jelly tomorrow but for now we have to go back.”

Millie sniffed biting her trembling lip. “You don’t want me anymore?”

Zach frowned at her. “Baby, you know that’s not true.”

“Then why won’t you have sex with me?” she looked at him with tears in her eyes. “Are you cheating, did you find someone else the past week we were not together?”

Zach’s jaw dropped, how did they go from being all nice to cheating accusations?

“Nana, how can I cheat on you when I am about

to make you a wife, why would I do that?"

"It's because I have gotten fatter isn't it?" Millie sniffed. "I disgust you."

Zach sighed in frustration wanting to hit the steering wheel but kept himself calm. Mrs. Moeng had warned him about pregnancy and told him to be patient but this was very vexing that he felt like he couldn't even breathe.

He took a deep breath and turned to look at her holding her hands.

"Let's go in the backseat so I can fuck you good."

"I don't want your dick anymore," she sniffed wiping her cheeks with the back of her hand.

"Don't give it to me if you are going to make me beg for it."

Zach sighed rubbing his jaw. Millie faced away from him looking out the window. He trailed his hand on her thigh pushing up her dress and he

heard her sharp intake of breath.

“I don’t want it,” she said quietly not even removing his hand.

Zach grinned wickedly. “I know, I am just fixing your panties.”

Millie gasped when his thumb stroked her womanhood against her already soaked panties. “Fix them fast then.”

“Don’t worry, I am an expert at fixing panties.”

Millie bit her lip as his hand pushed her panties to the side and inserted his finger inside her. Her breath hitched as she looked outside the window, they were under a tree a little far from her home and besides Zach’s windows were tinted.

“Do you want to go in the back seat so I can fix your panties properly?” Zach asked with a sly grin. Millie could only nod with her bottom lip between her teeth. Zach moved back to the

back seat before he helped her too. He immediately put his hands as soon as she climbed on his lap.

He quickly removed her shawl and threw it on the seat and pushed her dress down together with the bra and latched on her nipples. Millie whimpered grinding on his hard rod.

“I will make it real fast okay baby?” Zach asked parting her panties to the side. Millie nodded frantically still lost in a lust haze. He could tell her that they should go rob a bank at this point and she would gladly agree.

Zach unzipped his pants before he pushed them down and his hardness sprang out. He stroked it for a bit before he guided it inside her. Millie moaned putting her hands on his chest so she could support herself while she fully took him in.

Zach thrust from the seat while she tried her best to move her waist with his guidance. She didn't like being on top before but with Zach; she always felt like a goddess.

She bit her lip moaning as his hardness kept sliding in and out of her.

"Oatle if you ever do this to anyone else, I will kill you!" She whimpered feeling her climax getting nearer. She saw black spots appearing in front of her before she gasped as she exploded on him clenching around him.

Zach groaned and thrust one more time before he exploded too. They both stilled and tried to catch their breaths.

“I told you I know how to fix panties,” Zach said winking at her as he tucked his dick back in his pants after their climax. “And no one else will ever have this dick baby, it only belongs to you.” He grinned wiping the sweat off his forehead.

Millie chuckled shaking her head as she finished wiping herself with a tissue.

She made a mental note to put a packet of wet wipes in Zach’s car if they were going to be going at it like rabbits.

“I am being abused banna,” Zach teased shaking his head.

“Stop it, let’s go home before the elders get worried.”

“Oh, now the elders will get worried?” He raised an eyebrow and chuckled deeply. “How are you feeling now?”

"I am great but I am a little hungry," she admitted.

"Let's get you home so you can eat then." Zach said with a slight chuckle. "Pregnancy is not easy akere?"

"Just drive tthe rra." She giggled shaking her head.

Zach laughed starting the car, it was going to be a long eight months.

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Chapter 40

By the time he got back to the guest house they were staying at, Zach was exhausted and all he wanted was to sleep to get ready for the big day. Who knew weddings and negotiations were more stressful than running a club, he would

take running after international artists who refused to honor their agreement over sitting with elders any day.

“I forgot to ask but as your lawyer I need to know if you are signing in or out of community of property?” Lefakae asked taking a sip from his Corona.

They were camping in his room being loud and annoying as hell but Zach wouldn't have it any other way because Tumo and Lefakae were finally in one room without glaring or punching each other.

“Everything that I own belongs to Millie, my heart, my body and my assets.”

“Are you sure?” Lefakae raised an eyebrow.

“Because Millie has nothing to her name and you have a lot to lose if you ever divorce.”

“Bro, why are you talking about divorcing just a day before he signs?” Tumo asked with a frown.

“I am your lawyer and it’s my duty to give you legal advise in these matters.”

“Millie has a bakery, why the hell would you say she has nothing?” Tumo asked again looking at Lefakae. “It’s the rich kid syndrome isn’t it?”

“Why are you being a dick about this?” Lefakae turned to glare at Tumo while Zach watched them calmly. “This is my job, as a friend I acknowledge his love for his woman but as his lawyer I want him to protect himself and make the right decision because honestly Millie wouldn’t even be having that bakery without him.”

“Zach is marrying for love, this is not your fake marriage that you did to please your father.”

“Why are you being a little bitch?” Lefakae snapped. “Are you taking out your frustrations on me because you let a woman abuse you for years and now she is taking everything and

leaving you with none even though you worked hard for it?”

“I came with nothing to the marriage like you said about Millie so why would I leave with something?”

Lefakae threw his hands up in the air in exasperation and looked at Zach. “I can’t believe this guy.”

“You motherfuckers need to stop talking about me as if I am not here and that bakery belongs to Millie and that’s it even if she decides to leave me because I am sure as hell I will never leave her,” Zach finally spoke up giving them a wry look. “It’s my day and you two motherfuckers are not going to ruin it for me because you have unresolved issues.”

“You are always taking Tumo’s side,” Lefakae snapped and stood up. “I was trying to offer my advice but if you don’t want it that’s fine.” He

walked out of the room before Zach could say more.

Zach groaned in frustration, he spent the day dealing with pregnant Millie and now his friends were acting like they were also pregnant.

“Are you guys by any chance pregnant?” He asked drily and Tumo frowned in confusion.

“You are acting like pregnant women right now.”

“It’s your friend, I know he was indirectly throwing jabs at me because he does not think I am good enough for his sister since I don’t have thousands of properties like you guys and I don’t have millions stashed in my account.”

“You are whining right now,” he squinted his eyes at him. “Stop acting like a little bitch, you are the one who let Grace walk all over you and now you are letting her take everything from

while she cheated on you continuously. Stop whining about how you didn't have anything Tumo, I also had nothing but here I am."

"You had Lefa's father so don't act so high and mighty on me," Tumo grumbled before he stood up and walked out.

Zach stared at the closed door and palmed his face; the universe was really trying him today.

He had just finished his shower when he heard a light knock on the door, Lefakae walked in before he could tell him to come in and looked at him bashfully.

They have had plenty of arguments before but they never fought or held grudges for long.

"Look man, if I disrespected Millie in any way

about what I said I am sorry.”

“You were just trying to be a lawyer,” Zach said quietly plopping down on the bed and studied Lefakae’s face. “Why don’t you just tell me what the fuck is going on because this is not you.”

Lefakae sighed rubbing his forehead, “It’s just been a long day you know, my uncles and my father barely looked at me today and it all clicked that I have really been disowned. They were happy boasting about you; you are the son that they have always wanted and I am not. Then there is Vero and I am worried that the stress about her mother is going to take a toll on her and the baby.”

“You are always going to be their son,” Zach said quietly. “Growing up, I wished Moeng could have been my father instead of my asshole father but as I grew up I realized even though he takes care of me, I would never be his son. I will always be a boy that he helped from self-

destructing but you are his son Lefa, no matter what they say you were born a Moeng and you will die one.”

“I am just tired of being treated like I am not one of them because I can’t love a woman, like I am the first Moeng man to be a gay.”

Zach cleared his throat and looked at Lefakae. “Call your father and talk to him then ask him who is Elkin Ibrahim.”

“Who is he?”

“His former lover, I don’t have the full story but all I know is your father is not straight as he makes people believe,” he reached for his phone. “Now I am going to call my girl because she will lose her mind if I don’t wish her a goodnight.”

Lefakae stared at Zach reclining calmly on the bed like he didn’t just drop a bomb on him.

The next day they all drove to the lodge after the signing. She was not Millicent Naledi Seboko anymore; she was Millicent Naledi Babupi, a whole wife to Zachariah Oatile Babupi. Everything still felt so surreal even though she knew she was anticipating the white wedding more.

Zach wore a German print shirt with royal blue formal pants to match with their traditional décor.

It had been kind of last minute but Mimi's Events pulled through with an amazing décor just like she had wanted, the theme was blue and yellow because it had always been her favorite color and since it was a traditional wedding, they had used the blue to match the

blue German print dresses.

The designers had also made her dream dress come to life incorporating the yellow with the blue German print to make a long mermaid dress and she felt like a dream wearing it. Everything looked amazing. They hadn't even invited a lot of people just close family and relatives.

They started the celebration with prayer and long speeches from family and friends. Millie's mother got teary at the end of her speech that Millie had to get up to give her a hug then Moeng gave a long speech about him which warmed Zach's heart because looking back at it, he could never survive without him. He could have ended up dead or in prison with the way his life had turned out but he had made it and

he was marrying the woman of his dreams.

It was finally their turn to give their long awaited speech and he made Millie go first. She stood up with a breathtaking smile holding the mic and looked down at him gazing up at her with affection.

“I want to say thank you all for coming,” she smiled at the guests. “It is a beautiful day for me and my husband... wow that sounds so foreign,” she said and the crowd erupted in laughs. She turned to look at Zach. “Before I met you, I was kind of just waddling through life by myself and I thought it was fine because I was afraid of letting people in and then I met you and I found myself being happy than I thought I would ever be. You opened your heart to me, gave me everything that a girl could ask

for and for that I will always hold your hand. I am ready for the highs and the lows. I am ready to guard your heart for life. You are an amazing man and I have no doubt you will be the most amazing husband... I will always, always love you and cherish you.” She took a deep breath feeling her eyes burn with tears.

Zach stood up to wipe her cheeks with a smile before he took the mic from her while she sat down.

He cleared his throat looking at the crowd.

“Thank you for taking time to come see me get a beautiful wife,” he said and the crowd chuckled.

“When I look at you, I have no doubt that my mother sent you for me as an apology for leaving me early in this life and I am thankful to

have you in my life now and forever. I am grateful that I get to love you in this lifetime sweetheart and I will also cherish your heart forever your heart that has chosen to love me as I am. I knew from the moment you threw rice at me that you had to be the one. I didn't believe in soul mates before but I believe my soul rekindled to life after you because it has found it's mate. Millicent Naledi Babupi, thank for choosing to share your life with me." He smiled and turned to the crowd. "We will see you at the white wedding everyone!"

They erupted in cheers as they clapped and whistled at them while Zach took his seat.

"Rori, I want to go the bathroom," Zoey whined tugging on her dress. Rorisang looked up to see

if she could find Veronica but she was engrossed in a conversation with her aunt and honestly it did not look like a happy one. It looked like she was telling her about her mother and the police who had refused to arrest her for some reason.

“Alright, let’s go.” She stood up taking her head as they made their way out of the hall to the bathrooms. She bumped in her mother just as she entered the bathroom.

She looked like a typical Moeng wife in a German print dress and expensive heels.

“Go inside okay?” she said to Zoey opening the bathroom stall for her. Zoey rushed inside and Rorisang walked to the sinks ignoring her mother’s gaze.

“You are not even greeting me?”

“I thought when children are disowned they don’t have parents anymore so we are

practically strangers.”

“We didn’t disown you.”

“Your husband told me to leave because I am a disgrace just like my brother and you didn’t stop him.”

Mrs. Moeng sighed. “Your father misses you both but his pride won’t let him.”

“Good for him,” Rorisang snorted and looked back when Zoey walked out of the bathroom.

“I am done!”

“Let’s wash your hands,” she smiled down at her and helped her up so she could wash her hands.

She looked at her mother watching them before she walked out without another word. She smiled at Tumo who was watching her with a smile on his face when she walked back to the table.

“You guys look like twins,” he said referring to their dresses. They were both wearing yellow dresses.

“We are twins,” Rorisang chuckled handing Zoey her plate. “Where is Lefa?”

“Over there,” Tumo gestured at where he was standing with a tall light skinned guy.

“Is that Katlo?”

“Yup,” Tumo nodded and chuckled. “Your brother ghosted him but when he saw him here with the planning crew he lost his mind.”

Lefakae walked back to the table a minute later with a grin on his face and sat down next to his sister.

“Why do you look happy?” Rorisang raised an eyebrow. “Did he take you back?”

“No, he is still mad at me for ghosting him but he said we will talk when he is not working so I

am a bit hopeful that my charming skills will blow him away.”

“Did papa see you flirting?”

“Who cares?” Lefakae shrugged reaching for his drink. “I am calling a family meeting soon, your father has a lot of explaining to do.”

Rorisang was about to ask what he was talking about when she spotted Bontle and jumped from her seat. “I am going to take pictures with Bontle!” She scrambled off to join Bontle.

Lefakae and Tumo both chuckled until they realized they were laughing together and stopped. Lefakae cleared his throat.

“Can’t believe Zach is married.”

Tumo chuckled lightly. “Me too, I thought he was going to be a professional bachelor.”

Lefakae snorted and they launched in a conversation about football, their feud forgotten.

“Now it’s time for the lovely couple to grace us with their first dance,” the MC announced pointing at them. “Come show them how you get down when you are in your club.”

Zach chuckled standing up and took Millie’s hand leading her to the dance floor.

The hall filled with Ed Sheeran’s perfect and they swayed lightly together looking down at each other and laughing from time to time while everyone watched them.

The song ended with their first dance and the DJ played Sonini by Sun El Musician for everyone who stood up to join the dance floor.

Zach grabbed the champagne bottle raising it in the air while he danced with his friends and wife. Millie couldn’t help but wish everyday could be like this, with them smiling and laughing happily.

[02/25, 19:13] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 41

“What is this family meeting about anyway?” Rorisang arched an eyebrow at her brother he fixed his shirt collar. It was a week later after the wedding.

He had brought out his best Armani suit and wore his Rolex watch like he was meeting his investors.

He had called all the Moeng family members from their father to his two brothers and their aunt. Rorisang was surprised that they had even agreed because as of the moment they were outcasts of the family; Lefakae for being gay and Rorisang for being trashed for dating a married men.

“You will see,” Lefakae grinned dusting nonexistent dust of his shoulders. “All I can tell

you baby sis is that all the Moengs are hypocrites but they act all squeaky clean in front of the world hiding their skeletons.”

“Now you are scaring me,” Rorisang scoffed then her eyes went wide. “Don’t tell me papa has kids outside the marriage.”

“That could have been easy,” Lefakae shrugged then grinned again. “But this is so much bigger that it is going to shock you little sister.”

Rorisang rolled her eyes and reached for a glass of wine, now that she was not in her parent’s home she had the freedom to do whatever she wanted including drinking because she was 21 for crying out loud!

“Where is Veronica?” Rorisang asked glancing around the room. Ever since they came back from the wedding she had been too quiet that she was a bit worried about her. They weren’t the best of friends but they had agreed to be

civil towards one another.

“They went to Church for the all night prayer with their aunt,” Lefakae told her quietly. “I think they are going to be back tomorrow morning so today it’s just us and our lovely family.”

“Are they bringing the cousins too because I would buff if Giselle comes here to whine about how nice is it to live in Paris and date French men.” She rolled her eyes.

“I don’t think the cousins are in Botswana so it is going to be just us.” He smiled and glanced at his watch.

It was almost 7 p.m. now and she was sort of worried that none of them were going to show up because if there was one thing Moengs did best was being snobs.

He looked around the room to make sure everything was fine, that everything was in

place when he heard the intercom buzzing then grinned to himself opening the gate for them. His father's car slid in the yard followed by his uncle and aunt's car. Let the show begin!

"I can't believe you made us come all the way here Lefa!" Their aunt Margret whined as soon as she walked in the house followed by their father, mother and his uncle. "This is very disrespectful; bossing us like we are your age mates."

"Welcome to my home, auntie." Lefakae only smiled at her.

"Well, I had no choice." She sighed. "I wanted to hear about this dirty secret that you said you wanted to tell us." She looked at Rorisang and immediately frowned. "You have gained some weight Rori, I hope you are not pregnant by that married man you were busy with. I keep telling

you to be more like Giselle, your cousin is out there in French working and becoming a powerful woman while you are running after men.”

“She is a lesbian,” Rorisang said drily.

“Don’t speak bad about your cousin,” Margret chided before she took a seat on the couch.

Rorisang shot an icy glare at her brother like it was his fault that their aunt was an entitled bitch.

“Why did you call us here?” Moeng finally spoke up stealing their attention from Margaret.

He looked stoic as always seated next to their mother who looked like the perfect rich housewife.

“Patience is a virtue father,” Lefakae sat down rubbing his hands together.

“Lefa, we are busy people we don’t have time for childish games.” One of his uncles said and the one nodded agreeing with him.

“Very well,” Lefakae said with a shrug. “As you all know me and my sister have been cast out as the blacksheeps of the family following our scandals on social media. Our father has cut of Rorisang’s cards and took back the car he bought her for her 21st birthday and I have been cut off from the family company and he is threatening to sell my shares. So I called this meeting to ask for our things back, our money and our rightful things that belongs to us.”

“Who said those things belong to you?” Moeng stared at him. “You two decided you didn’t want to belong to the family when you did despicable things to disgrace this family. You decided it was best to go after married men and you decided that it was better to date men than women.”

“I see,” Lefakae said with a careful nod and reclined back on the couch. “I guess you leave me no choice but to ask why can’t I love men when you yourself loved them, father? I have told you time and time again that I can’t be what you want me to be because that is not who I am yet you are just like me.”

“What is he talking about?” Margret asking looking at her eldest brother.

“You have officially lost your mind.” Moeng spat out rising to his feet. “I am not going to listen to this nonsense, Keneetswe let’s go.” He looked down at his wife who was still rooted on the couch.

“Not so fast papa because I still want to know more about Elkin Ibrahim, your lover from Ghana,” he said and grinned. “You remember him right? I am sure you do, there is no way you can forget someone you were with for five years.”



Rorisang gasped, her eyes huge. "Papa is gay?"

"Yes my dear sister." Lefakae smiled and looked down at his mother who was wearing a blank expression that he couldn't even read her emotions. Was she not supposed to gasp and start wailing like a normal wife who just found about her husband's true sexuality?

"You shamed me for years for being gay and even forced me to find a woman to marry when you were just like me all along, tell me now father did it make you mad that I was with men while you were trapped in a loveless marriage?"

"I love your mother," Moeng gritted out between clenched jaws staring at his son. "Have I ever given you reason to doubt that I don't love your mother?"

Lefakae blinked, his parents had always been peaceful and they usually went on dates and

trips together despite their age.

“No but that is not the point. The point is that you are gay and you cannot deny it, you used to be a man’s man too in the military and I am sure you must have had plenty of boyfriends...” his voice trailed off when a hard slap landed on his cheek. He blinked staring at his mother who had just slapped him fuming in front of him.

“Mama!” Rorisang called with a gasp.

“Is this why you called us here?” Mrs. Moeng asked blinking away angry tears. “Do you feel better now after embarrassing your father in front of his little siblings Lefa?”

“My father embarrassed me too and you said nothing now that I bring out his dirty secrets you are slapping me?” Lefakae chuckled in disbelief shaking his head. “Did you marry him for the money too? Did you overlook his sexuality so you can be a rich wife too mama?”

“You don’t know what you are talking about.”

“Then fucking explain it to me!” Lefakae shouted. “Make me understand why papa is fucking men and I can’t?”

“Let’s go,” Mrs. Moeng turned to look at her husband.

“You guys are hypocrites,” Rorisang said glaring at her parents, “The biggest hypocrites of all times.”

Moeng stared at his children for a second before he turned to leave without another word.

“Is Moeng really gay?” Margret asked looking at her other brothers. “Did you two know?”

“A lot of guys are gays when they are in the military,” Joseph snorted. “I can’t believe he was named after our grandfather though, he is probably turning in his grave as we speak.”

“I guess homosexuality is hereditary,” Ogone

said with a light laugh.

Lefakae glared at them and rubbed his jaw. "Get out of my house."

"What is this now?" Margret asked, shock written all over her face. "You invited us here now you are kicking us out?"

"Because you are hypocrites, all of you," Lefakae barked and looked at Joseph. "Stop behaving like a saint when I know you buy prostitutes from time to time. I am sure your lovely wife would like to know that you like prostitutes." He spat out and turned to his uncle Ogone. "And you have a child with your side chick of 7 years so if I were you I wouldn't be so judgmental. You are all a mess of a family."

"Lefakae this is utter disrespect!" Margret put a hand over her heart.

"I am done respecting people who don't respect me," he said with a small frown. "Get out of my

house.”

Rorisang smiled at them and looked at her aunt. “Ask your darling Giselle about the abortion that she had when were fifteen; I will give you a hint. She was fucking our Math teacher, our little feminist Giselle.” She grinned raising her glass. “Cheers to the Moengs!”

The next day was thankfully Saturday which was what Lefakae needed after the unsuccessful meeting. He had hoped to tear his father down and make his mother cry which was a strange thing to wish for your parents but he had at least hoped to tear them down, just a little but his mother had slapped him instead and his father had not seemed remorseful at all which just made all the effort he put in

everything go to waste.

Lefakae hoped that this date would cheer up his gloomy mood.

He was in Red Feather waiting for Katlo because they had agreed to have lunch together.

He was done fucking around now, he liked Katlo and even though he had ghosted him, he hoped they would mend things.

A smile crept up on his lips immediately when he saw him walking in the restaurant, he had dyed his hair blond which looked good on him and the orange shirt he was wearing with ripped jeans just made him a walking snack.

He stood up when he approached the table to give him a hug and he smiled at him.

“You look great,” He smiled sitting back down on his seat.

“Thank you,” Katlo smiled.

“Aren’t you going to say I look great too?”

“That would be lying.” He winked at him and he chuckled.

“What are you having?” Lefakae asked reaching for the menu. “I am feeling like burgers today.”

“Burgers are fine with me, I am trying to gain weight anyway.”

“Why?” Lefakae asked. “You look amazing.”

“If you say so.” Katlo grinned.

“So, how is your wife?” Katlo asked after the waiter had already taken their orders.

“It’s actually Ex- wife, we are not married anymore.”

“That was quick,” he snorted. “What happened?”

Lefakae launched into a story about what had

happened since his father found out.

“That is hectic,” Katlo gave him an apologetic look then smiled up at the waiter who came back with their food.

“Yeah, so I hope you understand that I was really going through a lot of shit when I ghosted you.”

“You really hurt me.” Katlo admitted. “I tried calling you but you weren’t taking my calls and I just wanted to be there for you.”

“I am sorry,” Lefakae heaved a sigh. “But you can be here for me now, I am done running around. I am willing to try again and do things right this time.”

“I am happy that things are better for you but you know I can’t go back to you right?”

“Why not?”

“Lefa, you treated me like shit if you didn’t

notice and I thought you said you wanted a friend.” He said shaking his head. “I am already in a relationship and this person loves me and doesn’t ghost me when things get rough and he doesn’t treat me like a dirty secret. I am happy when I am with him and I am not willing to jeopardize that relationship for anything else.”

Lefakae looked down at his beef burgers suddenly losing his appetite. Who the fuck was this guy who was making him happy?

“I know I hurt you but you don’t have to lie that you are seeing someone, Katlo.”

Katlo rolled his eyes and took out his phone scrolling down his gallery the flipped it so Lefakae could see the photo of him and his boyfriend.

“What the fuck?” Lefakae spluttered choking on air as he stared at the photo of Ivan kissing

Katlo on the cheek. "Where did you guys meet?"

"I hit him up first actually on Instagram, I saw that he once attended pride walk in South Africa and it's something I have always been curious about so I asked him and we instantly clicked."

Katlo explained. "He told me he was also hurt by his Ex so we found comfort in each other."

Lefakae put a hand over his mouth wheezing. How fucked up was it that his two Ex's were dating? What kind of sorcery was that?

"I am happy for you," he forced himself to say.

"You will find someone else too." Katlo said with a smile and Lefakae could only nod.

Katlo left after he finished his meal saying he had an event that he needed to plan for.

Lefakae remained seated by himself with his head reeling and his emotions all over the place. He did not even see Zach approach him until he

tapped his shoulder.

“Hi,” he cleared his throat shifting on his chair.

“You look so lost in thought.” Zach said plopping down on the seat that Katlo had sat in.

“Did you have a date?”

“Um, sort of.” He swallowed the hard lump on his throat.

Zach tilted his head to the side. “I guess everything didn’t go well?”

Lefakae shook his head. “Are you working here today?”

“No, I am getting lunch for Millie she has a big cake order for a wedding so she has been at the bakery since 5 a.m.” He replied. “What happened with your meeting?”

“Huh,” Lefakae huffed shaking his head. “Don’t get me started on that, my father did not even look remorseful and my mother slapped me.

Everything is just going south for me and to top it all of Katlo is dating Ivan.”

“Your Ivan?”

“He is not mine anymore,” he said bitterly. “He belongs to Katlo now, I guess. I mean what kind of fucked up shit is that?”

Zach stared at his friend and glanced away from him fighting the urge to laugh.

“I know you want to laugh so go ahead.”

“No, come on,” he cleared his throat and looked down. “I would never laugh at you.”

“Fuck you,” Lefakae grumbled and Zach burst out laughing.

“I never knew the gay world was this interesting,” Zach said trying to catch his breath.

“I hope Millie dates Amber as well.” Lefakae grumbled standing up.

Zach chuckled. “Lefa, wait!”

He turned to look at him.

“What if you joined them for a threesome?”

“Fuck you Zachariah.” He shook his head and Zach continued laughing. “You are such an idiot.”

Zach burst out in laughter again, his whole chest heaving.

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Chapter 42

The call from his father had taken him by surprise, he called to invite him and his sister for a family dinner at their family home which had been a surprise after that disastrous family meeting he had called.

“Maybe he is planning to kill you,” Rorisang piped up from her passenger’s seat as Lefakae pulled inside the yard on Sunday evening. He had thought his father would probably ghost them again both for a month or so or even shut down his law firm but surprisingly he had called them for dinner and they hadn’t had dinner as a family in months.

“Only me?” Lefakae glanced at his sister before he parked his car next to his father’s Ford Ranger.

“I am not the one who told people he is gay,” Rorisang said with a light shrug.

“Wow, I can feel the sibling love, sis.” He rolled his eyes and switched off the ignition before they stepped out of the car.

Rorisang gazed at her car sadly suddenly hit with a pang of loneliness.

“My poor baby,” she cooed. “Don’t forget about

me.”

“Let’s go.” Lefakae grumbled heading up to the house.

Their mother was the one who opened the door for them. He missed the time when she used to smile and hug them whenever he came to visit but now all he got was a blank look. He wondered what was so bad about his father being gay because she seemed to know about everything.

“I love your dress,” Mrs. Moeng said looking at Rorisang catching both of them off guard.

Rorisang frowned in surprise then cleared her throat. “Thank you.”

Mrs. Moeng nodded and looked at Lefakae reaching for his cheek where she had slapped him on Friday. She rubbed it softly before she walked away. Lefakae swallowed the hard lump

on his throat; she did not need to say it because she had seen the apology in her eyes.

They walked further into the house to their dining room to find their father seated at the head of the table. He looked up when he saw them and stood up then quickly sat down again like he had forgotten that he was not supposed to stand up for them.

“Dumelang,” Both Rorisang and Lefakae mumbled in unison.

“How are you?” Moeng asked after clearing his throat.

“Fine,” Rorisang replied and took a seat placing her purse on the table.

“I made your favorite lamb shank,” Mrs. Moeng announced looking at her children.

“Thanks, I missed your cooking.” Rorisang

offered a small smile.

They settled in an awkward silence until Mrs. Moeng brought back the food and dished for them. It felt like old times when they used to have regular dinners like this. They have turned into a distant memory now. There was only a clinking of the forks and knife hitting the plates, the silence was too thick it could be cut with a knife.

“You are probably wondering why I called you both here,” Moeng started after almost everyone had cleared their plates.

“Not really.” Lefakae shrugged. “I suppose this is to explain your sexuality to us and why you treated us like shit.”

Moeng nodded slightly taking a deep breath.

“What you did on Friday was wrong, I know I have hurt you in the past but retaliating like that

was very wrong. I am still your father and you cannot use the word 'fuck' to me when you are talking about my sexual activities.”

“Now you are my father?” Lefakae arched his eyebrow. “I thought you had disowned me.”

Moeng looked down at the table. “I have wronged you my son but you wanted to know about my sexuality so I called you all here to tell you, will you let me do that?”

Lefakae glanced at Rorisang and they both nodded.

“You all know that my father, your late grandfather lost his wife when me and my siblings were still very young, right?” His children both nodded and he cleared his throat.

“It was difficult for us back then, we did not have what we have today and as the eldest of my siblings I had to step up to help our father

take care of my siblings. I was only 11 and Joseph was 9, Ogone was 5 and Margret was only 3 so it was hard for me and my father.” He took a deep breath before he rubbed his jaw. “We had a neighbor and he used to ask me to wash his cars for money and I gladly did after school so I could get the pocket change. My father did not even have a proper job at the time and he hadn’t started his company yet. One day I was washing the car like we had agreed to when he called me inside the house and I went in.”

Mrs. Moeng reached for her husband’s hand and gave him a firm nod. Moeng nodded back before he looked at his children.

“This is not something I had wanted you kids to know, I was planning to take it to the grave,” he shook his head lightly. “All I can tell you from that day I went in the house with that neighbor I became a sexual slave to that man. He showed

me his guns every time and threatened that he would kill my siblings and my father if I ever breathed a word to anyone and he said he would give me more money in return.”

“No,” Rorisang gasped softly, her eyes brimming with unshed tears.

“It went on for about a year until one day my father noticed how I had lost so much weight and I don’t know how he saw the blood on my clothes,” he looked down at his hands. “I tried to lie because I was terrified of guns and losing my family but I think my father knew and confronted him threatening to tell the police.”

“Please tell me he went to the police,” Rorisang said quietly.

“No,” he said shaking his head. “He was offered startup money for his company in return for him to not say anything. The man moved away from us but my childhood had already been

destroyed. I don't know how it happened but I started missing it that I would ask other boys to do it with me even then my father would get angry and he would beat me up."

Lefakae's chest tightened as he stared at his father, he did not even have tears in his eyes.

"I went to the military after I finished school and then when I was deployed I met Elkin and yes, we had a secret relationship," he told them. "It was something I wanted to take to the grave because I had always been disgusted with myself every time I did it with a man but I was too far gone, I had this insatiable hunger for boys that I thought would never be fulfilled but then I met your mother when I came back and I felt suddenly complete. I wanted you to not be like me Lefa that is why I wanted you to be strong when you were young so no one would ever take advantage of you. When I found out you like sleeping with boys, I was furious and I

hated it. I didn't want you to be like me.”

“Papa,” Rorisang sniffed biting her trembling lip. The Moeng legacy that they were so proud of was built after their father's robbed innocence.

“I wanted you kids to never lack anything, I attended church hoping that you would turn out to be perfect and never do anything disgraceful that would harm you.” He shook his head. “But my precious daughter went ahead and dated a married man.”

Rorisang sobbed even more while Lefakae stared at his father blankly until he felt the tears rolling down his cheeks. All the hate his father had shown him was not because of him but because of his younger self.

He had not made peace with being abused and liking it after that. He could not even imagine how difficult it must have been for him. It now

made sense why he was over protective of Zach, he was sexually abused when he was young and he probably saw his younger self in him.

He now wondered how many men have been abused as kids but never got to say it because society always deemed them as the perpetrators instead of victims.

“I never hated you, I just hated what you were and I blamed myself for it.”

“It’s not hereditary papa,” Lefakae spoke choking on his breath. “I don’t think it’s your fault that I turned out this way. This is just how I am, I was never abused or influenced into being like this. It just came naturally. When I reached puberty I realized that I liked men more than women.”

Moeng looked down at the table then his whole chest started heaving and they realized he was

crying. It was the first time seeing their father cry.

“I am sorry,” he mumbled shaking his head. “I have failed you as your father.”

“No, you have not failed us papa.” Rorisang stood up and went to hug him. Lefakae watched until his father looked up and beckoned him.

“Come here, my son.”

He stood up and walked over to his father and embraced him, he let the tears fall as he embraced his father after so many years of nothing but hateful words. He knew it was probably not going to erase all the years he spent on loathing but he hoped it was a start to a journey of forgiveness and acceptance.

“Richard!” Moipone called following the man before her. She was already tired because they had been walking for hours and hours not sure about their destination. She was exhausted, thirsty and hungry. “Let’s stop here now, I am tired.”

“Just come with me,” he said calmly still not looking back at her.

Moipone wheezed shaking her head and plopped down on the ground. “You can go alone, I am dying here.”

Richard finally turned to face her and her eyes went wide when she saw his forehead bleeding down to his shirt.

“Richard, who did this to you?” She asked rising to her feet.

“Did you already forget?” He smiled sadly. “It was you, don’t you remember?”

“Me?” Moipone put a hand on her chest. “I don’t remember doing that to you, please tell me what happened?”

“You will come with me soon,” he said quietly. “I forgive you Moipone, my only wrong was loving your sister.” He turned to walk away and Moipone gasped putting a hand over her heart as she felt her chest tightening.

“Richard, come back!” She shouted and felt someone calling out her name while shaking her.

She was torn between calling Richard to come back and looking back to see who was shaking her.

“Mrs. Molatlhegi,” the voice called again and shook harder this time until her eyes shot open and she stared back at Confidence. She looked around, sweating profusely trying to see if she could see Richard anywhere but she was back

in her living room with her maid standing in front of her and her clothes were drenched in sweat.

“Did you switch the air con off?” Moipone asked fanning her face with her hand.

“I thought it might be getting cold, I woke you up so you could go in the bedroom and sleep.”

“What time is it?” She barked at her.

“It’s already 10.30 a.m.,” Confidence replied glancing at the clock on the wall.

Moipone stood up and took the remote switching the air con on. “Go and sleep Confidence and stop lurking around like you are a thief.” She spat out before she walked to her bedroom.

She opened the bedroom door with a yawn and instantly screamed when she saw Richard sitting on her bed.

“Is everything alright?” Confidence asked rushing to the room.

Moipone hid behind her and pointed at the bed. “Don’t you see my husband?”

“Who?” Confidence asked and looked around the room then shook her head. “There is no one here madam.”

Moipone peeked from her back and blinked, the bed was empty. She shook her head, she was probably seeing things now after that stupid dream.

“Goodnight then, madam,” Confidence turned to leave but Moipone grabbed her wrist shaking her head in fear.

“Let me go sleep in your room.”

“Excuse me?” Confidence asked.

“You are not deaf Confidence, you heard me!” She snapped grabbing her duvet covers and

pillows off the bed. ‘

“I can sleep in the living room if you want my room.” Confidence said calmly.

“Why would you do that?” She snapped. “Let’s go, we will sleep in the same room.”

The next morning she woke up feeling disoriented. She had barely slept a wink because of the nightmares; it was always the same dream of her following Richard in a deep bush. She felt groggy and her clothes were drenched in sweat. She had never sweated this much before.

Confidence made her breakfast but all her appetite was gone, she couldn’t even stomach the thought of food right now. Her whole body felt like it was on fire even though the air con had been turned to a maximum.

“Confidence, why is it hot in this house?” She

asked standing up and went to open all the windows.

“I don’t know.”

“Maybe I should build a pool outside the house,” she shook her head.

“Come with me Moipone,” a voice said and she spun around from the windows looking around the living room.

“Did you say something?”

“No,” Confidence replied shaking her head in confusion.

“Ng, ng I need to find my passport.”

“Oh, are you going on a vacation?”

“I am going to Zambia; I need a healer because people are now after me. Rebecca probably went to bewitch me and I am going to die if I don’t take action.”

She walked to her room to search for her

passport; she needed to go as soon as possible.

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Chapter 43

She was supposed to be happy that Moeng had finally paid her the money and even added 50K as a top up but Veronica still felt gloomy.

Her father was gone and his murderer was roaming around the streets walking away scot free. She had no idea her mother's witchcraft practices were powerful to this extent. She had wanted to fool herself into believing it was just the love potions but then the killing happened.

Lefakae had been monitoring her diet because he was concerned that she might starve herself

but even though she felt a complete void inside of her, she was not willing to jeopardize her baby's life. She had fallen completely in love with her pregnancy and she knew she would be completely shattered if she lost it.

She had attended Zoey's parent-teacher class and instead of driving back home she stopped by Millie's Delicious Delights. She had been postponing her visit there but it was long overdue now and since she was the eldest, she had to be the one taking the first step; Millie would decide if she wanted to meet her halfway or not.

The bakery had only been opened for a few weeks but everything looked stunning when she walked in. She could even see the display of her cupcakes and cakes that she sold in store and milkshakes and coffee.

“Hello, can I help you?” one of the assistants asked offering her a polite smile.

“Is Millie around?”

“Yes, she is in the kitchen. Do you want me to call her for you?”

“If she is not busy, tell her it’s Veronica.”

“Okay, I will be right back.” She turned to walk away.

Veronica took the chance to continue looking around the shop, it also smelt heavenly the scents of vanillas and strawberries wafting in the air. She now wanted to eat a cupcake. She was still staring at the cupcakes when Millie walked out and offered her a small smile.

“This is a surprise,” she said putting her hands inside her apron’s pocket.

“I was on my home and decided to stop by since I am the only one who has never seen this

place.”

Millie nodded. “Would you like to have something to drink?”

“Yeah, I’d love that.”

“Oratile, please bring the blueberry cupcakes to my office.” She said to the assistant before she led Veronica to her back office. It was small but good enough for her larger table and chair that Zach had insisted that she needed for her paperwork.

Veronica placed her handbag on the table before she sat down facing Millie and realized now that they were facing each other, she had nothing much to say.

“How are you and the baby?” she asked finally breaking the silence.

“Good,” Millie replied with a smile. “And you?”

“We are also good, thank God,” she said with a small sigh. “Lefa was worried sick that something was going to happen to the baby.”

“Men are dramatic,” Millie chuckled.

“And they see we are the dramatic ones but more for Lefa because he is gay so I am basically dealing with a drama queen.”

Millie burst out laughing as she recalled what Zach had told her about Lefakae being dramatic. He was not the typical eccentric gay but she guessed he still had that dramatic queen energy going on for him.

“Zach told me that his father is finally letting them back.”

“He was never going to disown them anyway, Moeng is kind of dramatic just like his son.”

Veronica rolled her eyes. “I think the rest of the family is just full of drama.”

“It’s probably all that money.”

“Rich people things,” Veronica said and they both laughed again.

Oratile walked back in with a tray and placed the plate of blue berry cupcakes on the table with two glasses of orange juice before she walked out leaving them to their conversation.

“These look so delicious,” Veronica said salivating at the cupcakes.

“I saw you drooling over them.”

“They look so pretty.” She said reaching for a cupcake and took a huge bite and closed her eyes savoring the taste. “They are heavenly.”

“I can give you the recipe if you want.”

“As if I would ever bake anything,” she said with a light chuckle. “Maybe my brother would be better, the only problem is he would put weed in it.”

“Really?” Millie asked with her eyes wide. “Is

that why he wanted to learn how to bake?”

“He was making space muffins for his junkie friends.” Veronica shook her head recalling her mother’s confession when she was high from the space muffins. Looking back at everything, it was the beginning of their mother’s more devious deeds.

Everything started to come to light after her confession so she was kind of a little grateful for Bokang’s muffins.

“How is he by the way?”

“He is going to be okay, just waddling through life.”

“I can’t even imagine what you guys must have went through.”

“What doesn’t kill you makes you stronger, right?”

“Right,” Millie said with a smile. “At least you

have your brother.”

“Yeah, we used to be at each other’s necks but this has brought us closer.” Veronica nodded.

“We should get together one of these days.”

“Oh, you mean with the guys?”

“No, I mean you, me and Bokang,” she replied.

“Just us; siblings.”

Millie’s mouth formed an “O” and she nodded.

She didn’t realize that she had siblings now, her cousins who had turned out to be her half siblings. It kind of felt good that she had a sister and a brother.

“I know it will take us time before we finally resolve our issues but I want you to know that I am sorry for being a mean bitch to you all this time, I don’t even have an excuse except that I am just a mean bitch.”

“You failed as a cousin but maybe you will be a

good sister.”

Veronica chuckled. “Yeah, I can be.”

“Great,” she smiled.

“By the way Zoey’s birthday is next month, do you think you can bake her cake?”

“Of course,” she said with a smile. “I have always wanted to bake Zozo’s cake.”

“From now on you will bake all her birthday cakes.”

“That’s right, I am the aunt after all.”

“I never knew you were this chatty,” Veronica said with a smile.

“Oh, I am being too forward?” she asked with a small frown. “I am sorry, I am just excited.”

“No, no.” Veronica said quickly. “You are not being too much, I like it.”

“Okay,” she said. “Should I show you the idea I

have for the cake?”

“If you are not busy.”

“I am free until lunch time then I am meeting a couple for wedding cake samples, let me get the catalogue so you can browse through.”

Veronica nodded with a smile, who knew Millie could be this chatty? Maybe it was because they never talked that much before but she hoped all of that was changing now.

Later that evening, Millie couldn't stop gushing about the kind of cake she wanted to bake for Zoey as Zach stared at her with a smile.

He couldn't believe this was the same girl who couldn't even look at him straight in the eye, the

week after they dated now she couldn't stop talking whenever she was with him and she did not mind. He loved hearing her chat and be this happy, everything that had to do with baking made her so happy.

Zach knew the difference between whipped cream and heavy cream so he was kind of a baking professional at this point.

"And the couple that wanted the same wedding cake as mine, they came today and the man was too snobby, he kept complaining about the flavors like he was the baker. I can't believe that sweet woman is going to get married to someone like that." She shook her head slightly.

Zach grinned and reached for her, wiping the corner of her lips with the pad of his thumb before he sucked it.

"Gross," Millie said playfully pushing him.

"Why is it gross?" Zach chuckled. "I have kissed

every corner of your lips.”

Millie giggled. “What if you haven’t?”

“Which corner haven’t I kissed?” Zach asked tilting his head with a lazy grin. He pulled her down on his lap cradling her face. “Which corner?”

“This one.” She pointed down at her bottom lip.

“Let’s fix that then,” he leaned forward taking her bottom lip inside her mouth. She moaned instantly.

The kiss was slowly starting to heat up when they were interrupted by Zach’s ringtone. He groaned before he reached for his phone and smiled.

“It’s Femi,” he said to Millie before accepting his video call request and Femi’s smiling face filled the screen. “Pele o, Olufemi.”

“Bawo ni?” Femi asked with a grin.

“A dupe,” he replied and shook his head. “Fuck you, you know I have forgotten most of my Yoruba.”

Femi chuckled. “But you still sound so great, stop being an insecure motherfucker. Where is your wife?”

“She is here, do you want to say hi?” He flipped the phone to Millie before he could reply.

“Hi, Femi.” Millie waved with a small smile.

“There is Zachariah’s wife,” he grinned. “How is marriage life treating you? Is he being a good husband?”

“The best,” Millie replied smiling. “How about you? Where are you?”

“I am in Accra for some business then I am flying back to Lagos tomorrow.”

“Get a life you motherfucker!” Zach called out and Femi chuckled.

“This is my life, not all of us can have a beautiful woman to hold them down Zachariah.”

“Fuck off,” Zach said with a light chuckle.

“You love me,” Femi teased. “It was nice seeing you both, I was just checking on you.”

“Alright, take care of yourself.”

“Right back at you,” he said, “Take care love birds, peace out!”

He made a peace sign at the camera before the call ended. Zach pulled Millie back in his lap.

“Where were we?”

Bokang had finally come out of his bedroom, where he had been holed up since their father’s

death.

He only came out to eat and then went back in his room which worried Veronica. She was afraid that her brother would self-destruct if he didn't talk about what was bothering him.

Their father's sudden death had surely taken him by surprise that he seemed to be in shock but this evening he had come out and was on the couch watching a movie with her.

Rorisang was visiting Tumo, now that she had her car back she could go wherever she wanted without being questioned by Lefakae and Zoey had gone to sleep so it was just her, Bokang and Lefakae watching the movie quietly.

Veronica was about to comment on the movie just to break the silence when her phone cut her off. She reached for it and stared at the

unsaved number calling her. She cleared her throat, hoping it was not one of her former friends trying to crawl back in her life.

“Hello, is this Mrs. Veronica Moeng?”

“Yes, this is she.”

“I am calling from Princess Marina Hospital in Gaborone, we found you listed as Mrs. Molatlhegi’s daughter.”

“Yes, I am her daughter.”

“Mrs. Molatlhegi was involved in a car accident this evening and she has been brought to us.”

“Is she okay?” Veronica asked calmly.

“She has been taken to the Emergency room for an emergency surgery, we need you to come to the hospital to sign some forms.”

“I will be there,” Veronica said with a defeated sigh, nothing seemed to scare her anymore.

It was always one thing after the other these

days and nothing was just surprising these days. She hung up and looked at her brother.

“Our mother has been in an accident.”

“What happened?” Lefakae asked with a frown.

“I don’t know,” Veronica said standing up. “I guess I will find out at the hospital, are you coming with me?”

Bokang wanted to say no but he did not want Veronica to deal with this alone so he stood up.

“Let me come with you two.” Lefakae said.

“No, stay with Zoey, we will let you know when we get back.” She said shaking her head. “I know you are worried but I will drive safely, don’t worry about me.”

“Okay, please be safe.” He said kissing her forehead.

“Let’s go.” Bokang said grabbing Veronica’s car keys.

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Chapter 44

Their mother had escaped death by chance, she was taken back to a normal room after the success of her surgery and a week later she was slowly healing even though her head was still in bandages, she had hit it against the window too hard and some of the glass pieces had been found in her wound which they had removed and she had a head surgery where they had to remove the blood clot and to make sure she didn't have internal bleeding.

She had breathed in a ventilator for 2 days until the doctors said she was better and could breathe on her own.

Veronica and Bokang never missed a day to check on her but they never really said that much to her. Bokang just stared at her while Veronica busied herself on her phone until the visiting hours came to an end.

They were doing it as courtesy at this point and nothing else. She felt nothing for her mother, she had done this to herself.

“I need to get out of this hospital so I can find a healer who can cleanse me,” she said on Wednesday morning when they had come to visit her.

“Why do you need cleansing?” Veronica asked drily. “From my father’s blood?”

“Vero, do you still believe I killed your father?” she asked wincing at the healing cut on her lip.

The accident had left her whole body battered and sore. She was a careful driver so she did not understand how come she got in the car

accident. One minute, she had been driving on the road and the next the car swerved off to hit a tree and the brakes had stopped working which was strange because her car was still new. It was a miracle that she was still alive.

“They killed your father this way and now I am going to die like this too.”

“You are just paying for your sins,” she said calmly looking around the hospital room and back at her. “I know that you tried to harm Millie’s pregnancy, how could you do that?”

Moipone blinked and glanced at Bokang who was leaning against the wall glaring at her coldly.

“Where did you get that?”

“I know things mama, don’t think I don’t,” she said quietly and shook her head. “Why won’t you hand yourself over to the police and just pay for your crimes, you are in too deep in this

witchcraft thing that you will stop at nothing to harm people.”

“Silly girl, I was doing it for you!” Moipone snapped shaking her head.

“How is hurting Millie doing it for me?” Veronica shouted and lowered her voice remembering they were still at the hospital, “How is hurting Millie doing it for me?”

“Millie is always going to have more things than you, can’t you see?” she asked. “Do you want to be in her shadow every time? She is now married while you are divorced and pregnant with a gay man’s child. You even refused your inheritance so you will be broke soon.”

Veronica stared at her in disbelief, even when she was in a hospital bed and she had barely escaped death she was still acting like the devil’s advocate still boiling with hate for

someone who had done nothing to her. It was probably her sins that were eating her up.

“Whose fault is it that I married a gay man and got pregnant?” she asked fuming. “It was all you, everything is on you and now you want me to carry on your evil deeds and turn me into a hating and killing machine? What kind of mother are you? Don’t you feel sorry for us that you killed the only sane parent that we had?”

“Can we go?” Bokang pushed himself off the wall and looked at his sister. “I am tired, I have a headache and this going back and forth is not going to suddenly turn her into a good person.”

“Bokang,” Moipone called softly.

“You have hurt me more than anyone else will ever hurt me,” Bokang said turning to his mother. “I want to go home and I don’t want to ever see you again if you are not going to confess to killing papa.”

“I did not kill him!”

“Then who killed him?” Bokang shouted.

The door opened and one of the nurses walked in frowning at them.

“I am going to have to ask you to leave, there are patients in this ward and you are disrupting them.”

“I told you to transfer me to a private hospital maybe they would have let you shout as much as you wanted there,” Moipone said to her kids.

“Let’s go,” Veronica said with a defeated sigh, talking to her mother was like talking to a brick wall; it was futile.

“We apologize for the noise,” she said to the nurse before they turned to leave.

Moipone lay back on her head wincing at the severe headache, the doctor had said she might

experience these kinds of headaches after her head injury but they were too extreme that she felt like her blood vessels might explode if she did not take any pills.

“My head is aching, can I have some pills?” she asked the nurse who was fixing her drip.

“Do you feel any dizziness?”

“My vision is just blurry and my head is so painful.”

“I will go get the doctor to come and check on you,” the nurse said before she exited the room.

Moipone needed to get out of here so she could find someone who could really heal her, the hospital people were useless.

They had already chosen the closest room to their bedroom to be the baby’s room and Millie

wanted to wait until they knew the gender of the baby before they could start buying things but Zach had been too adamant on starting to decorate and buy things for the baby.

He had already bought a crib and he kept buying toys and stuffed animals which were cute because she never thought he was the type of person who would love buying for a baby this much.

She was exhausted when she came back from the bakery, it turned out baking all day even when she had an assistant was still hard work and she got tired easily these days because of the pregnancy and the smell of eggs made her gag which was why she resorted to wearing a mask when she baked.

She parked the grey Range Rover next to a white Range Rover Evoque that she had never

noticed before, she wondered if one of Zach's friends was visiting.

She stepped out of car and smiled when she saw Zach leaning against the door. It reminded her of the first time she visited his house and she had been so nervous and terrified, it was total déjà vu.

"Hey, handsome," she said with a smile walking up to him. He leaned down to give her a kiss.

"Do we have guests?" she asked.

"No, why do you ask?"

"Who does the car belong to?"

"It's your new car," Zach said with a lazy grin.

Millie turned to look at the car with wide eyes.

"What?... how?"

"What? It's a car, how? I bought it for you," he said with a smile. "Do you like it?"

"I love it!" Millie put a hand over her mouth

chuckling. "You are so sneaky, when did you buy this?"

"I ordered it before we got married, it is my wedding gift to you."

Millie's eyes quickly filled with tears. "Oatile, I can't believe you. You didn't have to though, I love your Range Rover."

"I know, which is why I got you yours so I can have my car back."

Millie chuckled jumping up to hug him, the tears couldn't stop falling down because once she opened the flood gates these days, it was hard to close them. She had thought about buying herself a new car as soon as she finished her parent's renovation which she had already started but she didn't need to anymore because her man was one of a kind.

"I love you so much baby," she sniffed stepping back to look at him. "Now I feel like I don't give

you enough except feed you with cakes.”

“You bought me sneakers last week, come on.”

“Yeah, but it’s not a car.”

“Hey, this is not a competition okay? I love everything you buy me and this is not even close to what you have given me. You have given me a second chance, made me a husband and now I am going to be a father so this gift is inadequate compared to what you have given me.”

“I love you,” she said looking up his eyes. “You are the only one for me.”

“I love you too, nana and there is only going to be you.”

Millie smiled as he leaned down to kiss her then she gently pushed him back. “Where are the keys?” she held her hand out for him.

Zach chuckled before he handed her the keys.

Millie let out a little squeal as she turned to unlock the car.

“The seats smell so new,” she sniffed letting the tears fall again as she jumped in the driver’s seat. “It is so beautiful baby, thank you so much!”

“Do you want to go for a short drive?” Zach asked, his eyes gleaming with amusement.

“Yes, please!” She grinned. “Hope in Mr. Babupi, let me take you for a ride.”

“Maybe I might get lucky and get another ride,” Zach said with a wicked grin.

“Maybe you will,” she said winking at her starting the ignition.

“Millicent Naledi Babupi did you just wink at me?” he asked in mock shock putting a hand over his heart.

“It’s the Zachariah effect,” she teased with a

giggle before she put on her seat belt and ordered Zach to do the same.

The guy rarely put on his seat belt when she drove and he always teased how she was a slow driver that the chances of them getting into an accident were nil.

She reversed carefully still beaming. "It has that new car softness."

Zach chuckled; this was what he loved most about his wife. She was always so happy about even the little things, it was a little enhanced because of the pregnancy because she had cried last week after he made fries for her saying they were too delicious.

It was midnight and Moipone lay wide awake in

her hospital room nursing the mother of headaches.

The doctor had given her painkillers but they did nothing for her at this point. She really needed to get out so she could get some real healing or else she was going to die.

Makhanga had really abandoned her by dying when it was not even his time, he should have lived a hundred years more, what kind of a witchdoctor died easily just like that?

The door opened and she let out a breath of relief when she saw the nurse walking in to check on her.

“How are you feeling Mrs. Molatlhegi?” the nurse asked quietly.

“My head is painful, I feel like it is swollen and I can’t sleep.”

“I will give you something to help the pain and help you sleep better,” she said handing her a

tablet with a plastic cup filled with water.

Moipone swallowed down the pill and lay back on the bed. The nurse fixed her sheets before she left. Moipone let out a breath of relief.

An hour later she woke up in the middle of the forest feeling like herself again. The head ache and the soreness she felt were gone. She was healed, she did not feel any pain whatsoever.

“You have finally come to me,” a voice said and she looked up to see Richard smiling at her.

“Richard, what are you doing here?”

“I have come to take you home.”

“You can’t do that because you are dead.”

“So are you,” he said quietly. “We shall go together now.”

“No, I need to go back. I can’t leave my kids and everyone else.”

“The kids will be fine, they will be better off without you. The only good thing you can do for them is to come with me so they can have peace.”

“No, Bokang is still young and Vero is still acting weird, I have to fix my kids.”

“Let’s go Moipone, it’s time now.” He took her hand, she wanted to scream and shout for her to stop taking her but she couldn’t even utter a single word as she followed him.

The next morning the nurse came back on her morning rounds to give Mrs. Molatlhegi her medication when she found her still sleeping. She frowned in concern; she was usually awake by this time complaining about a headache. She grabbed her hand trying to feel her pulse but there was nothing there. She dashed out and called for the doctor.

The doctor inspected her body trying to feel her heart beat and everything before he let out a sigh and looked at the nurses, this was the hardest part about his job; having to announce the patient dead.

See you on Monday. ❤️🥂

[02/25, 19:13] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 45

Her mother had debts that she did not even know about. She had owed expensive dresses from expensive boutiques and Veronica had to pay them. Luckily, she had not touched the money their father had left for them so she used it instead to pay for the thousands pulas dresses.

Bokang had grown quiet again after they learnt about their mother's death; the doctors had said it was because of her brain, the surgery they had performed might have been too severe on her brain.

Veronica still couldn't believe they were officially orphans, it hadn't even been long since their father died and now their mother was gone too. It was all too surreal, one thing after the other and she wondered when it was going to stop.

Lefakae had helped her with all the funeral arrangements and made sure that at least her mother was going to have a decent send off and her aunt Josephine was a total godsend that was making sure that she did not overwork herself and that she remembered to eat and take her vitamins for the baby.

“Has Bokang eaten?” Veronica asked when her aunt walked in the house to find her packing some of her mother’s clothes. The burial was tomorrow and she was just making sure that everything was in place.

“You should be worrying about yourself, I know this week has been too stressful for you,” Josephine said with a small sigh.

“I know but Bokang has been starving himself, I am really worried about him,” she admitted quietly. “He doesn’t talk or cry, I wish he could just do one of those things because I am worried he is going to self destruct.”

“He will be fine,” Josephine said softly and took her hand. “What about you? Have you cried yet?”

“I just feel empty inside,” she told her shaking her head. “Those people outside, they are not really here to mourn for my mother. They are

here to eat and gossip about how much of an evil woman she was. I am not defending my mother because I know what she did but what about us? They have been saying all these nonsensical things about her forgetting that we are her children and we feel for our mother.”

“Come here,” Josephine said opening her arms for her. Veronica leaned down as her aunt softly rubbed her back and coaxed the water works to start. She sobbed on her shoulder with her whole chest heaving, she had been suppressing all the tears since the week started because she wanted to be strong for her brother and she did not want these people to see her crumble. She let everything out crying for the life they used to live and the parents she and her brother will never see again.

“Let it out my baby girl,” she whispered softly until Veronica pulled back sniffing. “Do you feel better now?”

“A little bit,” she said with a soft chuckle and wiped her wet cheeks.

“It is going to be alright, God is the one who knows everything and I am going to be with you all the way if you two ever need anything. I will never replace your mother because she will always be your mother but I will help the best way I can as your aunt.”

“Thank you auntie,” she said softly. “And for not giving up on me and my brother.”

“What kind of parent would I be if I gave up on you?” Josephine smiled warmly. “Now, go sit down and eat first before we get ready to receive the corpse and don’t eat anything from just anyone, I saved some food for you.”

“Thank you auntie,” she smiled and sat down on the bed as Josephine walked out to get her food.

Her phone rang while she was looking around her mother's room.

"Hello?"

"Hey, how are you doing?" Millie asked on the phone and she chuckled, she had been calling non-stop since she chose to stay away from the funeral this time. Veronica understood, her mother had hated Millie too much for her to show up and act like a good niece especially in her condition.

"You called an hour ago."

"Yeah but I just wanted to make sure that you are alright, I really wish I was there to help you with everything."

"You worry too much, the scones that you sent for the guests were more than enough and your mother has been an angel; helping me with everything."

"I guess I am not needed," she teased.

“No ma’am we don’t want pregnant women here.”

“Says the pregnant woman!” Millie said and they both chuckled.

“The water is getting cold!” A deep voice said in the background and she knew it was Zach.

“I am coming,” she heard Millie say back to him and cleared her throat. “I have to go Vero but I will call again later if you need me to.”

“Go have your bath before the water gets cold!” She said with a chuckle. “Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.”

Millie giggled before they hang up and she released a heavy sigh turning to look at the pile of clothes.

She wondered if she was going to give them up for charity because she had heard some of their relatives announce that they did not want clothes worn by a witch and who could blame

them, her mother had been too deep into her witchcraft practices.

“Why are you stopping me from entering the house?” She heard a loud voice say outside and knew that Rebecca had arrived. “You thought if you held a funeral in Gaborone, I wouldn’t know about it? I came to confirm if that witch is really dead then my poor brother can rest in peace.”

“Rebecca please think about your nephew and niece before you do anything drastic.”

“What drastic things will I be doing?” she heard her scoff. “Move out of my way, Josephine this is my brother’s house that he built with his own money.”

Veronica stood up and walked out to the living room to see her aunt pushing her way inside the house. She was a tall and strong built woman that she was afraid she would slap her if she uttered any other word.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” Rebecca demanded looking down at Veronica. “I know you are just like your mother so don’t think your crocodile tears are going to fool me. I have come to take what belongs to us, you guys had everything while my brother was alive and now that he is gone, I have come to claim his things.”

“The will...”

“I don’t care about the will,” she snapped cutting her off. “You know what your mother did and you are preaching to me about a will?”

“Rebecca, this is not how it’s done,” Rapula said walking in the house.

“Wena shut up drunkard, what the hell do you know because you are always drinking your liver away?” she spat out. “Your sister must have bewitched you as well, move out of my way.” She pushed Veronica aside and walked to her

bedroom. Veronica followed her and found her gathering all the clothes on the bed.

“What are you doing?”

“I am taking all these clothes, what does it look like I am doing?” Rebecca clicked her tongue. “I will be taking the furniture too.”

“This is not how it’s done Rebecca.”

“You all don’t know the pain of raising your brother after your parents died hoping he would make your family life better and then losing him to a witch with love potions and the same witch killing him again so you can all shut up, I will be taking everything and try to stop me you will see.”

“Take it,” Veronica said with a defeated sigh.

“Not that I needed your permission but I will!

’She snapped and continued shoving the clothes inside the bag. Veronica really wished for this nightmare to be over, she was tired and

emotionally drained of drama every day.

Her mother's Stokvel friends were the ones leading with the gossip that they couldn't even keep it down on the morning of the burial. Veronica was now sure that they had only come to spread their gossip to other people who didn't know it yet, it reminded her of Kesego and Same; her fake friends that had cut off immediately when things started going south for her.

She came across their posts from time to time on Instagram and they were still living life like before, it was like she had never even been in the picture. She had really been her mother's child, complete with the fake friends, all that was missing was the witchcraft. She could have

been Moipone version 2.0 if she hadn't found out about her mother's practices. Maybe this was God's way of protecting her and giving her a second chance at being a good human.

One of Josephine's friends from church took it upon herself to sing the hymns at the graveyard because everyone else just seemed to be too busy to sing. She hoped this funeral would be over already because she was really ready to just rest. She glanced at Bokang as the pastor started a verse about life and death; her brother had a blank expression on his face and kept staring at the grave that had been dug already. Veronica reached for his hand and squeezed in comfort and he only glanced at her before he continued staring at the empty grave.

Nobody shed enough tears when they lowered the casket, only Zoey had really cried her eyes out when she heard her grandmother was no

more. Veronica had felt sorry for her baby girl, she had lost both her grandparents in just a blink of an eye.

She was strangely relieved when they drove back home after the burial and hoped that everything would now come to an end.

“Some of the scones that Millie brought for us are still there,” Veronica said to Bokang once they got out of the car. “Do you want some?”

“I am fine,” he grumbled not looking at her.

“Bokang, you need to eat. This is not good for you.”

Bokang sighed rubbing his forehead. “I just want these people to go away Vero, can you please tell them to go away?”

“They will be gone tomorrow,” she said calmly.

“Please eat something.”

“How are you so calm about this?” he asked finally looking up at her. Some of the guests had already settled down and were lining up for the food. “We should have just buried her alone because everyone here is full of shit, they are even saying that you fed Lefakae love potion for him to marry you like our mother, how can you be so calm like this?”

“What do you want me to do?” she asked softly. “Our mother did this to us, there is nothing we can do.”

“You are never going to be her!” he snapped almost startling her, she was just grateful that he was finally talking.

“No, I am not. I will be a better person and will always be with you.”

Bokang stared at her before he blinked away the tears in his eyes and looked away so she wouldn't see them. “She was not a good person

Vero.”

“I know,” she said softly.

“She killed our father.”

“I know.”

Bokang choked on his breath shaking his head.

“Am I a bad person for being sad that she is dead?”

“No, you are not.” She said softly reaching for his hand. “She was our mother and I know it feels wrong to be sad but we are only human and we have lost both our parents so it’s natural to feel lost and sad over losing a parent. She was a mother who always gave you everything before we found out about her witchcraft, you are mourning for that mother.”

“It hurts and I wish it could stop,” he admitted tearfully.

“It will get better eventually,” she said softly

before he pulled him for a hug. Bokang let out sobs that he had been holding back and she soothed him like her aunt her done the day before. She was glad that he finally opened up, it must have been killing him to feel sad for losing their mother after everything.

A week later, the funeral had settled down but it was still on everyone's mouths.

Veronica finally made the decision to give her aunt the house because she had been going on and on about her being like her mother and being too greedy and she was tired of it. She decided to just hand it over to her to shut her up. Bokang still had the rental houses in his name and she was not going to take that from her brother because he might need it someday when he got over their loss.

"I applied for the title deed change at the land board, the yard will be yours as soon as they approve," she said to her on the phone after her visit to the land board.

"Don't expect me to thank you because this was my brother's things that your mother took from him."

"I don't expect anything in return," she told him.

"Good, I will be selling it as possible so I can develop our parent's home in Serowe, I wish you could have given me the car too."

"There are no cars left, papa's car was never found and Mama sold her old car to get the Range Rover which was trashed in the accident, you can get it if you want to repair it for yourself."

"I'd rather not drive that witch's car, what about the one you were driving?"

"That's my car, Lefakae bought it for me."

Veronica could not believe this woman!

“You should pay for your mother’s sins and give it up, she ruined my brother.”

“With all due respect auntie, I am not my mother.”

“No, you are just another evil witch in the making. I will be waiting to hear about your shenanigans soon but don’t think you and your brother can come here and act like we are family because we are not.”

“Goodbye,” she said before she hung up and leaned back on the couch releasing a sigh.

“Are you alright?” Bokang asked walking in the living room, Veronica jumped a little and he chuckled. “Sorry.”

“It’s fine, I thought I was alone in the house,” she said.

“Everyone is gone, it’s just the unemployed

here,” he teased.

“Speak for yourself,” she chuckled. “I will be employed soon.”

“Me too.”

“Did you find a job?”

“Millie asked me to go help out at the bakery and I am starting on Monday.”

Veronica smiled. “That is great but don’t put weed in the muffins!”

Bokang chuckled. “It was only one time!”

She smiled and they both fell in silence thinking about everything that has happened since the space muffins, it all felt like one big awful movie but she hoped they will move past it soon.

“Did you have lunch?” She asked him.

“No, I was about to get some fat cakes.”

“Oh, I miss fat cakes, we should get fries too

from those ladies.”

Bokang frowned. “Since when do you eat fat cakes?” His sister had always been strict about her diet and fat cakes were a no go for her.

“Since I am not eating for one,” she said standing up. “Let me go change so we can go, this dress is killing me.”

Bokang chuckled looking at her tight dress.

“You are too fat now Vero, you can’t wear dresses like that. You look like a hippo, I don’t even know if you are coming or going.”

“You big headed pig!” she threw a couch cushion at him which he ducked still laughing.

“200K is making you fat!” He continued laughing.

Veronica clicked her tongue and walked to her room hiding the smile on her face, he was not fully healed but she was glad her brother was cracking jokes again. It was only a matter of

time before he returned fully to himself.

“Why are you smiling?” Rebecca’s husband asked when his wife walked in their small bedroom with a plate of food.

“The days of us suffering are finally over,” she said handing him the plate and sat on the small bed which creaked when she sat down. The first thing she was going to do when she got the money from the yard sale was buy a big bed without springs that did not hurt her back when her husband was on top on of her.

“Did the kids agree to give you the house?” her husband asked in surprise.

“Why do you look surprised?” Rebecca asked with a soft chuckle. “Those kids have enough

that my brother left for them and all I asked was the little yard in Gaborone to be compensated for my brother's death."

"Are we going to move to Gaborone then?"

"No, we will sell it so we build a better house for our children."

"I still don't feel right about this," her husband said calmly.

"You shouldn't feel bad about this mogatsaka, my brother was killed brutally by that witch, didn't you hear what that witchdoctor told us?" she asked him.

"Yeah but I feel bad."

"Please don't feel bad my love, your kids will finally get the life we have always wanted to give them and I can buy you brick laying equipment you have always wanted to start your business. You have struggled with us on your own for so long and my brother could not

even help you when you asked him to invest in your business.”

Her husband sighed. “Some women are really cruel.”

Rebecca nodded. “She got a lighter sentence, I wanted her to be crazy and burn and eat trees but I am also glad she is gone.”

“It is better for her kids.”

“I want nothing to do with them!” she spat out shaking her head.

“It’s not their fault.”

“Please don’t try to be Jesus Molemisi, I did what I did for my brother.”

“Are you going to pay the witchdoctor?”

“Yes,” she said. “All he wanted were three cows so he will be paid as soon as I sell the yard.”

“Let’s put it behind us now.”

“My poor brother will rest in peace now,”
Rebecca sighed. “Eat your food mogatsaka.”

“So that I can eat the other food?”

Rebecca blushed ducking her head shyly. She could finally rest now that the witch got what she deserved it had been too soon yes but it was enough for her.

[02/25, 19:13] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 46

No one ever said therapy was easy and Lefakae felt it from their first session as a family that they had a lot of unpacked pain that they chose to dust under the carpet instead of dealing with it.

Their father had never really dealt with his childhood trauma of being abused as a boy and

it was the reason he was hard on them because his inner child was still scared for his kids and it made more sense when they talked about it with their therapist.

It had been a month since they started the family therapy sessions and Lefakae could already feel the shift in their family dynamics, he hoped that one day they would be alright as a family.

“Should we get something to eat?” Mrs. Moeng asked looking at her children as they walked out of the therapist’s office, it was almost lunch time and she was not ready to part with her children yet. Rorisang did not have lessons on Friday and she hoped Lefakae was free after this too.

“I’d love to but I have to be at court in a few, my client’s divorce verdict is out today.” He glanced at his watch, he only had an hour to spare before Tumo’s case. “Maybe we can have a

family lunch tomorrow, it has been long since we had those and me and papa can grill some meat and mama makes her famous Chakalaka.”

“How is it famous when we are the only ones who eat it?” Rorisang asked squinting her eyes at her brother.

“It’s famous among the Moengs and that is all that matters,” he glanced at his father. “What do you say papa?”

“You can bring Veronica and her brother if you want.” Moeng said quietly.

“Really?” Lefakae’s eyebrows shot up in surprise, his father had not really paid that much attention to Veronica but he knew they were staying with him and Lefakae preferred it that way.

Rorisang had moved back home to be the spoilt princess that she was and he was glad to have

Veronica, Zoey and Bokang around.

He felt like he had a family of his own with them around and as long as none of them brought up the idea of moving out, he was happy to have them stay in the house.

“Yeah, she is carrying a Moeng after all so she is part of the family.”

“I will invite them tomorrow,” Lefakae said with a smile. “I have to go now before I run into the lunch traffic.”

“I am coming with you,” Rorisang said with a smile.

“No, you are not even dressed properly for court.”

Rorisang looked down at her bo-ho shorts and frowned at her brother. “What’s wrong with my shorts and it’s not like I will go inside, I will wait outside the car for my officially divorced man.”

Lefakae saw their father wince at the mention of 'her man' this had to be the hardest thing about being a father, watching your daughter dating a man as old as her older brother but the therapist had said he needed to let his kids experience life on their free will and Moeng was really trying but nobody ever said it was going to be easy.

"Invite that boy of yours for lunch too," Moeng said looking at Rorisang.

"Why?" she frowned in suspicion. "Do you want to shoot him?"

"I don't go around shooting people Rori, I want to know this boy's intentions towards you and make sure he understands that you are too young to be tied down."

"But I want to be tied down." Rorisang blinked at her father.

Moeng took a deep breath shaking his head.

“Rori, just invite the boy,” Mrs. Moeng said with a chuckle. “It will be nice to know who is making my baby girl happy.”

“You know Tumo mama,” Lefakae said quietly.

“I know him as your friend now I want to know him as Rori’s boyfriend.” Mrs. Moeng smiled again she could see how this was hurting her husband and her son. Typical men! “We might have another wedding soon.”

“This talk is making me so dizzy,” Lefakae said. “She is still young to be a wife, she will get married when she is 30!”

“But Tumo will be 40 by then!” Rorisang cried in horror, she had never really entertained the idea of marriage but she didn’t mind being Tumo’s wife even though she was not sure he wanted to marry again after his failed marriage.

“Tough luck for him then, ” he snorted and turned to his parents. “I will see you on

Saturday.” He kissed his mother’s cheek and looked up at his father awkwardly.

They were still awkward around each other so he was not sure what to do until his father patted his shoulder gently.

“If you have um.. a special friend you can bring him too,” Moeng said clearing his throat.

“Special friend?” Lefakae arched an eyebrow then it dawned on him that he meant a boyfriend. “Oh, no I am not seeing anyone yet.”

Moeng frowned. “Why not? I thought you were a player.”

“Who said that?” Lefakae asked and glanced to see Rorisang stifling her laughter. “She was lying, I am very much single and I am not a player.”

“I hope you know that even if you find someone special, I will be fine with it.”

Lefakae's heart warmed at those words, it was everything he had ever wanted to hear and it took him his strength not to cry but they had done enough of crying in their therapy sessions. It was time to be happy now.

"Thank you papa but I am a bit unlucky in that department."

"Well, they are missing out because my son is great." He said and turned to leave walking to his car.

Lefakae stared after him, dumbfounded and turned to look at his sister and mother.

"Did papa just say I am amazing?" he asked, a grin creeping on his face.

"Because you are," Mrs. Moeng patted his cheek softly. "See you on Saturday." She followed her husband to the car.

"Snap out of it," Rorisang said with a snort.

“When is your birthday?” Lefakae asked Rorisang.

“Why?” Rorisang perked up like a puppy seeing it’s owner, she loved birthdays and all the spoils she got from her family. “Are you going to get me an expensive present?”

“You said you wanted a Chanel bag right?”

Rorisang squealed. “Are you buying it for me?”

“Your amazing brother will take care of it,” he said with a grin. “Come, let’s go get your man divorced.”

Rorisang giggled hooking her arm around Lefakae’s arm. Her father should give Lefakae more compliments so that she gets more designer bags.

She had gained weight over the past month and her baby bump was even showing that she couldn't even wear a tight dress in peace. Veronica did not remember gaining this much weight with Zoey but it seemed like little Moeng was going to turn her into a whale, her poor figure!

She was relieved that her dramatic life that seemed to be a never ending saga had finally slowed down the past month. Her aunt had sold their parent's yard and she hoped they never got to cross paths again like she had said. She just wanted a good life for her brother and he seemed to be getting back to his usual self since he started working at the bakery.

He always gushed on and on about Millie's delicious cupcakes that he hoped he would get to make someday for now he handled the deliveries and helping out with the customers

who came to the shop and she was happy for him. His brother was always in the best of moods whenever he came from the bakery.

Veronica smiled as she looked up from her phone to see her daughter walking out of the school gate dressed in her tiny school uniform carrying her pink tiny cooler. She stepped out of the car and opened her arms for a hug.

“Hello mummy.” Zoey greeted pulling back and rubbed her small bump. “Hello, baby.”

Veronica smiled. “How was your day, baby?”

“It was not good! There were kids bullying Mehreen again today so raised my hand and told the teacher,” she told her proudly. “They kept pulling at her hair and she cried but I told her not to cry anymore because the teacher made her sit next to me instead of the mean girls.”

Veronica almost cried, her daughter was an angel while she had been one of those mean girls pulling at Mehreen's hair back in school but her daughter did not have a single mean bone in her body.

"That is good baby, I am proud of you. You did so well you are going to be the best sister to the baby."

"I will play with her and make sure she does not cry."

"I know you will my baby, let's go home so you can get some Ice Cream because you were a brave girl today for standing up for your friend."

"Can we get pizza too so I can share with Lefa and Bokang?"

"We can get anything you want today because you are the star of today." She tickled her and she chuckled. Veronica opened the backseat and buckled her seat belt before she got in the

driver's seat and drove off.

They stopped by Debonairs to get the pizza first before they stopped at KFC for Ice Cream, her daughter always raved about their Ice Cream.

She watched her as she licked her Ice Cream happily while she told her about her events, this was probably the highlight of her days these days; listening to her daughter and her brother. She had nothing exciting going on for her except hair and nail appointments because she was still looking for spaces for her salon.

"Mummy, who is my daddy?" Zoey asked before she licked her ice cream then looked at her mother expectantly.

Veronica's body went cold, Zoey had never really asked about her father before and she wondered what had brought this on.

"Why do you ask baby?" she asked after

clearing her throat.

“Because Lindiwe told everyone that I don’t have a father, I said Lefa is my father but Lindiwe called me a liar because she said daughters don’t call their fathers by their names,” she said with a little pout and looked up again. “Is my father dead?”

“Um,” Veronica looked down at the table feeling hot and cold all of a sudden.

She had broken up with Obakeng when Zoey was only a year old and she blocked him then her mother chased him away every time he came to visit. She took a deep breath trying to organize her thought; 8 year old girls were so smart these days.

“Did he make you sad?” Zoey asked again studying her mother’s face.

“No baby, he actually made me happy,” she said trying to fight the urge to cry. Obakeng used to

be the class clown while she had been the class's beauty queen, they were an odd pair but he had charmed his way in her heart and eventually into her pants until she fell pregnant immediately after they finished form 5.

She had been foolish enough to listen to her mother and broke up with him because her mother said boys like him never amounted to anything in life.

"Did he leave you?"

"No," she said choking on her breath, she did not want to cry in a public space but Zoey was making it hard for her. "I am so sorry baby, he would have been the best father."

"It's okay mummy," she said softly. "I am glad that I have you."

Veronica smiled blinking away the tears; she was so mature for her age, she wondered where she got it from because she and Obakeng used

to be so immature.

Maybe she needed to make things right and go apologize to him and see if he still wanted to be in his child's life.

Later that evening after she had bathed Zoey and tucked her in, she decided to hunt for Obakeng on Facebook. He hadn't been too big on social media but he had an account which she had blocked. She searched for him and found an account with an old photo of him and scrolled down, his last post had been three years ago and Veronica wondered how come he never posted anything after that. Did he have another account?

She heard a soft knock on the door before Lefakae opened and walked in with a smile.

“There is my beautiful wife,” he said with a teasing grin.

Veronica rolled her eyes with a smile. “Ex-wife, you don’t know how to appreciate a good woman.”

“I was a terrible husband,” he chuckled walking in further in the room.

“The worst,” she mock shuddered and they both laughed as he plopped down on the bed.

“What are you doing tomorrow?”

“I don’t know, maybe Mills and I are going baby shopping.”

“Again?” Lefakae raised an eyebrow, he remembered he had financed a baby shopping spree just last weekend.

“Yes, I am getting her baby blankets this time.”

“What did you buy the last time?”

“I bought a dress for Millie since I have never really given her anything.”

“Yes but what about the baby?”

“The baby wanted me to buy a dress for my sister.”

Lefakae chuckled. “Stop lying about my baby V, she is innocent.”

Veronica laughed.

“So, papa invited you and BK to lunch tomorrow.”

“Why?”

“To bond with everyone,” Lefakae said with a light chuckle. “You are always thinking the worst about my father.”

“I am still afraid of him.”

“Well, he is trying so the least we can do is

meet him half way. He will be grilling Tumo tomorrow..”

“I’d love to see that,” Veronica said her eyes gleaming. “Count me in and I am sure Bokang will agree.”

“Okay, I will let him know.” He stood up.

“How did Tumo’s case go by the way?”

“He had me as his lawyer, he won of course,” he said with a smile. “They wanted to kick him out of the company after he has achieved so many projects without even paying him his rightful money and Grace wanted to take everything in their savings account but I made sure my boy gets his things.”

“You are such a showoff,” Veronica grinned but he was glad Lefakae had finally decided to represent his friend.

“The Moengs are proud.” He smiled. “Get some rest, I will see you tomorrow.”

“Goodnight.”

“Night 200K,” Lefakae whispered leaning to rub her tummy.

Veronica had accepted by now that her baby was 200K, she just hoped Bokang would not tell the baby once it was old enough to understand that she was a 200K baby.

She went back to her phone after Lefakae walked out of her bedroom and went back to scrolling; her heart skipped a beat when she saw RIP comments on his last post. Obakeng was dead?

Veronica frantically searched for one of his friends that she knew and texted him asking about Obakeng. She couldn't sit still while she waited for the reply, she jumped when her phone pinged with a messenger text and her heart dropped when she saw the message:

Obakeng passed away three years ago, he had heart problems before he died.

“No,” she whispered to herself reading the text over and over again. She put a hand over her mouth as her eyes filled with tears, how come she never heard about his death?

How did it even happen for him to get heart problems? He was so young. How was she supposed to rectify her mistakes now that he was gone? Why was everyone in her life dying?

“V, what happened?” Lefakae barged in the room and she realized only then that she had been sobbing loudly that he could hear her. “Are you in pain?” He asked studying her face and looked down at her tummy. “Is it the baby?”

“Obakeng is dead,” she said her lips quivering.

“Who is Obakeng?”

“Zozo’s father,” she sniffed. “I had no idea Lefa.. I had no idea that he was dead. I unfriended

everyone and never bothered to read their messages, I felt like I was better than them, how could I not know about my baby daddy's death?"

"Shh," Lefakae said gently climbing on the bed next to her and put an arm around her shoulders. "It's okay V."

"It's not okay." She hiccupped not even caring that she was soaking Lefakae's shirt with her tears and snort. "What is wrong with me? Why is everything going south for me? I wanted to make amends with her father because she suddenly asked me about him but he is gone."

Lefakae sighed rubbing her back softly, he had no words to say because nothing he could say at this point would be enough consolation for her and she wondered just how much more pain she can take before she snapped.

"He never got to see his daughter growing up,"

she said between her sobs. "I am the one who killed him, he begged me not to do this to him but I was so cruel to him, I called him all kinds of names Lefa and now he is gone and Zoey will never see her father again, she will never know him."

"V, it's not your fault."

"I deserve everything that is happening to me Lefa and you shouldn't feel pity for me either because I don't deserve it."

"That is not true, you don't deserve this."

"I do," she looked up and wiped her nose.

"didn't you hear those people at the funeral say I am just like my mother?"

"You are not like your mother, you are trying to be better and I love you for that, please don't blame this on yourself. You have made so much progress on yourself please V."

Veronica stared at him, she wanted to believe him, she really did but she was done hoping for a better days now, she was really done.

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Chapter 47

Zach was practically Moeng's son so it was not a surprise when he extended an invite to them for Saturday lunch.

Millie had never really interacted that much with the man but this was the only father figure Zach had in his life so he was practically her father in law and she always wanted to make a best impression whenever they met.

She had left Oratile and two of her helpers in charge at the bakery and it was no big deal

since they closed early on Saturdays.

She hummed to herself softly as she lay Zach's jeans on the bed for him to wear for the lunch. She liked him in everything he wore but he looked hotter in sweatpants if it was up to her she would only have him wear sweatpants then lock him inside the house so that she was the only one who appreciated his gorgeous dick print. Gosh, she needed to tame the sex addict inside her, thinking about his dick only aroused her and they had two morning steamy sessions before they finally got out of bed to find something to eat.

Millie felt warm hands wrapping around her waist and she smiled, she had gained a lot of weight the past month since the baby was growing but her bump was not really that showing that most people did not even know she was pregnant. They probably thought she

was just a thick girl gaining weight because of her marriage.

“You look so sexy organizing my clothes,” Zach said hoarsely, his warm breath fanning her neck. He smelt of cigarettes mixed with mints, it used to be her favorite scent on him before she was pregnant but now she hated the combination.

“Can’t you stop smoking?” she asked moving away from him.

Zach frowned a bit. “What’s wrong?”

“I told you I hate that cigarette smell,” she said glaring at him.

“I am sorry,” he said quietly.

“Don’t say sorry when you know you are going to smoke again!” she snapped.

“Nana,” he called softly stepping towards her but she shook her head. “I will try to stop smoking then or I won’t smoke when I am

home.”

“This is bad for your health anyway, I don’t understand why you are frying your lungs like this.” She scrunched her nose at him.

Zach stared at her for a minute before he took a deep breath, she used to like how he smelt after smoking before but now she couldn’t stand him. He knew it had everything to do with pregnancy hormones but it still stung a little bit when she complained about how he smelt or how he even chewed his food sometimes.

“I am sorry baby, please don’t be mad at me.” He leaned down to kiss her cheek but Millie pushed him back.

“Go brush your teeth and take a shower.”

Zach frowned. “But I already did those things.”

“That was before you decided to be a chimney

and puff your lungs out, go take a shower and brush your teeth or you will leave me at home and go alone.”

Zach sighed and walked to the bathroom trying to convince himself that she did not mean any of the things that she said and it was not her it were the hormones. He was never having unprotected sex with his wife again after this, no more pregnancy for Millie because baby Peaches was turning her into a monster.

He walked out of the bathroom 30 minutes later freshly showered and teeth brushed. He had brushed twice and used his mouth wash just to make sure that he did not stink. She flashed him a smile when he walked out which caught him off guard.

“You are so handsome baby, look at you,” she said her eyes trailing down to his bare chest

and his member which jerked a little at her gaze.

“I am not a chimney anymore?” he raised an eyebrow.

“Of course not!” Millie giggled walking towards him and put her hands on his chest looking up at him. “You are my gorgeous, sexy husband look at all of this. I must really be God’s favorite child because wow.”

Zach wanted to be mad but he couldn’t help the grin that crept on his lips as she continued running her hands down his chest with a sexy smile. One thing he loved about this pregnancy was that she always wanted to have sex and he could see that she was giving him her ‘fuck me’ eyes right now.

“It’s all yours,” he said with a lazy grin.

“It’s all mine,” she kissed his chest softly and softly took his growing member in her hand.

“And this beautiful member is mine too.”

Zach's breath hitched, he really loved when she took control like this when she was a shy creature in public, she was a freak in the sheets and there was nothing sexier than that.

"Do you want your hot and sexy husband to fuck you?" he asked hoarsely squeezing her butt.

"Yes," she whimpered fluttering her eyelashes at him.

"So that I remind you that I am not a chimney but your fucking husband, right?" he thumbed her nipple between her dress.

Millie gasped softly and nodded.

"I want words nana, who do you want to fuck you?"

"My fucking husband," she bit her lip rubbing herself on his member. She just wanted him to pick her up and do her until she came apart.

“That’s right,” he whispered softly. “Your fucking husband who loves you even when you are being a brat is going to fuck you now so you remember that I am not a chimney next time.”

“Yes,” she whimpered and wrapped her arms around him as he carried her to the bed.

They were an hour late because they had to shower again after her husband finished reminding her that he was a man not a chimney, maybe she should call him a chimney again because she was glowing and beaming from ear to ear when they were driving to Moeng’s house.

“Now you can’t stop smiling,” Zach chuckled glancing at her.

“Because I love you,” she said with a grin making him chuckle.

“I am never getting you pregnant again autwa?”

“But I want to give you a soccer team.” She said with a pout, he was being dramatic. She was not that bad.

“Ng, ng baby Peaches is enough for us.”

“I want to have more babies with you and you are going to get me pregnant again.” She said taking his hand that was not holding the steering wheel and kissed it softly. “My man who never misses, I swear I will kill you if you do what you do to me to another woman.”

Zach laughed shaking his head. “I had no idea you are crazy nana, you kind of deceived me now you are threatening me.”

“I am serious Oatile,” she said. “The way you press me down when you are on top of me and the way you move your waist every time I think

about you doing that to another woman I just want to kill her.”

“Who are you killing?”

“The woman,” she said.

“Yeah neh,” Zach laughed loudly. “I love you too baby and this deliciousness belongs to you only.”

Millie grinned in satisfaction. Zach shook his head chuckling as he pulled in front of Moeng’s yard.

He had his own gate remote so he opened the gate and drove in, Tumo and Lefakae’s cars were already in the yard so he knew they were already here.

“Look at you kids!” Mrs. Moeng said in a cheerful voice when they walked in the house. She hugged them both with smiles.

“Marriage is really treating you kids so well, you

look so beautiful.” She said to Millie.

“Thank you Mrs. Moeng,” she said, a blush creeping on her neck.

“Everyone is already here, let’s go to the backyard.”

Zach took Millie’s hand and they followed Mrs. Moeng out to the backyard. There was a table already set by the pool and Lefakae was standing over the grill with Tumo while Veronica sat next to Rorisang. Bokang was talking to Moeng which such a surprise but knowing Bokang he was probably being inquisitive about military life.

“Millie-Millie!” Zoey shouted jumping off the chair and ran to her.

Millie giggled before she leaned down to hug her. “Hello, princess you look so pretty.”

“Do you like my dress?” she asked looking down at her pink dress.

"I love it so much," she said and looked up at Zach who was watching them. "Aren't you going to say hi?"

He cleared his throat and smiled awkwardly at Zoey, he had no idea what to say to kids yet he was about to be a father which was the scary part.

"Hi, Zoey."

"Hello uncle Zach," she gave him a toothy grin. "We are the only ones here with names starting with Z, mine is Zoey and yours is Zach, isn't that cool?"

Zach snorted. "We are the only kids here."

Zoey giggled. "I am sorry that you are not cool aunt Millie."

Millie giggled. "That's okay baby, you are the coolest here."

"I am going to greet the guys," Zach said to

Millie and looked down at Zoey. "I will see you around cool Zoey."

"Okay cool uncle Zach," she giggled when he held out his fist for a fist bump. Zach kissed Millie's cheek before he trudged over to the guys. Millie took Zoey's hand and walked over to the table, Mrs. Moeng had walked back in the house to help with the cooking.

"Hey guys," she greeted with a smile looking at Rorisang and Veronica.

"Hey Mills," Veronica gave her a smile.

"It's my favorite wife," Rorisang grinned at her.

"I am not a wife anymore you brat," Veronica said with a roll of her eyes.

Rorisang giggled. "But you were."

Millie sat down on one of the chairs. "Don't give my sister a hard time, she is pregnant."

“Yes, Rori I am pregnant.”

“Are you guys ganging up on me?” Rorisang asked in mock shock. “Wow, you are not my favorite wife anymore.”

“That’s okay, she is my favorite wife.” Veronica wiggled her eyebrows.

“That’s what I am talking about!” Millie chuckled.

“Let me go get my camera so I start vlogging,” Rorisang said rising up from her chair.

“What are you vlogging for?” Veronica asked with raised eyebrows.

“I opened a You-Tube channel last week because I am an influencer now.”

“Since when?”

“I accumulated a lot of followers after Grace bashed me on social media and everyone wanted to know how the home wrecker was doing so they followed me and I am going to

serve them content and make money while at it.”

“Wow,” Veronica chuckled slightly. “Aren’t you a little opportunist?”

“When life gives you lemons, make lemonade then add strawberries,” she grinned at them.

“Mama, I want to go pee,” Zoey whined crossing her legs.

“Let’s go, aunt Rori will take you.” Rorisang took her hand and they walked back inside the house.

Millie glanced to see Bokang still chatting with Moeng and smiled before she looked back at Veronica.

“Are you alright?” she asked noticing her sudden sullen expression.

Veronica sighed. “I am not fine actually, I am faking it until I make it.”

“What’s wrong?” she asked then shook her

head. "It's okay if you don't want to tell me."

"No, it's fine," she took a deep breath. "I only found out that Zozo's father died three years ago."

Millie gasped softly. "How?"

"A friend of his said he had heart problems," she shook her head and chuckled bitterly. "It's like some horror movie isn't it? That is my life lately."

"Did Zoey know her grandmother?"

"My mother chased her away the first time she came so I am not really sure if she will be happy to see me."

"But you must try at least to go see her," she said. "I will go with you if you want."

"Really?" Veronica asked.

"Yeah, that's what sisters are for. We will take Bokang for security."



Veronica chuckled and reached for her hand across the table. "Thank you."

"You got this Vero, I promise."

"I hope so."

The food was amazing, Mrs. Moeng had prepared all kinds of salads and Millie had wanted to just eat them all.

She never thought she would ever see the day when they were all together like this with no drama which made her miss her parents, she knew she was going to see them at church tomorrow but she kind of wished they were here as well.

Veronica looked a little better and she was glad,

Bokang couldn't stop asking questions about military life and all the countries Moeng had travelled to.

"I wanted to be a soldier when I was in primary school," Tumo added with a small smile. He looked ready to pass out because Moeng had been studying him since they began eating and he was an intimidating man.

"Then what happened?" Moeng asked calmly.

"And I thought about dying in some war and my dream died," he said and they all erupted in laughter.

"You could have made a good soldier though," Rorisang grinned at him.

"Real soldiers are not afraid of death," Moeng chimed in. "We serve and protect the country, fear is just an illusion and if you are not careful it will hinder you from doing many things in life like getting a divorce." He said and everyone fell

silent.

Millie awkwardly sipped her juice, who knew Moeng knew how to throw shade?

“Yeah,” Tumo said clearing his throat. “Which is why I admire you sir, for your bravery and telling your family everything they need to know about you.”

Rorisang bit her lip wanting the ground to open up and swallow her, her boyfriend and her father were throwing daggers at each other at this point and it was making things awkward for everyone.

“A man does all he can do protect his family,” Moeng said.

“I hope you know that my daughter was raised like a princess and she will continue to live like one. She will follow her dreams and she will not be tied down by any man.”

“I admire your daughter for her strength and

how she goes for everything she wants, I will never stand in the way of her dreams.”

Moeng nodded. “If you get my daughter pregnant, I will shoot you.”

Rorisang choked on her breath coughing violently. Lefakae looked at Tumo who was frozen on his seat before he glanced at Zach who was trying his hardest not to laugh. This was probably the nicest family lunch they had ever had.

Morning, when I say 90 comments I don't mean 1 person should comment 10 times to reach the target. Please make sure you participate to get the evening inserts. I love hearing your views believe it or not they help navigate this book. Love always 

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Chapter 48

“Why don’t you just go this once?” Millie asked handing him his glass of green juice.

She used to have problems on how to make it before but now she was a pro and she was the one who made it for him every time after his work out session.

“Baby, I told you I am not a church person.”

“Everyone is not a church person until they get used to it,” she told him quietly. “Is there anything you are afraid of about going to church?”

“Of course not, I am just super busy today my love.”

“Oatile, you promised that this Sunday we will go but you are backing out on your word.” She stared at her now empty plate.

She had wiped the plate clean. She had to wake up Zach so he could peel the potatoes for her before he went to his gym session, somehow they just tasted much better when he peeled them.

Zach walked over to her and put his hands around her waist looking down at her pouty lips, she looked so fucking cute when she was sulking.

“I know but I have some things I have to sort out at the club my love and this is the only day I can do it. I promise I will go next weekend and preach even better than the pastor.”

Millie snorted then remembered she was supposed to be angry at him for not keeping his promise.

“I will get your favorite peaches on the way and you can have a fruit salad when you get back from church.”

“You promise?” she raised her eyebrow.

“I promise baby, let me take a shower so I can drop you off.”

“No, I will drive myself there.”

“I don’t mind dropping you off.”

“But you mind going to church?” she arched an eyebrow. “I will drive myself and back, it seems like you are allergic to church and I wouldn’t want you breaking out in hives because of me so go to the club!” She stormed out of the kitchen before he could even say more.

He took a steadying breath trying to calm his emotions. He wanted to get that baby out already because he missed his wife, only if he had known pregnancy will make her snappy like this she would have just gotten vasectomy.

“When is Vero coming?” Millie whispered to Bokang while Pastor Molefe carried on with the sermon. The service had already started but Veronica was no way to be found.

Veronica had woken up late and Bokang decided to leave her at home and come with Zoey instead but she had promised that she will come later when she was done.

“She said she is on her way,” Bokang whispered back then snapped his mouth shut when Josephine shot them a warning glare to be quiet in church.

He frowned at Millie before he looked back at the podium. Millie smiled at her mother before she faced ahead too, her mother was seated next to her father and they were both listening attentively to the pastor.

She wished Zach did not hate church this much, all the married couples attended church together but her husband always found a reason to run away from church.

“With all that said church, I am not the main event today this Sunday,” he smiled looking at the front seats. “As you all know my son Gabriel has finally completed his mission that God sent him to do the wonderful works of the Lord in Louisiana, America and now he is back with us again.”

The congregation erupted in cheers and applause. Pastor Molefe beamed proudly and looked at his son. “He left when he finished his studies in Botswana International University of Science and Technology after procuring his degree in BSC Computer Science. Before he left, he came to me and said he has a greater calling out there and he wanted to do what the Lord

wanted him to do. He is my son yes but he belongs to the Lord before he belonged to me so I gave him my blessings and sent him off to do the Lord's work. As I speak to you now, he has opened charities all over by God's grace and these charities have done wonders for those who needed it and I am proud of all that he has accomplished as much as I am happy to finally have him home." He grinned and held out his hand. "Gabriel, welcome home son."

Millie watched as he stood up fixing his tuxedo before he faced the congregation and waved at them with a smile. He was just your typical nerdy guy; tall and lanky with eye glasses to finish off his smart boy look.

He walked to the podium and shook hands with his father before he fixed the mic.

"It is good to be home," he said with a smile. "I am happy to be here again and to see all your beautiful faces once again, I have been gone for

5 years doing the Lord's work where he wanted me to be but he finally said it is time to go home my son and be with your people." He smiled when they cheered again.

"I am Gabriel Molefe, I grew up in this church and for those who have been with us since the beginning they know I used to run around as a little boy after my father. When I was in senior school I led the church choir until I became the youth pastor. I have missed you all so much that I wish I could give you all hugs," he smiled then paused when he heard a clicking of heels against the floor.

He paused briefly looking at the woman who had just walked in in a brown dress.

"I am glad to be home," he said again tearing his eyes away from the woman and focused back on the congregation as he continued his speech.

Veronica let out a sigh of relief when she found that Millie had saved her a chair. She sat down avoiding the eyes of the church members because some of them were still staring at her.

“You are late,” Bokang hissed next to her.

“I couldn’t find the car keys,” she said fixing her weave.

“I thought you weren’t coming anymore.”

“I nearly stayed home but I came,” she whispered back.

“Shh,” Josephine hissed at them and they kept quiet looking back at the podium.

Veronica stared back at the young pastor who seemed to be staring right at her. She stared right back because she knew he was probably concentrating on the congregation and not just at her.

“I will like to share a verse with you all which is one of my favorite verses this morning,” He said opening his bible. “If you will please open your bibles to Malachi 4 verse 2 so we can read together.” He waited for a minute while they paged their bibles and swiped their tablets and phones before he looked down.

“Malachi 4 verse 2 says; But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings, and ye shall go forth, and grow as the calves of the stall.”

He looked up again, his eyes automatically landing on the woman who had walked in.

“The bible is saying as you trust God for the future, and fear his name you can know that He has a plan for you. The Lord wants you to go forward into what he has prepared for you because he has prepared plenty. It is not the time to get stuck in worry and concern because the Lord wants you to enjoy the freedom that

comes from depending on him. He wants you to come to him so He can protect you and ease your worries. He wants you to come to him, empty as you are so he can fill you with everlasting joy. Fear God and go towards him in the path of righteousness and he shall set you free.”

The woman was still staring back at him so he stared back, he could feel the sadness in her face even though she had confidently walked in without even missing a step yet he could feel the pain she held in her heart but he hoped she had heard his words and they brought her comfort because the Lord’s house was where everyone found comfort.

Veronica looked away when she felt the tears burning at the back of her eyes as she listened to him go on about peace and joy.

“All those who want to pray for peace and joy today, all those who are tired of feeling empty inside and want to be filled with the Lord’s peace, I urge you to come forward so I can pray for you.”

Veronica stood up before she could even stop herself and Bokang automatically followed her. More people came forward and stood in front of the podium.

Gabriel stepped down with his mic. Everyone bowed their heads as he began praying.

“Lord, here are your children they have come to you like you have wanted Father. May the holy spirit fill their sails and move them forward, may they know joy and the delight that comes from submitting to you Father, may you release them from all their worries and bring them freedom in their lives Lord. In the mighty name

of Jesus, I pray Amen.” He said and they all echoed back opening their eyes.

Gabriel smiled and shook their hands as they went back to their seats. He looked up at the woman and shook her hand. “May the Lord's peace and joy be with you.”

“Amen,” Veronica mumbled before she walked back to her seat.

Gabriel went back up to the podium trying not to think about her, he had noticed the ring on her finger and the baby bump clearly confirmed that she was another man's wife and thou shall not lust for another man's wife. He needed to pray before he thought about her again.

Life had gotten very boring lately and it was starting to get to him. Femi had just arrived in Lagos after a wild night in Vegas with some rich kids that he grew up with but when he came back to the mansion he could feel the emptiness creeping up on him, it was enough to engulf his whole being.

“You are back oga!” His assistant walked in his room with a smile.

Femi was still plopped face down on his bed trying to gather his thoughts. He had drunk way too much that he could hardly feel his liver anymore, that was the thing about being lonely, alcohol was the only comfort.

“Don’t shout Ike, I am right here.” He grumbled wanting to press his face down further into the mattress.

Ike chuckled. “Oga, you de really drink the alcohol eh? I am communicating in my normal

tone. You should listen to Madam Balogun and find a girl to marry. A fine rich sir like you, I am very sure the girls in Lagos are piling up for you.”

“They are all boring,” he snorted rolling on the bed so that he was facing the ceiling. “Those cheap girls want nothing but money and status like.”

“But they are very beautiful-o,” he grinned. “Like Madam Chioma who visited you last week, hee, she was a goddess!”

Femi chuckled shaking his head. “Ike, slay queens will chow your moni.”

“Ah, me I have a girl I want to marry back in the village, sweet and fine girl.”

“Good for you,” he said with a smile. “I guess you missed me seeing as you did not even go for a leave like I asked you to.”

“Madam Balogun asked me to prepare for your

30th birthday so I couldn't leave."

Femi released a sigh, his mother was relentless. If she was not berating him to marry then she was busy planning parties in his absence.

"I don't want to celebrate my birthday in Lagos though," he said pulling his iPhone. "I have other plans."

"Should we cancel then?"

"I will call Mama and talk to her, don't worry Ike."

"You are such a good boss-o, Madam was going to chop off my head," he said before he smiled. "So where are you going oga? Is it to see that woman you told me about the one that fascinated you?"

Femi chuckled, trust Ike to remember things he said ages ago. "She is far away Ike."

"Maybe for us but you have a private jet, oga

and you can go anywhere in the world.”

“That is true,” Femi said, a smile forming on his lips. “Don’t cancel the birthday celebration yet Ike, it will also be my farewell party.”

“Where are you going?” Ike asked, his eyes gleaming. He was always fascinated by his boss’s lavish lifestyle and sometimes he got to travel with him.

“Botswana,” Femi replied reclining back on the bed.

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Chapter 49

Veronica was glad Bokang decided to drive because her hands were so shaky she could barely hold a steering wheel.

It was Tuesday, the day she finally mustered up

a little courage to go visit Obakeng's mother to make amends. Millie and Bokang decided to tag along for emotional support and she was beyond grateful for them because she could hardly think right now.

Zoey was just a baby when Obakeng's mother paid her first visit so she could see her grandchild but ended up being chased out of the yard by her mother, at the time she had thought her mother was just looking out for her and doing her a favor but she realized what a mess of a mother she had been.

She was fooled by those expensive gifts and empty words that she deserved better than Obakeng. She had been so blind for so long that she sometimes woke up and did not know who was looking back at her in the mirror; she was a stranger in her own body.

“I hope they don’t set their dogs after us,”
Bokang said glancing at Veronica.

“I don’t remember them having dogs,” she said
trying to calm her nerves.

It wouldn’t be a shock if Obakeng’s mother
kicked them out because they had humiliated
them before and she did not even stand up for
them, not even the boy she had claimed to love.

“Well, people change,” he said quietly. “I don’t
want to be long, I have a meeting with Big Mo.”

“Who is Big Mo?” Millie asked from the
backseat.

“Mr. Moeng,” he replied with a proud grin. “He is
mentoring me with business and all that, I want
to be a great man like him one day you know.
He is a little scary but once you get past the
cold stare he is actually a good guy.”

“I had no idea you were interested in business
Bokang,” Millie said smiling.

“There is a lot you don’t know about me Mills but one thing for sure, I am going to be a millionaire, I am already rubbing shoulders le bo Big Mo so people must watch the space because the boy is coming in hot.”

“Turn here,” Veronica said cutting him off, she was barely listening to their conversation because she was having internal battles all on her own. “I hope we are not lost but that’s the yard.”

“Why are there so many cars here?” Bokang asked as they approached the yard with the loud music blaring from the speakers. “Are they seriously having a party on a Tuesday?”

“Maybe we are not at the right yard,” Millie chimed in looking out the window; it clearly looked like some kind of party with girls dancing holding bottles of beer.

“I remember it, this is the yard,” Veronica said

unbuckling her seat belt. "Let us go and ask, maybe they moved and these people might know where they moved to."

"I deserve 100 pula airtime for this," Bokang said stepping out of the car. He followed his sisters inside the yard.

Veronica scanned the houses in the yard feeling a cold shiver down her spine, Obakeng used to sneak her here when his mother was asleep and it felt like it was an ancient memory now since he was gone.

"Oooh, stock se soft!" One guy howled when he saw them approaching and pushed the girl who was sitting on his lap off. "I had no idea Oteng knew fine chicks like you, you look a little pregnant but that's okay, I can still hit it." He grinned at them.

Veronica almost gagged right there and there,

she would rather fuck another gay man than sleep with him.

“We are looking for Oteng’s mother,” Veronica said after clearing her throat.

“I had no idea Oteng has a mother,” the guy said making his friends laugh. “Oteng!” he shouted until a tall replica of Obakeng walked out of the house shirtless pulling his pants up.

Veronica remembered him clearly, he was Obakeng’s unruly older brother; the one who always got in trouble.

“I told you I don’t have condoms, go buy!” he whined at his friend before his eyes fell on them and he frowned. “What are pregnant women doing in my yard?”

“You don’t remember me?” Veronica asked looking at him. “It’s Veronica.”

Oteng frowned. “Did I fuck you? Please don’t tell me you are pregnant with my baby because I

would die right here and right now.”

“Does she look like she goes around fucking guys like you?” Bokang asked in an irritated voice.

“Is he your boyfriend?” Oteng asked nodding at Bokang.

“No,” Veronica said and sighed. “I am looking for your mother, Obakeng’s mother.”

Oteng stared at her then looked away. “Olady passed away last year, why are you looking for her?”

Veronica’s heart dropped to her stomach, Obakeng’s mother was gone too?

“Are you sure?” her voice came out as a squeak.

“I am pretty sure I would know if my mother is dead,” he said. “Who are you guys anyway? You said I didn’t fuck you so I am wondering why I am here talking to pregnant women.”

“She is Obakeng’s Ex-girlfriend,” Millie said when she noticed Veronica was still in shock. “They had a baby together.”

“Ah, you are that spoilt chick who dumped manxane because he was poor, aren’t you?” Oteng turned to look at Veronica. “I always knew you were a little bitch, my poor brother died with a broken heart but it wasn’t your fault, he had heart problems ever since he was young, something to do with his heart being too big for him.”

Veronica inhaled sharply, her eyes quickly filling with tears. “What happened to your mother?”

“She went to sleep just fine one day and never woke up again,” he said in a much softer tone and grabbed the beer bottle from one of his friends taking a huge gulp.

“Is she really dead?” Veronica asked.

Oteng walked back inside the house instead of

replying then came back with two papers and handed them to Veronica.

She stared at the funeral programs feeling her heart break into pieces all over again.

“I don’t know why you suddenly showed up here but my brother and my mother are gone,” he said glaring at Veronica. “You can go back to living your fancy life.”

“This guy,” Bokang huffed shaking her head. “Vero, let’s go.”

“Do you have a problem with me Cheese Boy?” Oteng asked glaring at Bokang.

“I have lots of problems actually.”

“Bokang, no,” Millie grabbed his arm shaking his head. “Thank you um.. sir for the information. We will be out on our way now.” She mumbled taking Veronica’s hand leading her back to the car.

“Did she just call you sir?” one of the guys asked before they burst out laughing.

Oteng shook his head, “Rich brats.” He walked back to the house.

“It’s going to be okay,” Millie said softly wiping Veronica’s cheeks as she continued sobbing. She knew all this stress was not good for the baby and hoped she would overcome this soon. She needed to catch a break from everything.

They had driven her back to Lefakae’s house so she could rest but she was not sure about leaving her alone now. Bokang had offered to go pick up Zoey from school while she stayed with her.

“When?” Veronica sniffed. “How much more can I take before I break because I am sick and tired of everything.”

“I don’t know when but it will get better.”

“I never got to apologize to both Obakeng and her mother and every time I try to make amends everything backfires and just reminds me of how much of mean bitch I actually am.”

“You need to forgive yourself Vero.”

“How can I forgive myself when I can’t ask for forgiveness from the people I have wronged, is everyone just dying now?”

“Death is always there and as long as you did nothing to cause that person to die, it’s not your fault. You were lost before when you did all those things but now you know better and the best way you can ask for forgiveness from Obakeng is tell Zoey about him and explain things in a way she can understand and if you have pictures, show her and tell her that it’s her father.”

“Will that really help?”

“Yes and stop calling yourself a mean bitch because I think you are very nice.”

“You are just saying that,” she said with a chuckle wiping her nose.

“I am not,” Millie smiled. “Pray and ask for forgiveness, didn’t you hear what Pastor Gabriel said about finding freedom under God’s wing.”

“It got to me when he talked about joy and peace,” Veronica said with a small smile. “I felt like he was talking to me.”

“Maybe he was,” she smiled. “I heard he also offers counseling sessions if you are interested.”

“Isn’t he a bit young though?” Veronica asked curiously.

“I heard he is 29,” Millie replied. “Attend the counseling sessions, they will do you good.”

“I hope so,” she nodded.

“Mummy!” She heard Zoey’s little voice call before she barged in the bedroom. “Oh, aunt Millie is here too.”

“Hey Zozo.” Millie said with a smile. “How was school?”

“It was good, we have a soccer match this Saturday, mummy will you come and watch?”

“Of course baby, I will be there.” Veronica smiled picking her up.

Bokang nodded softly on the door and walked in with a Spar plastic bag. “These are your favorite and I bought you fat cakes from that lady that you like so much.”

Veronica looked inside the plastic bag and grinned taking out the canned can of peaches.

“That belongs to Millie, I heard she loves them.”

“Aww,” Millie cooed grabbing the can from

Veronica with a smile. "I can't believe you are this thoughtful, I love them."

"You are so sweet Bokang," Veronica said with a smile.

"I will give you the receipt so you can refund me."

"I thought you bought for us?" Veronica asked with a frown.

"Rule no 1 from Big Mo's steps to being a millionaire: be stingy with money and save as much as you can. So you two owe me, I am not going to let you delay my success."

"Yoh," Veronica looked at Millie before they burst out laughing.

Zach sniffed his shirt one more time to make

sure that he did not reek of cigarettes, he had even taken a shower at the club and changed shirts but with Millie, he could never be sure these days.

He had bought her favorite large pizza because he wanted her to rest today and not cook. He locked the car making his way to the house inwardly praying that his wife was in a good mood today.

He found her seated on the couch focused on her Mac book. He stood at the door trying to gauge her mood. Millie looked up and flashed him a smile.

“Hey baby,” she greeted. “How long have you been standing there?”

“Just a minute,” he smiled back walking over to her and gave her a greeting kiss.

“You smell so good, did you shower?”

“Um, yeah I had a cigarette before I came so I took a shower.”

“My poor baby, you can shower at home.”

“I didn’t want to smell like a chimney.”

“You are not going to let that go, are you?” she asked with a giggle. “Did you bring me pizza?”

“With extra cheese,” he smiled proudly placing the box on the coffee table. “How was your day?”

Millie sighed and narrated the events of the day to him and how she felt sorry for Veronica. “I just want her to be happy you know? It has been one thing after the other for her.”

“She will be fine,” Zach said softly. “You did not cry a lot right?”

“What makes you think I cried?”

“I know you, my beautiful wife, you are an emotional rollercoaster these days.”

Millie stared at him. "Have I been too hard on you?"

Zach shrugged. "You are little mean sometimes but it's okay."

"It's not okay, I don't want to hurt your feelings." Millie took his hand in hers. "Have I been really mean to you?"

"Babe, don't feel bad, I know it's not intentional."

"I know but I still don't want to hurt you, I promised to always guard your heart," she said quietly. "It's just that sometimes I get really annoyed and irritated that I just want to throw things and then end up saying whatever without even thinking."

"You want me to get you pregnant again after this?" Zach asked teasingly.

"I love carrying your seed," she grinned rubbing her tummy.

Zach looked down at her tummy and his heart warmed, he put his hand over hers smiling.

“When you put it like that it sounds so sexy, I want to get you pregnant again.”

Millie giggled. “So are we having a soccer team?”

“What’s with the soccer team?” he chuckled.

Millie shrugged. “I don’t know, I just feel like you and me grew up a little lonely because we did not have siblings, I mean I have siblings now but I didn’t have them before and you have Lefakae and Tumo who are practically your brothers but we didn’t have them before. I want our child to not go what we went through.”

Zach stared at her for a little while before he said, “Come here,”

Millie climbed on his lap looking at him with small shy smile.

“I will give you everything you want nana

including a soccer team if that's what you want."

"Really?" she grinned at him. "If you don't want more kids, I don't mind. Our baby will have lots of love from us."

"I want you to have all my babies."

Millie smiled and leaned down to kiss him before she pulled back. "I am hungry, let me go get the plates and the peaches."

"Peaches?" Zach frowned, he thought they were eating the pizza.

"It tastes so good with the pizza," she said climbing down from his lap and walked to the kitchen.

Zach stared at the box of pizza, he was not going to be forced into eating the pizza with peach slices as well was he? He hoped not. He

pulled out his phone to check out his texts, he opened a text from Femi first.

Femi: Guess who is coming to Botswana in a few?

“No way,” he said just when Millie walked back in with the plates.

“What happened?”

“Femi that asshole is finally visiting.”

“Really?” Millie asked sitting down next to him.

“I can’t believe he finally decided to visit after all this time,” he said shaking his head. “I guess loneliness has really gotten to him.”

Millie paused then looked up at Zach with a grin.

“We should hook up Veronica with Femi?”

“What?” Zach sputtered then chuckled. “You are serious?”

“Of course,” she grumbled. “Why not? Veronica is single and so is Femi, they might hit it off.”

“Baby, your sister is pregnant.”

“So what?” Millie frowned. “Pregnancy is not permanent.”

“Femi is a player, if you love your sister she should play far from him, he is not the kind to settle down.”

“He said he was looking for love before.”

“Don’t believe anything he says either, he is kind of a pathological liar.”

“They could have made a cute couple though,” she said handing him his plate.

Zach sighed with relief when he saw that there were no peaches on his plate, Thank God! He watched her place peach slices on top of the pizza slice before she folded it and took a huge bite humming in appreciation.

“Is it good baby?” he asked, amused.

“It’s so good,” she said with a mouthful. “Do

you want some?”

“I love you but keep your weird food away from me,” he kissed her cheek.

Millie giggled. “You are missing out.”

[02/25, 19:14] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 50

“How about we go for a movie this Friday?” Lolo asked looking hopefully at Rorisang as they walked out of their last lesson for the day.

“I don’t know if I will be able to, Tumo might want us to do something,” she said scrolling down her phone.

“Bathong Rori, it’s hard to hang out with you these days,” Lolo whined taking out her own phone. “Do I have to book an appointment to hang out with my best friend now?”

Rorisang rolled her eyes before she slipped on her sunglasses, her friend had to be the most dramatic girl out there. They had been friends since their Maruapula days and they hang out a lot when they were both single but now she had a man she needed to entertain and their relationship was still brand new that they didn't get enough of each other.

She basically just wanted to take Tumo and put him between her thighs and protect him from the cruel world.

"You are so dramatic, I always hang out with you at school."

"I miss our friendship dates, just the other day I heard Jessica telling her squad that you have cut me off because I am apparently I was also one of the people trolling you during that home wrecking incident."

"Don't ever start your sentence with Jessica

said..if you want to be happy.”

“Please, let’s go see a movie this weekend and get dinner and then you can give me tips on how to approach Hayden because boy is not even making the first move,” her friend sighed slumping her shoulders. “But there is chemistry between us, I could feel it and he always texts me so I don’t know why he won’t ask me out already.”

Rorisang put an arm around her shoulders.

“That boy is just a heart break waiting to happen friend, I would stay away from him if I were you.”

“But I like him!”

“Aren’t you afraid of STDs?” she asked sternly.

“Don’t sleep with the campus servicing waste man, I told you to stay away from fuck boys.”

Lolo sighed and was about to open her mouth when Rorisang’s phone started ringing. Her

eyes lit up when she saw Tumo's name flashing on the screen.

"Hey baby," she greeted sweetly.

"Hi sweetheart, are you at school?"

"Yeah, I just walked out of my last lesson for the day. I was thinking maybe I could catch lunch with Lolo."

"Oh, okay." His voice sounded dejected and she frowned.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"I am about to be called in the interview room right now but I just remembered that I didn't leave the keys with my neighbor and my mother told me she has arrived in Gaborone."

"I have the spare keys, I can go drop it off."

"What about your lunch?"

"Your mother is more important than lunch, I will go drop off the key. Who is picking her up

from the bus rank?”

“I called this cab driver friend of mine to drop her off, she has already arrived so she must be on her way home now.”

“I will go and drop it off right now.”

“Thank you so much sweetheart.”

“It’s no big deal, you owe me.”

“I will do that thing that you like with my tongue to thank you.”

Rorisang giggled. “I will hold you onto that promise, good luck on your interview baby.”

“I will see you later, I love you.”

“I love you,” she blew him a kiss before she hung and looked at Lolo. “Friend, you know I love you akere?”

“Just go,” Lolo said rolling her eyes with a chuckle. “This guy has you by the tits, I hope he doesn’t break your heart.”

“He is not a waste man babes,” she said and chuckled.

“You are a cold human being.”

“I will see you tomorrow autwa, I am going to impress my future mother in law.” She blew her a kiss heading to the student parking lot.

The cab was dropping Tumo’s mother when she arrived. She walked towards her with a smile plastered on her face. She looked younger than she had expected and she was very light skinned just like Tumo.

“Thank you papa,” Mrs. Wright said to the cab driver.

“Tumo has already paid mme,” the cab driver said and glanced at Rorisang walking towards

them. "Tumo has already sent someone to take care of you, I will be on my way now."

"Drive safe," Mrs. Wright said before she turned to the girl beaming at her like she had been promised presents.

"Hi," Rorisang said with a grin. "You are so beautiful, I see where Tumo gets his looks from, I am Rorisang."

"Are you Tumo's neighbor?" She asked scanning her from head to toe. She was practically naked in that short dress she was wearing.

Rorisang giggled. "No, I don't live here, my parents still think I am too young to move in with a man. Maybe after I finish my degree they will let me move out. Let me help you with those bags, they must be so heavy!" she grabbed one of her bags from her before she could protest and walked towards the house.

“I know you must be tired from your trip but it’s so nice that you are visiting Tumo.”

“He is my son,” Mrs. Wright said with a frown and watched as she unlocked the door. “Are you friends with my son?”

“You could say that,” Rorisang giggled and opened the door. “Welcome abode, mama.”

Mrs. Wright frowned as she walked in. The living room did not have much, just a few couches with a large TV screen but it was clean.

“You can sit down,” Rorisang said pointing at the couch. “You must be hungry and thirsty, Tumo told me you don’t eat rice and maize meal so that leaves us with a very few options but I can make chicken salad if you don’t mind eating chicken.”

“Chicken salad?” Mrs. Wright asked in confusion, chickens could be made into salads too? She had never heard of such.

“Yes,” Rorisang said with a smile. “I don’t really know how to cook but I am a pro when it comes to making salads, my Instagram feed is filled with my salad aesthetics. I am practically a salad queen at this point.”

“I do like chicken,” Mrs. Wright said quietly.

“Perfect!” She grinned. “Make yourself comfortable mama, I will make the chicken salad, I promise you will love it.”

Mrs. Wright watched as she disappeared into the kitchen and took out her phone to call her son but then remembered he was at an interview.

Rorisang rushed back in the living room just as she was about to relax.

“I forgot to switch on the TV,” she said grabbing the remote. “Do you want to watch Netflix or something on Dstv?”

“Tumo doesn’t have BTV?” Mrs. Wright asked

with a frown.

“He does,” Rorisang giggled switching the TV on then bit her lip looking back at Mrs. Wright. “What channel is BTV?”

“You don’t know?”

“I never watch it,” she said with a giggle. “I can just search it until I find it.”

“Just put on some Nigerian movie if he has them.”

“Oh, he has Nigerian channels,” she put on channel 152 and grinned back at her. “Enjoy.”

Mrs. Wright looked back at the screen wondering just what type of a girl she was.

Rorisang walked out of the kitchen an hour later with a tray and placed it on the coffee table.

“Tada, creamy chicken salad with French

toast.” She grinned scanning her masterpiece, it was too cute not to go on Instagram so she took out her phone and snapped a few photos before she handed Mrs. Wright her plate.

“I have never eaten a salad made out of chicken before,” Mrs. Wright said worriedly looking at the plate. It looked appetizing yes but she did not want to die of food poisoning from uncooked food.

“I fried the chicken breasts and sliced them then mixed with lettuce, cherry tomatoes and mayonnaise,” Rorisang told her. “It is delicious, trust me.”

Mrs. Wright took a bite and chewed slowly, it was delicious.

“Is it good?” Rorisang asked with a smile.

“It is,” she agreed taking another bite with the toast this time around.

She was going to ask Tumo how come he never

made her chicken salad like this.

“I knew you would love it,” Rorisang giggled. “It is also healthy and almost carbs free and the bread is brown so a perfect meal.”

“Do you have any kids?”

Rorisang chuckled. “No, I only have one baby, Tumo gave him to me.”

Mrs. Wright choked on her food wheezing violently and quickly accepted the glass of juice from Rorisang before she gulped it down.

Tumo had a baby and she did not even know about it? She was going to kill that boy.

“Do you want to see him?” she asked pulling out her phone and showed her a picture of Marshmallow.

“It’s a dog,” Mrs. Wright said frowning in confusion.

“Isn’t he the cutest?” She asked with a proud

grin. "His name is Marshmallow, Tumo and I debated whether he was a Moeng or a Wright but we finally agreed on him being a Wright since he is Tumo's son."

Mrs. Wright stared at her; her son now had dogs as children? That Tshwene girl must have really damaged him, her poor baby boy. She should have never let him marry while he was young.

Veronica had taken Millie's advice and enrolled in the counseling sessions with Pastor Gabriel and hoped they would be good for her. She had a lot of internal battles that she was fighting with herself and maybe the young pastor would come through with emotional healing. She had confirmed her appointment with his assistant

for a session at 3 p.m.

“Are you here to see Pastor Gabriel?” The short light skinned girl asked with a friendly smile.

“Yes, I have an appointment for 3 p.m. with him.”

“Come this way,” the girl said leading her to the office building.

She had never been inside the Pastor’s office before and she was in awe when she walked in. It was very clean and spacious.

“He will be with you in a minute, make yourself comfortable.” She pointed to the visitor’s chair before she walked out.

Veronica sat down placing her handbag on her lap looking around the office. There were certificates framed on the wall of achievements

and recognition that the church has won over the years even the church choir trophies were placed on the shelf neatly.

She was still looking around when the door opened and she turned to look at Pastor Gabriel walking in with a coffee mug. He stopped in his tracks when their eyes met and she continued staring at him.

“Good afternoon,” Gabriel greeted pushing his glasses up his nose. “Are you my 3 p.m.?”

“Yes,” she said with a small nod. “I can wait outside if you are on a tea break.”

“Oh no, no,” he said quickly walking to his desk. “I just stepped out for a cup of tea to keep me awake.”

“I thought it was coffee that kept people awake.”

“Not in my case,” he chuckled lightly sitting down. “Um, would you like a cup too?”

“I don’t drink tea.” She said quietly.

“More for me then,” he said with a grin.

Veronica stared, he had a beautiful grin it made him look boyish when he smiled. He had a very beautiful smile.

Gabriel took out his bible fumbling under her intense stare, he had preached in front of large congregates without getting flushed but here was this woman sitting across him staring at him and making him flustered like a teenager.

He needed a lot of prayers and to ask for deliverance.

“Before we um, start I’d like you to know that this a free space, you are in the presence of the Lord and everything that we say here will be between me, you and God.” He cleared his throat. “Is there anything you are hoping to find from this counseling?”

Veronica stared at his fingers, he had such

beautiful fingers the nails were clean too. Damn these hormones, now she was lusting over pastors!

“Um, I want forgiveness from the Lord and myself and hopefully from the people I have wronged. I also want to find peace and joy and fulfillment.”

Gabriel nodded. “The Lord has guaranteed us all those things if we come to him, that is what he has promised in his book life. It is said in the bible that out in the world you will find trials and tribulations but come to me for everlasting peace and joy. You will find what you are looking for sister...”

“Veronica,” she said quickly.

“Sister Veronica,” Gabriel nodded, even her name was feisty. God please deliver him.

“Before we start, I want to ask why you didn’t come with your husband.”

“Husband?” Veronica asked then glanced at the ring on her finger, she had gotten so used to it that she never took it off. “Oh, I am not married anymore, I am divorced.”

“Why are you pregnant?” He blurted out then winced shaking his head.

“What?”

“Forgive me,” He said mentally slapping himself. The devil was really trying him now. “I meant to ask; is your Ex- husband in the picture as the father of the baby?”

“Yes,” Veronica replied. “We have agreed to co-parent.”

“Is he the reason why you are fighting with yourself?”

“No, he is a good person. He married me for the wrong reasons and I also got pregnant for the wrong reasons,” she took a deep breath. “He is gay.”

"I see," Gabriel said quietly. "Did you know when you married him that he was um homosexual?"

"Yes," Veronica replied. "I married him for money , I also got pregnant for money."

Gabriel nodded. "How does it make you feel now? I mean the reason that you married your Ex husband, does money still satisfy you?"

"No," she shook her head. "Greediness has brought more pain to me than any excitement. I am not happy and I don't know who I am, I feel like my life is going around in a never ending circle of being punished for my greediness."

"The Lord will never punish you, He loves you," Gabriel said calmly. "But he will teach you and he will use some situations in life to bring you to him. You mentioned you were empty and you have come to the Lord to be filled. He is a generous God that is why he never gives up on us and always welcomes us with open arms. I

want us to pray before we continue so that we invite the Holy Spirit and he blesses us with his presence.”

He held out his hands and Veronica put her hands in his. Gabriel took a deep breath trying to ignore the soft feel of her hands. Father forgive him for he has sinned and lusted after a lost soul who had come to find peace.

Morning, this was our yesterday evening insert that we did not get because we failed to meet the participation targets, posted it early for everyone who participated.💕[02/25, 19:14] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 51

The interview had been a bust that he wished he should have just stayed home instead.

It had been a month of endless job seeking but it turned out finding a job was actually harder than he thought when you did not even have inside help, it was a country that relied on connections after all. He wanted to do this for himself without any inside help just trust in his capabilities but it was turning out to be a bust as well.

Tumo pulled up in front of his rented bachelor pad and frowned at Rorisang's Mini Cooper. He thought she would have left by now and he wouldn't have blamed her honestly.

He heard giggles and laughs coming from the house before he could even open the door. Did his mother have visitors over already?

They both in stiches when he opened the door,

Tumo blinked staring at them. His mother was not a talkative woman in fact people thought she was unfriendly and rude but here she was laughing her lungs out.

“Dumelang,” he greeted placing the plastic bag on the coffee table, he had bought a few things that his mother might need.

“Oh, hello boy-boy,” Mrs. Wright smiled wiping the corner of her eyes. “You look tired, how did the interview go?”

Tumo shrugged. “I will find something else.”

“They didn’t take you?” Rorisang finally asked looking up at him with those puppy eyes.

“They said they didn’t have money to pay someone with an experience like mine even though I said it was okay.”

“They are stupid for not hiring my son,” Mrs. Wright shook her head.

“It’s fine, I will keep on looking.” He said then smiled at his mother. “What were you two laughing about?”

“It’s this silly Nigerian movie, it’s very funny.” Mrs. Wright glanced at Rorisang. “She is also like a TV character; this girl, the things she says are out of this world!”

Rorisang chuckled. “Your mother is so cool, she must have been a baddie back in the day.”

Tumo smiled, only his Rori would call his mother a baddie and not feel bad about it.

It looked like they were getting along like a house on fire. She had never gotten along like that with Grace, Grace had said that it was difficult getting along with your mother in law but here was Rorisang making her mother laugh when they have just met.

“I need to go now,” she said rising to her feet grabbing her phone. “Papa will soon start

sending a search party for me.”

“Drive home safe,” Mrs. Wright smiled.

“I will,” she grinned back at her. “I will come see you before you go if you don’t mind.”

“Bring my grandson with you.”

Rorisang laughed throwing her head back before she said her farewell and walked out with Tumo behind her.

“I am sorry about your interview,” she said quietly once they were out of the house.

“I will find something.”

“I can try talking to my dad, I am sure he knows a lot of people...”

“No,” he said firmly shaking his head. “I will do this on my own sweetheart.”

Rorisang blinked at him. “Um, okay.”

“Thank you for staying with my mother, I am not sure what you did but I haven’t seen her laugh like that in a long time.”

“She says I am strange,” Rorisang chuckled.

“She was a little stiff at first but she loosened up, the salad must have done the trick, she couldn’t stop raving about it.”

“You cooked for her?”

“Of course.”

Tumo pulled her in a hug before she could say more. “You are an angel.”

Rorisang smiled wrapping her arms around his waist. “It was nothing, I actually thought I was talking too much and she would throw me out of the house and tell me to stay away from her son.”

“No one can ever say no to loving you baby, you are so loveable.” He smiled pulling back.

“Should I drive you home?”

“No, it’s fine. I will drive myself, you need to be with your mother.”

“I will see you tomorrow.”

“Yes,” she smiled pecking his lips. “Now go be a good son and spend some quality time with mama.”

Tumo chuckled opening the car door for her.

“Get your sexy ass home safely.”

“Bye.” She waved at him starting the ignition.

Tumo stepped back watching with a smile on his lips, Rorisang just kept surprising him every time.

He walked back inside the house to find his mother still seated on the couch. He now needed to explain that he had a young girlfriend that he really loved.

“Isn’t she a bit young?” Mrs. Wright asked

before he could speak.

“She is about to be 22 soon,” he said sitting next to her.

“She doesn’t look like she is ready to settle down and have kids, she says a dog is her baby.”

Tumo chuckled. “It’s our baby mama, your grandchild.”

“Is it because of that hateful girl that hurt you?”

“No,” he shook his head. “Rori makes me happy and it’s refreshing to be with someone who just brightens up your day with a smile. I know she is genuine about her feelings, she might be a little young and a bit spoilt but she is kind and loving and real. I know my heart is in the right place with her.”

Mrs. Wright stared at her son. “I don’t want you to be hurt again and young girls are always running after older men for money.”

“She is Lefa’s sister mama, she doesn’t need money from men.”

“I should have known she was Lefa’s sister!”
Mrs. Wright exclaimed clapping her hands.

“Why didn’t she tell me?”

“Because you two were busy laughing like old friends.”

“She was funny, she kept talking about followers on Instagram or what not and I wanted to ask if she is into some kind of religion.”

Tumo chuckled. “No, she has followers on Instagram, it’s a social media platform like Facebook where she posts videos and photos so people can like them.”

“I hope you are careful, it is not always wise to jump in a relationship after you come from another one and these girls from rich families will think they own you just because they have

more money than you,” she said with a small sigh. “I wanted to find you a pretty and simple girl back in Sefhare but if you like her there is nothing I can do.”

“I know but I am healed mama, I am fine.”

“Good, your nephews wanted to come along too when they heard I was visiting you.”

Tumo’s grin widened at the mention of his older brother’s kids. “I miss them so much, I should go check on them one of these days.”

“You should and your brother broke up with his baby mama again.”

“It’s the tenth time isn’t it?”

“And I know I should expect a baby when they get back together,” Mrs. Wright shook her head.

“You are the only one who turned right among your brothers, your father is proud of you wherever he is.”

Tumo smiled standing up, it was sad thinking about his baby making older brother who never found a job and his always drunk brother who was always causing trouble back in the village. Every time he sent money home, he made sure to send enough for his nephews because without him they had nothing.

He needed to find a job as soon as possible before the savings ran out in his account.

“I bought sorghum on my way home, should I make you porridge for supper?”

“No, I want chicken salad.”

Chicken what now? It hadn't even been a day and Rorisang was turning her mother into a slay queen. He had no idea how to make chicken salad.

“How do you feel about Nigerian men?” Millie asked glancing at Veronica who was helping herself to the tomatoes that she had been cutting.

She had woken up a bit earlier than the normal wake up time so she could prepare the salads and marinate the meat for the braai.

It was Saturday and Zach had decided to host a braai session to welcome Femi to Botswana, he had landed on Friday but it had been late that he only had time to go to the hotel he was staying at.

They had went all out inviting people so Zach could introduce his friends to him and Millie wanted everything to be perfect, Femi had treated them with top notch hospitality when they were in Lagos and she wanted to return the

gesture and it was also their first time hosting as a married couple for their friends.

“I told you I don’t want men,” Veronica said with a roll of her eyes, “Why are you playing match maker?”

“Because I want you to be happy and I feel like you two could get along so well.”

“I don’t trust Nigerians Mills, he probably has five wives and a dozen of kids back in the village.”

Millie chuckled. “He didn’t look like the type to have children though, did I tell you that he is filthy rich? He is a billionaire.”

“The more reason to stay away from him then, I want to find a simple guy who doesn’t have money and who will love me to death.”

“Really?” Millie arched her eyebrow; she never thought she’d ever hear Veronica say she doesn’t want a rich man, a billionaire at that.

“Money is the root of all evil,” Veronica muttered quietly remembering what Pastor Gabriel had said about money.

“Why are you smiling?” Millie asked suspiciously.

“I am not smiling,” she said clearing her throat.
“Do you need help?”

“Now you ask after I am done with everything?”
Millie snorted. “Help me marinate the meat.”

Veronica made a face looking at her new long nails. “But the spices and the sauces will ruin my nails Mills!”

“And you say you want a poor man to do what exactly?” Millie chuckled. “Get more tomatoes and slice them, I will marinate the meat.”

“Nobody said changing was a quick process, maybe next year I will not even like nails anymore.”

“Yeah right,” Millie said laughing; she couldn’t even picture her sister without her weaves or her long nails. “Seriously, you will fall in love with him when you see him. He is a Nigerian charmer.”

“Who is a Nigerian charmer?” Lefakae asked walking in the kitchen with Zoey on his shoulders.

“Mills is trying to set me up with Zach’s Nigerian friend.”

Lefakae glanced at Millie. “She is pregnant tthe mma, Millie why are you trying to sell her off to Nigerians?”

Millie chuckled. “I was just asking if she would like to hook up with him.”

He placed Zoey down. “Zozo, go ask Tumo to carry you on his shoulders, I will be back.”

Zoey giggled running back outside to the backyard.

“V, tell me you are not thinking about fucking Nigerians when you are pregnant with my child.”

Veronica glanced at Millie then back at Lefakae. “I have needs too you know and I heard Nigerian men are gifted so he might have what I am looking for.”

“The hell they do!” Lefakae snapped. “I don’t want dicks around my baby, if you want sex wait until you give birth then you can have all the sex in the world.”

“Will you sleep with me then dear husband?” she asked in a sultry voice, she loved seeing him agitated. He was such a drama queen!

“No,” Lefakae shook his head. “I mean, if the hormones are really bad we can try to...”

Millie and Veronica both burst out laughing. Lefakae stared at them blinking in disbelief before he shook his head.

“You guys are not cool,” he said shaking his head, “No Nigerians or any men for that matter wena.” He said before he walked out.

“I get what you were saying about him being a drama queen!” Millie giggled looking at Veronica.

“Right?” Veronica chuckled. “He doesn’t know it yet but he is just like Mr. Moeng.”

“He will be that strict gay father Shem.”

“I know, my poor child.”

They both chuckled again.

Bontle had just arrived with her husband too when Zach walked in with Femi. Everyone had been waiting to see Zach’s rich Nigerian friend that they couldn’t stop staring when he walked

in.

Veronica could see that he was definitely a wealthy man, even his walk exuded wealth and the watch on his wrist and the Balenciaga shirt he was wearing.

He was handsome, Millie had showed him a picture on her phone trying to convince her that he was the man for her but Veronica was not looking for this type of men anymore, and besides what could she possibly do when she was pregnant?

“You all look so beautiful, I feel under dressed,” Femi said chuckling looking at them as they continued to stare at him.

“Welcome to Botswana Femi,” Millie said with a smile walking over to give him a hug.

“It’s good to be here,” he said looking at her. “Is it just me or your beauty has increased?”

“He is dick,” Lefakae whispered to Tumo

staring at Femi.

“She keeps getting prettier Zach,” Femi said turning to Zach.

Zach snorted. “Let me introduce you and stop drooling over my wife you jerk.”

“Cold as always,” Femi chuckled.

“Guys this is Olufemi Balogun, we schooled together in Ghana.” Zach said. “These are my friends; Tumo and Lefakae and that is Millie’s sister Veronica. That is Alex, my business partner and his wife and that is Rori, the baby of the family. She is Lefa’s baby sister.”

“And my girlfriend,” Tumo added.

Femi chuckled, “Good man, marking your territory.” He smiled. “It’s nice to meet you all even though I had no idea Millie had a sister.”

“It’s kind of complicated,” Millie said. “But yeah she is my older sister.”

“Nice to meet you Veronica,” he smiled at her.

“She is pregnant,” Lefakae chimed in.

“But single and available,” Millie added with a grin.

“Baby, let’s all eat,” Zach said taking Millie’s hand. It was very awkward watching his wife trying to be a matchmaker when she was clearly bad at it.

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Chapter 52

“This was very delicious,” Femi grinned reaching for bottle of beer. He had cleared his plate of pap with Chakalaka and grilled meat.

“Compliments to the chef, did you really prepare this by yourself?”

“Yes, it’s no big deal,” Millie glanced at Zach

who was giving her one of his proud smiles.

“Besides this is nothing compared to the hospitality you showed us when we visited your country.”

“Ah, it was nothing,” Femi shrugged with a grin.

“Is it true you have a private jet?” Rorisang piped up.

“Yes,” Femi replied with a small grin. “I bought it on my twenty fifth birthday actually, it is always exhausting when you want to travel in the middle of the night and you have to wait and book a flight so I decided to just go all out, you know?”

“Wow, I want to be you when I grow up,” Rorisang said in awe. “I am sure you travel a lot and you get girls everywhere in the world. Wait, do you know Tiwa Savage or Wizkid? Please tell me you know where they live. I would dieeee.”

Femi chuckled lightly. “I don’t know them

personally but I went to Wizkid's concert last year and I had a blast. He is a good guy, I took a few pictures with him."

"Can I see?"

"Sure," Femi shrugged pulling out his phone scrolling down to his photo album before he handed it to Rorisang.

"It is really you!" Rorisang said staring at the photo of him smiling at the camera with his arm draped over Wizkid's shoulders. "You are literally a rock star, living your best life. I am sure when you die you will have no regrets."

"I hope so," he chuckled. "But money isn't everything; you can have all the money in the world and fail to find love you know? And love is the most important part in one's life."

"So why haven't you found love?" Lefakae asked holding his gaze. "Love can be bought these days."

“Ah, but that is not the kind of love I want,” he told him with a smile. “I want someone who will look at me and see beyond all that money and the status but it has proven to be quite difficult.”

“You could disguise yourself as a poor man and go to the village then try to find love there,” Rorisang suggested with glee.

They all burst out laughing.

“I guess you watch too many Nollywood movies,” Femi said catching his breath.

“It always works though you should try it.”

“I will give it a try when all fails,” he said his eyes trailing back to Millie but she was staring at Zach who was gazing back at her with a soft expression.

Zach who used to be the hardest one to crack back in school could look at a woman like that. It was like watching a love story unfold right in

front of him.

“So, I know all the kids who went to the school that Zachariah went to were troubled, were you a bad child Femi?” Bontle asked stealing his attention from watching Millie and Zach.

“Not all of them were troubled, some of them went because their families thought it would be good for them,” he said. “I lost my older brother when I was 12, everything just fell apart after his death. He used to be my best friend because our father was always working. I felt like I was really alone so I started getting into trouble with some boys from school. We did all kinds of things from bullying the kids to just destroying school property. My father decided to ship me off to Ghana to straighten me out.”

“I heard some boys killed themselves at your school,” Tumo said. “Was the training too

much?”

“It was hard yes, especially when you didn’t have friends to depend on but luckily I had Zach and Kola, we were like the three musketeers, we had each other’s backs back then.” He glanced at Zach. “He might be an asshole but he is one of the greatest guys out there, you did good by marrying this one Millie.”

Millie smiled at Zach reaching wipe the corner of his lips, there was nothing there but she just wanted to touch him and show just how much she appreciated him.

“That is what I want right there,” Femi said smiling turning to look at Lefakae. “I hope that answers your questions.”

“I am going to the bathroom,” Lefakae said pushing back his chair before he walked back inside the house without replying him which left an awkward silence at the table.

“Who wants dessert?” Millie asked hoping to lessen the tension that Lefakae had caused. She didn’t know if he was being cold towards Femi because she had tried setting him up with Veronica or he just didn’t like him.

“I’d love dessert!” Bontle said with a grin. “I came here craving your sweet delights, you know you are my favorite baker.”

“I thought I was your favorite?” Alex grinned at his wife.

“You are my favorite chef, Mills is my baking babe.”

Millie grinned standing up. “I will bring extra for you because of the compliment.”

“Millie you know I always buy from your bakery akere?” Tumo chuckled.

“Me too Millie, you know you are my favorite.” Rorisang wiggled her eyebrows at her.

Millie giggled. "Fine, everyone will get extra then leftovers again."

"I will help you bring the dessert," Zach said rising to his feet and followed Millie back inside.

"I never thought I'd see the day Zach offers to help with kitchen things," Bontle said with a grin.

"He is only soft for Millie, he tells the rest of us to fuck off." Alex said with a light chuckle.

"Millie can warm even the coldest hearts," Veronica said with a proud smile before she stood up to gather the empty plates.

"Let me help with the plates," Femi said getting up too.

Veronica had expected to find Millie and Zach fixing the dessert in the kitchen but there was

no one there when she walked in with the dirty plates followed by the Nigerian billionaire. She turned to look at him and he offered her a smile. She guessed girls just threw their clothes in the air whenever he flashed that smile or spoke in that heavy London accent of his.

“You stare a lot,” Femi said breaking the silence.

“I am just trying to figure you out,” Veronica said placing the plates in the sink. “Do you have a wife and kids back in Lagos?”

Femi chuckled. “I have three wives actually which is why I was whining about my loneliness when your husband asked me if I was married, I mean your Ex- husband.”

“It could be a sob story to try and get a second wife or maybe third wife in Botswana, who knows maybe you have a wife in every country.”

“Ouch,” he mock shuddered. “I guess you have watched a lot of movies too but I can promise

you I don't have wives in every country besides if I had a wife I don't think I would be all over the world."

"Because you don't cheat?"

"Yoruba boys don't cheat," he said with a grin.

"You should be nice to me since it seems your sister wants me to be all up in your pretty face."

Veronica rolled her eyes. "I don't think you would be all up in my face anyway."

"Because you are pregnant?"

"No, because it wasn't me you kept stealing glances at back there," she tilted her head to the side. "Does Zach know you have a crush on his wife?"

Femi stared at her and a slow grin formed on his face. "I am sure he does."

"You won't even try to deny it?"

Femi shrugged. "Why should I?"

“He is your friend and that is his wife,” Veronica said with a frown staring at his infuriatingly easy grin.

“I am not denying that, are you going to crucify me for liking his wife?” His eyes shone with amusement which only infuriated Veronica more. “I don’t see how that is a crime, do you?”

Veronica opened her mouth to reply but was cut off by giggles coming from Millie as she walked in the kitchen with Zach hugging her from behind and latching on to her neck.

“Oh, hey guys,” Millie cleared her throat then smiled at Veronica. “Are you guys talking?”

“Your lovely sister was questioning me about cheating and I was just telling her that Yoruba boys don’t cheat.” Femi grinned.

“Oh,” Millie looked delighted. “It’s good that you are talking about cheating, I mean it’s a bit early but I am glad you are talking it out.”

“Baby, let’s get the pudding,” Zach said softly, he could see the tension between Veronica and Femi and it was nothing sexual either. He knew Femi’s face when he wanted to irritate someone and he was obviously on it with Veronica.

“Why don’t you and Femi go back while me and Vero dish up?”

“You sure?”

“Yes, you are more of a distraction than help anyway,” Millie said with a giggle.

Zach smiled before he nodded at Femi to follow him out.

Millie grinned turning to Veronica. “You guys are talking about cheating already? I knew you would hit it off.”

“He is an asshole,” Veronica muttered.

“Um, what?” Millie’s grin fell off her face.

“Please tell me you know that he has a crush on

you.”

“What?” Millie’s eyes widened then chuckled.

“You are being silly, he is just nice.”

“He literally just admitted that he liked you before you guys came in and he didn’t even feel bad about it,” Veronica said then narrowed her eyes at Millie. “I hope you are careful around that guy, rich guys like that feel like they can have everything they want.”

“But.. that’s not true.”

“Le wena you are too friendly with him, why were you hugging him?”

“I don’t know,” she mumbled, “Because he came all the way from Nigeria to visit?”

“Be careful Mills, I wouldn’t you being possessed by juju,” she said patting her shoulder. “Where is the dessert?”

Millie blinked and cleared her throat. “It’s in the

fridge, I will get the bowls.”

She was tired by the time everyone left, she had no idea hosting was this exhausting.

Rorisang has drunk way too much that Tumo had to carry her on his back which had been fun and refreshing to watch because she kept confessing her undying love to Tumo which only fueled his brother’s cranky mood.

Her head had been reeling all day after what Veronica said about Femi having a crush on her, she was not comfortable with being liked by Zach’s friend. They seemed to have a strong bond that she did not want to break.

She was already in bed by ten scrolling down

Elsa from Frozen inspired birthday cakes for Zoey. Her birthday was next weekend and she wanted to get started on the cake as soon as possible.

Zach walked in from the bathroom stark naked and his dark body gleaming.

“Did you find anything you like yet?” He asked and she snapped out of her trance looking up at him.

“Hmm?”

“Stop staring at my dick,” Zach chuckled. “I was asking about the cake.”

“Oh,” she cleared her throat. “Yeah, I found some pretty ones I will have to send them to Vero so she and Zozo can pick her favorite.”

“You are going to be the greatest mother ever,” Zach said with a smile.

Millie grinned. “How do you know that?”

"I can feel it babe, I am glad that you are the first and last woman to ever carry my child."

"Are you trying to make me cry?"

"I am trying to make you smile," he said with a lazy smile putting on his draw string pajama pants before he slid in next to her. "I really liked today, I felt really grateful to have you and all our friends over. I had no idea how much warmth was missing in my life until I met you."

Millie smiled at him then remembered Veronica's words. "Baby,"

"Mma?"

"Do you think Femi likes me?"

"I know he does," Zach replied without hesitation.

"No, I mean he has some kind of crush on me?"

"Yeah," Zach replied then frowned. "Did that motherfucker tell you that?"

“No, he told Vero but you knew that he likes me that way?”

“Yeah,” he said with a light shrug. “Why do you look so shocked?”

“Doesn’t it worry you that he likes me that way?”

“It does irritate me a bit but there is nothing I can do about how he feels baby,” Zach said and studied her face. “Unless you feel something for him too?”

“What? No, I just don’t know how you can be calm about this.”

Zach chuckled. “I know Femi is a player but he is really harmless, that’s the good thing about him. He doesn’t really hide shit even if he tries you can see it, he was taken with you the first time he saw you at the airport and I am sure he came here to see how you were doing.”

“Baby, it’s really creepy that you know your

friend likes me and you are calm about it.”

“He knows I will kill him if he tries bullshit, don’t worry nobody knows my ruthless side than him, he will just admire and compliment you all he wants. I guess the crush will eventually fade away.”

“How am I supposed to act around him now?”

“Just be cool like you have always been nana, it’s really no big deal.” He cradled her cheek.

“He will be gone soon, back to his busy life and we will go back to ours.”

Millie didn’t look convinced but she nodded. “If you say so.”

“Don’t you trust your husband nana?” He asked dipping down to kiss her neck.

Millie inhaled sharply. “I do.”

“Good because for as long as I live I will never bring anything or anyone close that can harm

you,” he murmured placing gentle wet kisses on her neck.

“It was a long day, I just wanted to kick everyone out and have you to myself.”

Millie giggled. “You are not a very good host.”

“I missed my cat woman,” his hand trailed down to her stomach. “And baby Peaches missed her father too.”

Millie smiled rubbing the back of his head softly. “We both missed you.”

“Let’s fix that, then.” He grinned pushing down her panties, at this point she didn’t know why she bothered to wear clothes to bed anymore, they always ended up on the floor.

Fridays are always a little hectic for me that's why our morning insert came late.

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Chapter 53

Millie was proud of how the cake had actually turned out, she had a little trouble with the layers because Zoey the princess wanted the cake to be big and she had to deliver.

She had tried refusing payment but Veronica insisted on paying claiming she was supporting women in business until she ended up accepting defeat and taking the money.

“It really came out beautifully,” Bokang said walking in the kitchen while she was still admiring the six layer cake. “Zozo is going to lose her mind when she sees this.”

“I hope she likes it,” Millie said with a smile glancing at her brother. He looked healthier

nowadays and he had gone back to his chatty self. There were days when he was quiet or just isolated himself from everyone but he bounced back. He had also developed a deep love for baking that he was learning on how to bake other things.

“She will,” Bokang said. “Besides Zozo adores you so she will like everything you make.”

“She is the sweetest girl ever and you are so good with her.” She grinned at him. “I think you will make a great father one day.”

“All I want to father is businesses, kids will come later.”

Millie chuckled. “How is the mentorship with Mr. Moeng going anyways?”

“Yoh, that man is officially my role model dude he is so cool,” he said with an easy grin. “And he has so much discipline, I want to be great like that. Have a gorgeous wife and have cute

kids and live fly like Big Mo.”

“I am glad you found someone to talk to Bokang, you are starting to sound like yourself again.”

Bokang shrugged. “I am trying, I have to be strong for Vero too she has been through a lot.”

“That’s true but she will be fine. You both will be fine.”

“Thanks, Mills.” He smiled and glanced outside.

“Oh, there is a customer.”

“Oh, it must be my afternoon appointment,” she said quickly washing her hands. “Please help me take the scones out of the oven.”

“Roger that boss.”

Millie giggled walking out to the store then froze on her step when she saw Femi looking around the store.

She hadn’t really interacted with him since braai

session, he had been hanging out with Zach most of the time and she preferred it that way. She didn't know how to act around him now that she knew about his feelings.

"Can I help you?" she asked after clearing her throat.

Femi spun around with a smile shoving his hands in his pockets. "You have a wonderful establishment here, from the display to the décor everything just screams delicious."

"Thanks," Millie said avoiding his gaze. "I am a little busy right now so if you are not buying anything..."

"Did I do something wrong?" Femi asked tilting his head to the side. "I haven't seen you since Saturday and it's now Friday and you won't even ask how I am?"

"I heard from my husband that you are enjoying your stay here."

“Ah, have you also adopted Zachariah’s coldness?”

Millie shrugged.

Femi stared at her before he grinned. “I guess I am not welcomed here anymore.”

“I thought you were Zach’s real friend,” she blurted out before she could stop herself. “How could you admit that you like me when you know I am married to your friend? I hope you know that I don’t have any feelings for you whatsoever. I was only nice to you because you seem to mean a lot to my husband, I am sorry if you misread the situation.”

“I did not misread the situation,” Femi said shrugging casually. “I know that you only have eyes for your husband.”

Millie blinked, it was so frustrating how he was so calm like he was not doing anything wrong.

“You are not even going to deny it?”

“Should I deny it?” He asked calmly with his hands still in his pockets moving towards her slightly. “Will that make you feel better?”

Millie stepped back shaking her head. “You are supposed to be his friend not betray him like this.”

“How did I betray him?” He asked. “Did I make a move on you or something?”

“Why did you come here?”

“I came to check out your bakery,” he said.

“Does my husband know that you are here?”

“I am going to see your husband after this, I will bring him a piece of whatever it is that I am buying here.”

“Listen Femi, I don’t know how you two grew up or what are your friendship rules and boundaries but I am not comfortable with you liking me like that,” she said steadying her

breath.

“So I am not even allowed to have a crush?” he asked with a light chuckle. “I am not going to make a move on you Millie, I love Zach too much to do that, this is not even me confessing right now, I had no idea it would be a big issue, I am sorry if you feel disrespected or you feel like I don’t respect your husband. I meant no harm.”

Millie stared at him for a second before she cleared her throat. “So you are not going to use juju on me?”

Femi chuckled. “Do you even know what that is?”

“No,” she said with a light shrug.

“You are too cute when you are mad,” he said with an easy smile. “You are too cute, so what do you recommend here? I am not really big on sweet things, do you have anything with low sugar?”

She had lied to her father and said she was spending the night with Lolo to work on a school project and he had agreed. Rorisang felt like he knew she was spending the night with Tumo but he had agreed because he was trying to be a better father who let his children live their lives the way they saw fit.

She was proud of him; he was doing well so far.

“Are we watching Korean dramas again?” Tumo asked walking back in the living room with a bowl of her favorite salt and vinegar chips.

“I thought you loved watching Korean dramas with me?” she asked wiggling her eyebrows.

“I do babe because I love watching you smile and cry but it’s a Friday and I don’t want to

spend the whole evening watching pretty boys crying over girls.”

“You are my pretty boy,” she said winking at him.

Tumo chuckled hiding his blush, “Should I cry for you in the rain and follow you to the airport?”

“You should,” she giggled reaching for the chips. She loved how he always made sure he had her favorite snacks in the house which was so sweet. If she was a cartoon she would have heart eyes every time she looked at him.

“I will if you ever leave.”

“I would never leave, you are stuck with me forever.”

Tumo smiled putting his arm around her shoulders. “I guess you are stuck with this old man forever.”



“My grandpa bae,” she teased grinning.

Tumo stared back feeling the familiar overwhelming feeling of feeling everything at once, he had no idea how this girl managed to make him feel better with just looking at him. He never thought he would ever find something like that in this lifetime.

“Is that your hungry gaze?”

“No, it’s my I love you so much gaze.”

Rorisang’s expression softened cupping his cheek. “I love you too.”

He leaned in to kiss her softly before he pulled back. “Before I forget, do you know my mother has been eating chicken salad since she went back home?”

“I know, she called and asked for instructions on how to make it.”

“She has your number?”

“Of course, she is my gyal we exchanged numbers.”

Tumo chuckled. “I can’t believe this is mama we are talking about, she doesn’t really socialize that much so people back home think she is rude.”

“Well, she is the nicest lady ever.” Rorisang grinned.

“She is,” Tumo agreed with a nod. “Life has just been hard on her since papa passed away then she got sick and my brothers are always stressing her out, sometimes I feel like I am not doing enough.”

“You are doing more than enough,” Rorisang shook her head. “You are devoted and loving son, you are always trying for your family and I love that about you. If your father was still alive I am sure she would pat you on your head because you are his little boy and say; I am

proud of you son.”

Tumo blinked feeling a pang of longing that he had repressed for so long, it really felt like his father would say those things. He used to pat his head when he was a little boy and he had done well at school.

“He used to show affection like that too,” Tumo said swallowing hard.

“You must miss him a lot.”

“I do,” he said with a slight nod. “He would have really liked you.”

“Do you want to introduce me when we go to Sefhare?”

“I’d love to,” he said with a smile pulling her in his arms.

He was hosting a private event for one of the rich business moguls clients who wanted to have a rager because it was his 50th birthday and he decided it was best to have a party with all kinds of girls than be at home with his wife and children. Men like that irritated him but they also paid a lot of money for just a night so he had to suck it up.

He was supposed to be back home cuddling his pregnant wife but he was still at the club making sure everything was fine.

“You look very bored,” Femi said drily walking in his office. Zach had left the private room where the party was ongoing because they were half naked girls everywhere.

“I want to go home.”

Femi chuckled. “Look at you pouting like a little boy missing his mommy.”

“I thought you had some company hired for

tonight,” Zach said arching his eyebrows.

“I cancelled,” he said with a sigh. “Sleeping around doesn’t seem to excite me anymore, it has gotten boring. Maybe it’s because you and Kola are husbands now, I feel left out.”

“Have you stopped seeing your therapist?” He asked not looking at him, Femi had had a therapist for as long as he had known him. He was the only one at their school who used to go out to meet with his therapist.

“I got a new one, she is pretty hot.”

Zach rolled his eyes. “That’s why you are still single.”

“Maybe I should start dating my therapist, do you think I will be happy then?”

“No,” he said coldly.

Femi chuckled plopping on the couch. “Your wife nearly bit my head off today when I went to

her bakery.”

“She should have chopped your nuts.”

“Are you comfortable with her touching my balls?” He asked with a teasing grin then saw Zach clench his jaws. “Calm down, I am only playing.”

“Don’t put my wife and your balls in the same sentence.”

“Sorry,” he chuckled. “She really loves you man.”

“I know,” Zach said.

“ You know who she reminds me of right?”

Zach nodded slightly before he cleared his throat. “But Femi, she is not her.”

“I know,” Femi said quietly staring up at the ceiling. “For a second there, I thought it was her when I first saw her.”

“I know.”

“Is that why you are okay with me liking her?”

“I never said I am okay with it,” Zach said calmly.

“It’s just that I understand but Femi you know what happens if you ever touch her or come on to her right?”

“You will kill me,” Femi said without looking at him.

“And I will burn your body in your private jet.”

Femi chuckled. “I love you, man.”

“Fuck off,” he grumbled and looked up when the door opened and Teddy walked in.

“Boss, there seems to be a problem.”

“What has that old geezer done now?”

“One of the girls is refusing to cooperate and he threw a fit,” Teddy told him.

“Why is the girl not cooperating?” he asked rising to his feet. “Did he try to hurt her?”

“Uh, I think he just wanted a blow job and she started crying.”

“I thought you said these girls were professionals.”

“Lisa said she is new and a bit young.”

“How young?” Zach raised his eyebrow. “If Lisa brought some underage girl to my club, I am going to fucking kill her.” He grumbled storming off to the private room.

He switched the lights on to see his potbellied client pressing a slim girl on the couch shoving his tongue down her throat while she tried to fight him off.

“That is enough, Jack,” he said calmly even though the scene had made him want to throw up.

Jack moved back pushing the girl. “What is up

with your service today Z? I thought you said you only provided professionals.”

“I am not the one who handles the girls,” he said quietly glancing at the girl who was pulling down her short skirt with her tear stricken face. Some of the girls were ignoring the whole thing busy drinking and entertaining Jack’s guests.

“Why don’t you find someone else Jack?” He asked looking around and pointed at the girl snorting cocaine off the table. “She looks more of your type, I will deal with this one.”

“I think you are losing your touch, Z,” Jack spat out. “I knew getting married will only make you soft.”

“As if you ever get hard,” he muttered under his breath and looked at the girl. “You, come.”

The girl shot up from the couch and scurried out of the room following him to the office.

Femi was still slumped on the couch when they walked in and he immediately turned to the girl.

“How old are you?”

“I am sorry,” she mumbled wiping her tears.

“I had no idea ‘I am sorry’ was an age.”

“I am going to be 18 in a few months.”

“So you are not even 20?” He barked at her.

“Who the fuck brought you here?”

“Lisa told me I am going to make money out of this and I need the money, my mother is in trouble and I am the only one that can help.”

“What is your name?” Zach asked calmly.

“Hope,” she muttered looking up at him. “I just wanted to make money please don’t hurt me. I changed my mind when he started groping me but I will go without any problems please.”

“Hope, do you have a surname?”

“Hope Montlenyane,” she replied wiping her cheeks. “Please, please don’t hurt me. I will never step foot in any club ever again.”

“Zach?” Femi called because he had frozen on the spot. “The girl is scared man.”

“Where do you live?” Zach asked with his jaw clenched.

“In G-West,” she replied.

Zach stared at her finally studying her features; she had the same eyes that had haunted him for years.

He felt his chest getting tighter as he continued staring, it couldn’t be, could it?

“What is your mother’s name?” Zach asked again.

Hope blinked away the tears in her eyes, “Khumo Montlenyane.”

“No fucking way,” Zach shook his head feeling

his chest getting tighter and tighter like it was about to explode, “No fucking way.”

See you on Monday Trulies, Love always 

[02/25, 19:14] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 54

His chest was tight, he felt like the room was spinning. He crouched down on his knees trying to catch his breath, maybe it was time he took Millie’s advice about ditching cigarettes because for the first time in his life, he was struggling to breathe and every organ in his body was painful.

Femi glanced at Hope, they were both staring at him with concerned faces. Hope’s tears had

even died, now she was worried about the man losing his breath right in front of her. Was he that gutted about hearing about her age? She had lied of course, she had just turned 17, her 18th birthday was next year but she had no choice but to lie since the man had looked so murderous. She was just saving herself.

“Zach,” Femi called softly stepping towards him with caution like he was afraid he was about to lunge at him. “What is going on, man? Do you need to go to the hospital.”

“It’s her,” he managed to choke out, his eyes filling with burning tears. There was nothing he hated more than tears. He had cried enough as a young boy that he vowed to never shed another tear out of sadness in his adulthood.

“Who?” Femi asked crouching down next to him.

“What is going on with him?” Hope asked in a small voice. “Did I do something wrong?”

“He is having a panic attack,” Femi said to the girl and turned to Zach who was now shaking.

This was something he was familiar with, almost all of the boys in their military school had suffered from panic attacks. It was nothing new but seeing his friend like this broke his heart.

He was about to help him up when he started punching the floor with his bare fist.

“Zach, stop it!” He shouted trying to hold him back but he was relentless, he pushed him away and kept punching.

“Go get Teddy,” he said to Hope reaching for his phone.

“Who is Teddy?”

“The fucking bodyguard!” He snapped, Hope scurried out of the room with fear written all over her face. She should have never agreed to any of this now she was going to witness a club

owner's death.

Femi quickly dialed Millie's number waiting for it to ring while he watched his friend writhing on the floor. He had stopped punching the floor and he was now pressing his bloodied fists against his face while he tried to catch his breath. His clothes were drenched in sweat.

"Hello?" Millie's sleepy voice answered after a few rings.

"Millie, it's Femi," he said glancing back at Zach. He had no idea how to even breach this subject to a pregnant woman without scaring her.

"Zach is having a panic attack."

"What?" Her voice was now alert. "What are you talking about?"

"He can't breathe; he is rolling on the floor. Does he take any anxiety medication?"

“No, he doesn’t take any medication,” she was now sniffing; he could hear the sadness in her voice. “What happened to him? I am on my way.”

“You can’t drive this late, I am taking him to the hospital for a relaxation shot because he doesn’t seem like he will snap out of it any time soon.”

“No, I have to be there,” Millie was now full on sobbing. “I will send you his private clinic details, take him there. I will meet you there.”

“Okay, please drive safe. Zach will be fine.” He said softly before he hung up and looked up to see Teddy walking in and looked at his boss on the floor.

He could see the question marks popping on top of his head but like a good employee that he was, he did not ask questions. He just helped pick him and drag him out to the back so

nobody could see.

“Is he going to be alright?” Hope asked following behind. Femi had even forgotten that she was there.

“You are coming with us,” Femi told her quietly opening the door for her after Zach was carefully placed in the backseat.

“No, I want to go home.”

“We will take you home but not now, let’s go.”

Hope swallowed the hard lump on her throat before she slid in the passenger’s seat. She prayed that Zach was not one of the men that her mother had double crossed because she did not want to die.

She had no idea how she even got to the hospital, she did not even remember getting in the car or driving out of the yard.

She spotted Femi talking to one of the nurses at the reception and jogged over to him.

“Femi, where is he?” she asked not even bothering to greet the nurses that were now staring at her.

“He is resting, he had a relaxation shot,” Femi replied quietly. “It was a panic attack but he is going to be fine now.”

Millie’s tears of relief sprung out before she could stop herself. She had no idea why she had thought of the worst. People rarely died from panic attacks but it didn’t mean it was not possible. She had been engulfed with fear of losing him or anything bad happening to him that she did not even stop to think about what might have caused his panic attack.

“Shh, it’s okay now obim,” Femi said quietly pulling her into a hug.

“I just want to see him and make sure he is okay.”

“Come this way,” he said pulling back. Millie wiped her cheeks before she followed him still feeling unsettled and uneasy. She needed to see him and make sure he was breathing and that he hadn’t left her.

Millie felt her heart break into pieces when she walked in the room, she had never seen Zach looking so weak and dejected and almost lifeless. He had always been her strong person who never even wavered at the sign of danger. She wondered what had triggered the attack but for now she was more concerned about his health.

“Baby,” she called softly approaching the bed.

Zach turned to look at her and she offered a small smile. "Hey," she reached for his hand caressing it softly biting her lip so she didn't mention about his bandaged hand. "How are you feeling?"

"I don't know," he croaked out his voice cracking.

"That's okay," She offered a reassuring smile. "It's okay, you are going to be fine."

"She has her eyes," he said catching her off guard. Millie frowned in confusion, who had whose eyes? "The same innocent eyes, the innocence that I stole."

"Baby, you should get some rest. We will talk about it tomorrow."

"She said she is her daughter," he continued, ignoring her words. His expression was blank even though his voice carried so much sadness. Millie had never heard him sounding that sad

since he told her about his childhood. She turned to look at Femi who was leaning by the door watching them calmly. "Femi, what is going on? What is he talking about?"

Femi drew a deep breath. "There is a girl who came to the club, a teenager. She is the one who triggered his panic attack."

"He keeps saying she looks like her," Millie said turning to face Zach. "What innocence did you...." her voice trailed off when she remembered his confession about forcing himself on someone. Her breath hitched feeling a lump building on her throat. She should have known it was only his past that could make him like this.

She wanted to ask more questions but he had drifted off to sleep leaving her with burning curiosity.

She slowly stood up steadying her breath

making sure her legs were strong enough to carry her. It was not possible, how could it be?

“Where is the girl?” Millie asked.

“I left her in the car,” Femi replied and shook his head. “I think you should rest.”

“I want to see her.”

“Millie, I don’t think that is wise.”

“Why?” She asked, her voice rising. “Because you are afraid she might be my husband’s child?”

“We don’t know that for sure.”

“There is no other explanation for this Femi; you know Zach and he would never lose himself over nothing. I want to see the girl and you are going to show me.”

“This is not important right now.”

“He is lying in a hospital bed high on anxiety medication with bandaged hands because of

some girl that showed up at his club and you think this is not important?" She asked feeling herself getting angry. "You are going to take me to her right now."

Femi glanced at Zach and sighed in defeat. "Let's go."

She had thought of many ways die which was strange for a 17 year old but when you had the kind of life she had, death sounded like paradise. She often thought about hanging herself or overdosing some pills but she was not even brave enough to commit suicide now she was going to be sold off to be a sex slave because there was no other reason they were not letting her go.

She had profusely apologized but the Nigerian

guy had locked her inside the car with no way out. She wished she had a chance to say at least goodbye to her mother.

Hope looked up when she heard the car doors clicking and she sat upright when the door opened.

A thick light skinned woman slid in the car instead of the Nigerian dude. She nodded to herself, women were human traffickers these days too, in fact they were probably the ring leaders at this point.

“Hello,” Millie greeted calmly turning to look at her. She couldn’t see her face clearly so she turned the lights on.

“Are you going to sell me off?” Hope asked so she could get this over and done with.

“What?” Millie asked with a frown. “No, I am just here to ask a few questions.”

“Are you a social worker?” She asked then

shook her head. "Do social workers even work at this time?"

"No, I am Zach's wife."

"Oh," Hope said with a tight nod then her eyes widened. "I did not do anything to your husband, I swear! He only asked a few questions and I answered him the next thing he was on the floor wheezing."

"I know," Millie said softly studying her face, she was dark skinned but her skin looked smooth and she looked tall too even when she was sitting down. She had pretty eyes, big and alert carrying so much innocence even when her face was caked with make-up.

"How old are you?"

"17," she replied quietly.

"Are you in school?"

"I am doing form 5," she replied.

“Who do you live with?” She asked but Hope stared down at her hands.

“With your mother?” She asked again.

“Yes,” Hope nodded. “Why are you asking me all of this? Your husband fainted when I told him my mother’s name. I don’t want any more problems. I just want to go home.”

Millie nodded, forcing herself to smile even though her chest felt like it was on fire. “Why were you in a club?”

Hope shrugged; she didn’t need to tell these people her problems. It was not like they were going to help anyway especially club owners like them.

“Your name is Hope, right?”

“That is what I told the Nigerian man and your husband.”

“It is pretty name, did your mother call you

that?”

“I just want to go home, please,” Hope’s bottom lip trembled fighting the urge to cry. She was exhausted and emotionally drained and she just wanted to go home. She didn’t even know why she had decided to put herself through this.

“You will go home,” Millie told her quietly,
“Where do you live?”

“G-West,” she replied calmly.

Millie nodded. “We will take you home,” she told her before she stepped out of the car letting the tears she had been repressing fall.

Femi had been leaning against the car but straightened up when he saw her.

“You are taking her home?” Femi asked.

“She says she wants to go home,” Millie replied wiping her cheeks.

“Millie, it might not be true.”

“She is 17,” she told him calmly. “Zach is turning 32 in a few months. Let’s take her home.”

Femi nodded and walked back to the car without another word.

The whole ride to her home was filled with thick silence, Millie’s brain was working overtime and she couldn’t stop staring at the girl. No matter how much she looked at her and tried to convince herself that it was not true she could see her plump lips that resembled her husband’s.

“Is your husband going to be alright?” Hope asked, breaking the silence.

“Yes,” Millie replied. “He will be fine.”

“I am sorry.” She actually sounded so genuine that Millie’s heart ached.

“It’s fine.” She told her. “He will be fine.”

Hope nodded looking outside the window, they were approaching her yard and she felt her anxiety levels rising. She had no idea what to expect when she got home but she hoped her mother’s creditors did not come harassing them again.

“You can just drop me off here,” she said quickly.

“No, we want to talk to your mother.”

“My mother is not around!” She snapped then took a calming breath. “Please, just drop me off here.”

Millie frowned at her frightened voice. “Does your mother hit you?”

“No, my mother is fine when she is not

drinking!” she shouted then instantly snapped her mouth shut, she was sharing way too much information with these people.

“Drive, Femi,” Millie said ignoring her pleas.

Hope bit her lip, fresh new tears rolling down her cheeks.

“Is this the house?” Femi asked looking at the rundown two roomed house.

“Yes, as you can see everyone is sleeping.”

“Hope, wait!” Millie called before she opened the door. “Do you want to take my number? So you can call me when you are in trouble?”

Hope hesitated before she nodded. Millie took out one of her business cards and handed it to her.

“Please, call me if you need me.”

“Sure, thanks,” She mumbled stepping out of the car.

They both watched as she walked in until she disappeared inside the house. Millie looked around worriedly, she had a bad feeling about this neighborhood but for now she needed to go back to her husband.

[02/25, 19:14] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 55

17 years ago

“Cheka, baby girl,” Kabo said with a wolf grin as he passed the blunt to Zach who had been staring down at his shoes. He looked up to see her passing by in her school uniform clutching a novel to her chest, she was always carrying some kind of book. She looked like the book worm type who buried her nose in books all day

long.

Zach didn't know why that kind of irritated him, all girls were the same nothing but despicable, ruthless human beings.

"Call her," Kabo egged him on with a smile.

"No," he said firmly inhaling the smoke, it used to make his lungs painful when he started but now it relaxed him and kept his brain fuzzy that he didn't even have nightmares when he slept.

"OD wee!" Kago called chuckling. "Zach is a wimp tthe monna, I thought you said he can fuck any girl he wants."

Zach frowned, annoyed but he quickly got rid of the frown when OD approached them. He was older than them and was the one who supplied them with alcohol and weed and all they had to do in return was to take his orders.

"Zach isn't a wimp," OD said turning to look at him. "Are you?"

“No,” he gritted out handing the blunt back to Kabo.

“Call Miss Goody two shoes then, I would love to hear her moan. I heard the smart ones are freaks in the sheets.”

Zach inhaled sharply and walked out of the yard.

Luckily she had not even gone that far so he jogged to catch up with her.

“Sho,” he greeted falling into step beside her.

“Hi,” she greeted back shyly avoiding his eyes.

“I am Zach, what’s your name?”

“Khumo,” she replied quietly and looked down hiding her smile.

Zach snorted to himself, girls were so easy. “I always see you carrying books, aren’t they heavy?”

“No,” she giggled adjusting her backpack.

“Wanna teach me how to read too?” He tilted his head putting on his best smile.

“I am not sure you wouldn't like what I usually read.” She blushed looking down at her feet as they continued walking.

She knew this boy was bad news, he was one of the boys who were always terrorizing people in the neighborhood but she couldn't help but get a weird bubbling feeling in her tummy, what she always read about in the novels she borrowed from the school library. She had always wondered what it would feel like to kiss a boy and his lips looked juicy.

“What do you usually read?” He asked grabbing the book from her.

“Give that book back!” she reached for the book but he held it up his head. “I want my book back.”

“Grow an inch taller than shorty,” he teased with a chuckle.

He moved backwards as he looked at the book cover and grinned wickedly when he saw the cover, a hard glistening chest that indicated that this book was anything but innocent.

“They allow you to read stuff like this?”

“I borrow it from the library, so what?” she snatched the book from him and quickened her pace feeling embarrassed.

Zach followed behind. “So do you feel anything when you read these kind of books?”

Khumo shot up to look at him, what the hell he was asking. “I am not that kind of girl.”

“What kind of girl are you?”

Khumo looked away.

“Have you ever been kissed?”

“Of course I have!” She didn’t want to sound

immature in front of him, he had probably had his fair share of girls but he was only 15 even though his body made him look older.

“Liar,” Zach chuckled and glanced down the street, they were almost at her place now. “Why don’t you come by later so I can kiss you?”

“My parents won’t let me.”

“You will come up with a plan, you are a smart girl. I will save you a drink okay?”

“Okay.” She nodded; maybe all the rumors were not true about him. He seemed nice enough to her.

“Good girl,” he said with a wink before he turned around and walked back.

Khumo watched his retreating form biting down her smile, what if she ended up being his girlfriend and she convinced him to go back to school? They could grow up together like she had read in her romance novels. She smiled

hurrying home so she could do her chores and plan her escape.

“Are you sure she is coming?” Kabo asked peering up at Zach taking a swig out of his beer bottle later that evening.

“That is what I said, isn’t it?” he snapped getting angrier.

A part of him wished she wouldn’t show up but a part of him knew he would never hear the end of it if she didn’t show up. Her face was cute and she was tiny he almost felt bad for harboring any ill feelings towards her.

“Why are you getting mad at me?” Kabo chuckled enjoying taunting him. “I am not the one who stood you up.”

“Will you fuck off?”

“Oh, oh are you getting angry at me Zachariah?”

He grinned, his eyes beaming with mischief.

“Are you going to kill me like you murdered your sugar mama?”

“She was not my sugar mama!”

“Zach had a sugar mama?” one of the guys piped up looking at Zach with sleepy eyes; he was already high from the weed he had been smoking since morning. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

Zach glared at Kabo clenching his jaws, he wanted to smash his head against the wall and rip his throat out but a movement caught his eye while he was still thinking about killing Kabo.

He turned to see Khumo hovering at the door looking anxious. She had changed into a pink dress which made her look younger than she actually was.

“There is your girlfriend!” Kabo hollered. “Come greet your man baby girl.”

Khumo looked at the boys and Zach could read her scared expression. He sighed rising to his feet.

“Let’s go,” he said taking her hand and led her to the other room where he usually slept, OD let him use the room whenever he brought a girl over.

Khumo looked around the room. “Is this yours?”

“No,” he growled not wanting to say more, his head was still reeling from the sugar mama taunts that he got from Kabo. He looked at Khumo standing there looking all innocent while he was tarnished, he couldn’t even sleep when he was sober without seeing her face or feeling her hands on his skin.

“Do you want to talk?” Khumo asked offering a

small smile but Zach stalked towards her grabbing her waist pushing her lithe body to him. He captured her lips before she could say more, plunging his tongue in her mouth. Khumo pressed her hands on his chest trying to push him away but he tightened his grip on her waist pressing his mouth against hers.

“I want to go,” Khumo said between his aggressive kisses, this was not soft like she had imagined it would be.

“Where?” He pulled back staring at her darkly.

Her breath hitched seeing his dark expression, the boy who had flirted with her earlier was gone replaced by the devil she did not recognize. She felt her eyes burning with unshed tears as she shook her head.

“I am sorry, I want to go home.”

“Why?” Zach asked not loosening his grip on her. “You wanted me, didn’t you?”

“I just wanted to talk,” Khumo muttered sniffing. “My brother and uncle will come for you if you do anything to me.”

“You think I give a shit about your uncle or brother?” He spat out. “You must think you are better than me, all innocent and pure. You don’t want me anymore because I am dirty?”

“No, I don’t think you are dirty,” she mumbled biting her lip. “Please let me go.”

“I will,” Zach hissed, “after I am done with you.”

“No, please,” she begged shaking her head but he pulled her closer throwing her on the bed.

She had brought this on herself by coming here. She should have known that he was a monster like the rumors had said, she had just wanted to know more about the boy who had smiled at her and teased her about reading romance novels but that boy seemed to be dead as he forcefully pushed her legs apart.

She could scream and shout for help but who would come to her rescue when she had brought this to herself.

She felt her soul leaving her body as he plunged inside her wincing at the pain, he closed his eyes thrusting inside while she lay there lifelessly begging for him to stop even she couldn't hear her voice that well, it was lost just like her.

Present day

"Hey baby," Millie greeted softly walking back in the room from the bathroom. It was almost noon and Zach had been discharged from the hospital in the morning and he had been

sleeping ever since.

She didn't know if it was okay to go to Zoey's birthday party at this point when her husband was not well but she hated to let the little princess down, maybe she could just go to make an entrance and come back.

"How are you feeling?" she asked studying his face.

Zach rubbed his eyes. "I am sorry."

"You have nothing to apologize for," she said softly placing her hand on his cheek gazing in his eyes, she did not want him to go back to his past because he had done so well moving past it.

Zach looked down. "How can you look at me and not be repulsed?"

Millie's heart clenched. "I love you, I love the person that you are just like you love me for the person that I am."

Zach swallowed hard feeling his chest getting tighter. "Did you see her?"

"Yes," she breathed out with a nod remembering the girl; she had been worried sick about her.

"Do you... think she is mine?" He asked looking up at her with bloodshot eyes.

Millie bit her lip nodding.

"What am I going to do Millie?" his voice sounded so broken; suddenly the man was replaced by a scared little boy.

She wanted to erase his past and just make him whole again because seeing him like this broke her heart into tiny pieces.

"We will figure it out baby," she said putting her hand on top of his. "You need to be strong, I think that girl needs you Zach."

He lay back on the bed palming his face. "She

was at a fucking club saying she needed to make money.”

“I know,” Millie swallowed hard.

Hope had said that she had never done it before but she wondered how dire was her situation that she had resorted to prostitution as the solution, just thinking about it made her want to weep.

“What kind of life is she living?” He asked choking on his breath. “What kind of life is she living?”

Millie didn’t need to ask who was the she he was talking about, his victim.

“We are going to get through this,” Millie said softly. “You and me, we will get through this.”

“I don’t know what to do anymore,” he muttered quietly.

Millie was about to say more when she was

interrupted by her phone ringing. She was about to ignore it when she saw the unsaved number and recalled asking Hope to call her if she ran into any problems, maybe it was her.

“Hello?” she quickly answered then heard sniffing. “Hope?”

Zach’s eyebrows shot up in surprise.

“My mother is not moving,” she cried. “I have been trying to wake her up for some time but she is still not moving.”

“I want you to relax for me baby and check her pulse, do you know how to do that?”

Zach was now on his feet frowning at his wife begging for an explanation with his eyes.

“Yes, I know how to,” she replied then sniffed.

“It’s still there but it’s faint.”

“I am calling an ambulance for you just in case we are late.”

“Okay,” she sniffled.

“Be brave for your mother okay?”

“Okay,” she replied in a shaky voice before she hung up.

“What is going on?” Zach asked as Millie dialed the hospital’s number.

“Hope’s mother is sick.” Millie told her before she started talking to the phone in a hurried voice. He stared at her feeling helpless and grateful all at once, how come he got to have someone like her?

Millie and Zach drove straight to the hospital and found Hope on the waiting seats with her tear stricken face. She looked even younger than she had looked on Friday, the make-up

was gone and she was wearing a dress instead of the tight leather skirt she had been wearing.

“You came,” she sounded relieved and surprised at the same time then she glanced at Zach. “I am sorry for bothering you on a Saturday.”

Zach opened his mouth to say that she had nothing to apologize for, that she was right by calling Millie but no words came out. He stared at her feeling his chest tightening all over again.

“You have nothing to apologize for,” Millie said softly. “How is your mother?”

“She is in the ER,” she said biting her lip.

“Is she usually sick?”

Hope shook her head. “She passes out a lot after drinking too much, it has gotten worse these days.”

Zach inhaled sharply, every word she said was like a dagger to his heart. Khumo who used to be so timid, book loving and shy drank until she passed out now? He looked down at the floor trying to steady his breath even though he felt like his lungs were being prickled with pins every time he took a breath.

“She is going to be alright,” Millie put an arm over Hope’s shoulder then noticed her bandaged leg which had been fine the day before. She frowned. “What happened to your leg?”

Hope looked away avoiding her eyes. “A dog bit me.”

“What happened?”

“Some of the boys in the neighborhood like harassing me because I refused to be um their friend, this morning they set their dog on me.”

Millie gasped feeling her tears welling up with

tears.

“But its okay, I took myself to the clinic that is when I came back to find my mother passed out.”

Zach’s jaw tightened staring at her leg, it was like he was drowning and there was no one coming to save him.

Millie didn’t know whether to console Zach or the girl who had seen the worst days. She was still in a dilemma when the doctor walked out walking towards them.

“Is mama okay?” Hope asked before the doctor could utter a word.

“Yes,” he replied taking a deep breath. “It seems she is very dependent on alcohol and it has done bad to her liver, it is giving up on her. She needs help with her alcohol problem before it is too late.”

Hope glanced at Millie worriedly, “How can we

do that?”

“She needs Rehab as soon as possible.”

Millie glanced at Zach and her heart dropped just looking at him, he looked defeated, broken and lost. She felt it too, the pain of ruining someone’s life, it was weighing on her too, heavy like a bag of cement and she wondered if the burden could be lifted this time.

[02/25, 19:14] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 56

Veronica was worried, Millie had promised she would be here but there was no sign of her.

She knew Zoey would be disappointed but she was more worried about her. She hadn’t sounded like herself on the phone; she hoped it

was just the hormones dragging her mood down and not anything else.

She looked up and couldn't help the smile that crept on her lips as she stared at her daughter. Lefakae's backyard had transformed into a kiddie's park with balloons and the Frozen castle inspired jumping castle, it had been costly getting that jumping castle and all the decorations but it had been worth it seeing her daughter's toothy grin when she had seen the décor and her cake. She wanted to keep that smile and make sure she never lacked anything.

The kids were already causing chaos running around the yard, blowing bubbles and shooting water guns. She didn't know why she hadn't extended the invite to the parents because it was hard being a chaperone to all these kids

even though she had Bokang, Rorisang and Lefakae as helping hands.

“There is another parent dropping off a kid,” Bokang informed her looking up from the snack table he was manning.

Veronica groaned inwardly, Zoey was a nice kid and she had invited everyone in her class including the kids in her soccer team. She wouldn't have been surprised if she wanted to invite the whole school, it was like she was campaigning for elections. She stood up fixing her dress, Zoey had demanded that she wears an Anna themed dress because the Princess herself was Queen Elsa and who was she to deny her daughter so she was clad in a purplish dress with her weave braided into two pigtails.

She looked at the black Mercedes Benz and put on her welcoming smile which quickly vanished

when she saw who stepped out of the car. She had only seen him in suits before but she had to admit Pastor Gabriel looked fine in jeans and a golf t-shirt. She wondered why he was here until she saw the little girl stepping out of the car fixing her dress.

“Sister Veronica,” Gabriel said, his face stretching into a smile. “Are you the host?”

Veronica blinked snapping out of her thoughts and cleared her throat. “Um, yes. I didn’t know you had a child.”

Gabriel chuckled. “I have lot of children actually, this is my sister’s daughter and she asked me to drop her off. I had no idea you were the host.”

Veronica smiled. “The host is actually my daughter, I am just the servant.”

“Great is he who serves,” he chuckled gazing in her eyes.

It was different seeing her outside church, he had gotten used to their counseling sessions but he was not really allowed to make conversation out of that unless it was related to her healing process.

He cleared his throat looking down at his niece. "Um, you can go along, Faith."

"See you later!" Faith said rushing to join the other kids like she couldn't wait to get out of here.

"It is like she couldn't wait to get rid of me," Gabriel said with a chuckle.

"It is a mad house back there," Veronica told shaking her head. "But I am glad they are all having fun, I was worried about not making my daughter's dreams come true."

"She is blessed to have you."

"More like I am the one who is blessed, she is my light."

Gabriel smiled finding himself staring again, she looked like a hard woman on the outside but when she talked about her daughter, her whole face lit up like a Christmas tree. It was the kind of expression that warmed his heart.

“Um, I guess I have to go back now,” he said glancing back at the car.

“Oh,” Veronica frowned in disappointment clearing her throat. “I have tea!”

“Pardon?”

“I mean if you are thirsty, I have tea back inside the house. I wouldn’t be a good host if I let my pastor go without tea.”

“It’s a stereotype that pastors like drinking tea at any event.” He chuckled making her chuckle too. “I’d love a cup of tea.”

“Great, you can follow me,” she said fighting the urge to grin like a demented person as she led him inside the house to the kitchen.

She now wondered if they had any tea bags in the house, she didn't remember ever seeing them.

"You have a lovely home," Gabriel complimented looking around the kitchen as she rummaged the cupboards looking for teabags.

"Thanks, but it belongs to my Ex-husband."

"Ah, the one you are friends with," Gabriel said nodding slightly.

He had never met the Ex-husband and wondered if today was the day he was going to meet him. He looked up to see Veronica still rummaging through the cupboards huffing in frustration. It was cute seeing her trying so hard, he was sure she did not even know where they kept the teabags.

"You know, I think I am not that eager about tea

anymore, I will like a glass of orange juice or any juice that you have.”

Veronica shut the cupboards doors and turned to him in relief. “I have lots of orange juice.”

Gabriel grinned as she walked to the fridge and filled a glass with orange juice. Their hands grazed when she handed him the glass sending sparks from his arm to his chest.

He kept his expression blank and gulped down the rest of the juice trying to extinguish the fire in his chest.

“You must have been really thirsty,” Veronica said with a smile watching his Adam’s Apple bopping up and down as he swallowed the last remnants of the glass and placed it down.

“You have no idea,” he said quietly, he was really being thirsty.

“It is nice seeing you outside church,” Veronica told him.

He was about to say it back when someone called Veronica's name, he turned to see the caller.

Lefakae froze when he saw a man perched on his kitchen counter stool evidently chatting up his pregnant baby mama and frowned.

"Who is this?" he asked looking up at Veronica.

"This is Pastor Gabriel, the one I told you about." Veronica offered a smile. "Pastor, this is my Ex- husband; Lefakae."

"It is nice to meet you," Gabriel said offering his hand for a hand shake but Lefakae just stared at it and looked at Veronica accusingly.

"You said he was old and wrinkly."

"What?" Veronica blinked in confusion then it dawned on her what he was talking about.

She knew Lefakae's jealous streak was on

steroids these days and she hadn't wanted to fuel it so when he asked about her pastor who was giving her counseling sessions, she had lied and said he was not attractive at all.

"Um, I was talking about the other pastor."

"Are there other Gabriels at church?" Lefakae squinted his eyes back at the pastor.

"I am not really sure," he muttered quietly glancing at Veronica. "There is old man Gabriel, I am sure that is who sister Veronica was talking about."

Lefakae frowned not convinced before he asked, "Why is he here?"

"He came to drop off his niece and I invited him for a glass of juice."

"He can't afford to buy juice on his pastor's salary?"

Veronica's jaw dropped. "Lefa, what is wrong

with you? I am just being nice, he has really been helping me a lot with finding God and finding myself. Why are you acting like a jealous freak?”

“Do you have a wife Pastor G?” He turned to Gabriel.

“The Lord hasn’t blessed me yet.”

“So pretentious,” Lefakae snorted. “Well, I am sure the Lord will bless you with a wife soon. Probably a boring church girl who leads the choir and will be the perfect pastor’s wife not someone else’s baby mama. You pastors love them young and innocent right?”

Gabriel glanced at Veronica, if looks could kill he was sure Lefakae would be dead by now because she was shooting daggers with her eyes.

“Anyone can be a pastor’s wife, God is not picky,” Gabriel said. “And he knows our hearts

more than anyone so he would know if I was in love with someone. Including someone's baby mama."

Lefakae stared at him, fuming. He was so calm and collected that it was infuriating. He walked to the fridge grabbing the two remaining bottles of orange juice and opened one drinking straight from the bottle.

"Oops, I guess we are out of orange juice. Forgive us pastor," he said, sarcasm dripping in his voice before he stormed out of the kitchen.

Veronica couldn't believe that had just happened, he knew Lefakae was petty but this was childish.

"Believe it or not, that man is a lawyer and he never loses his cases," she said looking back at Gabriel.

"I have been told lawyers are very petty," he said

with a chuckle.

“I am so sorry about him, I really don’t know what is wrong with him lately.”

“It’s alright, I am sure it can’t be easy letting you go.”

“He never loved me like that.”

“He is still overprotective,” he told her with a small smile. “Too bad he took the orange juice.”

Veronica snorted wondering if it was the pastor inside him being so calm about all of this.

She liked the calmness and the softness, she really needed that in her life after all the drama she had gone through but of course she knew the pastor was just being nice to her. He was probably this nice to all the women.

They had left without seeing Hope's mother and quite honestly Millie was not ready to come face to face with her husband's victim.

She was still trying to convince herself that maybe it was just a bad dream that would pass. She had decided to take Hope along with her after she had visited her mother. The girl had been through enough that she just wanted to lock her inside the house and soothe her aching heart away from the cruel world.

"I am going to a kid's birthday party, do you want to come along Hope?" Millie asked glancing at Hope through the mirror.

"Anything is fine," she said sounding defeated. She had been sullen since she found out about her mother's condition. She always knew her mother had a drinking problem but she didn't know it was that severe.

"We can do something else if you don't want

to,” Millie said quietly.

“No, we can go to the party. I would love to see how kiddie parties are.”

Millie chuckled. “I am sure you will love it.”

Zach stiffened in his seat, he hadn’t said a word since they came back from the hospital.

He knew he was going to meet Khumo one way or the other but he was not ready. How does one even start a conversation with someone they have hurt? He knew who could help him, he might not give him the answers but he was the same man who had been there for him when he did all of these things and maybe he would understand him better.

“I am going to see Moeng,” Zach told Millie quietly.

“Oh,” Millie glanced at him as she pulled the car in Lefakae’s yard. “I can go with you if you want.”

“No, it’s fine,” he said unbuckling his seat belt.

“I will come pick you two up later.”

“Okay, drive safe.”

“Sure,” he said kissing her cheek.

Millie stepped out of the car with Hope and they both watched him as he drove out of the yard. He hadn’t even come out to greet Lefakae.

“Is your husband really okay?” Hope asked glancing at Millie.

“No,” she replied honestly. “But he will be, just like your mother. They will be fine.”

Hope studied her face trying to gauge her expression. She had been filled with lots of questions since Zach had a panic attack at the club and now his wife was being overly protective of her and even inviting her to tag along to a kid’s party. There were lots of

missing puzzles that she wanted to find but she needed her mother to tell her the truth. She wanted to hear it from the horse's mouth about who these people who seemed to be caring about them really were.

She followed Millie out to the backyard still in awe of the beautiful yard. Even the air in Phakalane was different from the one in G-West, it was like she had stepped in a completely different world.

"Millie, you came!" Zoey squealed rushing over to her.

Millie crouched down with a giggle. "Happy birthday princess, you look so pretty."

"Do you like my dress?" she asked grinning.

"I love it," Millie said smiling, she was so precious.

"Mama is Anna," she said proudly looking around. "You should see her, I don't know where

she is.”

“Being trained to be a pastor’s wife,” Lefakae interjected from his seat holding a bottle of orange juice.

“What?” Millie frowned in confusion.

“She is in the kitchen giggling with your pastor,” he scoffed and then noticed the girl next to Millie. “Who is this?”

“Oh,” Millie glanced at Hope, she couldn’t introduce her as Zach’s yet. “Her name is Hope.”

Lefakae frowned studying her features. “If I didn’t know better I would say you are Zach’s sister.”

Millie blinked and forced a smile. “How about we go get snacks, Hope?” She steered Hope to the snack table before Lefakae could say any more.

Hope had her own girlish features but even she could see that she resembled Zach in some way.

“Hey Mills!” Bokang greeted with a cheerful grin. “I thought you were not coming.” His eyes trailed to the girl next to her.

“Princess Zozo would have disowned me,” Millie said glancing at Hope. “This is Hope, Hope this is Bokang, he is my brother.”

Bokang stared, not moving for a second caught in a trance until he blinked back to reality. “I am Bokang, Millie’s brother.”

“I heard,” Hope said with a giggle.

“Do you want snacks?” he asked and glanced at the snacks laid out on the table. “Oh, would you prefer a hotdog? We have mini burgers too.”

“I’d like a hotdog.” Hope replied her stomach only reminding her now that she hadn’t eaten.

"I have lots of hotdogs," Bokang said.

Millie watched with growing interest, she had never seen Bokang this nervous and eager to please anyone.

"I am going to check on Vero," she said to Hope. "If it gets too much, let me know so we can go."

"Okay," Hope said with a nod and watched her walking back into the house.

"So, you like eating hotdogs?" Bokang asked with a smile.

"I am just really hungry," she admitted quietly.

Bokang blinked. "You can eat all you want, I am practically sponsoring this whole event."

Hope chuckled quietly waiting for her food; Millie's brother looked like he was the very talkative type.

He downed the rest of the whiskey that Moeng had poured for him, letting the brown liquid burn his throat and his chest.

He placed the glass down and looked up at Moeng who was studying him carefully. He had said everything he wanted to say and Moeng had listened. There hadn't even been shock on his face, he was just that kind of man.

"Are you going to drown in alcohol and go back to the Zachariah that you used to be before you went to Ghana?" He asked calmly.

Zach stared at his feet, he felt lost and confused which were things he hadn't felt in a long time.

"I am going to tell you right now that you can't go back. You have a wife, someone's daughter who you promised her parents to take care of and a baby on the way who will need his or her

father.”

“I don’t deserve to be all that,” he said with a tired sigh. “Why do I get to be so lucky when I have ruined more than one life? A part of me had always wished she made it and was living a good life somewhere with a nice job and a nice husband and cute kids. I always hoped she would have forgotten about what I did to her.”

Moeng nodded calmly. “But she isn’t.”

“No,” he said shaking his head. “I have ruined her, she is an alcoholic and her daughter is struggling all alone in the world.”

“Your daughter too.”

Zach winced, he had done worse than ruin her life. He had left evidence of the pain he had caused. He wondered if her life could have been different if she hadn’t fallen pregnant. It hurt to even think about it, he wanted to punch something or just stay underwater for a few

minutes.

“What were you taught in military school, Zach?”

“I don’t remember,” he whispered avoiding his eyes.

“What were you taught in military school, Zach?” Moeng asked again, his voice getting louder.

Zach inhaled sharply feeling his chest and throat tighten. “I don’t remember.”

“Zachariah Babupi, what were you taught in military school?” He shouted louder sounding like the lieutenant that he used to be.

Zach looked up with bloodshot eyes. “A man owns up to his mistakes.”

“What else?”

“A man doesn’t hide when danger comes, he stands and fights.”

Moeng stared at him and nodded. "I didn't send you to military school because I thought it would erase your mistakes. I sent you there because you had done a lot of things that would have easily broken you if you didn't have proper guidance. You survived military school in a country miles from home. You persevered and you came back a man who was ready to serve and protect like you were taught. When the past comes knocking, you don't run, you confront it head on like a soldier in a battle field and when a daughter comes running, you protect her and when your victim comes crying you make amends. You are not going to cower like a coward, you will stand and fight and you will win."

Zach stared at him feeling every word, it was like he was 15 all over again and Moeng was telling him that his life was not over that there

was more to his life than that. He had really thought it was over for him, he didn't know how he could come back from raping and spilling innocent blood. Moeng had always said soldiers protect the innocent and maybe it was time he started hiding from his demons and ignoring them and started owning up to his mistakes.

When he walked out of Moeng's house back to his car, he could only think about how Hope had suffered and how Khumo had been too broken to take care of the daughter of her rapist, he was the one who had caused all the pain but fighting himself would hurt more people now that needed him and if he was going to fight, he was going to start with his demons and then everyone who had ever touched his daughter.

He sat in the driver's seat and pulled out his phone to call Femi.

“What do you need?” Femi asked when he answered his phone.

“Do you want to go play with dogs and some asshole boys who hurt an innocent girl?”

“Is this about Hope?”

“Yes,” he answered impatiently. “So, are we playing with dogs or not?”

He could imagine Femi’s smile when he said, “count me in,” and for the first time since he arrived he was glad to have his friend with him, the one who understood that sometimes you didn’t need a therapist to fight your demons.

[02/25, 19:14] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 57

“Wasn’t Millie suspicious when you asked Hope about the dog boys?” Femi asked swirling his

whiskey against the ice cubes in the whiskey tumbler.

He looked so relaxed and poised like they were not about to torture some teenage boys. That was the thing about Femi which had drawn Zach to him the first time they met, he rarely made a big deal out of anything. The only time he had seen him break and lose control was when he had lost Oyama.

“No, I told her I wanted to talk to Hope and she didn't ask much,” he said glancing at his watch.

It was already 5 p.m. and he was waiting for Teddy to drop the boys off at the club with the bulldog he had asked for.

It wasn't easy renting a bulldog to torture someone but Teddy was a man with connections, he knew how to get things done which was why Zach loved him.

Femi nodded. "She is handling this daughter thing pretty well, don't you think?"

Zach looked down cracking his knuckles; he had been lost in his own world that he hadn't stopped to ask his wife how she was actually feeling about this. She was putting on a brave face for him because she loved him and had vowed to be there for him but their lives had went from peaceful to chaos in just a blink of an eye because of his past, the past that he had wished to bury forever.

"I don't know how I am supposed to look at that woman, I don't deserve her," he admitted quietly shaking his head.

"She was supposed to enjoy her first pregnancy; with me spoiling her rotten and so she could be a baby all she wants but instead she is fighting for my survival not even questioning me and being nice to Hope like she is not a product of her husband's rape."

“You are a lucky motherfucker,” Femi grinned.
“That is how you know when someone is really down for you. I am jealous of you.”

“I am scared I will lose her in all of this.”

“No, you won’t,” Femi said firmly. “If you do this thing together, I don’t see how you are going to lose her. The problem will start once you start making your own decisions leaving her in the dark. You are a team now and you have to make sure she doesn’t feel alone because you are fighting your battles. I know if a woman loved me like Millie, I’d die for her.”

“I’d die for Millie too,” he swallowed looking up at Femi seeing the frown on his face.

He wanted to say some words of consolation to his friend but before he could utter another word he heard a light knock on the door.

“Looks like fun is here,” Femi said with a grin rising up from his seat.

Teddy and the other beefy bouncer walked in pushing the boys inside the room like they weighed nothing.

Zach scanned the boys from head to toe, they were skinny and looked small for their ages. They looked terrified as they looked around the room at Zach's hardened face and Femi's malicious grin.

"Welcome to Club Z boys," Zach said with a smirk. "I trust your ride here was a pleasant one?"

"You have to let us go, this is kidnapping and you could go to jail for this," the shortest one said struggling to free himself from the cuffs.

Zach glanced at Femi before they burst out laughing.

"This one is smart," Femi said with a grin. "A child who knows his right, the country is in safe hands."

“Indeed,” Zach said with a wicked grin and stepped towards the boy, his confident demeanor quickly shifted as he got close to his face.

Zach took in his frightened look and his heavy breathing, Hope must have been terrified like this too when they decided to set their dog on her. She must have been so terrified, he swallowed down the hard lump building in his throat.

“Who is Sam?” he asked stepping back from his looking at all the 3 boys. “Don’t make me ask again, who is Sam?”

“We don’t know him,” the shorter one replied with defiance again.

Zach smiled, he loved it when they arrogant and not remorseful; it made it fun for the torture.

“Teddy,” Zach called firmly. “Get the dog.”

Teddy gave him a tight nod before he walked

out of the room.

The three boys looked at each other in fear.

“We didn’t do anything, please,” the tallest of the trio mumbled. “Please let us go home, we won’t even tell anyone about this.”

“Of course you won’t tell anyone,” he said smugly. “But I am not letting you go now, I want you to meet Butcher first. I am sure you will love him, you boys love playing with dogs, don’t you?”

The boys looked at each other and back at Zach again. “It was Sam’s dog, not ours. We only watched, we didn’t do anything; I swear!”

“Is Sam the lawyer?” Femi asked with a snort.

“Yes,” the tallest one replied. “He is the one who owns the dog, please just let us go.”

“What is the rush?” Femi refilled his whiskey tumbler before he turned to look at him. “We

are just getting to know each other here. We are just being nice and even introducing you guys to our dog since you happen to love dogs so much. When you guys beg to be released to go home, it really breaks my heart.” He put a hand over his heart.

“We are going to report this,” Sam said glaring at Zach. “Your little club will be shut down, we are minors and this is against the law.”

“My little club?” He raised an eyebrow and looked at Femi. “He is such a gutsy one, isn’t he?”

“He is,” Femi smiled at Sam. “You would really make magic as a sex worker Sam. We could ship you off to some place far from home right now so you can please old men who prefer little boys over their wives.”

Sam’s face flashed with fear but he didn’t have the chance to retort before Teddy walked back

in the room holding a vicious looking bulldog on a leash.

It instantly started barking when it saw the boys shackled up, it sensed fear.

“Calm down boy, you will feast on the boys later,” Femi said gently, “Why didn’t we just get a Pit-bull?”

“We are not murderers Femi,” Zach chided shaking his head.

“That’s too bad, I would have loved to see the dog ripping their throats apart,” he shrugged casually before he reclined back on the seat.

“Let’s start the questions now shall we? Who set the dog on Hope?”

“It was Sam!” The two boys rushed to say quickly.

“Mr. Lawyer man, I thought you knew human rights but here you are setting dogs on innocent girls.”

“She was not innocent,” Sam spat out. “She was disrespectful and full of herself, I only wanted to teach her a lesson for humiliating me in front of everyone. We all know she is going to end up like her mother anyways so I don’t know why she was acting all high and mighty in front of us.”

Zach’s jaw ticked, his fists clenching aching to punch him but he had mastered the art of control and he wanted to break this boy slowly and carefully so that he would never look at his daughter or breathe the same air as her ever again.

“I want to kill this little asshole,” Femi told Zach.

Zach kept his eyes on him ignoring the dog barking in the back. The private room was sound proofed so no one downstairs will hear the dog barking or their screams later when he started with them.

“What do you mean she is going to end up like her mother?” He asked straining to keep his voice calm and collected.

“We all know that her mother is a drunkard,” Sam said. “Is Hope your girlfriend? I wouldn’t be surprised if she was because her mother likes criminals too.”

Zach saw red before he could even stop himself he lunged towards Sam punching his face. He groaned falling to the floor. He kicked his stomach and he started wailing.

He crouched down grabbing his chin that was trickling with blood where he had punched him.

“What did you say?” he hissed glaring at him.

Sam coughed. “You are going to get arrested even if you kill me.”

Zach pushed him down before he punched him again, his fist hurt from where he had punched the floor on Friday but the pain was nothing

compared to the fury that was inside of him.

He wanted to rip this boy to shreds; he was an entitled prick who thought the world owed him something.

“Zach, you will kill him,” Femi said rising up from his chair walking towards him.

“I thought that is what you wanted,” he hissed punching him again before Femi pulled him back. Sam lay on the floor, his face covered in blood. The other two boys watched their friend being beaten to a pulp helplessly.

“Is he dead?” Femi asked once he had managed to push Zach away from the boy. He crouched down checking his pulse and let out a sigh of relief.

The dog’s barks increased when it caught a whiff of blood in the room, it got more aggressive seeing the body lying there lifeless.

Teddy was struggling to hold it's leash when it wanted to break free.

"Sprinkle him with water so he can wake up, we are only getting started," Zach told Teddy and the other bouncer.

"He is going to die, Zach."

"No, he is not," he said downing Femi's whiskey in one go. "You two will bury your friend if he dies, right?"

The two boys glanced at each other in fear, their entire bodies shaking.

"Just like you laughed when he set the dog after daughter, right?"

"Hope is your daughter?" the one asked in a shaky voice. "We had no idea, please don't kill us. We will never bother her again."

"I know you will not," he said calmly. "Because if you ever even breathe the same air as Hope, I

will kill you but before that you are going to tell me the names of everyone who has ever made her cry or hurt her.”

“We are really sorry but we have never done anything to her, Sam was the one started bullying her after she turned him down.”

“He probably has a little penis,” Femi chimed in. “Big egos always results in little penises.”

“Please, let us go.”

Zach looked down at Sam who was now awake but still lay there motionless before he walked towards him.

“Sam, nothing ever goes unpunished you know that right?” he asked gently. “An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, a dog’s bite for a dog’s bite. Your dog was a little Tswana breed which you trained to bite people but mine is a fucking bulldog which was trained to tear people apart and I would love nothing than to have it to tear

your fucking body apart because you are a little asshole but I am not going to do that. I will only give it a bite.”

Fear and anguish covered Sam’s face as he shook his head trying to beg him but his jaw was too painful. Zach nodded at Teddy to bring the dog.

Sam whimpered on the floor as the fierce bulldog approached him. Zach pulled his pant leg up revealing his leg.

“The dog is trained to bite where it’s given so don’t worry too much Sammy,” Femi said from the chair recording the video with his phone.

“Butcher, come on boy, take a bite,” he said coaxing the dog at the exposed leg. The dog lunged towards him burying it’s teeth in his flesh.

Sam cried out in pain feeling the sharp teeth sinking in his flesh. The dog ripped his flesh

pulling back leaving his leg covered in blood. Sam groaned and whimpered, writhing on the floor.

“Good boy, Butcher,” Zach patted the dog standing up and looked at the boys. “Who is next?”

The party had been long over and it was getting darker, Hope felt a pang of sadness at the thought of leaving. She had enjoyed every second and every minute of being here.

The people had been so nice to her which was something she hadn't really had in a long time. She had spent the day mostly chatting to Bokang and she had even helped him with the snacks. He was a cheerful person and very refreshing to be around but she knew this was

not her life, Millie was probably going to drop her off at G-West and go on with her nice life.

“What’s up?” Bokang’s voice pulled her back from her thoughts as he settled back on his seat beside the pool. He had left to go use the bathroom when she got lost in her thoughts.

“Nothing,” Hope said with a small shrug.

“You know someone told me bottling things up can be very harmful for your health.”

“Who?” Hope challenged raising her eyebrow.

“My aunt; Josephine,” he said with a small smile. “It was when my father had just died and my mother was way deep into witchcraft.”

Hope’s eyes widened, “What?” Did he hear him well or he had really said his mother was into witchcraft?

“Yeah,” he grinned trying to keep his cheerful

expression. "I am too cute to be a witch's son aren't I?" He teased.

"Did your mother really practice witchcraft?"

"Yeah, the whole voodoo thing, she fed my father love potion to steal him from my aunt then kept at it for years. She killed him when people found out and then tried to act innocent. She passed away two months ago after an accident."

"I am so sorry," Hope's expression softened. She had really thought that rich people didn't have problems but witchcraft and husband killing as well? Poor Bokang, he was a nice person.

"How come you can smile like this when all this has happened to you?"

Bokang shrugged. "I will lose my mind if I keep on dwelling on the past, besides I have been told that I can't suffer for my mother's sins. I

deserve to be happy too even on my own.”

Hope stared at him, she had never met a boy so kind. Most of the boys in her hood were just unruly. She had no idea soft boys like Bokang actually existed.

“I thought about killing myself once or twice,” she admitted quietly.

“Why?” Bokang asked calmly with no judgment in his eyes.

“I get so overwhelmed sometimes that I feel like no one will really miss me if I am gone, my mother is always too drunk to notice that she has a daughter. She spiraled out of control when her boyfriend got arrested for theft three years ago. I guess she loved him more than she loved me because she just drowned in alcohol after that.”

“Did the boyfriend hurt you?” Bokang asked in a strained voice.

Hope smiled shaking her head. "No, he was the best. He was also good to my mother and me. He took care of us. He was like a father that I never had until he got arrested. Sometimes I hate him because I feel like he made my mother become the drunkard that she is now when he got arrested but I have no right to hate him. He never pushed my mother to drink."

"So you have never met your dad?"

"No," Hope replied. "My mother said he dumped her when he learnt she was pregnant."

"What a jerk," Bokang said shaking his head.

"Parents really mess us sometimes, don't they?"

"They do," Hope said quietly and looked at the pool inhaling in the fresh air.

Millie was still inside the house with her sister, they were waiting for her husband to pick them up and they will probably take her home.

She didn't want to go back there, maybe she should have never agreed to visit because she now saw how life could be if she had been blessed with different parents.

"Hey," Bokang called softly nudging her shoulder with his. "If the son of a witch can make it, I think you will too."

Hope looked up in his eyes, her smile stretching her lips. She was about to say more when she heard Millie calling her. She turned around to see her watching them with an unreadable expression. Hope quickly jumped to her feet nervous that she was going to scold her for being so cozy with her brother. She did not want to seem like one of those girls who took the whole body when offered an arm.

"I am sorry," she mumbled at Millie.

"What are you apologizing for?" Millie asked

glancing at Bokang who also stood up.

"I..." she struggled to find the right words when Millie smiled at her.

"I just came to tell you that we are going," she said glancing at Bokang. "You shouldn't listen to him so much, he is a liar."

"Mills mma," Bokang whined.

Hope chuckled avoiding Bokang's eyes.

"Say bye to your new friend, we are leaving."
She gave her a smile before she walked back inside the house.

Hope looked up at Bokang, she was a tall girl so they almost eye to eye.

"Um, thank you for the words," she mumbled quietly. "They were really kind."

Bokang nodded not wanting her to leave just yet, he had enjoyed her company so much. "I guess this is goodbye."

“Yeah,” she said quietly feeling the ache in her chest.

“It doesn’t have to be, you can give me your number and we can chat whenever.”

“I don’t really have a phone anymore, I lost it,” she told him. “But you can give me your number if you have a pen.”

“Sure,” he grinned reaching for his pocket and pulling out a pen he had been using all day to keep track of Zoey’s birthday presents. Hope held out her arm and they both chuckled when he scribbled down his number on her arm.

“My number kind of looks good on your arm,” he teased and they both chuckled before they fell silent again.

Hope cleared her throat glancing back at the house. “I have to go.”

“Sure, call me whenever you want to talk you know, I am a good listener.”

“I will,” she said with a smile before she jogged back in the house.

“Was Bokang keeping you with his lies?”

Veronica asked with a small smile when she walked in. Zach looked up when he saw her. He didn't look at her with the same hardened expression like he had on Friday anymore and she had no idea if it was because he pitied her or something more.

Hope chuckled shaking her head.

“Bokang is an upfront guy not like these pretentious pastors,” Lefakae growled from his seat.

Veronica rolled her eyes.

Millie giggled. “Let's go, see you guys.”

“Bye,” Veronica said waving at them as they walked out. Zach and Lefakae fist bumped

before he followed them.

Hope noticed that his hand was bandaged again, she had thought he was healed.

Hope sat in the backseat in silence dreading seeing G-West. She was surprised when they pulled in another fancy yard, even though it was a little dark she could see how nice it was.

“When are you taking me home?” Hope asked quietly.

Millie glanced at Zach before she offered her a smile. “We thought you might stay with us until your mother is better.”

“Really?” Hope’s chest warmed at the thought, which meant she didn’t have to be scare alone anymore.

“Yeah, a minor can’t stay on her own,” Millie said stepping out of the car.

Hope smiled pulling her into a hug. “I guess God

has finally answered my prayers, thank you so much Millie.”

Zach watched them feeling his chest expanding. His mother was really watching over him, Millie was the gift she had sent just for him and he couldn't be more grateful.

“Did you get into a fight?” Millie asked when she walked back in their bedroom after she had showed Hope the guest bedroom and showed her the bathroom. She had been so delighted that the room was big and she got to sleep in a big comfy bed. It took her everything not to cry because she had lived 17 years not knowing her father dined and slept in fine things.

Zach looked up from his hands which he had removed the bandage so he could take a shower.

“I was punching bags with Femi,” he said quietly.

Millie would probably tell him that violence was not the answer if he told her what he had done to those boys. They had left the club bloodied and limping and Teddy had dropped them off with a threat and had killed their dog in front of them so he hoped the boys behaved like he had told them to. Sam the Lawyer was going to need the hospital for a speedy recovery though but that was his parent’s business and not his.

“Do you think you need to see a therapist?” she asked gently sitting on the bed. “This is all too much for you.”

Zach studied her face, his chest hit with a pang of guilt. She was pregnant yet she was the one

making sure everything was in place but she was only thinking about him.

“I love you,” he said quietly catching her off guard. It wasn’t the reply she had expected but her face softened at the words.

“And I am sorry,” he said again. “You married me thinking my past is over but it has come to haunt us.”

Millie shook her head. “I married you for who you are Oatile, not your past and I married you knowing all your flaws. I promised to stand by you in sickness and health, good and bad times. I was ready for the highs and the lows.”

Zach swallowed hard his heart swelling with too many options at once. “I am sorry I am putting you through this when you should be enjoying your pregnancy. You have now have to deal with a daughter from the past and her mother who I don’t know how she is going to react to me.”

Millie put her hand on his cheek smiling tearfully. "It's worth it doing it with you, doing it for you. I know you would do the same for me."

"I would do anything for you," Zach said softly. "Anything."

Millie smiled. "So you don't have to feel guilty about me taking care of my husband's daughter. I believe God has a way of reuniting people and he has reunited you two now you will take care of your daughter and make up for the lost time. Hope needs you."

"We need to take you for a surgery," Zach said with a small grin.

"Why?" Millie frowned in confusion.

"We have to remove that gold in your heart."

Millie chuckled. "That is so cheesy, what the hell?"

Zach smiled enjoying the sound of her chuckles.

It had been a while since he heard her beautiful laughs.

“Come here,” he said softly pulling her in his arms placing a kiss on her forehead. “I love you nana.”

“I love you too,” Millie said tightening her arms around him.

Hope released a small gasp as soon as she got back to the guest bedroom.

She hadn't heard it wrong, right? Millie had definitely said she was Zach's daughter. She sunk on the bed with a reeling head.

She had wanted to ask Millie about driving her to visit her mother in the morning when she heard their conversation. She had thought she

was hallucinating at first but she had definitely heard them.

She felt tears prickling at the back of her eyes.

She wanted to peel off her skin; all along she had thought her father was some useless jerk who had run off but he was living large while she and her mother suffered?

She wanted to barge in the bedroom and demand an explanation but she remained glued on the bed. She should have known it was too good to be true for people to just care for her when they didn't know her.

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Chapter 58

Millie stood back assessing the array of food on the kitchen counter. She had went all out in

preparing the breakfast for Hope and hoped she would like it. She knew breakfast wouldn't make up for the pain Hope had gone through or change how she was even conceived but she hoped it would soften her heart.

"Look at you being a busy bee," Zach's deep voice rambled and she looked up to see him leaning against the door frame watching her with a small grin. "I thought Sundays were for lovers and we are supposed to cuddle in bed."

Millie giggled. "Sundays are for church, I don't know anything about lovers."

Zach released a snort walking towards her. He placed his large hand on her waist before rubbing her tummy. It was growing every day and he could see the impact it had on her body. He loved how she had gotten plump and softer in all the right places, her breasts were tender

and heavenly that he never wanted to take his hands off them.

“I wanted to greet you properly when I woke up,” he whispered huskily kissing her neck softly.

“I had to make breakfast.”

“What about my breakfast?” He mouthed her neck, his hands kneading her breast softly.

Millie bit her lip trying to fight the urge to rip his sweatpants apart and spread herself on the counter. She would have done that if they didn't have a teenage girl in the house. She giggled softly pulling away from him.

“We have a guest Mr. Babupi, control yourself.”

“But Mr. Babupi wants Mrs. Babupi,” Zach licked his lips with a wicked glint in his eyes.

“Mr. Babupi will have Mrs. Babupi later.”

Zach sighed. “That's it, I don't want kids

anymore.”

Millie giggled. “It’s a little too late for that, don’t you think?”

“We will give him up for adoption.”

“I’d rather divorce you,” Millie teased chuckling but Zach didn’t join her. He had a frown on his face making him look sullen. She cleared her throat. “Hey, you know I didn’t mean it like that, I would never divorce you.”

“I know,” Zach said firmly. “It’s just that these past few days haven’t been easy for you and me and I would be lying if I said it hadn’t crossed my mind that you would get tired and leave.”

Millie stepped closer to him pushing him against the sink and pressed herself against his hard body. “You have nothing to be scared about, you were open with me about your past and that is what I love about you. You have never hidden anything from me and I value that,

this too will pass.”

Zach looked down at her before he leaned down to capture her lips in a kiss. His hands trailed down from her back to her butt squeezing gently as she moaned in his mouth.

He was about to insert his hand inside her skirt when he heard footsteps. He pulled away sheepishly as Hope walked in the kitchen and took in their closeness before she quickly looked away shyly.

“Hey baby girl,” Millie squeaked hiding the blush that burnt her face. “Did you sleep well?”

“Yes, thank you,” she replied quietly avoiding Zach’s eyes.

Zach cleared his throat reaching for a sausage.

“How is your leg?”

“It’s healing, the bite was not really that bad,” she muttered looking up at him. She wondered if she should just go and ask but decided

against it. She needed to talk to her mother first, she was the one who had all the answers.

“Will you drive me to visit my mother today?” she asked facing Millie.

Millie glanced at Zach and nodded. “When do you want to go?”

“Whenever you are free, I don’t want to put you out of your schedule.”

“You are too sweet but I am free to drive you.” Millie looked at Zach. “Are you coming with us?”

Zach was not sure if he was prepared to see Khumo again but he nodded tightly. He was still thinking of how he would breach the subject to Hope about being her father and then being confronted by Khumo after that.

It was a hurdle that he was not ready to jump just yet, he wanted to prolong it for as long as he could but the clock was ticking. He needed

to talk to them both before things got out of control.

Her mother was finally awake and they had moved her to a normal patient room. Hope was excited and sad at the same time. Excited that her mother hadn't left her alone in the world but sad that she was still not well, alcoholism was a serious addiction that could end up killing her if she didn't get help sooner.

Zach and Millie had stayed behind promising to wait for her while she walked in her mother's room.

Hope's eyes swept over the hospital bed with her mother tangled in the sheets. She looked lifeless even though she was alive, her skin looked discolored like it was a little purple and

she had dark circles under her eyes like some kind of zombie. Her heart ached at the sight of her mother. She had been beautiful and cheerful once but now she was just a shell of the woman she used to be.

Khumo's chapped lips stretched into a small smile when she saw her daughter. "Hi, baby."

Hope swallowed the hard lump stuck on her throat walking towards her, her eyes shining with unshed tears.

"I am sorry," Khumo said softly and it was all it took to open the flood gates. She burst into loud sobs as she put her arms around her mother. "I am so sorry baby girl, I am sorry."

"I thought you were going to leave me," she said sniffing.

"I would never leave you," Khumo croaked out cradling her face in her hands.

She owed her daughter so much that she didn't

even know where to start. She had practically raised herself since she was 14 when she turned to the bottle for consolation now the doctors were telling her that she needed to get clean if she wanted to live. She didn't want to die and leave her all alone in the world.

"I am going to get better," she said quietly. "I will get help and be good to you."

"You are not even good to yourself," Hope said bitterly, angry tears falling down her cheeks. "If you can't do it for me then at least do it for Lesang, he is not going to be in jail forever. I am sure he will come out."

Khumo closed her eyes. "Oh, baby I am so sorry."

Hope stared at her mother, the more she said she was sorry the more she got angry.

"How many times have you promised to change for me? How many times have you passed out

not sure that I was home or not? How many times has a loan shark harassed us for money? He said he was going to sell you off if you didn't pay him this month. Do you know I thought about sleeping with some old gross man so I can get money to pay him?!" She shouted, her whole chest heaving.

She had never shouted or snapped at her mother before, she had always been gentle with her because she felt like she had went through a lot. Her family had cast her out for falling pregnant and there had been no one for her but Lesang. She understood it must have wrecked her to see him being jailed but what about her? She was only 17, when was she supposed to start living like her age mates?

"You did what with an old man?" Khumo asked blinking rapidly at her daughter.

"Don't pretend to care now," Hope said wiping her cheeks angrily. She was taking everything

out on her sick mother and a part of her felt guilty.

“Hope Yame Montlenyane, answer me right now. What did you do?”

“I didn’t do anything, Zach managed to save me before he could do anything,” she told her then saw her mother’s face morph from anger to fear or maybe pain at the mention of Zach.

“Ware.. who saved you?” she asked in a shaky voice.

Hope sighed. “I didn’t want to tell you this way but I met him mama, I met Zach. He is my father isn’t he?”

Khumo felt like she had been knocked out by the wind as she felt the tremor spread through her body. She had been having withdrawal symptoms since she woke up and the nurses had said it was normal when her body was detoxing but she felt her chest constricting now

and she needed a drink.

“Mama, are you alright?” Hope asked, all the anger replaced by concern.

Khumo looked around biting her lip. “I need a drink, please Hope. You need to get me something to drink. I can’t breathe.”

“You said you were going to be better,” Hope accused narrowing her eyes at her, “Should I call the doctor?”

“Get me a drink,” she whimpered, tears rolling down her cheeks.

“No, I am calling someone.”

“Hope, please!” She cried out. “If you love me, you would do it.”

Hope’s eyes filled with tears looking at her mother before she walked out of the room. Millie stood up when she saw her.

“What is wrong?”

“She is losing it, I need to call the doctor.”

“I will call the doctor,” Zach said quickly before he jogged towards the area reception,

Millie took Hope in her arms. “Shh, it’s going to be alright.”

She rubbed her soothingly while she sobbed.

Khumo only managed to calm down after they gave her sleeping pills; the doctor had explained that they couldn’t give her anything stronger because she had dependency problems. It would be easy to get addicted to the medication like she had been to the alcohol.

Millie glanced at Zach, all of this was too much and sometimes she wanted to scream her lungs out but she couldn’t imagine how painful

it was for him. He was witnessing the ruination he had done on an innocent person who didn't deserve it.

The emotional turmoil he was going through was harder than hers.

Hope had stopped crying but she made no attempt to leave, she wanted to stay by her mother's side and make sure she would wake up. She wanted to confront Zach about the father-daughter thing she had overheard, she wished someone could just explain to her why she was going through all of this, when was it going to end?

"When are you going to tell me?" She blurted out before she could stop herself, her eyes zeroing in on Zach.

Zach's eyes flickered with confusion before realization dawned on him about what she was

talking about. How did she know?

“I overheard you two last night when I went to ask Millie if she had time to drive me here today and I remember hearing that you wanted to do right by your daughter.”

“Hope,” Millie called softly.

“No, you have done enough for your husband. I appreciate the kindness and that you didn’t want to hurt my feelings but this one is on Zach,” she said defiantly. “You knew the moment I said my mother’s name didn’t you? Is that why you had a panic attack?”

Zach exhaled loudly. “I was waiting for the right time to tell you, I am not really good with words. I didn’t know how you were going to react and I wanted to wait for your mother to get better so we can talk.”

“I am my own parent, my mother doesn’t remember that she has a daughter most days.

She is married to the bottle.”

“I will get your mother the best help I can, she will get better again.”

“Why?” Hope asked. “You want to ease your conscience of leaving her pregnant and disappearing on her? My mother said you two liked each other as teenagers but you dropped her as soon as she fell pregnant.”

Zach glanced at Millie before he looked back at Hope swallowing hard. “Is that what your mother told you?”

“Yes,” Hope replied raising an eyebrow. “Is there something else?”

“No,” Millie rushed to say quickly. “Your mother loves you and I am sure she wanted to protect you. There is nothing else. We are sorry we didn’t tell you but we were not sure how we could tell you after everything that you went through.”

“Do you know what makes me angry?” Hope asked facing Zach with tearful eyes. “I suffered on my own while you were living it up. I had to fend for myself on most days and sometimes I didn’t have anything to eat but I am sure you must have had plenty to eat. I know you were a teenager when you and my mother made me but you had no right to run just like you have no right to act like you care about me now. You were ready to kill me for being underage in your club, continue treating me that way.”

“Hope,” Zach called softly. He wanted to tell her that he hadn’t known about her but that would clash with Khumo’s story of him running away from his responsibility.

“I let that gross man touch me,” she finally broke down sobbing. “I can still feel his tongue in my mouth no matter how hard I brush my teeth. I was trying to get money to survive. How can you look me in the eye and tell me you are

sorry?"

Zach's jaw tightened thinking about the way Jack had groped her and pressed her down on the couch.

"Where are you going?" Millie asked when Hope turned around to leave.

"I am going to the bathroom," she muttered quietly.

Zach palmed his face before he stood up. "I am going to see Khumo."

"Right now?" Millie asked.

"I have ran away for far too long, it's time," he told her quietly leaning down to kiss her forehead. "I will be fine."

Millie didn't look convinced but she watched him walk to her room praying for his forgiveness inwardly.

Zach hovered over the door trying to muster up the courage to push it open. His heart was beating rapidly, he hoped he didn't have another panic attack, he was starting to look like a weak bitch with the panic attacks and it didn't sit well with him.

He drew a deep breath before he pushed the door open gently and let himself inside the room.

He used to make scenarios in his head about the first time he would meet Khumo again but most of them were far from seeing her on a hospital bed with hollow cheeks and dark circles under her eyes. He inhaled sharply, he had done this to her.

Khumo stared at him blankly, her eyes unblinking.

Zach expected her to scream and howl and throw things at him but she just stared at him, every passing second felt like a dagger to his chest.

He cleared his throat looking around the room. "I am going to get you the best help, I promise."

It was not the best thing to say to your victim after meeting after so many years but he didn't expect Khumo to burst out laughing. He frowned, his whole body flinching but he didn't show it as he watched her laughing until her laughter dried and she regarded him with a cold expression which was not supposed to terrify him because she was so tiny but it sent tingles all over his spine.

"Do one thing for me, Zach," she said calmly. "Don't you dare tell my daughter how she was conceived."

Zach nodded tightly ignoring the way his chest

constricted. He wanted to ask why she had kept the baby and how far she had gone with school because she used to be so smart but he didn't dare ask, he had no right to ask those questions.

"And that asshole who put his hands on my daughter," she said quietly. "What are you going to do to him?"

"I will rip him apart," he said without hesitation.

Khumo nodded slightly leaning back on the bed.

"Get out."

Zach nodded before he walked out without another word.

Khumo lay back on the bed feeling her eyes burning with tears, she wanted to scream and shout and hurl things at him because she was broken and he looked like he was doing well. She was not going to crumble in front of him, it was enough that he had seen how damaged

she was.

[02/25, 19:14] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 59

Veronica didn't want to admit it but she was excited about her counseling session with Pastor Gabriel on Wednesday. She had been anxious that she planned her outfit on Monday. She felt a little silly as she stood in front of the mirror taking in her reflection. Her baby bump was bigger now but it didn't mean she couldn't wear cute dresses and heels. She planned to slay throughout her pregnancy, she was definitely not going to wear any BDP party T-shirt.

She fluffed her weave pouting at the mirror to

make sure her lipstick was on point before she grabbed her purse and walked out. The house maid was going to baby sit Zoey until she came back. She was surprised when her eyes landed on Lefakae sitting on the couch watching cartoons with Zoey. She didn't know he would be home this early.

Lefakae looked up and scanned her from head to toe with a disapproving frown. "Why are you dolled up for a counseling session?"

"I want to feel and look good," she said.

"You look great mummy!" Zoey said with a grin.

"Thank you baby," she smiled back.

"Are you seriously going after that nerdy pastor?" Lefakae asked.

Veronica glanced at Zoey then frowned at Lefakae before she walked to the kitchen. She didn't want Zoey to hear them argue because Lefakae was unreasonable these days, one

would swear he was the one carrying the baby with his moods.

“V, come on he is a freaking pastor,” Lefakae whined following her.

Veronica spun around glaring at him, he was not about to ruin her good mood. “What the hell is your problem with me? I didn’t say I was going after the pastor or any man for that matter but you have been acting like a jealous lover who can’t let go of an Ex. Did you forget that you are gay by any chance? Do you want to try loving me like a man and woman?”

Lefakae sighed rubbing the back of his neck. “You don’t understand, I don’t want to see you get hurt and these men will just want to judge and hurt you.”

Veronica regarded him quietly before she sighed. “Lefa, I am a grown ass woman. I can handle myself and I have played men to even

get played at this point. You have absolutely nothing to worry about and I don't want Pastor Gabriel, I mean I like him, sure but like you said I don't think a pastor would want to marry a woman with two kids from different baby daddies. I am sure his parents have looked for a nice girl for him too.." She avoided his eyes so he wouldn't catch the emotion that flickered in her eyes about admitting that she was not good enough for Gabriel.

Lefakae sighed. "I am sorry, I have been a jerk. You are one of the most important people to me and I feel like when you find a man you will forget about me."

"That's not true," Veronica said quietly. "You are the father of my child, I wouldn't forget about you even if I tried. You are my best friend."

Lefakae shrugged. "People change when they meet new people."

Veronica stepped towards him, this was the problem about rich kids; they felt too many emotions. "I would never forget someone who held me down at my lowest point in life. You were my anchor when I needed you and you were there for me without fail when I lost everyone who claimed to be my friend. I know you would have still been there for me without the baby, I would never forget you Lefa."

"I love you," he said pulling her into a hug.

Veronica smiled. "I love you too, now stop being immature. You should hang out with the guys if you feel stressed."

"Zach is hanging out with his Nigerian billionaire these days and Tumo is busy job hunting if he is not worshipping my sister. Everyone has something going on except me, Zach hasn't even talked to me in two days about what is happening in his life."

Veronica sighed, Millie hadn't told her either but they had looked troubled especially with Zach's mystery child that appeared out of nowhere. She hoped they were doing well.

"You should create your own fun then, go out and meet new people and get laid. I think you are sexually frustrated."

Lefakae snorted. "Says the pregnant woman lusting over a pastor. He is not even going to taste until he marries you."

"As if he would marry someone like me."

"What's wrong with you?" He tilted his head to the side.

"I am not really pastor wife material," she said.

Lefakae chuckled. "No, you are not. You would probably cuss and drink wine at the pastor's house but that doesn't mean he can't have you

if he wants to. He shouldn't try to control you either if he wants a boring girl he must marry a church mouse."

Veronica smiled. "It won't happen anyway. I should go before I am late for my appointment."

"Don't suck the pastor off V," he teased and she laughed on her way out.

She was glad Lefakae was back to being himself, she understood that it could be scary losing people especially since they have all gotten close living together, even Bokang had gotten used to living here like they were all family.

"This guy is such a fucking pervert," Femi said with a disgusted face as he scrolled down

Jack's gallery in his phone.

It was almost 7 p.m. and he had been knocked out since afternoon. Zach had lured him to the club with a promise that he was going to make up for the last time that his private party didn't go well. He had been over the moon that he hurried over to the club, eager to get the free girls that Zach had promised. It only took three sips of his drugged whiskey for him to pass out and they tied him after stripping him down to his boxers.

They were waiting for him to snap out of his trance so they could get started with the torturing.

"How does he have so many pictures of half-naked young girls?" Femi asked flipping the phone so Zach could see. The girl in the photo didn't even look older than Hope, she looked

about 15. His jaw clenched at the thought of his own daughter being in his gallery for the sick motherfucker to jerk off to.

“He is a nasty bastard but after today he will never touch a young girl ever again,” Zach growled glaring at Jack. He was getting impatient now but he didn’t want to torture him while he was still out of it. He wanted him to feel every pain and let out every scream. He was not worried about Jack coming after him; he would kill him if he tried.

“Teddy, when the hell is he going to wake up?” he barked at the large man guarding the door.

“He will wake up soon boss,” Teddy told him.

“Do you want me to wake him up?”

“I am losing my fucking patience over here. Get a bucket of water.”

Teddy gave a firm nod before he walked out the door.

Zach reached for his cigarette and his lighter. He was going to take a shower before he went home unless he wanted Millie to go off on him but he had planned on taking a shower anyway to get rid of Jack's blood that he couldn't wait to spill.

"Did Hope's mother agree to go to rehab?" Femi asked quietly watching him take a long drag of his cigarette.

Zach leaned back on his chair blowing the smoke out of his nose, thinking about Khumo made his brain hurt and his heart ache but he had no choice since he was living with the proof.

Hope was still giving him the cold shoulder but she was nice to Millie. They would have had bigger problems if she disrespected her.

"I found a good rehab facility in Cape Town and I pitched it to Khumo," he muttered quietly. "She didn't answer me so I left the pamphlets with all

the facility's information on her bedside. I think she will go because she wants to get better for Hope but I don't know at this point."

"It is kind of sad that she has to accept help from you," Femi said quietly. "She will probably hate herself even more that she didn't loathe you enough to refuse your help."

"She is all alone," Zach told her quietly. "I don't know how that happened because her family was over protective of her back then."

"She kept the daughter of the boy who ripped her off her innocence then killed her uncle. I don't think there is no better betrayal than that."

Zach stared at his burning cigarette. "I wish she could just kick me or call me names or even shout at me but all she does is stare at me. It scares the fuck of me which is crazy because she is tiny."

"The tiniest ones are the most dangerous,"

Femi said quietly. "How is Millie doing?"

Zach was about to say she was still putting on a brave face for him when Teddy walked back in the room with two buckets of water.

He stubbed his cigarette out on the ash tray before he stood up with a smile.

He and Femi both grabbed a bucket and poured on Jack. He jolted awake looking around the room and squinted his eyes at the bright light.

"Wakey, wakey princess," Femi said with a grin. "Did you enjoy your nap?"

Jack frowned before his eyes zeroed in on Zach. "What the fuck are you doing? Where am I?"

"You are in hell," Zach said coldly. "And I am here to give you punishment on behalf of the devil."

Femi chuckled. "And I am his assistant, nice to meet you."

Jack coughed shaking his head trying to free his tied hands. "You are going to kidnap me and blackmail my family for money, aren't you?"

Zach and Femi looked at each other before they both burst out laughing.

"He is funny, I really love the people in your country they are fucking rad man. You must watch too many movies as well Jackie."

"You will pay for this, Zach. Do you know who I am?"

"You are an asshole that's who you are," Zach said darkly. "Enough chit chat, let's get to the fun part."

Jack's gaze swept over the table with scissors, knives and a hammer. His eyes widened in fear and looked at Zach.

"Why are you doing this?"

"Because you are a nasty motherfucker who

likes messing with young girls and I am going to teach you a lesson that you should stay away from young girls.”

“Do you like screaming Jackie?” Femi asked pulling out his phone. “We want you to scream as loud as you can, okay? We need to make sure Hope’s mother sees the pain and agony in your face and hear the screams.”

“Who the hell is Hope?”

“Don’t even say her name,” Zach said before he punched him hard in the face. Jack groaned his nose already bleeding. He grabbed the scissors from the table and walked over to him again. Jack shook his head in fear as he stared the scissors in his hand.

“Zach, please man, I will never sleep with any girl ever again.”

“You won’t because you won’t have a penis after this.”

Jack shook his head. "No, please don't do this. You are not this cruel Zach, you are like a son to me."

"The more you yap the more you piss me off and I won't be gentle with cutting your balls off and feeding them to you," he glared before he rammed the scissors on his thigh. Jack let out shrilling scream as he twisted the scissors deep in the wound. He writhed on the chair shouting and screaming for help.

"That's my boy!" Femi grinned. "I knew you wouldn't let me down Jackie, keep those screams coming."

"Please take it out!" he shouted, his whole body covered in sweat.

Zach shrugged. "Okay," he said calmly and pulled the scissors without warning making him scream again.

"Up next," he said reaching for the hammer.

“You have such lovely fingers Jack, it’s a pity they are filthy from touching and groping girls. The sight of them makes me want to puke so I want them gone.”

“You will regret this.”

“I have a lot of regrets Jackie boy but trust me when I say this won’t even make it to my small regrets list. I will relive this moment for the rest my life and then show it to every fucker who dares touch my daughter in any malicious way.”

“Teddy, grab him for me.”

Teddy walked towards him and spread his fingers on the arm chair for him. He smashed the hammer on his four fingers and he screamed again feeling his bones break.

Zach stepped back satisfied at the screams. He would have loved to kill him but killing him meant more dirt on his hands and he was going to hold his newborn baby in a few months, he

didn't want dirty blood on his hands.

"Zachariah, please," he whimpered looking at his broken fingers. "I will pay you whatever you want."

"This is my payment," he said coldly punching him again. He kicked the chair he was strapped on making him fall on the floor with whimpers like he was a dog. They had stripped him of his clothes so he was just in boxers. He reached for the knife and looked at him.

"Where do you want it?" He asked crouching down to him.

"I have had enough please."

"I am the one who gets to decide who has had enough you asshole," he gritted out before he rammed the knife in his inner thigh making him cry out again. He left the knife there before he stood up and he was about to kick him when his phone's ringtone interrupted him. Fuck, it

was Millie's ringtone.

"Shut him up," he said to Teddy before he walked out to his office and shut the door.

"Hey, nana," he greeted softly.

"Hi, are you going to be home for dinner or should we eat without you?"

"Um, I am still at the club finishing up some paper work. I will eat when I get home."

"Should I just bring you the dinner?"

"No," he said calmly. "I don't eat much when I am working. I will eat when I come home just save me a plate."

"Okay, then," she said. "Is someone screaming over there?"

"I don't know, I think it's just the drunkards making noise."

“Okay, please don’t overwork yourself, I don’t want a sick husband.”

“Your man is all healthy baby,” he said with a smile. “I will show you how healthy I am when I get home.”

Millie giggled. “Okay.”

Zach cleared his throat. “How is Hope?”

“She is fine, we made dinner together when she got back from school and we are now watching a movie.”

“I will see you later,” he said firmly thinking about Hope and how she was angry at him was enough to send his good mood flying out the door.

“She will come around baby, give her time.”

He was not sure about that, she was mad at him thinking he left her mother pregnant while he was concealing a dark secret that could

send her over the edge. "I will see you when I get home, I love you."

"I love you too."

He hung up with a sigh and walked out. He was just going to take out his frustration on Jack, he deserved it anyway.

"Are you going to show the video to Hope's mother?" Femi asked as Zach walked back into the private room with fresh clean clothes and freshly showered. He had done a lot of punching and stabbing.

"She wanted it done," Zach said with a firm nod and looked over at Jack. He had passed out from the pain after being broken and stabbed and his balls stepped on. He was going to have

a problem talking for the next few months because he had always stabbed his tongue leaving a small hole on the tip. He should have just ripped the tongue out of his mouth but again he was not that monstrous.

Femi nodded. "I have sent it to you so you will show her tomorrow."

"Sure," he said reclining back on the chair.

"Teddy print out Jack's photos with the girls for his wife. She needs to know what kind of a scumbag she married. Prepare to drop him off tomorrow with all his devious deeds package of all the things he has done in my fucking club that could land him in jail so if he tries to babble to the police it's over for him."

"Sure, boss," He nodded before he walked out.

Femi leaned back on his seat filling his whiskey tumbler.

"What the fuck?" They both spun around to see

Lefakae standing at the door. Zach groaned inwardly, Teddy had left the door unlocked. How did he even know he was in here?

Lefakae stared at the bloody man on the floor with a knife in his thigh and blood all over him. He looked at Zach.

“Did you do that to him?” he asked in a strained voice.

Zach sighed; Lefakae and Tumo had never really seen this dark side. He usually kept it away because they were squeaky clean guys who had never even hurt a fly.

“What the fuck man?” Lefakae asked with a frown before he looked at the body again. “Is this what you two do when you are together?” he faced Femi narrowing his eyes at him.

“We also watch soccer and eat,” Femi said coolly.

“This is insane,” Lefakae choked out shaking

his head. His chest heaved before he could say more. The sight and the smell of blood finally got to him and he rushed to the nearest bathroom.

“Are you really sure he is a lieutenant’s son?” Femi asked turning to Zach.

Zach sighed rubbing his forehead; he was never going to hear the end of it from Lefakae.

Morning, I didnt think you guys will reach 90. By the time I realized it was too late. See the importance of commenting early 😂

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Chapter 60

“Do you have any idea how this might affect your business if it gets out?” Lefakae asked

glaring at Zach. He had spent a few minutes puking his dinner in the toilet. He never understood people who could handle the smell of blood just the sight was enough to make his stomach churn.

“Will you calm down?” Zach asked calmly. “Do you want anything to drink?”

“He might throw up again,” Femi said with a snort.

Lefakae shot him an icy glare before he turned to look at Zach, “Why are you doing this?”

“He is a nasty motherfucker and he deserved this and more, I should have probably castrated him.”

“You are not some kind of mafia, stop acting like one and torturing people.”

“He groped my fucking daughter and shoved his tongue down her throat. He doesn’t deserve to live.”

“He is also a pervert who preys on young underage girls,” Femi added much to Lefakae’s dismay. He knew he had a possessive side and he was always possessive of the people that he loved but he didn’t like Femi one bit. He looked like those pretentious rich dudes who didn’t care about anything or anyone except themselves.

“Why couldn’t you report him then?” Lefakae asked.

“Are you crazy? Do you want his club to be shut down because it is letting minors come here?” Femi asked.

“I am not talking to you, I am talking to my best friend!” He snapped glaring at Femi.

Femi blinked at him for a few minutes before he burst out laughing which infuriated Lefakae even more.

“Sorry but did you say best friend?” He asked,

wheezing. He had tears at the corners of his eyes. Looking at Lefakae's angry face only made him laugh again before he glanced at Zach.

"You are such an asshole," Lefakae spat out wishing he could just punch his face in.

"Thank you, I appreciate the compliment."

Lefakae looked at Zach who was watching them with ease, he knew he would never really interfere until he was required to but Femi was starting to get under his skin. Even his laugh made his skin crawl with bugs.

"Your friend is a fucking psycho."

"He is," Zach agreed. "Don't let him get under your skin, he enjoys it."

Lefakae clicked his tongue before he sat down on the couch.

They were in Zach's office away from the

tortured man. He still couldn't believe Zach had beaten up someone like that which only made him wonder how many people he had exactly tortured in this place.

"You should have a glass, it helps with the blood smile," Femi said tipping his whiskey tumbler at him.

"Fuck off."

Femi chuckled. "He is so cute, how is he cute?"

Lefakae looked at Zach. "What is wrong with him?"

"He had a lot of maids when he was growing up and they dropped him so they used to drop him when he was a baby just for fine. It messed with the wiring of his brain a bit so he is a bit crazy."

Lefakae glared at Zach. "Fuck you too."

Zach rolled his eyes handing him a glass. "Will

you calm down? Is this your first time seeing blood? You are a fucking lawyer for fuck's sake."

Lefakae snorted. "I am not a doctor, like you said I am a lawyer. Just can't stand the smell of blood."

"Drink up, you will get over it."

"Cheers," Femi grinned raising his glass at him.

"Oh my gosh, is it mine?" Hope asked with glee as she stared at the iPhone box in her hands that Millie handed her as soon as she came back from school.

It was a Thursday evening and she would have loved to visit her mother at the hospital but

visiting hours were already over. She would just have to wait for the weekend even though she missed her. Millie had been nothing but good to her but she still missed her mother.

“It’s yours,” Millie said with a smile watching her tearing the box apart and took out the silver iPhone. “Your father bought it for you.”

Hope glanced at Zach who was watching her quietly. They hadn’t talked much since the hospital and quite honestly she was still mad at him. She was angry because of a lot of things that he could have done differently. She was grateful that she was staying in this big house and she had no worries about safety but it still didn’t change that she had suffered all these years without him.

“Thanks Millie,” she said facing Millie instead.

“Bring it back,” Zach said catching her off guard.

Hope frowned. “What?”

“I bought it for you, why are you thanking my wife?”

Hope glanced at Millie and stood up throwing the phone at Zach. “Fine, keep it, I survived 17 years without a phone nothing will change now.” She stormed out of the living room heading to her bedroom before they could say more.

Millie looked at Zach with a frown. “Really?”

“She is being a brat,” Zach muttered with a sigh. He had no idea how long he was going to grovel at her feet when she was being impossible.

“You said you will be patient,” Millie said accusingly. “What is wrong with you? She will come around and soon start respecting you.”

“When is that going to be?” he asked. “I can’t keep doing this with her Millie. She should accept that I am here now and I will fix

whatever it is that I messed up. I had no idea she existed until recently but I can't even defend myself with that because the truth hurts. How will she handle it when she is being like this? If she doesn't want to be my daughter she should say so. I am not going to grovel forever."

Millie sighed. "Nobody ever said this was going to be easy but you have to try, Oatile. You don't know what she went through when her mother turned to alcohol. It must have been hard to lose a parent while she was still alive. You of all people should know that."

Zach winced slightly thinking about his father and his drunk days. He sighed rising to his feet.

"I will go apologize."

"Good," Millie said firmly. "Or you will be hugging the pillow tonight."

"You are not serious," he muttered, he had never slept alone since they got married and he

was not about to go back to that life, no sir.

“Try me.”

“Fine, I will apologize but I can’t force her to forgive me.”

“Be nice to her, she is not one of your boys, she is your daughter. Your princess, someone that you should protect.”

Zach nodded walking out to Hope’s room.

He listened for a bit to hear if she was crying but it was quiet so he knocked slightly on the door.

“Come in,” Hope said from inside and he pushed the door open before he walked in. The room had completely been transformed into her own with Millie’s help. All he had done was to paint the room from the plain white walls to the pink color that she had wanted when they

asked her.

She was seated on top of her bed with her textbooks spread around her. She didn't even look up at him as he walked further in the room.

Zach cleared his throat trying to catch her attention but she continued staring at her books ignoring his presence. He couldn't believe he had a whole 17 year old daughter, it was crazy.

"Are you going to stand there with your loud breathing?" Hope finally asked.

Zach narrowed his eyes at her. "I hope that disrespect is because you are angry because you will not keep talking to me that way."

"Look at you sounding like father of the year."

Zach sighed rubbing the back of his neck, his patience was wearing thin with this girl. "Listen, I don't have any excuse of what I did what I did back then. I was a messed up kid, I am actually proud that you are still holding it together

despite the challenges that life has thrown at you. I was a mess when I made you. It was a difficult time for me but like I said that is not even a excuse. I am here and you need me more than ever. I am willing to right my wrongs and be the father that you never had. It won't erase the years you suffered alone but I am willing to try Hope. I am not asking us to be like the close daughter and father, I know we have a long way to go but can we try to get along?"

Hope stared at him before she shrugged slightly with tears in her eyes. "I am just so angry at you, there are some things that I wish would have never happened if you had been there from the start."

Zach nodded, his throat tightening. "I am sorry, I know it's not enough."

Hope bit her trembling lip. "How did you know I was yours when we met for the first time?"

Zach shrugged. "I could feel it, I don't know if you would understand but I just knew when you told me your name. It all started rushing back."

Hope nodded willing herself to stop crying but she couldn't. Zach stared for a minute.

"Is it okay if I hug you?" he asked quietly, he was not sure if they were there yet.

Hope looked at him and nodded slightly. Zach opened his arms and she stood up walking in them. She let out the sobs she had been repressing as soon as she rested her head on his chest. Did she really have a father?

"It's alright," Zach said softly, his chest constricting like it was about to burst.

Hope continued sobbing and didn't even care that she was wetting his t-shirt with tears and snort, he deserved it anyway. She pulled back minutes later and looked up at him with a puffy

red eyes and blotchy cheeks.

“I want my phone back.”

“I thought you can survive without it?” He asked with a teasing chuckle.

“It’s still mine.” She wiped her cheeks.

Zach pulled out the phone handing it to her.

“The only contacts you are going to have in that phone are mine, Millie and your mother’s. If I find any texts from boys I will personally strangle those boys.” He threatened.

Hope looked up with big eyes, he sounded and looked like he meant every word. He might be her father now but he was still ruthless to others. Did that mean he would strangle Bokang when she added him to her contacts because he was the first person she wanted to call with her new phone.

Khumo had agreed to go to rehab which came as a shock and a relief to Zach.

He had been prepared to accept her refusal but she ended up agreeing. She was discharged from the hospital on Saturday and he had already booked a plane ticket for her and arranged for someone to travel with her because it didn't seem like a wise idea to travel with her when she hated his guts.

"I am going to miss you so much," Hope sniffed hugging her mother like her life depended on it at the airport. Zach and Millie stood on the sidelines and watched as they said their goodbyes. They didn't want to intrude.

"I will be back before you know it baby," Khumo said letting her own tears fall down her cheeks.

It hurt that she had succumbed and agreed to Zach's offer but she had no choice if she wanted to make it for her daughter.

"I know you are going to make it, you are the strongest woman I know."

Khumo's breath hitched, she never thought she would ever hear those words from the same daughter she had failed. She was not strong, she was a weakling who let the hurt ruin her and hurt the one person who mattered the most to her. She cradled her cheek softly.

"You are my hope," she said softly.

Hope nodded. "I love you."

"I love you too." She said softly. "Be good to your father okay?"

"He is already getting on my nerves," Hope said. "He says I am not allowed to date until I am 25."

Khumo's lips quirked before she glanced at

Zach and his wife, they looked like the perfect couple. She walked towards them and looked at Millie, they had never really talked before.

“Thank you for taking care of my baby girl, she adores you.”

“She is a wonderful child,” Millie said quietly. It was awkward talking to her husband’s victim that she wanted to just hide because the poor woman broke her heart.

Khumo nodded and looked up at Zach.

“I hope you get better,” Zach said under his breath.

Khumo regarded him before her lips stretched into a smile that sent shivers down his spine.

He fucking hated that smile, it was soulless like she was about to rip out his heart and feed it to him.

“I will be back,” she said quietly before she

hugged her daughter one more time and without another look she walked with the caretaker that was assigned to travel with her. She let the tears fall down but kept her head held high. She was going to come back.

See you on Monday  Tell your rich cousins to be serious 

[02/25, 19:14] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 61

A month later, Veronica sat on the third pew in church for the Sunday service and couldn't help but stare at Pastor Gabriel as his lean clean fingers moved over the keyboard while singing in his angelic voice.

His parents had definitely picked the right name

for him because watching him leading the praise and worship team with his melodious voice was like watching an angel ascending from heaven which was weird because she never used to believe in angels but here she was.

She felt a tiny kick and placed a hand on her bump. She was in her fifth month and the baby had started tiny movements which was rather uncomfortable but sweet.

“Is the baby head over heels over Pastor Gabriel too?” Millie leaned in to whisper with a mischievous glint in her eyes.

Veronica rolled her eyes at her. “This is simple Biology, the baby is supposed to kick. It has nothing to do with Pastor Gabriel.”

Millie snorted. “I can’t wait for my baby to start kicking too.”

“It’s not cute as it looks, trust me,” Veronica

whispered back. Millie was still in her fourth month but she already seemed anxious about the baby. They both turned to face the podium when Josephine shot them a warning look; they were always hissing and whispering during church services like school girls.

Veronica's eyes landed back on Gabriel as he kept pressing the keys with so much ease and passion. No matter how much she looked at him and tried to convince herself that she didn't like him she always felt her tummy bubbling with excited flutters of butterflies every time. The church clapped after he finished his song and he smiled standing up facing her.

"It is a beautiful morning to praise God," he smiled. "God loves it when we sing praises to him because he has been good to us, Amen?"

"Amen!" The church all chorused earning a

smile from Gabriel.

“And when we praise we can’t help but be reminded of His faithfulness, he has been faithful, His goodness, His presence, His power, His ability to redeem, and ultimately His love. And when our minds and hearts are filled with God there is no room for worry or for fear because you will remember the power of God and what He has done and what He will continue to do,” he glanced back at the church band and the praise and worship team. “For this next song I want to invite a friend in Jesus. I played her this song just this previous week that talked about the promises of God and she sang along to it so well that I wouldn’t be doing you justice if I sang it alone without her.”

Veronica’s eyes widened as it suddenly clicked that he was talking about her. Gabriel had played her Promises by Maverick City during one of their counseling sessions last week and

she couldn't help but sing along to the easy and great lyrics.

"Sister Veronica," Gabriel called with a gentle smile that filled her chest with warmth. "Come up and bless us with your sweet voice that the Lord has blessed you with."

"That's you," Bokang muttered, grinning at her.

Bokang was seated next to Hope who had been coming along with Millie for church since her mother left for rehab, she had mentioned wanting to pray for her mother's recovery and for her step father's deliverance, Veronica thought she was a sweet girl even though she couldn't help but feel like she and Bokang shared more than just friendship. It was her second Sunday and she looked to be enjoying it more than she had expected.

"Go," Josephine said beaming with a proud smile.

Veronica slowly rose up as all eyes fell on her. She held her head high as she sauntered towards the podium in her chunky heels, the gynecologist had advised her to stop wearing very high heels so she was settling for the shorter ones which she didn't even know how to walk in.

The congregation clapped as Pastor Gabriel helped her up before he handed her the mic.

"As the praise and worship warms up, I would like to share this verse that I was reading this morning before the service started. Matthew 6:34 which reads; Therefore do not worry about tomorrow for tomorrow will worry about itself, each day has trouble of its own. Jesus is telling us not to worry about tomorrow, brethren and I know it might be hard to do in a world full of trials and tribulations and worries come naturally to us as humans. But God has promised us joy and peace if we run to him and

His word never fails. If you put your faith and trust in him, he will lift you up and never let you down. This is what this next song that we will be singing, trusting God and believing that what He has promised is what he will do.”

The band started with the instruments and Veronica looked at Gabriel as he started in his rich voice full of surety.

“Faithful to the ages

God of Abraham

You’re the God of covenant

And of faithful promises

You have proven

You’ll do what You said

Though the storms may come and the winds

may blow

I'll remain steadfast

And let my heart learn, when You speak a word

It will come to pass”

He nodded at her with a smile indicating that it was her turn.

She used to sing a lot back in school for her beauty pageants but she had never sang in front of a congregation before so she was a little nervous especially with Gabriel's parents seated on the front row staring at them. Her heart rate doubled up but she looked at Gabriel's face full of warmth encouraging her to go on. She took a deep a breath and sang the chorus with Gabriel backing her up.

“Great is Your faithfulness to me

Great is Your faithfulness to me

From the rising sun to the setting same, I will
praise your name

Great is Your faithfulness to me.”

She could feel her chest expanding with a flood of emotions as they continued singing the song together. She didn't know if it was just the hormones or her undeniably growing crush on Pastor Gabriel but whatever it was she felt being torn apart and being put together all at once.

Everyone was eager to greet her when the church was over and to tell her she had a lovely voice.

She put on a friendly warm smile and accepted everyone's greetings. It was a bit overwhelming

because she usually left immediately after church and never had the chance to mingle with the other church members.

Gabriel sauntered over to her after she finished greeting a few teenage girls who complimented her singing and her dress. She schooled her face into a blank expression so it wouldn't show how excited and nervous she got being at close proximity with Gabriel.

"You did good up there Sister Veronica," Gabriel said gently.

Veronica smiled with a nod. "Though it was an ambush, I am glad that I did it."

"How did you feel being up there praising Him?"

Veronica blinked at him trying to put her emotions into words; she had felt a lot of things.

"I felt alive when I was up there. I felt like I have been given another chance, isn't that funny?"

"It's not," Gabriel chuckled softly. "It is what

God wants, He wants us to experience His presence in extraordinary ways.”

“Thank you for making me sing.”

Gabriel stared at her for a second before he cleared his throat.

“It is the Lord who brought you up there, you should join the praise and worship team and bless us with your melodious voice every Sunday.”

“I will think about it,” she said and glanced around looking for her family until her eyes landed on Josephine and Millie staring intently at them. Veronica mentally rolled her eyes, couldn’t they at least be subtle about their fan-girling? She wouldn’t be surprised if they started a Pastor Gabriel fan club at this point.

“Let me not keep you from your family, enjoy the rest of your Sunday and I will see you on Wednesday.”

“You too,” she said with a small smile even though her heart clenched at the thought of walking away. Wednesday was too far away!

Gabriel watched her walking to join her aunt and sister. His heart was still recovering from their duet and how it had affected him. He had never felt this way before and he wondered if God was speaking to him. It was no secret that he was attracted to Veronica, everything about her fascinated him; how she always carried herself and her walk which could bring any man to his knees.

“Is she the one?” he immediately tore his eyes from watching Veronica back to his father who was looking at him with an unfathomable expression.

Gabriel chuckled softly shaking his head.

“You can talk to me, you know that?”

“Let’s go greet the guests, papa,” he said before his father could say more. Veronica was not the ideal woman that his parents probably wanted him to marry, that he knew so he needed to tread carefully and be sure about his feelings before he took further decisions.

Lefakae, Tumo and Femi had stopped by his place to watch soccer. The guys had started getting used to Femi even though they had seemed wary of him before but Femi had the power to make even his worst enemies like him, he was just that simple and he never took people’s opinions about him to heart.

Zach’s foot tapped slightly on the floor as his eyes concentrated on the screen, Chelsea was

playing against Arsenal and he had made a P 5000 bet. It was not even about the money because he would gladly give Lefakae more than that; it was all about winning and pride.

“Why don’t you just give up Zach?” Lefakae asked with a chuckle facing the screen. There was only 15 minutes left until the game was over. “Chelsea won’t score, go get my money monna.”

Zach ignored him and kept his eyes glued on the screen. He didn’t even hear the car pulling in the yard until he heard Millie’s voice when she greeted them and Hope.

He forced himself to stand up so he could give his wife the proper greeting.

“Hey, baby,” he pecked her lips and rubbed her tummy. “How was church?”

“It was great, Vero even sang at church and it was so beautiful...” her voice trailed off cut off

by groans and cheers coming from the 3 men on the couch. She was supposed to be used to this because they usually watched their games at the house but she still flinched at the noise. She turned to face Zach but he had already joined his friends and was celebrating his win, even Hope had joined them.

She was a daddy's girl even though she didn't want to admit it, they watched soccer matches most of the time and argued about the best players. Millie was glad that Hope was warming up to her father especially with her mother gone. She sighed and walked to the bedroom to change, men!

"I told you, didn't I?" Zach grinned smugly at Lefakae. "You better pay up boy, I don't play when it comes to my money."

Lefakae rolled his eyes and pulled out his phone as Tumo and Femi chuckled. "What's your account number again?"

“Hope, give him your account number.”

Hope’s eyes widened, they had opened an account for her but she didn’t have full control over it yet. She usually had to consult either Zach or Millie to use the money.

“It’s yours,” Zach said, his eyes softening.

Hope’s face broke into a grin. “Really? Thank you so much Zach!” she squealed and turned to Lefakae to call out her account number for him.

Tumo stared at her for a while before he turned to Zach. “It’s still kind of weird that you have a teenage daughter Zee, like a living and breathing human who talks and walks.”

Zach frowned a bit and nodded. “It still kind of feels weird to me too.”

“But you did well,” Tumo said tapping his shoulder. “I am proud of you.”

Zach’s heart warmed at the compliment but he

shrugged like he was too cool for all of this which made Tumo chuckle and mutter 'asshole' under his breath.

"I am going to buy baby clothes next week for the baby," Hope said excitedly, "Thanks uncle Lefa."

Lefakae chuckled. "You should thank your father."

"Thanks, Zach!" she smiled before she scurried out of the living room.

"It's funny how she calls us 'uncle' but she won't call you 'dad'," Femi said with a snort facing Zach.

He shrugged. "She can call me whatever she wants, it will take some time to get used to this."

"But you are doing great so far Zach, I am sure the baby is going to find you all ready." Lefakae said. "What's the gender of your baby anyway? I

keep telling Vero that ours is a girl but she won't believe me."

"We still don't know," Zach said reaching for his bottle of beer. "Millie wants a boy, I am fine with anything as long as the baby is healthy."

"I pray it's a girl," Tumo said with a grin.

"Why?"

"I want you to suffer when boys start running after your daughters."

Lefakae and Femi all chuckled but Zach glared at him.

"I also pray you knock Rori up and have Moeng come for your ass."

"Bro, what the fuck?" Lefakae whined, he didn't want to think about Tumo knocking his sister up. "She is still a baby, come on man."

"I don't think a baby would date," Femi said with amusement.

Lefakae shot him a middle finger and looked at Tumo. "No knocking my sister up."

"Fucking chill, it's not like I am stable to take care of a baby anyway."

Lefakae sobered and shifted on the couch, Tumo was still struggling to find a job even though he had offered to hook him up with some of his father's connections but he declined saying he needed to do this for himself.

"You need to stop being fucking stubborn and just accept help," Zach narrowed his eyes at Tumo.

"I can handle it," Tumo said taking a sip from his beer. "And I am not broke so just chill."

"I don't understand the problem about us helping you."

"You wouldn't," Tumo said standing up and mumbled, "bathroom," before he sauntered out of the living room.

“He is fucking impossible, why won’t he just accept help?” Lefakae sighed in frustration.

“He wants to do his own thing like you guys have done, I am guessing his previous marriage made him wary of taking handouts from people and this time around he just wants to stand up and fight for himself without help from anyone,” Femi said and they all turned to look at him, puzzled. “What? You don’t think I know about him?”

“No, I know you know but I am just surprised you know how people feel at all times. Are you some kind of therapist?”

“When you have been in therapy since you were 11, you kind of start talking and behaving like one,” he said with a light shrug reaching for his beer bottle.

Lefakae stared at him. “When are you going back anyway? Aren’t you worried about your

company?”

“I left my mother in charge; she is a badass when it comes to business more than me. Besides Botswana is so excited and kind of quiet, good for my vacation.”

“Shit,” Zach muttered under his breath making the guys look at him. He sprung to his feet looking like he had lost something.

“What’s wrong?”

“I didn’t greet Millie properly when she arrived,” he said, he had forgotten that their greeting was interrupted by the winning goal and he was never going to hear the end of it if he didn’t rectify his mistakes.

Lefakae and Femi watched him as he hurried out of the living room.

Lefakae snorted. “I really don’t understand him

anymore.”

Femi grinned. “Fall in love and you will.”

“You don’t look like an expert of love,” Lefakae said with a snort.

“I am actually,” he grinned. “I used to give love advices back at school even made guys pay for it.”

“I thought you were rich,” Lefakae said with a frown.

“My father told me that if you want to maintain your riches, you should be stingy with your money. Rich people are greedy, don’t you know?” He reached for his bottle of beer cocking his head at him. “Rich people can’t live without money, they are never satisfied and sometimes they don’t even need it. They just like seeing their bank accounts piling up, you understand right?”

Lefakae shrugged. “Yeah but money is not

everything, if it was you wouldn't be in love with your friend's wife who doesn't even spare a second glance at you because she is completely and utterly in love with you."

"You are such a bastard," Femi said with a small grin and sighed.

"I don't understand why Zach hasn't killed you yet."

"For a person who hates blood you really loving killing," he smirked. "Zach understands that it's not on purpose and that's all you need to know."

Lefakae studied him for a bit and shook his head, he didn't know if everyone who went to that school had some kind of darkness or not but it unsettled him a bit.

Minutes later Lefakae looked up to see Tumo wearing a small frown on his face.

“What happened in the bathroom?” Lefakae asked seeing his sour expression.

“I am a bit traumatized,” he said with a small frown plopping down on the couch. “I heard cat noises when I came back from the bathroom, I thought it was a cat at first until I heard Zach telling the cat to spread her thighs wide.”

Lefakae and Femi stared at him.

“Wait, are they having sex right now?” Lefakae asked with a frown.

Tumo shook his head. “She just came from church, what is wrong with Zach?”

Lefakae chuckled. “As if you go to church, they are married so it’s fine but he sucks as a host. He is sexing up his wife leaving us down here like idiots.”

“I am not an idiot,” Femi muttered.

Lefakae frowned at him. “Fine then, the idiot

and the billionaire.”

Tumo snorted. “Shit, that sounds like a Nigerian movie title or something. Maybe you should start something guys. Femi can finance the whole project.”

Femi chuckled gulping down his beer trying to swallow down the hard lump building up on his throat.

He knew who Millie belonged to but that still did not erase the longing he felt in his heart whenever he looked at her.

“You need to get your shit together and get over her,” Lefakae said turning back to Femi again. “It’s kind of stupid for you to come all the way here just so you can watch your friend with the love of his life.”

“I love the pain,” Femi said. “It reminds me that I am alive.”

Lefakae and Tumo glanced at each other and

they didn't have time to reply before Zach sauntered back in the living room with a blank expression like he hadn't been busy up there. He sat down and grabbed his beer bottle ignoring the looks they were giving him.

"Is Millie alright?" Femi asked breaking the silence.

"Yeah, I greeted her properly."

Lefakae snorted. "I am sure you did."

Zach turned to look at him with a frown. "Yeah, I did. We are good now."

"I am sure you are," he grinned mischievously and tilted his head. "Do you like cats?"

"What?"

Tumo stifled a laugh shaking his head. "What he means is, are you by any chance a fan of cats?"

"We want to buy you a cat Zach, you will love it,

won't you?" Femi asked.

Zach narrowed his eyes at him. "If you are going to act like lunatics, you get the fuck out of my house."

"Sorry," Lefakae said, "Or should I say 'meow'?"

"Meow Zach," Tumo heaved trying to hold his laughter while Zach shot him a murderous look until it suddenly dawned on him that he might have heard him and Millie with their quickie.

"Fuck you," he threw a middle finger at Tumo who finally lost and burst out laughing joined by the others.

"Meow," Lefakae said between laughs and ducked when Zach threw a couch cushion at him.

[02/25, 19:15] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 62

Tumo woke up with a mouth wrapped around his tip, it took him a few seconds to fully grasp what was going on. He had fallen into a deep slump last night from the all the beer he had drunk last night. He groaned as Rorisang took more of him in her mouth, she had been taught so well that she was basically a professional at this point. He opened his lust drunken eyes and stared at her as she gagged on his length trying to take as much as she could. He grunted thrusting gently and rubbed her head softly. Rorisang pushed her braids back and gulped on his dick sucking and licking.

“Rori, babe, I am almost there,” he warned in case she didn’t want to swallow but his girl just hummed and continued working on him with her magic tongue and mouth.

He closed his eyes as his balls clenched and he released inside her mouth. She swallowed it up

and looked up with a satisfied smirk. She was only wearing her panties and his Chelsea football club shirt he had worn on Sunday.

Tumo panted staring at her as his dick softened and lay limp on his thigh. Rorisang climbed up and straddled him.

“Morning, handsome,” she said with a playful grin.

“I might keep you in the house if you keep waking me up like this,” he said with a tease caressing her face. “Don’t you have school today?”

It was only Tuesday but Rorisang had spent the night because she wanted to console him after his failed interview yet again. It was starting to become normal at this point that he was not even surprised anymore.

“I only have an afternoon lesson, I still have time.”

Tumo smiled. "I am fine, you know? Not getting a job will not make me end my life."

"I know," Rorisang said softly leaning down to rest her cheek on his chest. "I just don't like seeing you this stressed."

"It will pass," he muttered softly twirling with her braids strands.

Rorisang took a deep breath before she shifted so she was looking up at him. "My father has a friend who runs a transport and logistics company..." she didn't even finish before Tumo was shaking his head. "Tumo, he can get you a job."

Tumo rose from the bed. "I told you I will do this on my own, why is everyone insisting that I accept their fucking help?"

"What is wrong with accepting help?" Rorisang asked calmly even though she could see that he was getting angry.

Tumo sighed shaking his head. "You wouldn't understand."

"Try me," she said reaching for him. "We all want to help you because we care about you. How do you think I feel seeing you get rejected from company after company? Things have changed babe, people rely more on their connections than their experience or education please just let me talk to my father and see what he can do."

Tumo turned to look at her and sighed. "I just came out of a relationship where they thought they owned me because they had done me a favor by letting me marry their daughter and gave me a job when I was just a boy from Sefhare with no connections, all I had was my degree. Grace's father treated me like shit, I can't go back to that. I am with you because I love you, I don't need your connections or your money."

Rorisang moved back like she had been punched in the gut. Her voice came out as a strangled sound as she asked; "Do you think I will treat you like Grace did?"

Tumo shook his head urgently and reached for her hands but she moved back like he was suffering from a contagious disease.

"Sweetheart, I didn't mean it like that," he said gently.

Rorisang stared at him. "What did you mean?"

Tumo rubbed the back of his neck. "I just meant that I'd like to do my own thing for once without anyone breathing down my neck. I don't want to be able to prove myself to your father every single day."

"You won't be working for my father," Rorisang said with a small frown. "It doesn't even have to be someone he knows, he can just get you a job."

“Why are you so desperate to get me a job?” He finally snapped, “Does being with a broke man repulse you or something?”

Rorisang stared at him, her big eyes filling with tears. Tumo’s heart clenched when he saw her eyes brimming with unshed tears.

“Sweetheart,” he called gently.

“I am trying to help you because you look miserable every time you come from a failed interview and I love you too much to see you like that,” she told him sternly searching for her clothes. “I am not your fucking wife, I get that it’s difficult to recover from a toxic relationship but I am not the one who hurt you. I will never hurt you or make you feel less because you are everything to me but if you are going to treat me like I am your Ex just because I have money then I don’t see how this is going to work.”

Tumo crossed over to her side still but naked

and grabbed her wrist. "Baby, I am sorry. I didn't mean any of that. I am just stressed that I can't be independent on my own that everyone feels like they should help me."

Rorisang glared at him while he wiped her cheeks gently.

"I didn't mean to make you cry sweetheart, I am so sorry."

"I am not her," Rorisang said.

"I know, you are everything and more and I love you so much," he peppered kisses on her face mentally kicking himself for shouting at her.

He stepped towards her until she was backed up against the wall and continued pressing kisses all over her face cradling her face.

"You are poking me," Rorisang muttered trying to sound angry even though she could feel

wetness pooling inside her as his had member pressed against her core.

Tumo grinned pressing more on her. "You mean this?"

Rorisang rolled her eyes. "I am going home, I am still mad at you."

"You don't feel mad down there," he said hoarsely in her panties and grinned as her breath hitched. "Should we fix that for you, sweetheart?"

Rorisang put her arms around him and kissed him before he could say more. Tumo lifted her up and she wrapped her legs around him. He was about to walk back to the bed when Rorisang protested.

"I want it against the wall," she said licking her lips staring at him with those owlsh eyes, fuck he was not going to last if she kept looking at him like that.

“What my baby wants, my baby gets,” he said grinning before kissed her again earning a whimper from her. Her body reacted and responded so well to his touch. He parted her panties to the side before he slid in with so much ease.

“You are still on contraceptives right?” he asked sinking into her warmth. “Your father would kill me.”

“I am,” she said between labored breaths as she felt him nudging deeper. She scratched his back biting her lip as he thrust in. She moaned, she should get mad more often.

“I am sorry, I made you cry,” Tumo said softly placing a kiss on her lips.

She was about to reply when he thrust in deeper erasing everything she had wanted to say. She cried out digging her nails on his back as she moved her waist to meet his thrusts. Tumo

placed his forehead against hers, their bodies slapping together.

“I love you,” he hissed rolling his hips making her roll her eyes in return.

“I love... ah!” she closed her eyes feeling the orgasm rippling through her body like waves. She felt her whole body trembling.

Tumo closed his eyes feeling his own orgasm coming and pulled out of her, Rorisang took him in her hand as he spilled his cum. She grinned lazily staring at the thick liquid in her hand, that she could make him come like this and smile like that set her ablaze all the time. She wanted to protect him, was that wrong.

Tumo picked her up and walked to the bathroom testing out the water before she pulled her in the shower.

“I was thinking,” Rorisang said while he brushed

her breasts washing her. “We should go for a weekend getaway on Friday. You have been so tense and stressed and I want you to feel better.”

“Where do you want to go?” Tumo asked.

“Cape Town.”

Tumo nodded, it was going to be costly but nothing was expensive when it came to Rorisang. “I will book the flights.”

“No, it’s my treat, I want to do this for you.”

Tumo shook his head. “I have money to take you to Cape Town, Rori. I will take care of everything.”

Rorisang blinked at him before she nodded and kissed him to ease out the hardness in his eyes. She knew his masculinity was on steroids at this point.

Showing up at church for the praise and worship was an impulsive move but Veronica couldn't help but wonder how it would feel like to blend in with the singers and sing her heart out like she had done on Sunday so she found herself at church on Tuesday evening for the rehearsal.

The band was setting up their equipment when she walked in and there was the praise and worship leader practicing her notes while she kept looking at the lyrics at her phone. She had no idea these people put so much effort and dedication into preparing for Sundays.

She watched them quietly from the back pew where she was seated but she couldn't see Pastor Gabriel anywhere, maybe he was in his office.

Veronica was still watching the girl challenging herself with high notes she didn't even hear footsteps until she felt someone sliding on the seat next to her.

"Enjoying the show?" Gabriel asked softly and she willed herself to remain calm and not sure how much his presence affected her.

"They work so hard," she said quietly stealing a glance at him; he looked clean and fresh as always. When did skinny guys who wore glasses become her thing? Even Lefakae who was gay had a few muscles to spare but here was the pastor making her brain fuzzy with his thin limbs and his gorgeous smile.

"Are you here to finally join us?" he asked tilting his head to the side.

Veronica shrugged. "I don't promise to do much praising because very soon, I will be too bloated

to even stand.”

“I can’t picture you bloated,” Gabriel smiled at his, his eyes briefly swept over her breasts before he looked away. The look made her stomach somersault. Did he feel it too?

“Well, it’s only my second trimester,” she chuckled softly and faced the front to avoid his lingering gaze which sent sparks all over her body, she was going to catch fire and burn at this point. “It’s beautiful, what they are doing.”

“It is,” Gabriel agreed softly but when she turned to look at him he was gazing at her instead of the praise and worship team. Her breath caught in her lung as she stared back.

“Pastor Gabriel!” The girl who had been bursting out her vocal chords called in a cheery voice breaking up their staring competition.

Gabriel tore his eyes away from Veronica and looked back at her. “Sister Unami, hello.”

Unami's eyes darted from Veronica to Gabriel before she put on a smile. "We are about to start, will you be joining us today?"

"Um, yes," he nodded standing up. "Sister Veronica will also practice with us today, I hope you will show her the ropes."

Unami glanced back at Veronica again before she turned to him. "I'd love to, I loved her voice on Sunday so angelic."

"That is what I said," Gabriel said with a chuckle. "When the Lord blesses you with a talent like that you have to use it."

"Indeed," Unami nodded. "Come along Sister Veronica, there is a lot to do."

Veronica wanted to roll her eyes but she didn't as she followed her to the front with Gabriel behind them. He sat down on the keyboard and it took all of her self-control not to stare openly at his fingers. Unami took over leading the first

song but even she could hear that she was cracking.

Gabriel looked up after they were done.

“I am just not feeling well today,” Unami chuckled nervously. “It was just a warm-up, I could do better.”

“Why don’t you take over?” Gabriel asked facing Veronica. “Sister Unami is still warming up so you can take over.”

“If she doesn’t mind,” Veronica mumbled turning to Unami who looked like she wanted to strangle her but quickly covered it up with a smile.

“I don’t mind at all, you are so considerate Pastor G thank you.”

“We will start from the top,” Gabriel told Veronica looking back at his keyboard. Veronica

cleared her throat and nodded, her fingers tightening around the mic as she started the song. It was like every time she sang, she got lost in the moment and it left her wanting more and more.

Gabriel was smiling widely when the song ended. "Good job sister Veronica, we will start with this song on Sunday and you will lead us."

"But that's Unami's..."

"No, no it's fine," Unami cut her off with a smile. "Your voice is more fitting for it anyway."

Veronica nodded but she didn't look too convinced.

They rehearsed a few more songs until it got late and they decided to call it a day. She spotted Unami dash for Pastor Gabriel just as they got outside.

“Where are you headed Pastor G?” Unami asked.
“Maybe you can give me a ride?”

“Oh,” Gabriel blinked glancing at Veronica almost nervously. “Yeah, I can give you a ride.”

Unami beamed already opening the door. “You are such a lifesaver!”

Veronica looked away and walked to her car before she got more annoyed. She was such a bitch! She wanted to drag her out of the car but she took deep breaths and drove out without another word.

“Mummy!” Zoey called excitedly when she walked in and her sour mood evaporated at the sight of her beautiful baby girl.

“Hey, baby,” Veronica smiled. “Aren’t you supposed to be in bed?” She asked looking pointedly at Bokang who was on his phone smiling from ear to ear. “Bokang!”

“Yeah?” he finally looked up at her.

“She is supposed to be in bed.”

“She wanted to watch cartoons with me,” he said with a shrug and stood up. “I am going to bed, Zozo go to bed.”

Veronica rolled her eyes and took her daughter’s hand walking her to her bedroom. It took a while to get her to sleep but eventually she drifted off to sleep. She kissed her forehead and walked out to her bedroom plopping on the bed.

She took out her phone as soon as it started buzzing and frowned at the unsaved number before she answered.

“Did you get home safe?” a soft voice asked. Veronica’s breath caught in her lungs, how did he get her number? “Sorry, to bother you this late, I got your number from my assistant and I know it’s violating your privacy but I wanted to

make sure you are home safe.”

“Yeah,” she said before she cleared her throat.

“What about you and Sister Unami?” She tried to keep the bitterness out of her voice but failed miserably even the name left a bitter taste in her mouth.

“Yeah, she is home,” he said quietly before they fell in silence.

“I didn’t want to give her a ride,” Gabriel blurted out breaking the silence.

“What?”

He cleared his throat. “I just couldn’t say no because she is part of the congregation.”

“Oh,” Veronica’s lips pulled into a smile. “You don’t have to tell me though.”

“I want to,” he said quietly. “I wanted to make sure you that you are not upset just in case you didn’t like it.”

Veronica paused biting her lip. "I didn't." She admitted.

"I am sorry," he said. "I should have bluntly refused, she is relentless."

Veronica chuckled, Gabriel was always prim and proper that she didn't think he even had it in him to call someone even relentless.

"We sound like teenagers," she said after a moment of silence feeling warmth bubble in her chest.

"I like being a teenager with you, then."

Veronica's grin stretched wider.

"I have been praying a lot," Gabriel admitted in a quiet voice.

"Is something bothering you?"

"No, it's not that kind of prayer."

"Oh, what kind of prayer is it?"

She heard him inhale sharply. "I don't know if this is the right time to tell you but I like you very much Veronica and not in the biblical brother and sister way either. I have been praying to God mostly to soften your heart so you could reciprocate my feelings."

Veronica could feel her heart rate picking up, she couldn't believe what she had just heard. "You didn't have to pray so hard, Gabriel." She smiled to herself feeling like she was floating on cloud 9.

"Oh," came Gabriel's dejected voice before he cleared his throat. "Is it because I am not your type?"

Veronica frowned then chuckled when she realized he had took it the wrong way. "No, I meant to say you didn't have to pray so hard for me to like you. I already do."

"Oh," he said more lively and cheery. "Is that

what you really feel?”

“Yes,” she admitted fighting the grin. “I like you in every way possible.”

She listened waiting for him to say something but she only heard heavy breathing. She frowned.

“Gabriel?”

“Sorry,” he chuckled. “I am just hyperventilating.”

Veronica laughed throwing her head back. “So, what happens now?”

“It means I have to tell my parents and officially court you until we can get married.”

Veronica’s eyes widened. “You want to tell parents when we haven’t even kissed?”

Gabriel sputtered on the other end. “I mean I could come kiss you if you want.”

“No,” she said laughing. “Don’t we have to get

to know each other first without involving the parents? I feel like it's too much pressure that way and I am not really sure how they will handle you liking a pregnant divorced woman."

"They will accept you, my parents are good people," he said quietly. "So you want us to date first?"

"Yes," she said. "I know that you pastors do everything different but I would feel less judged and less pressured if they don't know yet."

"You are right," he chuckled nervously. "I got way too excited, I haven't really dated that much."

Veronica bit her lip trying to imagine him as a teenager, she probably would have never picked him as a teenage girl but now it seemed like there was no one else better than him.

"I should probably let you sleep now you must be exhausted."

“But I want to stay on the phone with you,”
Veronica whined laying on the bed.

Gabriel chuckled. “Okay, we can stay for as long
as you want.”

“I want to know more about you.”

“There is not really much to know, my whole life
has been school and serving God and his
people.”

“Yeah but you have travelled to a lot of places
so I want to know more about that.”

“We will start with America then,” he said softly.

Veronica smiled listening to him go on about
his travels, the churches, the charities and the
different kinds of people he met.

The more he talked the more her heart felt like it
was growing inside her chest and was about to
burst. She had no idea how she was going to
navigate a relationship with someone like him

but she chose to live in the moment and the rest will follow later, Gabriel's favorite verse was let tomorrow worry about itself so she was going to do the same.

Zach looked up at Millie with a smile as she placed a plate of oxtail stew and dumplings, his favorite meal. He always felt like he was a king whenever she made his favorite meals which was almost every other week which meant he felt like a king every other week. He brushed her growing baby bump slightly earning a smile from Millie.

"Where is Hope?" He asked looking around; it was one of those rare Friday evenings when he was home and not at the club. His manager and Teddy could handle things when he didn't have

an event so he was not worried.

“I think she is still in her room,” Millie replied looking around. “I will go call her.”

“No, she will come down,” he said softly pulling her down next to him before he placed a kiss on her hand. “Did I tell you how much I appreciate you?”

Millie shrugged with a smile, “Now and then.”

Zach chuckled caressing her hand. “I love your kind heart, your selfless way and how you always see the light even in the darkest situation. I couldn’t ask for a better wife than you and I can’t wait to marry you again on our white wedding.”

“I can’t wait to marry you again too,” she said leaning in to kiss him. They broke apart when they heard footsteps approaching them. Millie tried to hide the blush as she looked up at Hope, smiling sweetly.

“Hey baby girl,” Millie said sweetly as she pulled a chair and sat down. “Why do you look so glum?”

Hope shrugged. “I kind of failed my math test.”

Zach and Millie glanced at each other, Hope was a brilliant kid which was no surprise because her mother had been a brainiac too.

“Oh, how bad is it?”

“I got 85 %,” she said with a grimace like 85 was the worst percent to ever get.

Zach frowned at her. “Isn’t that a pass?”

Hope looked like she was about to cry. “I never get 80’s on math, I used to get 90’s when I was staying in G-West. Maybe I like struggling because I can’t drop just when I am living well and not worried about where my next meal is going to come from.”

Zach glanced at Millie, his daughter was insane.

“It’s not even your finals Hope,” Zach said.

“Yeah but I am about to write the exams in only a few months and what if I fail?” she asked and made a face. “What if I get 70%?” she asked with a look of disgust like the thought of 70 was enough to send her to an early death.

Zach glanced at Millie for help, Khumo had ruined this girl with her perfectionist brainiac tendencies.

“That won’t happen,” Millie assured gently. “You are a smart girl and I am sure you will push back up to your perfect score.”

Hope nodded even though she still looked sullen before she stood up. “I am going to wash my face.”

“If you cry in there, I am going to take your phone away.”

“Maybe it’s the one making me fail,” she said drily walking out of the living room.

Zach stared then looked back at Millie who looked like she was stifling a laugh. "I swear if that one comes out like that too, I am moving out."

Millie burst out laughing, it was always fun to see Zach navigating this fatherhood thing. Sometimes he looked at Hope like she was some kind of alien that he couldn't comprehend and it was utter bliss.

"Smart people problems," Millie chuckled. "And to think I used to get excited over 60% in school. Hope would probably die if she got that."

Zach shook his head. "When she said she failed, I was expecting 40% or something."

"She is cute," Millie said giggling. "When are you going to tell her that she can visit her mother during the school holidays?"

"I will tell her when she comes back from crying," Zach said quietly.

“She will be so excited, I am sure she misses her mother.”

Zach held her head and smiled. “Thank you for giving me a home and welcoming Hope.”

Millie smiled. “It’s easy to love you two.”

Zach smiled leaning in to peck her lips. “I love you but please don’t give me a brainiac child.”

“You don’t want a top student?” she asked, her eyes alight with amusement.

“I think one is enough, imagine them crying about getting 80% together,” Zach mock shuddered which made Millie laugh again.

Morning, the remaining 2 bonuses will be posted in the evening.

[02/25, 19:15] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 63

Veronica huffed throwing another dress adding to the growing pile on her bed. Why did she have to meet a nice and kind man who lit up sparks in her tummy when she was so pregnant? Nothing looked good with the baby bump so far. She contemplated between faking sick or just telling Gabriel that she was not that intent on dating when she still had a growing baby in her tummy.

She plopped down on the bed feeling the tears burn at the back of her eyes. It had been a good pregnancy for her so far, she hadn't been too overly emotional or craved weird food but she felt like breaking down at this moment.

She heard a light knock on her door and she quickly wiped her cheeks as Lefakae poked his head in the room and frowned at her red eyes.

“What’s wrong?” he asked walking in the room looking at the clothes mountain on the bed.

“Are you okay?”

Veronica bit her lip shaking her head. “I want to be alone.”

“Did that nerdy pastor do something to you?” Lefakae asked with a concerned frown.

“No,” she muttered shaking her head. “It’s me.”

“What’s wrong with you?” he asked again settling next to her. “Are you hurt?”

“I am pregnant,” she muttered making Lefakae frown.

“What?” he raised his eyebrow. “Are you crying because you are pregnant?”

“Yes,” she sniffed reaching for a tissue to wipe her nose. “I can’t even look sexy in a dress because of this baby bump.”

Lefakae stared at her for a while before he

smiled putting an arm around her. "This is the first time you have thrown an emotional tantrum since you got pregnant, for a while there I thought your mood swings had gone to me."

Veronica snorted. "You are happy that I am upset?"

"No, I am happy that you are crying because of your hormones and not about the drama in your life," he said gently. "It's been hard for you V."

She looked at him with teary eyes and nodded. "But now I am not sexy."

"What are you talking about?" he asked with a snort. "You are one of the sexiest women I have ever met."

"Really?"

"Yes and Angel Gabriel or whatever angel he is better make sure to tell you that. He liked you when you were pregnant and he will keep you

liking you until you give birth or else I will break his angel dick.”

Veronica chuckled, it was not supposed to be funny but it was really good to have someone be there for her regardless of everything.

“I think this one will do,” Lefakae said pulling out a green long body hugging dress. “Your bump is not that big and you always look good in green no matter what you say.”

Veronica regarded the dress with a smile before she took it from him. “It’s kind of cute actually.”

“It is,” Lefakae agreed standing up. “Now dress up and go charm Pastor off his pants.”

Veronica giggled as Lefakae walked out of her bedroom and she stood up to dress up, she even forgot what she had been crying about.

Gabriel had booked them a table at a new fancy restaurant that she had never even heard the name of. She didn't go out that much these days which was such a major shift from turning it up every weekend with her girls to not even knowing the new fancy restaurant in town. She had been worried that he would take them to some place boring for their first date but she loved the ambience and the décor of the restaurant and she planned on coming back if the food complimented the décor.

"For you," Gabriel said handing her a bouquet of flowers after he pulled a chair for her.

Veronica's grin stretched taking the flowers.

"I thought you had no dating experience," she said with a chuckle.

Gabriel laughed ducking his head. "I had to

search on Google how to behave on a date and how to please your date. I am a bit rusty so..."

"That's sweet," she smiled putting the flowers down and looked around the restaurant again.

"This is a great place, I didn't know about it."

"It's new, I heard from my assistant that this is the new spot for couples."

"I can see that," she said jutting at a couple at a nearby table that couldn't keep their hands off each other. Gabriel chuckled to cover up the blush creeping up his face.

"You are so innocent," Veronica said with a giggle. "Will you really be able to handle me?"

He was about to answer when the waiter interrupted them to place glasses of water and to take their orders.

Veronica hadn't even had the chance to look at the menu but she quickly scanned it over and ordered a Caesar salad with steak and Gabriel

ordered a Pepperoni pizza with orange juice. She wondered if she was going to have to give up alcohol if their relationship furthered.

Gabriel turned to veronica after the waiter left them. "So you believe I won't handle you?"

Veronica smiled. "You blushed when I showed you that couple, I am just wondering if you are a virgin."

Gabriel chuckled. "No, I am not actually."

"Really?" her eyes widened, she had been sure that he was a pure virgin. "Are you allowed to have sex outside marriage?"

"No," he admitted sheepishly. "I confessed and seeked forgiveness for my sins."

"When did you have first have sex then?"

"I was 24," he replied. "I know most boys lose their virginity earlier but I was programmed to believe it was a sin to indulge in sexual

activities before marriage. I was repulsed by my actions when it happened and I was so far away from home and my parents.”

“Was it a white girl?” Veronica asked and Gabriel nodded. “You are not so innocent after all, you got it on with a white girl?”

Gabriel chuckled shyly and reached for his glass of water.

“So, when are we having sex?”

Gabriel choked on his water, coughing.

Veronica smirked with satisfaction leaning in to scan his flushed face. “You are really an angel.”

Gabriel chuckled after he recovered from his coughing fit. “You enjoy making me flushed, don’t you?”

“You are so cute,” she said with a smile.

“Do you want to have sex now?” Gabriel asked.

“I mean, it’s been long since I had it,” she

admitted. "I don't want to be starved either, I understand your priorities and I respect them but I just want to know if you are planning on having sex with me anytime soon or you will court me for 2 years."

"I won't court you for 2 years Veronica," he said with a soft smile. "I will date you like you want and then when you finally open up to me, I will ask for your hand in marriage as soon as you have healed from child birth."

Veronica stared; she hadn't expected it would be that soon. "Are you not worried that your parents might not accept me because I am not really the ideal pastor's wife?"

"You are ideal to me," he said softly. "My parents won't go against God's wishes and I believe God sent you for me."

Her breath hitched staring at him while he gazed back softly, she could feel her heart

hammering violently against her chest. How could he be so sure that she was chosen by God? Gabriel gave her a warm smile from across the table and she couldn't help but smile back like a retard. She couldn't wait to learn more about him and uncover the layers all over the Pastor image, she had a feeling he was not a boring person that he always portrayed himself to be.

Rorisang placed the white pill on her tongue before she chased it down with a glass of water, she and Tumo had been reckless lately that they didn't even bother to use the condom since they both tested.

She loved Tumo with all her heart but she was not ready for a baby and her father would

probably have a heart attack if she got pregnant before she even graduated. Her graduation was just a few months away though but she was going to stick to the contraceptives for now.

She looked down to see her dog sauntering in the room and smiled picking it up to kiss it.

“hey, baby,” she cooed gently placing it on the bed before she took out her clothes. She was packing for their weekend get-away in Cape Town bubbling with excitement. She couldn’t wait to eat, bathe in the sun and take strolls by the beach. She was lucky her father was letting her go.

She picked up Marshmallow after she was done with packing. She needed to talk to her father before she left. He was in his home office and she knocked gently before she walked in with a bright smile.

Moeng looked up and frowned at the dog. "No dogs in my office."

"He is your grandchild," Rorisang said with a giggle looking around the office. "Do you want to hire me so I could renovate this place?"

"You can decorate the whole house but leave my office out of it," he said with a snort. "What brings you by?"

Marshmallow whimpered in her arms and she placed the dog down before she sat down. "You are the best father in the world and I love you so much."

Moeng raised an eyebrow. "I am not buying you another car."

Rorisang burst out laughing. "I am not here for a car but you will buy it for me when I want it." she grinned at him. "Tumo has been job hunting for months now with no luck."

Moeng kept quiet waiting for her to go on.

“He applied at Moseki Construction but he rejected him.”

Moeng sighed. “I don’t make decisions for Moseki, Rori.”

“I know that but you are his friend, I am sure he wouldn’t turn you down if you asked him for a favour.”

“You want me to tell him to hire your boyfriend?”

“He needs the job, he is very experienced and he handled a lot of projects for Tshwene construction and I am sure he would do wonders for him as well.”

“I don’t like asking favors from my business associates,” he told her.

Rorisang pouted making puppy eyes at her father. “Please papa, do it for your one and only daughter. Tumo is a good person, you know that and you know how hardworking he is. I

don't like see him struggle when I could help him please papa."

Moeng took off his reading glasses and reached for his phone. "I wonder where you get your manipulative side from."

Rorisang grinned jumping up to hug her father. "Thank you so much papa, I am going to buy you a Saint Laurent watch on your birthday."

Moeng scoffed. "With my money."

"Of course," she giggled kissing his cheek. "Tell Mr. Moseki not to tell him about the nepotism okay? He hates it."

"Yeah, yeah," he said dialing his number.

Rorisang listened attentively with a smile as she listened to him ask Mr. Moseki to review Tumo Wright's application.

"You are the best!" she said beaming.

Moeng snorted. "Now go so I can get back to

work.”

“I love you,” she said in a sing song voice before she picked up Marshmallow from the floor and walked out of the office beaming with excitement.

Tumo didn't have to know she was the one who did this; she just couldn't stand by and let him go through this alone because he had lost trust in people.

Khumo shivered slightly and covered her arms as she watched the water waves swooshing slightly. It was a beautiful sight and she wished she would be here on favorable conditions like a vacation but she was here to nurse her alcoholism.

Lesang getting arrested after one of their robberies went wrong sent her off the edge and she completely lost herself.

She had met him shortly after she left home, banished by her mother who couldn't stop mourning the death of her brother because she had decided to keep the abomination which was her rapist's child. Hope was not an abomination; she was her little girl who had made her want to keep living even though she had barely lived these past few months.

Lesang had taken her in even when he was only a kid himself barely making it at 17. He used to live with his older brother who had been a security guard at the time and always made sure to hurl insults at him for being a useless burden who couldn't even pass form 3 but he always made sure that she and Hope had everything. She didn't know he had started a

secret life of crime when he started providing for them and even moved them out of his brother's home to a rented house then convinced her to further her studies and finish her form 3. She did until she finished form 5 and by then Hope had started walking and talking, she needed a babysitter which Lesang ended up providing.

She wiped a tear that escaped her eye as she thought about him, she missed him.

"Ms. Montlenyane, you have a call," one of the caretakers said handing her the facility phone.

Zach had bought her a phone so she could communicate with Hope but they were not really allowed to use their phones that much here so she wondered who could be calling since she had just talked to Hope informing her about her upcoming visit.

“Hello?” she answered and frowned when there was no reply. She was about to hang up when she heard his voice.

“Mamas,” Lesang called and she bit her lip trying to stifle her tears.

“Lesang, how did you get this number?” she asked looking around the balcony, the caretaker had stepped back to give her space.

Lesang used to call from time to time when he got access to a phone in jail but he hadn't called since she came to rehab and she wondered where he got the number from.

“Morocco came to visit and you know how he always has the right information,” he said. “You are in rehab now?”

Khumo swallowed hard. “I am sorry.”

“Why are you apologizing?” he asked softly it broke her heart, she didn't deserve his softness. He had tried so hard to rescue her from herself.

“I let you down.”

“No,” he disagreed quietly. “I am the one who let you down, all those times you visited, I had no idea you had a drinking problem. You always looked so normal.”

Khumo chuckled bitterly. “I learnt how to hide it well.”

Lesang exhaled loudly on the other end.

“Morocco told me who took you to rehab and about Hope.”

“I had no choice,” she said quietly. “I didn’t want to accept his help but how else was I going to get better for my baby girl?”

“You did good baby,” Lesang said gently and cleared his throat. “I might be coming out soon, I don’t know. They keep talking about parole for good behavior and shit, we will see.”

Khumo’s heart lurched in her chest. “I pray that you get out.”

“Me too,” he said softly and cleared his throat.
“I feel like there is something you are not telling me.”

Khumo smiled, always the mind reader even when he was in prison miles away he could tell what was going on.

“Zachariah broke me, he made me feel worthless and now he shows up acting like some kind of knight and shining armor and I hate it.”

Lesang listened and she swallowed the hard lump on her throat. “My daughter is now attached to that bastard, how am I going to break him without hurting Hope?”

“Do you know what you said to me when I asked you what you would do if you met him again?”

“I said I was going to take everything from him like he took from me.”

“Then take everything Zachariah has taken from you,” Lesang said. “Take it all and regain your power for all the years and the innocence you lost.”

Khumo nodded even though he couldn't see her. “Will you come back to me?”

“I will be home soon, mamas.”

The fourth bonus at 21:30.

[02/25, 19:15] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 64

“Shouldn't you be excited that you are going to be with your mother in a few days?” Millie asked raising her eyebrow at Hope who didn't even try to disguise her sullen expression.

The schools had closed for the holidays and she was about to be on her way to Cape Town.

Hope took a deep breath and looked at Millie. "I am a bit nervous about being on the plane, it will be my first time."

"Oh but it's nothing to be scared of, trust me," Millie said with a small smile that she hoped would ease the tension in Hope's shoulders but she still looked rigid.

"Hope, it's really not that bad and Cape Town is not even that far away."

"A lot can happen in a few minutes on a plane, have you watched final destination?"

"Those are just silly movies," Millie said.

"Kobe and his daughter were not a movie."

"We can just wait until your mother is discharged or you use road transport even though I am not sure your father will approve."

“Can you go with me?” Hope asked, her eyes filled with so much that Millie felt bad for crushing it.

“I have a lot to do at the bakery,” she said apologetically besides, Khumo wouldn’t probably appreciate it if she went over there with her daughter. She knew Zach was helping her but it still didn’t change what he had done to her.

Hope’s shoulders slumped before she plopped down on the bed. “Should I just ask Bokang?”

“Ask Bokang to do what?” Zach’s voice asked walking in the living room from his gym where he had been lifting weights. The weather had gotten cold but the man was still rocking vests like it was summer.

Hope fidgeted with her fingers. “To go with me to Cape Town.”

Zach frowned. “Why would you do that?”

“He is my friend and I know he wouldn’t say no,” she said with a light shrug looking up at her father.

“No,” he said sternly shaking his head. “You are going to visit your mother not to play with friends and Bokang is not your friend because he is a boy. You shouldn’t be even talking to him.”

Hope frowned. “I am not going to get pregnant just by talking to him.”

“Watch it,” Zach warned.

Millie shot Zach a scathing look to warn him that he was being too much. He hadn’t even heard why Hope wanted to go with Bokang in the first place.

“Hope is terrified of flights and since this is her first flight she wanted to bring Bokang along,” Millie told Zach with an exasperated look.

Zach turned to look at Hope with her eyes

downcast, this parenting thing was harder than he thought.

He sighed. "Are you really that terrified?"

Hope nodded. "Maybe I should just stay, you can tell mama that I changed my mind or I am too sick."

"Your mother was looking forward to seeing you," Millie said with a small frown and looked up at Zach expectantly. Zach sighed and looked back at Hope.

"I can go with you," he said.

"Really?" Hope asked, her voice doubtful.

"Yes, I will stay in a hotel while you catch up with your mother and then come back."

"Thanks, Zach," she said with a smile and shot Millie a grateful look. "Let me go pack some of the presents I bought for mama!" She said excitedly practically hopping out of the living

room like an eager kangaroo.

Millie turned to look at Zach with a smile.

“You are doing great,” she said softly squeezing his hand.

“It doesn’t feel like it,” he admitted with a sigh.

“Well you are doing a wonderful job with her,” she smiled and stood up. “Let me go arrange your clothes for you.”

“I am not going to be there for long, I will probably stay in the hotel and just Skype with you all day.”

Millie giggled. “You will be on your own, I will be busy hosting my first ever baking class this week.”

Zach groaned slightly but gave her a smile.

“You will ace those classes.”

“I hope so,” she said and kissed him; she

chuckled when she felt her baby moving and looked at Zach. It was the first movement; she took Zach's hand and placed it on her tummy.

"Is that him?" Zach asked when he felt a tiny movement against his hand.

Millie nodded almost tearfully. "I can't believe he is growing up so fast."

Zach smiled kissing her forehead, a thank you for being with him and teaching him love and maybe kindness too. She was the light he definitely needed to balance out his darkness.

It had been a month since he started working at Moseki Construction and so far things have been great.

The company offered great employee benefits and the salary was good but wanting to move him to Maun for six months so he could lead a project there had not been what he had expected. Tumo had only been to Maun only once and he couldn't imagine living away from Rorisang even if it was just for a few months.

He was not surprised when he saw Rorisang's car in the yard, she visited on most days especially on Fridays and on any other day he would be over the moon, excited to spend the day with his girlfriend but Maun weighed on his shoulders heavily and he wondered how he was going to tell Rorisang about it.

She was blasting her K-pop songs while dancing along in the kitchen when he walked in. His house that been plain once had been

transformed into a little home. Rorisang took it upon herself to install some paintings to beautify the place and the mat on the floor with a framed photo of Marshmallow which always made him laugh. He walked towards her and placed his arms around her waist, she spun around quickly before she smiled, her eyes softening when she saw that it was just him.

“It smells great, what are you making?”

“I bought it actually, it’s grilled chicken and fries from Red Feather and I was just plating it.”

“I am starving,” he said placing a kiss on her lips before he walked to the fridge for a bottle of water. He needed to be sober for this conversation.

“How was work?” she asked turning to fully face him.

“It was um,” he took a long sip before he looked at the plates. “Should we go eat?”

Rorisang giggled. "You must be very hungry, did you eat lunch?"

"I skipped it, I was busy."

"My poor baby," Rorisang cooed plopping down on the couch. "Let me feed you."

Tumo smiled reaching for a piece of chicken, Alex had come up with the great recipe for grilled chicken and it was doing a huge favor for Red Feather.

"Is everything okay?" Rorisang asked studying his face.

Tumo sighed, "I have bad news actually, it's about work."

Rorisang's eyes widened. "Did they fire you?"

Tumo chuckled. "No, there is a project in Maun that's going to take about 6 months."

Rorisang stared at him before she swallowed hard. "Does that mean you will be gone for

months?”

Tumo nodded. “It’s only for 6 months and you won’t even notice I am gone.”

“I will notice every day,” she said quietly leaning back on the couch. “But it’s your job and you must be there.”

“I thought you were going to be mad.”

“It’s nothing to be mad about,” Rorisang said softly. “We will visit each other, call, Skype and everything else. We will be fine.”

Tumo let out a breath of relief she didn’t know he had been holding as he put his arms around her. He also trusted that they were going to be alright.

He hadn’t even been in Cape Town for more

than a day but he was bored already. He had come with Hope as promised so she could see her mother and he was stuck at the hotel while she visited her. Surfing the channels was not even exciting because nothing good was on TV.

“Zach,” Hope called knocking on his door and he pushed himself up on his feet to open for her. He was about to ask what took so long when his eyes met Khumo’s. He looked up Hope then back at Khumo wondering why she was here.

Hope giggled. “That look on your face says you think I broke my mother out of rehab.”

“Well,” Zach sighed zeroing in on Khumo who stared at him blankly. “Did they allow you to be out?”

Khumo shrugged. “I have been doing well so consider this as a reward for making progress.”

Hope smiled. “The caretaker said she has been doing so well she deserved the night out.”

“That’s good,” Zach nodded at Khumo.

“Mama wanted to get a haircut and maybe we could have something to eat,” Hope said looking between her parents. “Do you want to come along?”

Zach frowned. “Nah, you guys have fun.”

“We don’t know Cape Town very well, please Zach,” Hope said with a smile. “I’d like it if you two let the past stay behind and heal from your first love heartbreaks whatever .”

“You can come with us,” Khumo said giving him that look that he couldn’t be sure if it was a nice smile or a sinister one.

Zach’s nodded grabbing his rental car keys and joined them outside.

He drove Khumo to the salon first and he waited while she and Hope did their things.

He wanted to just go back home every time Khumo shot him a look. He wished he could call Millie but she was probably still busy with her baking lessons. Bontle had suggested the idea of hosting baking lessons and his wife ran with it.

He looked up when he saw Hope and Khumo walking out of the salon laughing and looking so refreshed. Khumo was sporting a new short hair-cut now dyed blond which he had to admit suited her.

“We should go to Ocean basket,” Hope said with glee as he started the car. “I have always wanted to try the sea food.”

Zach glanced at Khumo before he agreed reluctantly. He didn't know if it was really wise or safe for the both of them to spend time together.

Hope couldn't stop taking photos at the food at Ocean Basket when Zach just wanted to eat but she had forbid anyone from eating until the perfect picture. She looked up with a smile, it was evident she was glad her mother was doing and looked well.

"You don't have to look so nervous," Khumo said quietly smiling at Zach.

"I am fine," Zach grumbled and reached for his food.

"After this, we are taking a walk by the beach if that's okay with you guys."

"It's fine," Khumo said smiling at her daughter genuinely, the scary smile was gone. She turned to look at Zach. "There is also a lot that me and Zach need to catch up on."

Zach shifted on his chair. "I don't think that's necessary."

Khumo grinned. "Oh but it is necessary, I need

to know everything about you.”

Zach wished he could crack Khumo’s skull and know what the hell she was thinking because these grins and smiles made him feel like he was about to lose his mind or maybe it was just the paranoia or the guilt of what he had done.

[02/25, 19:15] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 65

Zach leaned back on his chair watching Hope laugh at her mother as they attempted using chopsticks. He was supposed to be glad that Hope looked better and she looked like she was having the time of her life being here with her mother but there was that unsettling feeling in his gut that he was trying to ignore. Khumo

looked so chilled that it terrified him; she was no longer that innocent 15 year old who had blindly trusted him.

She was a grown woman who had been burnt by the harsh realities of the world. He knew bringing her to rehab was not going to change how much he has taken from her but he wished he could make her alright again so she could stand on her own without needing to lean on alcohol or anyone else.

“The new hair cut suits her, doesn’t it?” Hope asked breaking him out of his thoughts.

“What?” he blinked, his eyes darting back to Hope who had a grin on her face.

“You have been staring since we got here,” she giggled and looked at her mother. “I had no idea she looks hot with short hair.”

Khumo chuckled. “Don’t call your mother hot.”

“Why not? If it’s hot, it’s hot,” she wiggled her

eyebrows and smiled at Zach. "By the way when are you guys going to tell me how you two met, did you meet in school? Was it love at first sight?"

Khumo glanced at Zach with a warning look before she looked back at Hope. "Why do you need to know that? It was a long time ago."

Hope shrugged. "I know but I just want to know how it was with you two back then. I mean I love Lesang and he is perfect and Millie is amazing but you guys dated when you were young and I had first loves are actually very strong."

Zach reached for his can of coke trying not to gulp the whole thing because Hope was prodding and he knew it was just innocent questions but he was not ready to tell her yet. They had just formed a bond and she was starting to warm up to him.

Hope chuckled shaking her head. "Forget it if you guys don't want to tell me."

"It was not really a relationship between your father and I," Khumo said quietly risking a glance at Zach's face.

It took everything in her not to blurt out the truth but she couldn't break her daughter's heart like that. "I was infatuated with him and he on the other hand was not because in the end he ended up hurting me more than anyone has ever hurt me." She stared directly into his eyes.

"You must have been quite a heart breaker Zach," Hope said.

Zach looked around wondering why the hell he was putting himself through this. Lying to a teenage girl was hard but sitting and dining with the woman you raped and killed her blood was even harder. He was lucky it was a bit chilly or else he would be sweating bullets.

“I am going to use the bathroom real quick,” Hope said rising to her feet and sauntered to the bathroom.

“What the fuck are you doing?” Zach growled once Hope was out of ear shot. Khumo arched her eyebrow at him inquisitively. “If you want to tell her just go on and tell her so we can deal with it already. Don’t keep dropping fucking hints.”

Khumo snorted tilting her head. “Are you scared?”

“I am not scared,” he clenched his jaw while she stared at him, cool as a cucumber.

“I hate mind games Khumo and I am not going to entertain this little game of yours. You are not going to use Hope against me, if you want to do something to me do it and leave her out of it because you will hurt her in the end.”

Khumo burst out laughing almost startling him, she threw her head back laughing like he had just said the funniest joke ever. Zach frowned feeling anger bubbling in his chest.

Khumo sobered from her laugh after a minute and faced him.

“Look at you acting like some kind of protective father,” she said catching her breath. “If I didn’t know better I would say you actually care about my daughter.”

“I care about her, do you think I would be here if I didn’t?” he fought to keep his voice low when all he wanted was to shout at her. “I am trying Khumo, I didn’t even know about her.”

“Should I be thanking you?”

Zach exhaled in frustration. “You don’t have to thank me because I know this won’t erase everything that has happened.”

“What is everything that happened?” she asked

narrowing her eyes at him. "Say it!"

Zach winced, she was really trying his patience now. "What is wrong with you?"

Khumo chuckled bitterly. "What is wrong with me? Wow, you are a real bastard aren't you? Do you understand what you took from me that night? Do you?"

Zach sighed looking down at the table. He understood but he was not going to tell Khumo about his father's girlfriend. It didn't justify what he had done.

"Everyone said I was lying and I wasn't raped that I had been asking for it," she said a faint sad smile on her lips. "They called me all sorts of names after I decided to keep the baby. I thought about killing it but I couldn't. I felt like it would get better eventually and I will go back to my family once they have healed but up to this day they still see me as a tramp and the reason

my uncle died. What about you Zach? Where were you when my life was falling apart?”

Zach cracked his knuckles avoiding her eyes, this was not how it was supposed to go.

“Fucking answer me damnit!” she snapped causing a few people to look their way but she didn’t seem fazed and continued staring at him.

“I left for military school in Ghana, it wasn’t easy as you think it was Khumo,” he said quietly. “I also didn’t have a good life when I was growing up, I was a mess when I did that to you. I think about it every time it still haunts me. If I could take your pain and give it to myself I would.”

Khumo gave him a twisted smile. “King Zachariah, you must think you are the shit now don’t you? You even got yourself a pretty little wife and a reputation in the streets. You are respected and worshipped because you own a little club where you feel like it’s your kingdom

and then you have the nerve to sit there and tell me how what you did haunts you and expect me to believe it.”

“I am trying to help you, Khumo.”

“If you had let me go that night you wouldn’t even need to help me,” she said lowering her voice. “This is not enough Zachariah, I will heal and then I am supposed to forget it ever happened because you helped me right? I don’t even think you want my daughter, you are just trying to free your conscience.”

“You are angry and hurt and I get it but I am going to tell you this once, if you keep being mad like this you are not going to get better because I am going to go back to my beautiful wife and my successful club and you will be left wallowing in misery because you like playing victim.”

Khumo’s lips broke into a smile. “Oh, I am done

playing victim Zach, you don't even have to worry about that anymore."

"Let me warn..."

"No, let me warn you," she said leaning in until their faces were inches apart. "You have no right to warn me or even threaten me. It was your game 17 years ago wasn't it? And you played very well I'll give you that but now it's my turn and you are going to want to take notes after I am done with you. I will take you apart limb by limb until you beg me like I begged you that night."

"I will fucking kill you if you come anywhere near my wife, Khumo I mean it. You can do anything you want with me but if you mess with her you are dead."

"Relax, no one is going anywhere near your wife," she chuckled moving back to sit on the chair grinning at him like he had just proposed.

Fuck, he had turned that sweet innocent girl into a psycho.

It was the third day of baking lessons and Millie was impressed by the number of people that had showed up and kept showing up. She had been skeptical if it would be successful since the bakery was new but her customers from her social media days had showed up and it became a success.

They had baked key lime cake for the day and everyone had shown improvement even though some still needed more work, she was just happy with the turn out. It was almost 9 and everyone had left while she and Oratile had stayed behind to tidy up, Bokang had asked to leave early since he was on babysitting duty

with Zoey. Veronica was out on a date with the pastor again, it was starting to be a regular thing now even though nobody at church knew about it.

She almost froze when she looked up to see Femi watching her by the counter. Hadn't she locked the door?

Femi smiled pushing up from the wall. "You don't have to look so surprised to see me."

"What are you doing here this late?" she had decided to really stay away from him after the revelation that he liked her more than a friend.

"I should be asking you, shouldn't you be home in bed and having phone sex with Zach?"

Millie blushed looking away. "What I do with my husband shouldn't be your concern."

"But I can make it my concern," Femi smiled

walking further in the room with his hands in his pockets. "I came to say goodbye."

Millie looked up. "You are leaving already?"

Femi nodded. "You don't have to fake being sad I know you want me gone."

Millie felt a pang of guilt, she hadn't been really nice to him since she found out. Maybe she had overreacted a bit by giving him a cold shoulder for something that he had no control over.

Crushes probably just happened without warning and didn't care about friendships and boundaries and all that.

"I am sorry," she muttered quietly.

Femi shrugged. "You don't have to be, I completely understand why you did what you did."

Millie nodded. "Does Zach know you are leaving?"

“I told him,” he shrugged and studied her face.

“Why do you look like you are about to cry?”

“Sorry,” she chuckled. “I guess I kind of forgot that you have a home and a life to get back to.”

Femi’s lips pulled into a grin. “I felt all the love I needed to feel here, trust me. I need to go back to being Olufemi the player now. I didn’t even get to play the girls in Botswana, you have done a number on me Millie.”

“You will find someone Femi,” she said quietly.

“You only get one love in this lifetime,” he said with a sad smile. “You and Zach take care of each other alright?”

“Wait,” Millie called before he turned to leave. She grabbed the cake from the fridge and handed it to him. “It’s not that sweet, I know you don’t like sweet things. I made it for a diabetic customer but you can have it.”

“So I have diabetes now?” he asked with a

chuckle.

Millie laughed. "I guess you have it now."

"Thank you," he said quietly. "I will enjoy the diabetic cake."

Millie nodded and watched him as he walked out. She took a deep breath and walked back to the counter to continue her tidying up. She needed to call Zach as soon as he was done to check up on him.

She was still adding the dishes to the dishwasher when her phone chimed with a text. She smiled when she saw Hope had sent her a text message. She smiled at the pictures she had sent of herself at the beach. She frowned before zooming in at the background. Zach was looking down at Khumo while she looked up at him, to anyone who didn't know they would assume they were a couple. She felt her

stomach churn.

She quickly dialed Zach's number and waited impatiently for him to answer.

"Hey, baby," came his deep voice.

"Where are you?"

"I am in my hotel room, just had a shower and I was going to call you for some phone action."

"When are you coming back?"

"Hope wants to spend tomorrow with her mother, she even invited her to a counseling session."

"I want you to come home."

"Is everything okay?"

"No, I am pregnant and my husband is not here with me so everything is not okay," she snapped.

"Baby, you said I should come with Hope to support her. This was your idea, I wanted her to

brave it out but you pushed me to come.”

“I didn’t push you, I only suggested it now I wish I hadn’t. I didn’t think it through.”

Zach sighed. “I will come home if that is what you want.”

“Why do you sound like you want to stay over there?” she asked. “You don’t want to come home?”

Zach chuckled. “Nana, if you miss me just tell me you miss me don’t shout at me, okay?”

“I miss you,” she admitted quietly. “Please come home.”

“I will be home tomorrow morning, I am going to see if I can try booking flights for tomorrow.”

“Thank you.”

“I love you.”

“I love you too,” she said with a smile.

“How was your day?” he asked and she instantly launched into how the baking lessons had went and about Femi’s visit which didn’t surprise Zach. He told her that Femi needed to go back because his mother was not well.

He had stayed on the phone with Millie until 2 a.m. so he was exhausted the next morning but he managed to get a flight back to Gaborone in the afternoon. He needed to tell Hope about his impromptu trip back to Gaborone and hopefully she would understand. He didn’t want her to go back on his account because she looked like she still wanted to be with her mother but he was leaving.

His wife missed him and he missed her and most of all he couldn’t stand Khumo’s psychotic

tendencies. He knocked slightly on her hotel door and waited for her to open the door but she didn't.

"Hope, wake up!" he called knocking again but there was no reply.

He took out his phone to call her.

"Hello," she answered in a groggy voice and Zach frowned, was she still sleeping.

"What's wrong?"

"I think I am going to die," she rasped and Zach's eyes widened.

"What is wrong?"

"My tummy hurts, everything hurts."

"It's probably all that sea food you ate yesterday," Zach said worriedly. "Can you come to the door?"

"Hmm," she hummed before he hung up waiting for her to open. He almost called the reception

to bring the spare key when the door opened and he took in Hope's flushed face and hollow cheeks. Her pajamas were covered in sweat even though it was cold outside. He was about to ask what happened when she closed her eyes stumbling back. He quickly reached for her before she fell on the floor.

"Fuck," Zach hissed. "Hope?"

His heart skipped a beat as she lay limp in his arms, he wondered if she had been this sick all night.

He pulled out his phone and called the reception so they could call a hospital. All he could think about was how he would handle it if she didn't make it. He had never thought the possibility of losing her but seeing her looking so lifeless made him realize how much he cared for his daughter.

I know it's a little short but I'm struggling to keep my eyes open. It was a long day!

[02/25, 19:15] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 66

She was wheeled to the ER and he had been pacing up and down in the waiting room waiting for an update from the doctors.

Zach couldn't erase the picture of Hope lying in his arms almost lifeless, it gave him a peak to realize how it would hurt if he lost her. He hadn't known her for that long and sometimes she said things to rile him up but he loved that girl, his daughter and he couldn't lose her when they had just re-united. There was a lot that he wanted to do for her and make up for all the darkness he had brought in her life.

He had called the rehabilitation center and informed Khumo about Hope's condition and she promised to get there as soon as possible. He glanced up when he heard footsteps approaching him and Khumo barged in still dressed in what looked like pajamas. She hadn't even bothered to wear a jersey even though it was cold.

"Where the fuck is my daughter?" she snapped at Zach like he was the reason their daughter was sick.

"They are still attending to her in ER," he replied calmly glancing back at the ER room. This was a private hospital so he expected them to be fast and give updates faster than the government hospitals.

"What happened to my baby girl?" she shot him an accusatory look.

Zach regarded her with his expression

hardening. "Do you think I did something to her?"

"I wouldn't put it past you because hurting people is what you do."

"You must be fucking kidding me," he growled clenching his jaw. "I have been living with her for months and I would kill anyone who tried to harm you including you."

"Why would I hurt my daughter?" she looked like she was ready to rip his head off, he didn't care because he wanted to do the same.

"To spite me because you are bitter and you have been dropping hints about hurting me," he said studying her face, she was fuming and she could see the rage simmering in her eyes. Her chest heaved like it was about to explode.

"You fucking bastard!" Khumo seethed pushing him, she was tiny so the push didn't have much effect on him.

“You fucking asshole, you cocky bastard. I can tolerate anything you say or do to me but I will not stand here and listen to you accuse me of doing something to my daughter to fucking hurt you. If I wanted to hurt you I would rip off your balls and stuff them in your face and not hurt my baby girl. I am the one who fucking carried her for fucking 9 months and breast fed her and taught her how to walk while you were out there doing who knows what. Now you want to act like some kind of righteous king and accuse me of hurting my daughter?”

Zach’s throat tightened seeing her face burning with so much rage that he didn’t know was possible.

“You are the one who fucking started it,” he retorted angrily. “You just don’t want to admit that I am human enough to love our daughter because you have painted me to be this heartless monster.”

“That is because that is what you showed me you fucking asshole,” she snapped jabbing her forehead on his hard chest. “What gives you the right to treat me like some kind of psycho?”

Zach glanced around noticing the stares that people were giving them. They were creating a scene while Hope was fighting for her life.

“If you want me to stop treating you like a fucking psycho then stop behaving like fucking Harley Quinn.” He rasped.

Khumo’s eyes flickered with an emotion he could only decipher as hate. He was really trying to understand but she was a fucking enigma and he couldn’t keep up with her emotions. Her hate was justified but their psychotic behavior was getting on his nerves.

She didn’t have a chance to retort when a doctor interrupted them. They both turned to

him and waited for an update, their faces contorting from anger and rage to hopefulness.

“I am Dr. Mnguni,” the doctor introduced himself.

“Can you tell us if she is alright?” Zach asked running out of patience, he was not in the mood for introductions, he could be Dr. Strange for all he cared he just wanted to know if Hope was alright.

“She was suffering from a severe allergy to something that she had eaten or drunk, we suspect it was sea food because of the symptoms that her body was showing, did she eat anything that she was not used to in the past 24 hours?”

Zach sighed. “She ate a lot of sea food yesterday, I think she had prawns, shrimp and a lot of other stuff.”

Dr. Mnguni nodded. “We gave her a dose of

epinephrine because she had anaphylaxis. She is stable for now but we will have to wait for a while to see if we can give her another dose again.”

Khumo let out a cry of relief putting a hand over her mouth. “Can I see her?”

“She will be moved to a normal room soon, you can proceed to the reception to make payment in the mean time.”

Zach gave him a firm nod and he gave them a nod before he walked away. Khumo put her arms around her shoulders letting out sighs of relief. Zach looked back at her and he regretted saying all the things he had said about her hurting Hope but he couldn't bring himself to utter an apology because when it came to Khumo sorry was just never enough.

He sighed shrugging off his hoodie and handed it to her. Khumo looked up with a tear stricken

face and the hoodie.

“Take it, you are cold.”

She recoiled a bit. “I am fine.”

“I can handle the cold but you are shivering and you are still recovering so take the hoodie.”

Khumo bit her lip contemplating, Zach sighed pushing the hoodie in her hands before he walked to the reception to pay.

Khumo was wearing his hoodie when he walked back after paying, it had almost swallowed up her tiny frame. She had not really grown that much from when she was 15. He swallowed down the hard lump on his throat as he thought about how powerless she must have felt. He had felt powerless too once with his father’s girlfriend and instead of healing he had bled on someone who didn’t cut him. She had every right to be mad at him and maybe more.

She looked up and their eyes met, he quickly looked away clearing his throat.

“Was it expensive?” She asked jutting her chin at the receipt in his hand.

“It’s nothing,” he said shoving the receipt in his jeans pocket. “They said we will soon see her, they are still preparing a room for her.”

Khumo nodded sitting back on the metal bench and put her hands in the hoodie’s pocket. Zach hesitated before he sat down next to her making sure to keep his distance. He kept stealing glances at her now and then while she stared into space.

“Will you fucking stop looking at me?” she snapped turning to face him. Zach averted his eyes from her.

“Do you cuss a lot?” he finally asked.

“Is that a real question?” she raised an eyebrow at him.

Zach shrugged. "You didn't cuss before."

"I am 32, I am not 15 anymore," she said in a deadpan. "And I thought being a good girl who didn't cuss back then would make sure I had a good long life but look how that turned out."

Zach stared down at his shoes. "Khumo, you have to let go. What I did to you was inhumane and I know no matter what I say will not erase the pain in your heart but you have given me so much power over your life. You have never really lived for yourself because you are so angry and resentful and I understand that. I was just like you when I did what I did, I had so much anger and so much darkness inside me that I ruined everything. I am still not healed, I am still tormented by the things I did and what was done to me. You had such a bright future and I took it away from you. I don't know how to beg for forgiveness and I don't even think I deserve your forgiveness but I want you to know that

forgiveness is not for the other person, it's for you. To set your heart free and so you can go on living your life, don't give me that power over your life. Don't corrode your heart with darkness because of me. You still have a chance to live and I will help you with anything you want. If you want to go back to school, I will pay for it. I will do anything."

Khumo sniffed and looked away from him wiping her cheeks. "I fucking hate you." She said quietly.

"I know," he said in a soft voice.

"Every time I look at you I want to kill you."

"I know."

"But it's so exhausting," she admitted palming her face. "I am so fucking tired, I just want a break."

"Tell me what you want and I will give it to you."

“Marry me,” she said and his eyes widened.

“What?” He couldn’t even utter the word properly, fucking Khumo man!

“You said you would do anything.”

Zach frowned. “Khumo, I am married even if I wasn’t you would probably kill me on our first wedding night.”

Khumo scoffed. “I knew you were bluffing when you said you would do anything. I wanted to make you hurt and watch you lose everything that you have but then looking at you, it wouldn’t take back what you did. It will only make me like you. Find me a therapist I can see while I am still at rehab.”

Zach nodded. “I will.”

“Get me the most expensive one.”

“Expensive therapists are shit.”

“Then buy me a car,” she shot him a challenging

look.

“Okay, you can look around and tell me what kind of car you want.”

Khumo stood up when the nurse approached them to give them Hope’s room number.

She threw a look over her shoulder at Zach after the nurse was gone and frowned at him.

“What now?” Zach asked.

“I am wondering if I will be able to kick your ass if I take a few karate lessons.”

“Take boxing,” he said walking past her to the room.

Millie tried Zach’s number again but it was not going through. She huffed in frustration looking

at lunch set up she had busted her ass for. She checked her phone to confirm his flight time, he should have arrived in Gaborone by now, it didn't take that long to fly from South Africa to Botswana.

Her heart lurched in her chest, did something happen to him? She couldn't stomach the thought if something happened to him.

She bit her lip and called Veronica to ask for Lefakae's number.

"Mills, Mills!" Veronica answered in a cheery voice and she couldn't help but smile.

"You sound happy."

Veronica giggled. "Because I just got the prettiest bouquet from Gabby."

"Gabby?" she asked.

Veronica chuckled. "Gabriel, I am sorry I have been calling him that lately because it makes

him blush.”

“I am so happy for you,” Millie said with smile.

“He is taking care of you.”

“I know!” Veronica’s voice was full of delight.

“And we haven’t even kissed yet.”

“Really?”

Veronica chuckled. “I know it’s hard to believe but yoh monna yo is so hard to tempt and I am terrified he might be gay cause you know me and my luck.”

“That’s not true,” Millie said. “He is a pastor so give him time.”

“I guess but I swear he will regret dating me when I pounce oh him.”

Millie chuckled. “Paws off horny wild cat.”

Veronica laughed. “Don’t be like Lefa.”

“Speaking of him, can I have his number? I have been trying to reach Zach’s number since he

was supposed to come today but no such luck.”

“Maybe his flight was delayed.”

“Maybe but I am so worried about him, he is not the kind to not communicate.”

“Let me give you his number.”

“Thanks, mma mfundisi.”

“Ha!” Veronica cackled. “Yoh, please don’t rub it in I am still trying to get used to it.”

Millie chuckled. “Don’t forget to send the number.”

“I won’t, let me send it now.”

Millie said her goodbye and waited for the number.

She quickly dialed it after she sent it and waited for it to ring.

“Hello?”

“Hey Lefa, it’s Millie,” she said. “I have been

trying to call Zach, have you talked to him?”

“No, I only talked to him last night,” Lefakae said. “Do you know the hotel he is staying at maybe you can call him and ask if he checked out.”

“Yeah,” she said. “Thank you.”

“He is fine, don’t worry.”

“Yeah, bye.”

She hung up and searched for the hotel number in her phone. She wondered if she should have just called Hope but she didn’t want to intrude on the girl’s quality time with her mother and she had been offline on WhatsApp since yesterday too after she sent her those photos.

“I am Millicent Babupi, my husband Zachariah Babupi checked in your hotel three days ago and I just want to know if he is still there.” She said after they got the greetings out of the way.

“Let me check for you,” the lady said and she heard shuffling before she said, “Mr Babupi still hasn’t checked out, he is still with us.”

“Okay, um can you connect me to his phone room so I can talk to him?”

“Let me see if he is in,” she said and she waited impatiently until the receptionist said. “It looks like there is no one in his room.”

“Oh, please let him know I called when he gets back.”

“Yes ma’am.”

Millie hung up and sunk on the couch putting her hand on her bump. She felt a few kicks and she bit her lip.

“Let’s hope daddy is okay baby.” She said softly and she looked at her phone and decided to call Hope but her number rang unanswered.

She started feeling the panic rising, what if

something had happened to them? She stood up wondering if she should alert the police or something. She was about to call them when her phone rang in her hand startling her. Her heart raced when she saw an unknown number. Oh God, it was not the hospital or the police notifying her that her husband was gone right?

"Hello?" she answered with a shaky voice.

"Nana," his deep voice called.

"Oh My God," Millie sniffed engulfed by relief.

"You are okay."

"I am okay," Zach told her softly. "I am sorry I hadn't called sooner, my phone battery died. I am calling with the hospital landline."

"Hospital?" her heart raced. "What happened?"

"Hope had a severe allergy to sea food."

"Oh God, is she okay?"

"Yeah, she is recovering now she is going to be

here for a day or more,” he said. “I am sorry I didn’t call sooner. A lot happened.”

“It’s okay, I am just glad that you two are okay. So I guess you are not coming back today.”

“I am sorry,” he sounded apologetic.

“It’s fine,” she said. “You should be there for your daughter, Peaches and I alright.”

Zach sighed. “I will make it up to you when I get back.”

Millie smiled then remembered the picture that Hope had sent. She had no idea why Zach was hanging out with Khumo in the first place and why Khumo was comfortable being at close proximity with her abuser. Her mind was reeling with all kind of thoughts.

“I guess I will be on my own at the check up tomorrow.”

“Shit, I forgot that was tomorrow,” Zach cursed

softly. He had never missed an appointment since she fell pregnant.

“I can tell Hope..”

“No she is sick and I am fine,” Millie said quietly clearing her throat. “I will go on my own.”

Zach groaned. “I am so sorry baby, I will never leave again. I will go with you everywhere.”

“Promise?”

“I promise.”

Millie smiled. “I miss you.”

“I miss you too, nana and I love you and Peaches so much.” He said. “I’d love to stay and chat but the old Afrikaans lady is giving me a stink eye for being on the phone for long. She probably wants to call her Afrikaans friends so they can talk about 7 de laan.”

Millie chuckled. “You are the worst.”

“But you still love me.”

“More than you know.”

“I love you most.”

Millie giggled. “Busa phone ya batho.”

“Toga ba mpolaa,” he teased with a chuckle before they hung up.

Millie smiled sitting back on the couch then her smile quickly vanished when she realized that she and her baby were probably not going to be his first priority anymore. He had a lot on his plate and he was trying to right his wrongs with Khumo while taking care of Hope. What if there were more days like this even after she gave birth?

She took out her phone to call her mother, suddenly the house felt too big and too quiet and Zach was miles away.

“Millie?” Her mother called when she answered

the phone.

“Mama,” she choked on a sob.

“What’s wrong?” her mother asked, her voice dripping in concern.

“I didn’t know it was going to be like this,” she cried biting her lip. “I thought I could be strong but I am already crumbling.”

“Is this about Hope?”

“Yes,” she sobbed. “I feel so alone, I miss my husband. I want my husband back.”

“Oh my baby girl,” Josephine cooed. “Do you want me to come over?”

“No, I will come. I missed seeing you and papa anyway,” she said wiping her cheeks rising to her feet.

[02/25, 19:15] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 67

There was a lot he needed to do before moving to Maun but Rorisang's birthday was his main priority. He was glad he had time before he left and he planned to organize a surprise birthday party for her.

Tumo knew her parents probably had plans for it so he talked to Lefakae to let him know about his plan. It was hard hiding it from her because she was very nosy and snoop and liked to be included in everything.

He had secretly reach out to Lolo because she was the only close friend that Rorisang had.

"Are you sure she doesn't suspect anything?" Lolo asked on the phone.

"She doesn't," Tumo replied glancing at the bathroom door. Rorisang had been staying over at his place for the week because she said they

needed to make every minute count before he left and she was in the shower preparing for their dinner date.

“Okay, did everything go well with the event planner?”

“Yes, everything is set for Saturday.”

“She will be so happy, she was worried about you moving you know? This will assure her that no matter what happens you two will be together.”

Tumo nodded to himself. “Thank you for helping me out.”

“You are welcome, bye.”

“Sure,” he quickly hung up when Rorisang walked back in the bedroom with a towel around her body.

She gave him a suspicious look as she approached the bed. Tumo grinned at her

innocently.

“You are so beautiful,” he murmured reaching for her hand to kiss it. She always smelt heavenly.

“Who were you talking to?” Rorisang asked peering up at him.

“Mmh?” he raised his eyebrows and shrugged. “It’s some guy in Maun who is helping me found a place to stay for next month.”

Rorisang’s shoulders slumped; she hated thinking about the move to Maun. Six months was really a long time to be apart.

She had gotten used to being around Tumo and spending time with him whenever she wanted. She couldn’t even be excited for 22nd birthday because her boyfriend was about to move away. She wished she didn’t have school.

“Hey,” Tumo called gently tipping her chin up with his finger. “We promised we are going to

make this work, didn't we?"

Rorisang nodded. "But it's still a lot."

"I know but I am a new employee and I can't really make decisions on this if I want to prove myself to Mr. Moseki and this is a big project that he has entrusted me with."

Rorisang nodded biting her lip, she couldn't even tell her father to talk Mr. Moseki out of this because he had insisted that he didn't want his business to be controlled when he did them a favor.

"I will visit and you will visit whenever you can," Tumo said placing a soft wet kiss on her shoulder. Rorisang tilted her head to give him more access to her neck. Tumo snorted trailing kisses down her neck. "Six months will be over before we know it and by then you will be a graduate, free to do whatever you want."

"Not really free," Rorisang chuckled.

“Considering I will need to start working after I get my degree.”

“I have no doubt you will do great,” he murmured reaching for her breasts and fondled them gently making her release a low moan. He trailed his hand under her towel to her smooth clean shaved pussy and inserted his finger inside making her whimper. He smiled in satisfaction reaching for her mouth.

The next day, Veronica mustered up the courage to take Gabriel some lunch after her check-up for her sixth month. They had been keeping their relationship or dating whatever they were doing very low key because she was not ready to be pounced on by church members.

They would probably not approve once they

found out. Maybe if she waited until she gave birth this was only three months away to save being scorned and being judged by church members.

Gabriel's assistant was not in so she let herself and continued to Gabriel's office. She smiled when she saw him seated on his chair frowning at a few documents in front of him. He looked so cute when he was concentrating on something.

"What's making you frown this much?" she asked and his eyes shot up to look at her. The smile that spread across his face was enough to knock her off her feet.

"Hey," he said softly rising to his feet. "This is a lovely surprise."

"I brought lunch," she waved the Nando's bag at him with a grin.

Gabriel smiled taking it from her before he hugged her. Veronica wrapped her arms around him wanting to stay like that for a bit longer. She loved being in his arms, not only because he smelt good because she always felt safe and content in his arms which was something she had never felt before.

“Okay,” Gabriel chuckled moving back from her like he always did whenever she wanted to touch him. “Do you want to sit down and eat with me?”

Veronica sighed. “I ate.”

Gabriel studied her face closely. “Is something wrong?”

Veronica shrugged sitting on the visitor’s chair, she needed to give birth to this baby. She was already tired.

“We promised to be open if we didn’t like anything about each other,” Gabriel said gently

sitting on the desk so he was facing her.

“I am just tired of you pulling away from me,” she admitted quietly. “I understand that it can be very hard considering I have a huge belly but you can’t keep pulling away from me whenever I want to touch you. We have been dating for almost two months and you haven’t even kissed me and you look away or come up with an excuse. Are you by any chance gay?”

“What?” Gabriel sputtered choking on his breath. “What gave you that idea?”

“Because I keep throwing myself at you and you won’t even barge.”

“Sweetheart,” he called gently taking her hands in his. “I am very much attracted to you and I will be insane to be repulsed by you because you are pregnant, you look beautiful and I would like to hold you yes but I am trying to control myself here. You said you were not ready to get

married any time soon and we can't engage in sexual activities until we are husband and wife."

"You won't even kiss me until marriage?"

"I am just afraid that once I kiss you I wouldn't be able to hold back."

Veronica smiled tilting her head. "You can't control yourself, pastor?"

Gabriel grinned. "Come on, don't make that face."

"What face?" She asked innocently batting her fake eyelashes before she stood up and settled between his legs.

He closed his eyes shaking his head. "We are in the office."

"I know," she whispered in a sultry voice. "Are you sure you can handle me? I like sex."

Gabriel stared at her before he cradled her face. "I am wondering if you are going to be able to

handle me.”

“I am sure I can handle you,” she grinned brushing her long nails on his chest.

“There is something you need to know about me,” he mumbled between heavy pants, Lord help him he was letting her arouse all the feelings he had tried to suppress. He was only a man.

“I like sex but.. not the regular kind of sex.”

“I also don’t regular sex don’t worry,” Veronica said before she smashed her lips against his.

Gabriel sighed yielding to her control. He placed his hand on her waist and deepened the kiss swirling his tongue against hers. Veronica let out a small moan as their tongues tangled and swirled together. He had no idea pastor man could kiss like this, she could feel wetness pooling between her legs and wished they were married already.

“Oh My God!” They both tore apart when they heard a soft gasp and looked at the door to see Unami looking at them with wide eyes. The Tupperware she had been carrying was on the floor with the scones.

Veronica pulled away licking her lips calmly while Gabriel cleared his throat adjusting his shirt even though it were his pants that he needed to adjust because his manhood was hard and on display.

“Sister Unami,” he called wiping his forehead even though he was not sweating.

Unami’s eyes filled with tears as her eyes darted between them. “You are supposed to be an honorable man of God!” she shot an accusatory glance at Pastor Gabriel and glared Veronica. “How dare you seduce a man of God with your promiscuous ways?”

“Sister Unami, can you calm down so we can

talk about this?”

Unami shook her head and bolted out of the office.

“She forgot her scones,” Veronica said looking at the scones on the floor.

Gabriel sighed in frustration. “I need to go after her, if she tells the church elders they won’t understand. They will think I am having an affair with you and have no plans of marrying since I haven’t told them about it.”

“Will it be that bad?”

“It can be if I don’t talk to her,” he picked up the scones putting them back in the Tupperware. “I will be back.” He told her before he hurried out of the office.

Veronica sighed sitting back on the chair hot and all bothered, who knows what, could have happened if Unami hadn’t walked in. Ugh!

“Unami,” Gabriel called jogging up to catch up with her. “Can you please listen to me?”

“No,” Unami said angrily wiping her tears before she turned to glare at him. She had always thought she would be the one to marry him. She knew him before she even went to school and even though it was never finalized he knew the elders wanted them together. She was a good church girl and had always been, she was the perfect wife for him but now her dreams were shattered.

“I am sorry,” Gabriel said quietly. “You were not supposed to see that.”

“You were not supposed to be doing that!” she hissed. “Do you know what would happen if anyone other than me saw you two doing that? You had your tongue down her throat! You were practically doing it in the Lord’s sacred place.

Has America ruined you that you forgot your morals and values?"

Gabriel sighed. "No."

"Are you having an affair with her?"

"No," he admitted. "I am trying to convince her to marry me."

"What?" she felt like she felt her heart pummeling to her stomach. "You can't be serious."

"I am," he told her quietly. "She is skeptical and scared about how people will take it but I really want her to be my wife."

Unami blinked at him, this was some kind of nightmare right? "You can't marry Valencia or whatever her name is. You forget that it's not only your decision alone, when you marry you marry someone who will fit being a pastor's wife. A woman like that can never fill in your mother's shoes."

“I don’t want her to be my mother,” he said gently. “I want her to be her own person and I know she will be do good, she has already accepted the Lord as her savoir and she will soon take over leading the praise and worship team and serve.”

“You want to even take the praise and worship away from me?”

“You two can lead it together, she will need someone to show her everything.”

“Well, I am not going to be that someone.”

“Unami,” he called gently.

“No, no,” she shook her head furiously. “She is your wife so you will deal with her alone but don’t say I didn’t warn you when the church members start talking behind your back. A woman like that can never and will never be a pastor’s wife.” She snatched the Tupperware from him before she stormed off.

Gabriel sighed, he needed to brace himself to defend Veronica against everyone if Unami told the elders and it was not going to be easy.

Zach had expected to find Millie waiting for him at home when he arrived on Friday with Hope but the house was empty. She hadn't even bothered to pick them up from the airport which spoke large volumes. She had been ignoring his phone calls and texts too and he had been worried sick because he thought they were doing okay.

He dropped Hope at home and made sure she was fine before he drove to Millie's parent's place.

Her car was parked next to her father's new Ford Ranger, the one he had bought after his retirement. They had finished the renovations that the yard and the house all looked new. He couldn't believe he hadn't been here for months, he probably sucked as a son in law but there had been too much on his plate lately.

Mettheo was the one who opened for him after he knocked slightly.

"Jacob," he called in greeting. "What brings you by?"

"I am here to get my wife sir," he replied quietly.

Mettheo regarded him for a second longer before he let him inside the house.

The living room had been newly furnished and held a different kind of ambience no that he liked. He looked around after sitting down wondering if Millie was really here.

He was about to ask his father in law when he

heard her voice before she appeared in the living room followed by her mother. She paused, her smile vanishing off her face which made his heart clench. Wasn't she supposed to be happy that he was back?

"Hello Zach," Josephine greeted with a warm smile. "How was your trip?"

"It was fine," he replied his eyes glancing back at his wife.

"Good," Josephine smiled. "Would you like coffee?"

"Um, no thank you," he mumbled. "I would like to talk to my wife if that is okay?"

"It's fine," Josephine looked at Millie who reluctantly stood up. If only she didn't have that ring and the baby bump she would still look like a baby.

Zach stood up and walked out to wait for her outside. He leaned on the car watching her

walking towards him dragging her feet like she dreaded being close to him.

“You good?” he asked scanning her face.

Millie sighed looking anywhere but at him.

“I am talking to you,” he said firmly. “If you are not happy about something you tell me and we talk it out but you can’t ghost me and then come to your parents like I am not treating you right.”

“So I can’t visit my parents?” she finally spoke raising an eyebrow at him.

“That’s not what I said,” he said. “I am talking about you ghosting me and not even telling me you would be here. Do you know how worried I was about you only to find that you were not at the house.”

“I came for my peace of mind.”

“Our house is not peaceful enough for you

now?”

Millie shrugged.

“Answer me, Millie,” he said sternly. “Our house is not peaceful now?”

“I was alone and pregnant, I felt alone and empty in that house while you were playing happy families in Cape Town.”

“I was not playing happy families if anything I was going through hell back there because Khumo was on my neck and Hope was sick. I told you and you said it was alright that I stay to make sure Hope is alright.”

“I am trying to be the best wife I can be for you but I am already tired,” she admitted. “I know I said I don’t mind but after you left I suddenly felt abandoned and I wondered if that’s how me and my son are going to be every time when it comes to your daughter. I don’t know how to be a step mother, I still have to learn how to be a

mother and now I have to learn to be a step mother too all while trying to be a good wife and supporting you.”

Zach stared at her feeling his chest constricting. He knew it was too much but she had always said she was fine so he never thought too much about it but now he could see and feel the hurt in her voice.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” he asked in a much softer tone.

“You were going through a lot,” she said. “And I didn’t want to seem like I was whining.”

“We vowed to always be there for one another baby, when you smile and tell me you are fine I won’t think otherwise. You need to tell me how you feel honestly and I won’t be upset about your feelings,” he said quietly. “I can handle my shit on my own because I didn’t marry you to carry my burdens for me. I want you and

Peaches to be happy all the time and never lack anything whether it's affection or attention. You two mean the world to me."

Millie sniffed. "I am sorry."

"I am the one who is sorry baby, come here," he opened his arms for her and she let out a sigh of contentment as she rested her head on his chest. She had missed him so much.

Millie decided to spend one more night at her parent's house and even though he would loved for her to come along he was glad that they had at least talked it out. He was going to try to handle his own shit without putting too much pressure on her now. He didn't want to lose his wife because he couldn't handle his shit.

The house was a bit lonely without Millie and he understood how she felt being alone, he vowed never to leave her alone again for so long especially when she was pregnant.

He glanced at Hope who had dozed off on the couch next to him, they had been watching an action movie, one of Hope's favorites after they had pizza for dinner since neither one of them had felt like cooking.

"Hope," he called gently and her eyes shot open, she was a light sleeper. "Go to bed."

Hope yawned rubbing her eyes. "Is the movie over?"

"Yes, now go and rest you can watch it again tomorrow."

"Okay," she mumbled rising to her feet and dragged herself to her bedroom. She plopped on the bed and groaned when she realized she had left her phone back in the living room. She

dragged herself up from the bed and stalked back to the living room.

“You and Peaches are my main priority don’t you forget that,” she heard Zach say on the phone just as she was about to walk in and she stopped in her tracks. “When Khumo gets better and gets out of rehab I am sure Hope will want to stay with her so you and the baby will be my only focus, I might not even go to work once he is born.”

Hope frowned; Millie did not want her to stay with them anymore? She felt tears burning at the back of her eyes she should have known it was too good to be true. She probably wanted her out of Zach’s life too. She swallowed hard and walked back to her room.

[02/25, 19:15] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 68

Zach couldn't fight the grin that spread across his face when Millie walked in the living room the next morning. He had only spent the night in the house on his own and it had been hell, he didn't want to try it again. He walked towards her and engulfed her into a hug, Millie giggled against his chest.

"It's like I am the one who left for a week," she teased pulling back from him. Zach chuckled pecking her lips with a light kiss. He wanted to explore that sweet mouth he had missed so much but Hope was already awake and busy making pancakes in the kitchen.

"I will never leave again, the house felt so empty," he told her gently rubbing her bump and grinned when he felt a light kick. "Looks like Peaches missed his daddy too."

“We both missed you,” Millie smiled gazing up at him.

Zach leaned in to her ear. “Do you want to show me how much you missed me in the bedroom?”

Millie giggled pushing him back gently. “Tonight, right now I have to deliver Rori’s cake. Tumo wants to make sure everything is perfect.”

Zach rolled his eyes. “He is so whipped.”

“Just like you,” Millie giggled patting his cheek. “Where is Hope?”

“In the kitchen, she is trying to make pancakes watching You- Tube.”

“That I have to see,” Millie said handing him her carrier bag and hand bag. “Bedroom.”

“Yes your highness,” Zach made a mock bow which made her giggle before she walked to the kitchen.

Hope did not even look up when she walked in, she looked way too concentrated on her pancakes.

“Hey baby girl,” she greeted walking towards her.

“Hi,” Hope greeted back drily still not looking back and kept her eyes on her phone that she had propped up against a mug so she could get a clearer view. The kitchen was a little mess which made Millie cringe but she didn’t comment on it, she hoped she would clean after herself soon.

“I am delivering a cake for a birthday party later, do you want to come with me?”

“No, thanks,” Hope mumbled and increased the volume on her phone. Millie frowned.

“Did something happen?”

“No,” she said moving to the stove to pour her pancake mixture into the pan.

“Bokang is going to be at the party,” she hoped that would lighten up her sour mood since she and Bokang seemed to be buddies.

“I don’t care,” she mumbled not turning to look at her.

Millie stared at her back wondering if it were just teenage mood swings or she was sad about something.

“Hope,” she called gently. “You know you can tell me anything right?”

Hope remained silent focusing on her pancakes like she hadn’t said anything. She had never been rude to her since they brought her in and now she was starting to wonder if something had happened.

“Hope,” she called.

“Will you stop it?” she finally snapped as she spun around to face her. Millie gasped in shock moving back like she had been pushed.

“What is wrong?” she asked.

“I want you to leave me alone, I don’t want to hear your annoying voice, just leave me alone!”

Millie raised an eyebrow, she couldn’t believe this was the same girl who liked talking to her about silly stuff and giggling like they were best friends. Did seeing her mother in Cape Town do something to her.

“What’s going on?” Zach asked walking in after he heard Hope’s shouting.

“Nothing,” Millie mumbled. “I guess she is not in a good mood.”

“I don’t care if she is not in a good mood, why is she shouting at you?” Zach turned to Hope.

“What’s wrong?”

Hope blinked away the tears, her eyes darting between Zach and Millie. They were so good at acting like they cared about her.

“I want to go back home,” she mumbled.

“This is your home, what do you mean?”

“It’s not my home,” she said shaking her head.

“You can’t wait to get rid of me.”

Millie and Zach glanced at each other. “Hope, what are you talking about?”

She wiped her tears angrily before she stormed out of the kitchen. Zach called her but she didn’t turn back. He sighed in frustration rubbing the back of his head.

“What happened?” Millie asked looking up at Zach.

“I don’t know, she was fine yesterday.”

“Maybe it’s the mood swings,” she told him.

“You know teenagers are moody human beings.”

“She will keep being disrespectful like this, I am going to talk to her.”

“No, let her cool off. It won’t do any good talking to her when she is like this.”

Zach sighed leaning on the kitchen counter, how did his life go from easy going nights at the club to teenage girl tantrums?

She had never had a boring birthday before, all her birthdays were exciting and memorable but this one was turning out to be dull. She had wanted to celebrate with Tumo but he said he needed to do something at work which was a bummer and not even Lefakae or her parents made an effort to take her out to lunch or anything.

Maybe her princess days were over, she didn’t want to think about her princess days being over though, she was still in her twenties so

very much princess.

She huffed as she inserted her earrings in her ears before she inspected her outfit. A bright pink Chanel suit she had paired with Louis Vuitton heels and a short bob weave. She looked like a million dollars but Lolo was the only one who had bothered to take her out so she made an effort to dress up. She sprayed Chanel No. 5 all over her body before she grabbed her purse, Lolo had texted and she was already outside.

“Why don’t you look happy when I am taking you out?” Lolo asked glancing at her friend as she concentrated on the road.

“Tumo didn’t wish me happy birthday not even a text message in the morning,” she grumbled.

“The day is still not over friend, maybe he will come through.”

"I don't know," she said with a light shrug.

"Sometimes I feel like I am the one who is more giving in this relationship you know? You know what they say about relationships, there is always one person who loves more than the other and that one person is me."

"Well, you have loved him since you were 12 so it's understandable but that doesn't mean he doesn't love you."

Rorisang shrugged not wanting to say more, she might burst in tears if she said more.

Maybe she had been too much and too clingy for him or trying too much but she only did it because she didn't believe in holding back one's love, she was the kind who wore her heart on her sleeves.

"Where did you say we are going again?"

"I put the lodge in your GPS," Lolo said taking out her phone.

She pulled into the lodge's parking lot 10 minutes later before she stepped outside fixing her skirt. She really didn't feel like celebrating now maybe she should just go back home and wallow in self-pity because she was not loved anymore.

"Where are we going?" she whined at her friend as she followed her out the back passing the restaurant leading her a conference hall. Lolo rolled her eyes at her whiny friend before she opened the door.

Rorisang's eyes went wide as she stared at the birthday banner on top and everyone beaming at her surprised face. She put a hand over her mouth as Tumo walked over to her with a bouquet of flowers.

"Happy birthday sweetheart," he said with a smile.

She fanned her face blinking away her tears. "I

can't believe you did this, you are so sneaky.” She glanced at Lolo who was laughing. “You sneaky b, I can't believe you pulled this off.”

“It wasn't easy trust me,” Lolo said with a chuckle walking over to greet Rorisang's parents.

“Happy 22nd baby,” Tumo pulled her in his arms and she sniffed wrapping her arms around him.

“This is the best birthday ever,” she said between sniffles pulling back to smile. “I would kiss you but my father is shooting daggers at your back.”

Tumo chuckled handing her the flowers. “Go so they can wish you a happy birthday.”

She smiled walking over to her parents, she smiled hugging them.

“You were probably going to kill us if we hadn't done anything,” Lefakae said with a snort.

“Of course,” she said with a snort. “Thank you guys, it’s clear that I am still your princess and you love me.”

Lefakae chuckled. “You are so vain.”

“I am and I am proud,” she said with a smile glancing over at the table filled with her gifts.

“Here is the camera, you are going to vlog me for my channel.”

Lefakae rolled his eyes. “I have a life too, you know?”

“I don’t think you do, you are single.”

“Leave your brother alone, he will find someone,” Mrs. Moeng chided with a smile.

“I am going to dance with my man and thank him now,” she said strutting back to Tumo and sat on his lap. Moeng grimaced rubbing his chin; he couldn’t believe his baby girl was this grown up now.

“She looks so happy,” Millie said to Zach when they sat down to eat. The whole party had been a success from the food and to the music. Zach looked distracted though and had been since they left Hope at home, she was also worried about him.

“Hey, are you alright?” she asked touching his arm gently.

Zach finally looked up at her. “I just don’t know what the hell I am doing wrong. I don’t know how to do this shit, if I am not pleasing you I am pissing off Hope and I am just wondering if it will always be like this.”

Millie sighed. “It will come together eventually.”

Zach sighed pushing his chair to stand up.

“Where are you going?”

“I am going for a smoke,” he grumbled walking away.

Millie sighed, she knew Zach was trying to right his wrongs and he was not used to this fatherhood thing yet. She hoped she could talk to Hope tomorrow when she was calm and maybe she'd tell her what was bothering her. She turned around as she heard Rorisang squealing. Veronica had whipped out her phone ready to record, Tumo and Lefakae and some other guy she didn't know had changed into colorful suits and were facing away. They were putting on a performance for Rorisang?

She chuckled softly as the music started playing and a Korean song started playing. Tumo had said Rorisang was a big fan of K-pop.

“Oh My God!” Rorisang kept saying as she stood at the front recording. Lefakae kept

messing up the dance routine to BTS's boy with luv but Tumo's movements were smooth like he had been dancing all life. Rorisang was even crying, Millie couldn't help but smile.

"He loves her," Veronica cooed after sobering up from laughing at Lefakae.

"She does," Millie said wistfully. "They should enjoy it while it lasts because kids and bitter women who have been hurt might start showing up to burst their love bubble."

Veronica raised her eyebrow. "What's wrong with you?"

Millie sighed reaching for her grape juice.

"Nothing, I am just exhausted."

Veronica was about to ask more when they heard a thud and everyone burst out laughing, Lefakae had fallen while doing the kick dance.

“Oh My God,” Veronica snorted covering her laugh as Rorisang helped her brother up. “He is so clumsy bathong. Let me go check up on him.” She said rising to her feet still laughing.

Bokang plopped on the vacant chair that his sister had left and looked at Millie, he had been meaning to ask all night.

“So,” he drawled out the word. “Where is Hope?”

Millie sighed. “At home.”

“You didn’t invite her?”

“I did but she didn’t want to come.”

“Is everything alright?”

“I am not Hope, Bokang!” she snapped.

“Sorry,” he said raising his arms in mock surrender.

Millie sighed, she was taking out her anger and frustrations on the wrong people. “I am sorry, I

am just not feeling well.”

He nodded. “It’s cool, it happens to the best of us.”

Millie glanced at the entrance; Zach was not back from his smoke break yet. She slumped on the chair, they had warned her about marriage and the sacrifices she had to make but she didn’t think it would be this soon to start sacrificing.

She woke up a little late than usual because she had gone to sleep late because of Rorisang’s party which had been nothing but a dream for her but she couldn’t even enjoy it because she was worried about her husband. Millie walked out of the bedroom dressed in a black dress; Zach had been awake for hours, which are what

he did when he was struggling emotionally.

“Hey baby,” she said gently putting an arm around him, he was on the couch staring at the blank TV screen lost in thought.

“Hey,” he said softly looking up at her. “Ready for church?”

“Yeah, do you want to come with me?” she knew the answer to that but it was worth a try.

“I was thinking I could take Hope and spend time with her outside maybe she’d tell me what’s wrong.”

“Oh,” she pulled back nodding fervently. “Yeah, you do that maybe she will open up.”

Zach nodded. “Did you have breakfast?”

“I was going to make a fruit salad,” she said.

“You need to eat more than that, should I get you fries from Spar that you like so much?”

“Really?” she asked with a smile.

“Yeah,” he said standing up. “Do you want anything else?”

“Yes, I also want canned peaches and grapes. I think we don’t have much in the house.”

“Okay,” he said with a slow smile kissing her forehead. “I will be back.”

Millie smiled watching him walk away, she wished these people could just stop stressing him out because he was really trying.

Millie left after she had her breakfast which she was very happy about. Hope was still not out of her room so he waited patiently for her surfing through the channels. He knew she would soon come out looking for food because it was almost 11 a.m. and he had no intention of

bringing the food to her room that would just make her more spoilt.

He looked up when he heard footsteps and Hope appeared still in her pajamas with a sullen expression. She passed the living room without acknowledging him heading to the kitchen. Zach kept his eyes on the TV even though his ears were paying attention to her shuffling in the kitchen.

She walked out minutes later and glared at him, she glared just like her mother.

“So you are going to starve me now?” she asked.

Zach reclined back on the couch, coolly. “Are you talking to me now?”

Hope rolled her eyes. “You are so infuriating.”

“I am, Miss Harvard because this is my house and I will not let you sulk and lock yourself in the room and ignore me like I am some kind of

artifact that you can't wait to get rid of.”

“You don't know what I am going through.”

“You also don't know what you are putting us through.”

“Oh, I know very well that I am a burden to you and that's fine.”

“Who said you are a burden?” Zach asked.

Hope huffed. “I heard you telling your wife that as soon as Mama gets out of rehab you are kicking me out so you can focus on your family.”

Zach sighed. “You need to stop eavesdropping, it's becoming a habit.”

“I came to get my phone then I heard you, it's not my fault my ears heard you.”

“Is that why you have been intolerable and snapping at Millie?”

“She doesn't have to fake to like me.”

“Millie is not faking it, she likes you.” Zach rubbed his jaw and patted the couch. “Come sit.”

Hope reluctantly plopped down folding her arms.

“You look ugly when you are sulky do you know that?” he asked looking at her. “Like an angry bird or something.”

Hope shot him an icy glare. “You are very mean.”

“So are you, I guess it runs in the blood,” he said calmly and sighed. “You are not a burden Hope, I don’t think you understand how much I care for you, how much we care for you. What you heard was me trying to make sure that everyone is happy. Millie likes you but she is also got a lot on her plate with the baby on the way and everything else, she didn’t even mention wanting you out of the house. I just

thought you would like to live with your mother again when she gets out.”

Hope shrugged. “What if she relapses and starts drinking again? I will be alone again.”

“No, you won’t because I will be here,” he said gently. “Millie and I will always be here for you and you need to have faith in your mother. She is trying and she will get better soon.”

“So, I can stay with you guys?”

“You can stay for as long as you want even when your mother comes back but you will not disrespect Millie again, is that clear?”

“I will apologize.” She said with a nod before her stomach grumbled.

Zach chuckled. “Come on, I will take you to breakfast where do you want to eat?”

“I want to go to Wimpy.”

“Go get dressed then or I am leaving without

you.”

Hope smiled. “I am sorry I was mean, Zach.”

“It’s fine but next time you are mean I will send you to rehab too.”

Hope chuckled rushing out of the living room.

[02/25, 19:15] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 69

Veronica felt bloated and her feet were so swollen that she couldn’t even wear slides or sandals without feeling like an elephant.

All the glamour she had felt the previous months was erased by the ninth month and replaced by burning and discomfort.

“You look beautiful,” Gabriel said when he opened the car door for her. She shot him a

doubtful look as she walked out with Zoey already out of the car. Being the friendly girl that she was she had been made lots of friends at Sunday school and she rushed off after greeting Gabriel.

“I don’t understand why they didn’t pick a different Sunday for the official introductions,” Veronica whined ignoring the curious stares that they got from the church members who were still gossiping and catching up.

In the past few months she had been a church member she had learnt that church members gossiped more than the people at the clubs or the bars and were very judgmental this was why they were shooting her looks of disapproval as she followed Gabriel inside. There had been rumors circulating about them which she was sure had been instigated by Unami. Gabriel’s parents had taken well surprisingly and invited her to join them for dinner now and then now

the church demanded an official declaration because rumors were getting out of control. Some of them insinuated that Gabriel was the father of the unborn child.

She was a bit nervous but Gabriel assured her everything was going to be fine and who was she to doubt him when he spoke so softly and his voice was like a gentle caress to her heart? She had no choice but to believe him.

“You look gorgeous,” Millie said with a grin as she sat down.

“Stop lying, I look like a whale.”

“You are one gorgeous whale then,” Millie giggled making her roll her eyes. Her baby bump was not big as hers but it had grown over the past 3 months. She was month behind her so her baby was going to be delivered after hers.

“Are you ready for the announcement?”

Josephine asked peering at Veronica with a

warm smile.

Veronica shrugged looking up at Gabriel who was chatting to some of the church members.

“I feel nervous but I will be fine.”

“You will be,” Millie said squeezing her hand.

“How come Hope doesn’t come to church these days?” Veronica asked glancing at Bokang who was engrossed in his phone. They used to chat up a storm whenever Hope visited church but it seemed her Christianity was short-lived.

Millie sighed. “I don’t think she wants to do things with me anymore, she only hangs out with her father.”

“Why is she being a b...,” she snapped her mouth shut. “What I wanted to say is why is being difficult?”

“I have no idea and honestly I don’t even mind at this point, if she doesn’t want me in her life it’s okay.”

“She lives in your house, she doesn’t have to choose if you are in her life or not.”

“I don’t want to talk about Hope,” she said shaking her head. She didn’t disrespect her but she could see how different she treated her now compared to Zach which was never the case before. She wanted her mother to get out of rehab already.

“Don’t let that girl stomp all over you and your marriage,” Josephine said quietly. “And when is your husband going to come to church?”

Millie sighed, that was another issue that she did not want to talk about because it made her head spin. She had no idea what Zach’s problem was with church and she was done trying to convince him to come because it was clear he didn’t intend to barge any time soon.

“Hallelujah,” Pastor Molefe said after he finished his ministering and the congregation chorused Amen. He smiled at them, his smile was just like Gabriel’s but his was now covered in wrinkles. “There comes a time when a man must leave his parent’s home and find a wife to build a home and a future with. Proverbs 18: 22 says; he who finds a wife finds a good thing and obtains favor from the Lord. I am happy to announce that my son Gabriel has also decided to find a wife and receive favor from the Lord. Gabriel bring your future wife up here and greet the church.”

Gabriel smiled rising to his feet and walked towards Veronica’s pew, his walk exuded so much confidence that she couldn’t help but smile when he held out his hand to her and she stood up as quickly as she could with the big bump. She ignored the whispers and the

burning stares as she walked up to join Gabriel's father.

Unami watched them with a smile plastered on her face looking like she was about to faint, Veronica admired her strength she knew she wouldn't even try to pretend if the man she liked was marrying someone else.

Pastor Molefe smiled at her nodding in approval before he faced the church. "It will soon be time for me to step down and let my son take over and he and his future wife will lead this church like I have led it. The wedding date will be confirmed in a few weeks because the couple is still preparing but in the meantime let us pray for their union so God gives them strength to lead and teach."

They all bowed their heads before the church erupted in prayers. Veronica could feel a sharp pain on the side of her belly but she ignored it, she had been feeling these false contractions

all week.

“Amen,” Pastor Molefe looked up and smiled facing his son. “Is there anything you would like to add?”

“Yes sir,” he nodded taking the mic from him and faced the congregation after clearing his throat. “I prayed to God to give me someone who I can call a friend, a wife and a partner and in all my prayers she showed up. I believe this union will bring nothing but happiness to all the respective church members like it has brought to me. I have wandering alone for so long without anyone to share life with and I thank God for answering my prayers and giving me a beautiful person whom I will soon get to call my wife,” he said then frowned looking at Veronica with confusion. Her whole face was scrunched like she was in pain then his eyes widened dropping the mic.

“Are you in pain?”

Veronica nodded clutching her belly. "I think it's time."

"Now?"

"Yes, now!" she almost shouted then smiled at the congregation. "Um, excuse me church I'd love to stay and worship but I think I am having a baby."

The crowd murmured as Gabriel gently helped her down, Millie and Josephine immediately rushed to her.

"Breathe Vero," Millie said gently fumbling for her phone so she could call Lefakae.

"I am breathing!" she snapped and winced as another sharp pain shot through her abdomen, she was never smiling at a man ever again!

"It's okay, sweetheart," Gabriel assured gently opening the door for her while she squeezed the life out of his hand but he could handle it as long as he could share some pain with her, he

did not mind.

Her mother had remained at the hospital with Veronica and Lefakae and Gabriel while she decided to home after her mother told her to go. She was tired anyway and she wanted to rest so she can cook dinner later, she hoped the birth went well though, she was praying for a safe delivery.

Lefakae and Veronica were both excited for this baby, it made her want to have hers sooner.

Rorisang had hosted a joint baby shower for them last month which had been sweet because she had no intention of having a baby shower herself but Rorisang had pulled through with her angelic giving heart and gave them the best baby shower.

She stepped out of the car feeling drained and tired, she just wanted to take a nap now. She heard female voices outside and frowned slightly, did Hope have friends over? She walked outside to the backyard and froze seeing Khumo sitting with her daughter by the pool, chatting and laughing like the house belonged to them. Where the hell was Zach?

“Hello?” her greeting came out more like a confused question as she took in Khumo’s jeans and was that Zach’s hoodie? She frowned at it, she knew his hoodies and this was definitely his.

“Oh, hi,” Khumo smiled rising to her feet.

“I had no idea you were back,” she said drily glancing at Hope, she was getting on her last nerve now.

“I landed this morning,” she said putting her

hands in the hoodies pocket. "I couldn't wait to meet Hope, I hope you don't mind I invited myself over because I missed her so much."

"Where is Zach?" she asked looking at Hope.

"He said he needed to check out something at the restaurant right after you left."

"He didn't know your mother was coming today?"

Khumo waved her hand in front of her. "I am right here, you can ask me the questions and yes he knows he is the one who bought me a plane ticket."

Millie nodded. "Well, enjoy your bonding."

She walked out before she could say more with her blood boiling. She contemplated calling Zach and kicking them out but she chose to remain calm, things between them have been

good so far except for the occasional snaps here and there because men could be annoying and clueless sometimes!

Khumo walked in the house to find her seated on the couch.

She looked better than the last time she had seen her and she could see just how beautiful she was with the short hair and the light make-up. Just the thought that her husband was the one paying for it all made her stomach churn.

“You look upset, sorry I barged in your home. I meant no disrespect.”

Millie regarded her for a minute before she nodded. “I am glad you are doing better.”

“Thank you,” she said looking around the house and her eyes landed on the framed photo of her and Zach in Nigerian attire, the one that had been taken in Nigeria by Femi. It was her favorite so she framed it. “You make a cute

couple.”

“Thank you.”

“How does it feel?” Khumo finally asked turning to look at Millie.

“How does what feel?”

“Being married to a rapist and a murderer,” she said sinking on the couch next to her. Millie shifted moving away from her. They were not that close to sit this close to each other and she really felt unsettled that she was in their home.

“He is a changed man.”

Khumo chuckled. “Aren’t you a church girl?”

“What does that have to do with anything?”

“How can you be married to someone like him and then continue saying you are a believer?”

Millie sighed, she had no idea how to talk about this. “I understand that he hurt you..”

“He will hurt you too.”

“No, he will never hurt me. He is not like that.”

“You are so sweet and naïve,” she chuckled.

“Do you have any idea what he does in that club of his.”

Millie stood up. “I think you should leave, Hope can visit if you want to spend time with her.”

“You must be immune to your husband’s violence or you are just way too deep in the money that you can’t see what’s in front of you,” she said pulling out her phone and clicked on a video before she handed it to her.

Millie frowned seeing Zach holding what looked like a teenage boy’s leg and egging a fierce bulldog to take a bite. She didn’t want to crumble in front of Khumo so she kept a straight face.

“There is my favorite one,” she said playing the next video and this time a man was tied on a

chair naked except for his boxers while Zach kept stabbing and punching him and he looked so at peace doing so. She felt the bile rising up in her throat, she had never seen his dark side and it was scary as she stared at the guy begging to be let go strapped to a chair.

“Is he a changed person?” Khumo asked then chuckled darkly. “You are right, he is changed now I guess he doesn’t rape women anymore.”

Millie swallowed hard trying to catch her breath. “I need you to get out of my house.”

“It’s true what they say hey, some women just settle for the violent guys as long as he is rich.”

“Get out of my house!” she shouted wanting to push her. She was tired, just tired and this woman was getting on her last nerve not only was she wearing Zach’s hoodie she was showing her things that she did not want to see.

“What’s going on?” Hope asked barging in the

room.

“Me and Millie were just talking.” Khumo shrugged. “I have to go now baby.”

“Where will you go?”

“Oh, Zach found me an apartment,” she said glancing at Millie. “He is just so generous, your husband.”

“I want you to get out of my house right now,” Millie said firmly not backing down.

Khumo nodded. “Don’t say I didn’t warn you.” She turned around to leave. Hope looked at Millie before she shook her head and jogged after her mother. Millie walked to her bedroom biting her trembling to stop the tears which she soon let fall on her cheeks once she was alone.

An hour later, she was still in bed nursing her shattered heart. She knew that Zach was no

angel but seeing him inflicting pain on others like that without even flinching was enough to send her head spinning.

“Baby!” she heard him call downstairs and ignored him and kept quiet. He walked in the bedroom a minute later and sat on the bed reaching for her hand but she shrugged him off.

“What’s wrong?” he asked sounding genuinely confused and concerned.

Millie sat up shooting him an icy glare. “You are what is wrong, everything is just wrong.”

Zach frowned, he thought they were past her mood swings now. “Nana,” he called softly and reached for her hand again but she slapped his hand away.

“When I asked you if you enjoy hurting others like you did back then you said you have changed, you said you could control your rage now and then your baby mama shows up at MY

house wearing YOUR hoodie and shows me video of you hurting people like it's nothing," she closed her eyes trying to erase the image of him making the dog take a bite of those boys's legs and that man..." she trailed off shaking her head.

"Khumo was here?"

"Aren't you supposed to know?" she snapped.

"Your daughter invited her here without my permission and I found her all comfortable like this place belongs to her. Was she really raped? Why would she be so comfortable around her abuser? Maybe you two are putting on a façade about this rape thing to throw me off when actually you were lovers."

"How can you say that?" Zach asked in a raspy voice. "You know how I struggle about this everyday."

"Right now I feel like I don't know anything," she

said. "I am tired Zach, I am really tired. I want your daughter out of my house because she is starting to feel entitled when I did nothing but be nice to her. She can go live with her mother in the apartment that you bought without telling me."

"Millie, you are the one who said you don't want to be burdened with this kind of shit," Zach groaned.

"You are right," she nodded. "I don't even want to know what you do with your money, it's yours anyway."

"Millie, I am trying here," he growled. "I can't please everyone because there is only one me, what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to take control and stop letting Khumo in your head, I have never seen someone be comfortable around their abusers like she was never hurt. I want you to stop

acting like an emotionally stunted man and take control. I want your daughter out of my house!”

“Whatever happened to’ I will support you Oatile, I will be here for you Oatile?”

“What do I have to support?” she asked. “Your entitled daughter who feels like she owns my house now or your baby mama who seems like she is going to make our lives a living hell or your violent ways that you keep from me. I understand why you don’t want to go to church now, it’s pretty clear I married a heathen.”

“Don’t speak to me like that.”

“How else am I supposed to speak to you?”

“Millie, I am not the church type. You knew that when you married me and I never promised to be a pastor any time soon. I own a fucking club and the things that happen in there are not godly trust me.”

“People change or do you love what you do?”

“You found me like this, you know the club means a lot to me, it bought you a bakery and the car you are driving and this house you are so mad about and it feeds you and buys you clothes.”

Millie glared at him, her whole face reddening. “I am going to my parent’s house.”

“You are not going anywhere until we talk this out, you are not a little girl anymore Millie. You can’t keep running to mummy and daddy like you are not married.”

“I want to go,” she said stubbornly. “And you are not going to stop me.”

He grabbed her wrist before she could walk past him.

“Let me go,” she hissed.

“You need to stop being so naïve, you knew very well that I was not some prince charming when you married me, you are not going to act like

you don't know anything about me now."

"You are hurting me, let me go," she whimpered staring down at her wrist.

Zach hadn't even realized that he had tightened his hold around her wrist. He blinked and loosened his hand but Millie had fat drops of tears springing out of her eyes.

"Nana," he called softly but she moved back before he could touch her. "Fuck, I didn't mean to hurt you, let me see."

"I am going to my parent's and you can't stop me," she hissed before she walked out to their walk in closet to get her clothes. Zach palmed his face letting a groan of frustration.

[02/25, 19:15] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 70

“She is so cute,” Millie cooed watching baby Zuri suckling Veronica’s breast eagerly. She was only 4 days old but she was so eager and so adorable, Millie’s heart swelled with affection just watching her. If she wasn’t already pregnant, she would be suffering from a serious case of baby fever.

“Yoh, she eats too much,” Veronica said looking down at her new daughter with tender eyes.

“Zozo was practically an angel when she was just days old, I was sometimes scared that she would die of hunger with the way she never complained about being fed.”

Millie chuckled. “Well, this one seems like a princess already. What does Zuri mean anyway?”

“It’s Swahili, it means beautiful. Lefakae gave her the name after I told him I only want names that match Zoey.” she said and Millie nodded.

Lefakae's mother had suggested taking care of Veronica and help her nurse her new grandchild but she had insisted she would do it herself. This was not her first baby so she knew everything that needed to be done and she wanted to experience it all so she was still at Lefakae's place which was still a weird case considering her engagement to Gabriel was official now.

"That's so cute, I am clues when it comes to baby names."

"You and Zachariah will figure it out," Veronica said seeing the smile vanish off Millie's face.

"You two haven't talked yet?"

"There is nothing to talk about," she said with a light shrug.

"Why are you letting this Kutlo woman disrespect you like this?"

"It's Khumo."

“Whatever, I don’t like her so I am going to butcher her name as much as I want.”

Millie chuckled shaking her head. “Says the Pastor’s wife.”

“I am not yet his wife so I have time to live out my last days as an evil bitch,” she said before they both burst out laughing. “Seriously Mills, why do you keep running from home? I don’t know much about marriage considering I was married for like a few weeks to a gay man at that but the way you keep running from your home like you are not a wife is alarming. Are you going to run from your child too when he is born?”

Millie sighed looking down at her feet. “I just need time away from him, he makes me so mad.”

“You married him; you need to stop behaving like you are still in a relationship. There are no

breaks in a marriage,” she said peering up at her before she gently moved Zuri from her breast, she was already sleeping and her mouth was set in a pout.

Millie’s heart just felt like exploding looking at her.

“He annoys me, he acts like a big man with everyone but when it comes to Hope and Khumo he becomes a little boy.” She scoffed getting enraged all over again just thinking about it.

“You need to talk to your man and stop sulking wena, marriage is not child’s play and you can’t keep running forever.”

“Can we talk about something else?” Millie asked eager to change the topic. Her mother had already talked to her in the morning about going back to her husband but she was not ready to face him yet.

She had been ignoring his calls and texts and luckily this time around he didn't follow her home. If he wanted her to go back he had to deal with his daughter and Khumo first because she was done.

"Where is my lovely granny's girl?" Mrs. Moeng's voice called before she walked in Veronica's bedroom and greeted them even though her eyes were set on the baby eagerly.

Millie couldn't believe she was the same woman who wanted to nurse a new born, she had manicures and was wearing an expensive dress with heels. She really made old look fabulous, it was true money could buy everything even youth.

"Aww, is she still sleeping?"

"Ee mma, she just fell asleep."

"She is so pretty bathong, I remember when I

heard Rori like it was yesterday. Girl babies are just so precious.”

“Don’t let Lefa hear you say that,” Veronica said with a snort.

Mrs. Moeng chuckled. “He will survive, he is already excited about this baby running around and buying things that the baby doesn’t need.”

“He is trying,” Veronica said with a slight chuckle.

“Well, Zuri is a Moeng she is going to have everything she has ever wanted and never even have to ask for it.” Mrs. Moeng smiled and glanced at Millie. “You too Mrs. Babupi you know Zach is our oldest son.”

“I know,” she said with a forced smile.

“By the way when is the white wedding? I can’t wait to see you in a white dress.”

“It’s months away,” she mumbled before she

rose to her feet. "I'd love to stay and chat but I have to get back to the bakery now."

"Okay, you do that my girl. Don't work too hard we don't want the baby falling in flour dough when it's time."

Millie chuckled reaching for her handbag. "It won't, see you tomorrow."

"Bye," Veronica said giving her a meaningful look that said she should think about what she had said.

Zuri whined and Mrs. Moeng immediately picked her up like she had been waiting for this chance. Veronica sighed watching Mrs. Moeng talking in an animated voice at her daughter like she could understand. All the Moengs were dramatic in their own way.

Millie sat in her car outside Lefakae's house contemplating whether to call Zach or not.

It had been 4 days since she stormed out and she was wondering how he was doing but it still didn't change the fact that he had bought a whole apartment for Khumo without even talking to her, it made her blood boil. She sighed reaching for the seat belt when the ringing of her phone interrupted her. She reached for it and her pulse raced seeing Zach's name flash on the screen. He was relentless.

She took a deep breath to steady her beating heart before she answered.

"You answered," came his raspy voice which sent tingles along her spine.

"Isn't that why you called?"

“You have been ignoring my calls,” he said sounding like he was very stressed. She knew Zach wasn’t used to expressing his emotions or showing his weakness but he didn’t have a problem baring his soul to her.

“Because I told you I need time to gather my thoughts.”

He kept quiet before she heard a throaty chuckle and she frowned. “Are you laughing right now?”

“I thought you will grow up but you are still acting a baby.”

“Did you call me to insult me?”

“How is this an insult?” he asked. “Is calling you a baby the same as you calling me a heathen?”

“You are being impossible.”

“No, you are the one who is being fucking impossible expecting me to run after you every

time because you are the angel and I am the heathen right?"

"I am not the one who beats and torments people in his club."

"Those motherfuckers deserved it and I am not going to feel sorry for what I did. Those little assholes are the ones that set their dog on Hope, I was just giving them a taste of their medicine."

"So this is all for Hope?" she asked before she chuckled. "Why are you letting these people manipulate you this much?"

"You are the one who said I needed to be a father to Hope," he said sounding frustrated.

"A normal father not what you are doing, this is not some kind of movie where you are the hero Zach. This is real life and in this life you are about to have a child, what happens when he sees those videos and starts acting like you?"

Zach sighed. "Sometimes, I think you married me for all the wrong reasons Millie."

Millie's eyes widened, was he insinuating that she married him for his money? She gripped her phone harder feeling her vision getting blurry.

"You are probably crying now aren't you?" Zach asked drily. "That's all you ever do like there is nothing better to do. I call you out you cry, I go to Cape Town you cry, you get intimidated by Khumo you cry."

Millie bit her lip to keep herself from sobbing. "I guess it's the same as you beating people up and being a violent person."

Zach chuckled bitterly. "Come home."

"Not when you are not being remorseful."

"What did I do kante?"

"You bought another woman a whole freaking apartment without telling me!" she snapped.

“So the part about me being violent was just a cover up because you are actually mad about the money?”

“If you don’t see what’s wrong with it then I guess we are done talking here.”

“You are the one who fucking told me to handle my shit on my own because you said it was heavy for you and you were crying every second you got, I am also being emotionally abused here. I don’t know what to fucking do because Khumo is on my neck.”

“Is that why she has your hoodie?” she asked quietly and Zach kept quiet on the end of the line.

“I.. that was months ago when Hope was sick and she got cold at the hospital.”

Millie blinked away her tears. “Would you like it if I wore Femi’s hoodie?”

“Why are you bringing Femi into this?”

“I am just asking if you would like it.”

“Millie, it was just a hoodie I didn’t give her my kidney and you are letting her rile you up and being a cry baby as always now you are talking about Femi,” he said. “It’s not the same thing and don’t go around gloating because you know he liked you. He only had a crush on you because you looked liked his first love don’t go feel all special.”

Millie gasped softly, it was not the fact that Femi had liked her because of someone she apparently resembled but it was the way he spoke to her. He had never spoken to her like that and it tore her heart to shreds.

“Who are you?” she let out a choked sob.

“There you go crying again.”

“You were just rude to me.”

“By telling you that you are only a look alike?” Zach asked and she choked on another sob.

“You need to toughen up, this world is not all candy and marshmallows and you should learn to stand up to Khumo and stop running to your mommy all the time. What kind of mother are you going to be?”

Millie sniffed before she hung up without another word. She was done with Zach, if that meant she was done with their marriage then so be it because he was definitely the man she married.

Zach threw the whiskey tumbler after Millie hung up against the wall and it shattered into pieces. He grabbed the bottle and drank straight from it as he leaned on the couch. He didn't even go to the club because he was drunk as a skunk, he had been drinking all day trying

to numb the pain and he wished he could just pass out already because he was tired.

He closed his eyes and groaned seeing Millie's face flashing in front of him. He felt like he had already lost her and he was just grasping at straws trying to bring her back. He had sunk back into that dark place that he had dreaded before and it was swallowing him up. Zach stared at the blank TV screen before he stood up grabbing his car keys. He needed to talk to the one who had caused all of this and he was tired of her bitchy tendencies.

He got to Khumo' apartment 30 minutes later and knocked loudly until she opened the door for him wearing a sports bra and gym shorts. She frowned at him.

"What are you doing here?" she asked but Zach pushed her aside letting himself inside the

apartment.

Hope had been staying here for the time being and she knew right now she was at school. He looked around the fully furnished apartment before he turned to look at Khumo with bloodshot eyes.

“Are you drunk?” Khumo asked peering up at him.

“I am drunk, yes,” he mumbled walking towards her. “Because you ruined my life.”

Khumo looked up at him her lips curling into a smile. “Already? Wow, your wife is weaker than I thought. This is no fun though, I had more in store for you.”

“Why the fuck did you show her that video?” he growled but she didn’t even flinch and continued staring up at him.

“You mean the one about you being an animal?” she asked before she snorted.

“You said you wanted to see what I did to anyone who dared to hurt Hope, how dare you use those videos against me?” he shouted.

Khumo chuckled. “You are so fucking annoying but honestly I didn’t expect your wife to go crazy on you because she was defending you about how you have changed and all that and I was like bona monna wa gago baby girl. She probably can’t handle you now, she looks so innocent.”

Zach blinked before he moved back. “I don’t know what you want from me Khumo, I am doing everything I can to make you happy and show you how sorry I am but instead you are making it worse. What do you want me to do?”

“I want you to be miserable,” Khumo said calmly folding her arms. He risked a glance at her toned flat stomach which showed she had been working out. “I want you to be at my mercy, I just want you to burn Zach.”

“Even when I am trying?” he asked looking at her with hooded eyes.

“It’s not enough, I want more.”

“What the hell do you want from me?” he growled getting angrier again. “Can’t we move on and just raise Hope?”

“I raised Hope on my own,” she said. “I can do it again.”

“So you are going to kill me?”

“Unlike you, I am not a murderer.”

“Then what more are you going to do?” he asked. “I will give you money if that’s what you want, I will give you everything I have just take it if it will make you feel better but it won’t change what happened that night no matter what. That is up to you to let and go and heal, I am not going to responsible for that.”

“It’s not fucking enough!” Khumo snapped

finally showing a flicker of emotion and letting her cold demeanor crumble.

“Then what is going to satisfy your hunger?” he asked stepping closer to her. “Millie is going to come back to me and I will continue loving her like I always have like I always will. I know you want to see me miserable but I am sorry it will only be temporary. Maybe you are jealous that she loves me like that.”

“Fuck you, I am not jealous of you.”

“Then you want a taste of me?” he asked his face an inch away from her face.

She could feel his warm whiskey breath fanning her face but she was not going to back out and kept staring at him. She didn't even have to time to fully grasp what she was feeling before she tugged his head down and kissed him roughly biting his lip in turn.

“What the fuck?” Zach hissed pulling back from

her wiping his bottom lip where she had bit.

Khumo stared at him before she shook her head, this was her abuser for heaven's sake. She made an attempt to walk away when he grabbed her wrist and brought her against his chest. She looked up at him.

"I fucking hate you," she hissed before he leaned down, his lips crushing on hers. She clawed his back and continued biting and sucking on his bottom lip, her whole body felt like it had been set on fire as he yanked her up and pressed her against the wall.

She dug her nails in his skin wanting to peel his skin off but also couldn't fight the burning desire pooling in her body. Zach kissed her roughly shoving his tongue in her mouth and she didn't even moan, she was not going to give him that satisfaction. He roughly kneaded her breasts like he wanted to yank them out of her chest. She bit his tongue again and he only

grunted in pleasure. He shoved her gym shorts down together with her panties.

“Do you have a condom?” he asked in a raspy voice.’

“I am clean.”

“I am not fucking you raw you psycho.”

“In the fucking bedroom then.”

He stumbled on his feet but he didn't drop her and she continued clawing at his back and neck. He threw her on the bed and she reached for a sealed box of condoms on the bedside table he impatiently tore it taking one packet and sheathed his dick.

“You have been whining all along for dick, weren't you?”

Khumo's eyes flashed with anger and she slapped him but he grinned wickedly before he plunged into her. She tightened her legs around

him as he quickened his pace not giving her time to adjust to him.

“I am going to fuck the psychotic vibes out of you.”

“Fuck off,” she growled moving her waist to fuck him back. He closed his eyes when her walls clenched against him and increased his pace.

See you on Monday unless we get a sponsorship 

[02/25, 19:15] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 71

Zach blinked after trying to calm down from his second orgasm staring up the ceiling trying to catch his breath. Khumo’s breath was steady

beside him and he didn't even want to risk a glance at her.

This was not only about betraying Millie in so many ways than one but he had slept with victim and not even the slow sensual kind of sex, it was animalistic and raw that he could feel his dick pulsating just at the thought of what had happened.

He ran his hand over his face trying not to move and listened to his rapid heartbeat and Khumo's labored breaths.

He jerked up in alarm when he heard her sniffing and looked up to see her quickly wiping the tears off her face before he could see them.

"Khumo," he called softly raking his brain for the right things to say. This was more fucked up than anything he had ever done before. Who fucking slept with someone they have hurt?

"I am not upset," Khumo said firmly before he

could say more.

“Then why are you crying?” he asked tilting his head.

“I don’t know,” Khumo mumbled.

Zach arched his eyebrow in disbelief, Khumo was probably not those women who cried for the fun of it. Maybe back when she was young she had cried a lot but now the world had made her tough that he couldn’t believe she would cry for no reason, that was probably his wife’s thing. She had a lot of tears to spare.

“Did.. I..” he cleared his throat. “Are you hurt?”

“You sound like a fucking wimp, I told you I am not upset,” she snapped reaching for her towel at the end of the bed and wrapped it around her body.

“You are not going anywhere until we talk about this.”

“I am not your wife, don’t boss me around.”

Zach sighed. “I don’t boss my wife around and come here we need to talk about this.”

“I don’t have to do what you tell me to do; I am going to take a shower. I will talk whenever I am the mood.” She walked to the bathroom without another word.

Zach stared at the closed bathroom door before he shook his head, she was a fucking enigma. He rose to his feet and walked towards the bathroom and pushed the door open and let himself in. She stood under the shower letting the water fall on her body. Zach stared taking in her body, she had gained a bit of weight and her bubble butt looked so malleable probably from all the exercises she did. It was like looking at a new person from the person she had been months ago.

“Will you stop staring at me like a fucking pervert?” she growled turning to shoot him an icy glare.

“I want us to talk.”

“I am not going to tell your wife if that’s what you are worried about.”

“That’s not what I want us to talk about,” he said stepping in beside her making sure to stand a bit away from her in case she was still digesting or was repulsed by what had happened. He too was still trying to wrap his brain around all of this.

Khumo pinned him a stare not quite hostile but not quite friendly either waiting for him to go on. Zach scratched the back of his head.

“I don’t know why or how that happened but...”

“Stop treating me like a piece of glass that is about to break,” Khumo chided facing away

from him. "I don't know what the fuck is wrong with me either. I don't know why I feel like a burden has been lifted off my shoulders. I resented and loathed you for 17 years and then the second I get the chance to break you, I fuck you instead."

"I am the one who fucked you."

"If that helps you sleep at night," she said with a shrug.

Zach stepped closer in the shower letting the water droplets hit his body. He had no idea how or why but he felt like he had let go of something he had been holding on for so long.

He cupped her breasts from the back leaning down to kiss her shoulder, he gnawed at the skin there trying to get a moan out of her but her stubbornness didn't let her. She pushed him back catching him off guard.

"I will fuck you when I want to fuck you and on

my own terms,” She said jabbing a finger on his chest. “Clean up and go home before Hope gets here.” She stepped out of the shower leaving him with a hard boner in the shower. He chuckled to himself, who the fuck was this woman.

Baking had always been her happy place, she liked baking when she was happy or when she was feeling sad or overwhelmed and the past few days she had been more stressed than she had ever been. Zach had bluntly called her a cry baby and she couldn't get over how malicious his voice had sounded. She dusted her hands as the words rang in her ears, she resisted the urge to cry even though tears were burning at the back of her eyes. She just couldn't help it,

she cried when she was sad, happy or overwhelmed but she had no idea that her tears had annoyed Zach to that extent.

Millie sighed walking to the sink to wash her hands, maybe she shouldn't have married him just a few months into their relationship.

She had thought she knew him and he was over that dark phase in his life but he had said it himself that he was not going to change for anyone not even her. She was worried about their baby, if his father loved inflicting pain on people like this and not even feel remorse what was he going to teach their son?

"Millie," her mother called softly and she quickly blinked away her tears and plastered on a fake smile turning to look at her mother.

"What are you thinking so hard about?" she asked studying her face. "I have been calling

your name for a while now.”

“Oh, sorry I was thinking about some recipe I forgot.”

“I was not born yesterday,” Josephine said shaking her head. “shouldn’t you be resting now? You have been baking for hours now. I think we have enough pies and cakes to eat or are you taking them to the bakery?”

Millie shook her head, it was Saturday and she hadn’t gone to the bakery. She didn’t want to be there anyways.

“Zach hasn’t even showed up to take you home this time,” Josephine said quietly. “You are pregnant and crying every day, this cannot be good for the baby. You are a married woman, those people paid a lot for your hand in marriage and I told you during your patlo that lenyalo ga se papadi. There are still greater challenges on the way but here you are crying

your eyes out every day. Did Zach cheat or hurt you?”

Millie shook her head.

“If you don’t talk to me, there is no how I can help.”

“He said I cry too much and I was still a baby,” she said biting her lower lip. “He was so mean about it too. He even said he wondered what kind of mother I was going to be if I ran to you every chance I got.”

Josephine sighed before she sat down on one of the kitchen chairs and gestured for her to do the same.

“I like that you come to me whenever you are going through something but your husband doesn’t appreciate his wife running from home whenever something goes wrong. You are not a child anymore Millie. Me and your father asked you if you were ready for marriage and you said

you were ready to spend the rest of your life with him,” she said quietly. “Marriage is not child’s play and neither is motherhood and right now you are not doing a good job at both because you keep running from your husband without standing to fight for your marriage and you are letting his daughter win, this is what she wants and you are letting her have it. And you are putting the baby’s health in danger with overworking yourself and crying up a storm.”

Millie sighed sadly, her mother was right. She had been a mess lately and letting her emotions get the better of her. She had always been a very emotional person but the past few days, she had done nothing but cry.

“You and Zachariah will hurt each other; it won’t always be happy days. He will say mean things he doesn’t mean and you will say things you don’t mean but at the end of the day you chose him nobody chose him for you. You know him

better than anyone and don't try to make your husband what he is not," Josephine murmured. "I know you might be envious of all the couples at church and now Vero is marrying a pastor but Zachariah is not that and don't push him to change, he will resent you for trying to make him something he is not. If he wants to change he will on his own."

Millie looked down at her fingers wringing her hands together.

"Do you still want to be his wife?"

She couldn't even imagine life without Zach now, despite everything he was the love of her life and she was always going to love him. She had over reacted and she needed to stop crying so maybe it was time to go back to his husband and face her problems head on, she had vowed to stand by him and guard his heart and he was someone who was still jaded from the past and Khumo showing up and acting the way she was,

was also justified. She probably still saw Zach as a monster who hurt her but she was going to have to establish boundaries when it came to her husband and their home.

“I will go back home and talk to him.”

“Good and we are kicking you out the next time you come running.”

Millie giggled. “Papa will let me in.”

“I will kick him out too.”

Millie laughed even more and took her mother’s hand squeezing it. “Thank you granny.”

“Hei, don’t remind me. That child will have to call me aunt Josephine.”

“You are not young enough to be an aunt tthe mma,” she said laughing.

“I am still very much young, your father is the one who is old.”

“Who is old?” Metheo asked walking in with an

empty coffee mug probably to ask for more coffee. Millie was sure her father's blood stream was filled with coffee more than blood by now.

"No one," Josephine said rising to her feet. "Do you want more coffee mogatsaka?"

Mettheo frowned suspiciously handing his wife the coffee mug, it was his favorite mug that Millie had bought for him on father's day engraved; World's best father, he loved it more than anything. Mettheo followed his wife to the counter and Millie watched them bickering like a new teenage couple, it must have taken a lot of patience for them to get here. She wondered if she and Zach will ever get there.

Veronica snorted as she watched Lefakae

holding Zuri and singing to her like she could understand him. He sang softly but out of tune but it was the cutest thing she had ever seen so she took out her phone to record him. He had basically slept in the room last night when he came back from work and didn't want to leave the baby's side. He was so taken by his daughter that it swelled her heart with emotion. He really would have made a great husband.

"She is sleeping again," Lefakae whined looking up at Veronica.

"She is tired, she spent the whole night fussing."

"She is just like her aunt Rori, she was a fussy baby as well."

"I thought you would be scared to hold her."

"I used to hold Rori when she was a baby, I am a professional at this." He said with a proud grin. His phone buzzed in his cargo shorts pocket

and he let out a small groan handing the baby back to Veronica.

“It’s Tumo,” he told Veronica once he saw the caller ID. “Lefakae Moeng, Zuri’s father speaking.”

Veronica rolled her eyes at his answer and he grinned walking out to talk to his friend.

She looked down at her daughter. Zoey barged in just as she was still gazing at the baby.

“Is she sleeping?” she asked in a whisper that made her want to laugh.

“Yes, but you can talk in your normal voice baby she won’t wake up.”

“She cries a lot, I don’t want her to cry again.”

“She will be fine,” Veronica smiled and looked at her. She was dressed in her Elsa t-shirt and cute jeans which meant she planned to go somewhere.

“Are you going somewhere?”

“Bokang is taking me out for Ice cream,” she said with a grin. “He says I am still his favorite niece even if the baby is here.”

“He shouldn’t be teaching you favoritism but okay you can go.”

“Thanks mummy,” she smiled and leaned down to kiss the baby’s forehead. “Bye Zuri.”

Veronica smiled watching her dash out of the room.

She took out her phone to call Gabriel, she hadn’t seen him since the day she gave birth. He had been respecting Lefakae and keeping his distance.

“Hey sweetheart,” he answered in a soft voice.

“Hi, am I interrupting?”

“No, I was just about to call you,” he told her.

“How are you and Zuri doing?”

“We are fine and I am a bit exhausted and tired.”

“Aww I am sorry my love, is there anything I can bring you?”

“I want to kiss you,” she said biting her lip.

Gabriel chuckled. “You need to nurse Zuri first, you can kiss me all you want after that.”

Veronica snorted then suddenly remembered their conversation that he had been avoiding whenever she brought up the topic.

“When you said you didn’t like normal sex, what kind of sex were you talking about?”

“I don’t think this is the right time to talk about this.”

“It is, I am locked away with a baby and you are far away so you can tell me.”

“I will tell you when you get better sweetheart please rest for now and take care of our

daughter.”

Veronica sighed. “I hope it’s not weird and kinky stuff that will make me dump you.”

“I hope not,” he said with a small chuckle that sounded like he was nervous and now she was nervous but she brushed the thoughts away and changed the subject to church, something that he always enjoyed talking about.

“Oh My God, this guy is the worst player I have ever seen,” Khumo groaned in frustration not tearing her eyes from the screen.

Zach snorted turning to face the screen. He found himself here again not wanting to be at home or at the club and Khumo had been welcoming after he fucked her against the wall

then offered to watch a soccer game together. Hope was not home since she was at a study group.

This was weird but he had done worse things than bonding with his victim even though it didn't feel like that anymore.

"Wow," Khumo said drily shaking her head. "I don't even know why I support this team."

He chuckled reaching for his bottle of water, he usually drank beer while watching football but Khumo was a recovering alcoholic and he didn't want to trigger her or something.

"When did you even start to like soccer?" he asked watching her.

Khumo shrugged. "I don't know, Lesang made me get into it and I just started loving it after I understood it."

"Is Lesang the boyfriend?"

She nodded then frowned hit with a pang of guilt for betraying Lesang's trust. He was in jail waiting to get out while she was fucking Zach and didn't even feel bad about it. She felt calm after she slept with him like her mind was clearing and her heart felt lighter.

"Let's just watch the game," Khumo said softly turning to face the screen.

Zach kept quiet and leaned back on the couch. He was still watching when Khumo jumped on his lap without warning.

"What.. the.."

"Shh," she said before her lips crashed on his and her hand travelled to his belt impatiently unbuckling it. Zach felt blood rushing to his manhood, Khumo was like a wild cat in bed and he liked how she clawed and bit and fucked him like there was no tomorrow. He probably shouldn't have fucked her again but she was

intoxicating one taste was just not enough. He wanted to heal everything in her body and fill it with new memories.

It was dark by the time he drove in the yard from the club. He had left Khumo's place after the session on the couch and went to the club to check if everything was under control.

He didn't want a chance to be by himself and think about losing Millie. He stepped out of the car and frowned at Millie's car next to the Mercedes, he blinked wondering if he missed her so much to appoint of hallucinating.

He walked towards the car inspecting it, maybe Millie had dumped it here because she didn't want him or his gifts anymore. The thought was enough to send his pulse racing.

Zach walked inside the house frowning at the soft music playing before Millie walked out of the kitchen with a smile.

“Hey, I was starting to think you weren’t coming home today,” she said walking towards him while he was frozen on the spot. “I made dinner, your favorite.”

Zach opened his mouth but no words came out, his throat felt too tight and his chest constricted.

“I wanted to apologize first for how I left and calling you a heathen,” she said looking up at him with so much love and adoration that felt like she was choking him. “I didn’t mean any of that and I am sorry for taking out my frustrations about Khumo on you. I should have stood my ground and should have never let her get in my head. I understand she is hurt but she has no right to boss you around either and I am going to stand by you.”

“Um...”

“I am sorry baby, I let you drown when I should have saved you.”

“It’s not your responsibility to save me, I am sorry I made you feel like your support wasn’t enough.”

“It wasn’t,” Millie said. “It shouldn’t be conditional and only when it fits me. You are my husband and I shouldn’t be intimidated by anyone because I know where your heart belongs. I am really sorry.”

[02/25, 19:15] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 72

“Are you alright?” Millie asked scanning Zach’s face. He hadn’t said another word after she poured her heart to him and apologized for her

running away behavior but he looked a little queasy like he was about to throw up any second. Maybe he was hung over. She should have never left him in the first place.

“I am fine,” Zach mumbled reaching for a glass of water. Millie didn’t look convinced but she chose to brush it off and served him dinner.

It was his second favorite dish, chicken stew and pap.

“Do you remember the first time I came over to your house?” she asked with a smile once she sat down facing him. “I was so nervous and terrified but at the same time I was a bit excited. It felt like I was stepping out of my comfort zone and doing things I never did before. I had no idea I would wind up with a ring and a baby almost a year later,” she said with a giggle.

“I know I don’t say it much but I really love you Zach and not for the bad boy thing or that you

have money. I know I would have loved you either way if you didn't have any of those." She reached for his hand stroking it softly. "It's always going to be me and you."

Zach's chest tightened feeling like she was pricking his heart with pins and needles.

Before he went to military school, he used to change girls like underwear and he never cared about them. It took him a lot of struggle and practice to learn how to respect women again after what had happened to him. He didn't jump into committed relationships right there and then until Amber came along and he knew how it felt to be in a committed relationship.

He never thought about cheating because, it had been more than enough for him. He couldn't believe he had finished 2 years dating Amber without cheating only to cheat on his loving and caring wife.

“Oatile,” Millie called softly her forehead creasing into a concerned frown. “What is going on?”

Zach pushed his chair back before he rose to his feet. It was torture to sit across from her and listen to her reminisce about their first dates and profess her undying love for him. He did not deserve it not after he had slept with Khumo and not even felt an ounce of guilt about it.

“Baby?” she called standing up too. “Is everything okay?”

“I need to lie down,” he rasped not looking into her eyes.

“Are you not feeling well?” she asked pressing her hand to his forehead. “You are a little warm but I don’t think it’s that bad. It must be from all the whiskey, I saw the empty bottles when I got here. I know you don’t want a lecture right now

but you need to cut down on the alcohol especially the hard liquor.”

“I wouldn’t have had a reason to drink if you hadn’t left,” he blurted and saw the flicker of emotion in Millie’s eyes. He sighed rubbing his forehead. “I didn’t mean that, I am sorry. I am just a mess right now.”

“How about I draw you a bath and then give you a little massage?”

“You work too hard,” Zach said shaking his head. “I should be the one to give you massages.”

“I don’t mind.”

“No, it’s been stressful for you too and you need a lot of rest.” He said quietly. “How about you don’t go to the bakery and spend the day in tomorrow? We can order out and just bond, just us the 3 of us.”

Millie smiled. “I’d really love that.”

Zach nodded moving back before he kissed her. He needed a hot bath, maybe which could wash his sins of infidelity away and cleanse him into a better man.

“Go wait in the bathroom and I will go freshen up before I give you a massage.”

“I will be waiting,” she grinned watching him walk to the bedroom.

She frowned to herself once he had disappeared. She could feel he was not alright; it was like speaking to two different people at the same time. She hoped it was just stress and it would soon pass.

She grinned when she saw him walk out of the bathroom with a towel around his waist and his

hard chest on display.

She didn't know how much she had missed him until she saw him.

Millie admitted she had been too hard on him when she was supposed to support and stand by him.

He wore his drawstring pants sans a shirt before he joined her on their bed putting her swollen feet on his lap. Millie smiled, she had missed this care and attention more than anything maybe the time apart had done good for them.

"Have you thought about any baby names?" she asked while Zach gently rubbed her feet. It felt good she wanted to fall asleep. She hadn't really slept in days.

"I guess I forgot we had to name the baby something either than Peaches," he said with a snort which made Millie giggle.

“It sounds like a dog’s name, our son would hate us for life.”

Zach winced, would his son hate him for what he was or who he was? He used to think as long as he had Millie everything would be fine that he wouldn’t need anything else but Khumo had turned his world upside down in just a few moments. She had lifted off the heavy lift that he had been carrying all this time without even knowing it. He didn’t want to lose Millie, he was her quiet place, she was his home.

“Are you worried?” Millie asked after a moment peering up at him and put her hand on her tummy. It was not big since most of the baby bump had gone straight to her body instead, she still looked like she was not pregnant to some just a pretty fat woman.

Zach shrugged. “I don’t know if I will ever get rid of the darkness inside me or the thrill that comes after hurting people who have wronged

me or the people I love. I don't want my son to ever see me lose control like that."

"It's natural to be scared, I am also scared I won't know what to do with the baby and cry with it."

Zach chuckled before his laugh faded in his throat and he gave Millie an apologetic look. "I am sorry I called you a cry baby."

"I am the one who started it by calling you a heathen."

"I guess I am," he blew out a breath.

"No, you are not," she leaned closer cradling his cheek. "You love me and you protect everyone around you. It doesn't matter whether you want to go to church or not, I should have never called you a heathen."

Zach stared at her adorable face, it was chubbier now because of the weight she lost but she still looked so beautiful it hurt just

looking at her knowing what he had done when she was heavily pregnant with their baby.

Moeng would be so disappointed if he knew and he didn't even want to imagine how broken she would be if she found out. How could he tell her when she was pregnant?

"I don't think the darkness inside me ever left," he admitted in a softer tone. "Sometimes, I get angry and I unleash my anger on the wrong people and I have these chaos in my head telling me I will always be that boy who committed those huge crimes and never paid for them. I don't know how to deal with it when it happens, I used to think I had it under control until..." his voice trailed off not wanting to utter her name.

"Until Khumo came along," Millie said softly with a nod. "And I am sorry I acted like a jealous freak. I can't even begin to imagine what Khumo must have went through. What she was doing

was a cry for help, she can't stand seeing you happy and I understand that. I wish we could help her to stop being a victim and go on with life. Holding a grudge for so long can lead to some kind of obsession."

"What?"

"I researched a bit about rape cases in my own time, I know reading about it is not like experiencing it but I just wanted to understand her better you know?" she shrugged her shoulders coolly.

Zach shook his head feeling his chest burning up like it had been set ablaze. He stared at Millie's feet to avoid looking into her eyes maybe she could see the truth through them. He sighed biting his lip before he took her hands in his, his eyes landing on the ring on her finger.

"You know how much I love you," he said quietly

brushing the ring gently.

“And I love you too,” Millie said with a small smile.

Zach nodded fervently taking a lungful of breath.

“I am sorry, I don’t know what came over me or what is still over me. I don’t feel like myself and I don’t know what to do.”

“It’s okay,” Millie said quietly. “It will take some time but I know you will be fine.”

“Millie,” he called softly still not looking up at her. “I slept with Khumo.”

Millie blinked trying to rack her brain and see if she had heard well, did he just say what she thought she heard or was her mind playing tricks on her? She stared at him, her heart beating rapidly before she chuckled hoping he would join in but his face was stoic.

“Oatile, no,” she gasped her eyes already brimming with tears.

“I am sorry,” he rushed to say reaching for her hands again but she slapped them away and took her feet off his lap. “Baby, please calm down. I didn’t want you to be stressed and I thought about not telling you but I couldn’t look at your trusting face and not tell you.”

“You don’t want me to be hurt?” she choked out giving him an incredulous look. “What do you mean you slept with Khumo? Is it another Khumo that I don’t know about or the woman who claims you raped her?”

Zach palmed his face. “It just happened.”

“This is sick,” she mumbled wiping her cheeks angrily. Her heart felt like it was on a grill stand probably being grilled by her own husband.

When did it even happen? She felt bile rising up to her throat but she swallowed it down.

“So when you were in Cape Town...”

“No, no,” he said shaking his head. “I didn’t do

anything to her in Cape Town, it only happened on Friday.”

Millie chuckled bitterly. “And that is supposed to make it better?”

“Nana,” he called softly stepping towards her. “I never meant to hurt you, I don’t know what the hell is wrong with me. I feel like I am suffocating one minute and the next I am fine.”

“You need therapy,” she wanted to yell but she was keeping it together because she didn’t want to be accused of being a child again.

“Both of you need therapy and maybe she was not even raped. Who the fuck sleeps with their abusers?”

“Nana,” he reached for her hands but she shook her hand stepping back. “I will go to therapy or whatever but please don’t shut me out.”

“Did you enjoy it?” she asked staring at him.

“Let’s not do this.”

“Answer me,” she demanded calmly.

Zach took a deep breath looking down at his feet.

Millie released a strangled cry, he was not even going to deny it. She couldn't stop thinking about him and Khumo having sex. She felt sick, dizzy and queasy at the same time. She put a hand on her tummy. Zach followed her gesture and frowned in concern stepping towards her again.

“Don't you dare touch me with your filthy hands,” she warned icily. “You disgust me.”

She put a hand over her mouth to stifle her sobs, she felt like someone had pulverized her heart until it was unrecognizable. Everything inside her body hurt like it had been set on fire. She just wanted to curl into a ball and cry what was left of her heart out but she couldn't even because she would be suffocating her baby.

She choked on a bitter laugh, who cheats on their pregnant wife with someone they raped?

"I'll do everything you want me to do," Zach said quietly dropping his head.

"I want you to get your toothbrush and clothes and whatever it is you need and get the hell out of my house."

Zach swallowed hard. "Where am I going to go?"

"To Khumo and the apartment that you bought her so you could have amazing sex together that you undeniably enjoyed," she snapped. "I am fucking pregnant and you go and cheat on me with another woman that irks me. I never thought you would stoop lower than being a murderer Zachariah."

"Millie," Zach called almost in shock.

"People who want to move on from the past move on and go on with their lives but you and

Khumo seem to be holding on to the past with your dear lives and I am sick of it," she told him. "You two deserve each other, really because you are both heathens so go be together and get out, you never deserved me anyway."

"Millie," he called again.

Millie swallowed, she knew she was hurting him with her words but he had hurt her too more than anyone has ever hurt her.

"You act all tough but you are still just a little boy crying for help in a grown up's body," her head kept screaming stop, you are hurting him but her mouth just wanted to keep going. If he could hurt her like that why couldn't she? "You don't wonder why you feel the need to be feared by people, it's because you are scared what happened to you will happen again. You are not strong or disciplined. You are just a wimp and I regret the day I ever met you. You have brought nothing but darkness in my life. I can't even

believe I wanted to be your wife, wannabe gangster.”

Zach swallowed hard nodding slightly even though he felt like his heart was being roasted. He probably deserved it but he never thought he'd hear those words out of her mouth. It hurt more than he wanted to admit.

“Aren't you going to go?” she snapped. “You said I keep running away so today I am going to stay and you are going to take your cheating self out of here.”

Zach grabbed a t-shirt and slipped it on before he walked out grabbing his car keys on the way.

Millie plopped back on the bed and let out the sobs that she had been repressing. How could someone who claimed to love you hurt you like this? Did he even love her or it was just some really long one night stand that ended up with marriage and a baby.

The words were still ringing in his ears as he drove around Gaborone without any particular designation. Zach knew he had hurt her more than he wanted to admit but hearing those words out of her mouth made him want to crash his car into a burning building. He saw the disgust in her eyes and heard it in her words, there was no coming back from that. He could have checked himself in a hotel to spend the night but not when his head was still reeling and he had chaos in his head that he couldn't quiet down.

Hours later, he parked in front of Khumo's apartment and rested his head on the steering wheel. Hope was probably still sleeping by now,

it was almost 1 a.m. so he couldn't just barge inside the house so he called Khumo instead.

"Do you know what time it is?" she asked in a groggy sleepy voice.

"Come here."

"Come where?"

"I am outside."

"And I am inside now go away, I am still sleeping."

"If you are not out in 5 minutes I am going to barge in there and you are going to have to explain to our daughter why I am kissing you."

"You are such an asshole," she scoffed before she hung up. He leaned back on the chair knowing she was about to come out. She walked out minutes later in her pajamas and slid in the passenger's seat.

"Why are you here?"

“Don’t act like you don’t want me to be here.”

Khumo shook her head. “You look like a mess and you are not even drunk. Did your wife make you cry again?”

“I don’t want to talk about my wife.”

“Then what do you want to talk about?”

“I don’t want to talk,” he said quietly before he turned to face her.

He leaned forward slowly giving her the chance to turn away if she didn’t want it but she just stared at him before he crashed his lips on hers. She opened her mouth giving him access to her tongue, he pressed harder closing his eyes and the voices in his head were gone again replaced by only longing and burning desire for her body.

[02/25, 19:15] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 73

Khumo turned to Zach writhing and thrusting violently beside her. She couldn't even believe she had snuck him in the house after Hope fell asleep but he had been looking disheveled and all over the place the past week.

He was gloomier than her ever, he didn't even talk much, just got straight to business.

The sex was calming for some reason only known to nature but she still felt like she was betraying her younger self by falling into bed with someone who hurt her.

"Zach," she called shaking him before his eyes snapped open and he jerked up his body covered in sweat. She frowned at his panicked state as he looked around the room like someone was about to jump from the curtains and attack him.

"Are you alright?" she asked raising an eyebrow

even though she could see he was not alright. Zach palmed his face taking a deep breath. "I am fine."

"What is wrong with you?"

"I said I am fine."

"Yeah, right," she snorted pinning him an accusatory look. "I might not look it but I am a good listener and I know I am the last person to sympathize with you or whatever but you are drowning. I mean I'm in no position to judge considering I am in a heavy Stockholm syndrome right now but you need to speak up. Is the sex giving you nightmares?"

"You are a nightmare but your pussy is a dream."

"You are not going to dismiss this with some lousy comment," she said shoving him. "I am not going to fuck a suicidal person, are your sins catching up to you?"

“You are such a bitch.”

“I am glad you know, at least I don’t try to sugarcoat it like your little wife does. She calls you an angel.”

Zach snorted, yeah right. Millie had called him everything but an angel, heathen being the top of the list.

He hadn’t called or reached out after their explosion of a conversation. It had left him haunted more than he could have imagined. He had been having more nightmares now since she said to his face that he had probably deserved it. He knew she was hurt but it looked like his past was always something she was always going to use against him to hurt him and break him.

He should have known better than to trust another woman again and let his vulnerable side show, Amber had taught him but he didn’t

learn. He had thought Millie was different but she had only been nice when it suited her. She probably would never admit it but she was mean but when she got called out she cried.

He looked over at Khumo before he pressed her against the bed getting between her legs. He was in control and nothing would ever hurt him again, he was strong enough to fuck up whoever messed with him.

He reached for a condom on the bedside table and sheathed his shaft before he slid in, aggressiveness turned Khumo on that he didn't even have to work for him. He wrapped his hand around her neck and pounded his veins throbbing. He was in control, he was not weak and he was certainly never going to be abused by another woman ever again.

Bokang walked out of the kitchen carrying the tray of cooled down cookies to put in display the next morning to find Millie wearing a grimace on her face with a hand over her tummy.

“Are you okay, Mills?” he asked with concern. His sister has been looking a little pale since the week started and he wondered if it was almost time for the baby to pop out. He couldn’t handle any more screaming from contractions, Veronica had tortured him enough and gifted him enough memories.

“I am fine,” she forced a smile.

“Let me know if you need an ambulance, it wouldn’t be a good image to give birth in the bakery.”

Millie chuckled. “Very funny, I am still your sister dummy.”

Bokang smiled and went on to place the cookies.

Millie bit her lip before she walked out to her office. She had been feeling a little discomfort the whole week but she knew she was not supposed to give birth for about three weeks or so.

Her eyes swept over her framed traditional wedding photo, she had wanted to take it off all week but she couldn't bring herself to doing it, the thought of removing photos added some kind of finality to her break up with Zach but what he had done was more than betrayal.

He had taken her love for granted and she couldn't even think about how to forgive him. She quickly wiped a tear that escaped at the corner of her eye, she had vowed not to cry or dwell into Zach's infidelity. She was going to concentrate on the baby and nothing else.

She opened her laptop trying to distract herself with checking cake designs that she could try out when her door flew open and Zach barged in looking murderous as if he had the right to look at her that way.

“What the hell is this?” he asked waving divorce papers in front of her.

“You are not only a murderer but you are dumb and can’t read too?”

“Millie, I am not fucking playing with you.”

“And who said anything about playing?” she asked tilting her head to the side, she was not going to crumble or cry in front of him. She had done enough of that already. She had spent so much money speeding up the divorce papers.

“You are not going to divorce me, Millie over my fucking dead body.”

“Die then because I am done with your cheating self,” she said with a shrug.

Zach stared at her before he shook his head. Why was everything a mess?

“I said I will go to therapy or marriage counseling and whatever it is that you want but I am not going to let you leave me over a stupid mistake.”

“A stupid mistake?” she asked with an incredulous laugh. “Do you want to tell me that you haven’t slept with Khumo again since you left the house?”

Zach looked down at his feet.

Millie wanted to die, he was not even going to deny it or make an excuse. He went back to her after saying he never meant to hurt her.

“I should have never married you,” she said shaking her head. “But that’s okay, I am going to rectify my mistakes and divorce you, it’s a pity I can’t even keep your child from you but I am pretty sure if I show the court those videos

of what kind of person you are, I would have full custody of my baby.”

Zach’s chest tightened. “You can’t do that to me.”

“Why not?” she asked. “Why can’t I hurt you the same way you hurt me? My child would be safe from your abusive and dark aura or whatever it is that you are. I would take him to church and raise him right and maybe meet a nice loving man who doesn’t have blood on his hands not as filthy and damaged like you. You are a lost cause Zachariah and you might not see it but you will drown in misery for the rest of your life and I will be the only good thing that has ever happened to you.”

“Stop it,” he said shaking his head, he was burning up.

“Why?” she taunted rising to her feet. “You can’t stand the truth that you are nothing but

darkness, I don't want my son to be swallowed in darkness as well. Your whole childhood was messed up and now you are a messed up adult, can't you see that? People like you don't deserve happiness, it was written in the stars that you will mess up everything good thing that you have. You can't run from the darkness, that's where you belong that's why you are sleeping with your victim and not feeling bad about it."

"Please stop," his voice was a mere whisper, he didn't even know if he was breathing properly or if he was breathing at all. Every word was like a dagger being shoved into his heart over and over again. He had craved Millie's affection and approval for so long that he hid the dark side of him but here she was laying it out for him.

Millie bit her lip fighting her own tears, she couldn't understand why she couldn't stop

hurling those words at him but seeing him crumble and break in front of her give her a bit of satisfaction that she wanted more.

“You were damaged from a little age, Zach when your daddy used to hit you and then you got molested. Can’t you see that you were never meant to be human? They were just grooming you for the monster that you are now. Nothing but darkness around you.”

“Fucking stop it!” he growled and before he could stop himself a slap had landed on her cheek. She gasped, her hand clasping her burning cheek. Zach blinked into realization of what he had done. His throat tightened feeling tears burning at the back of his eyes.

“Millie,” he called softly. “Nana.”

“Leave me alone before I call the police, we are done! I am going to add physical abuse as one of the reasons I am divorcing you as well.”

“I am so...”

“I don’t want to hear it...” her voice trailed off when she felt wet liquid sliding down her legs and released a gasp.

“What’s wrong?” Zach asked, panicked as he looked down.

“My water just broke.”

“What water? I don’t see a bottle here.”

“I am about to give birth!” she snapped clutching her tummy taking a few breaths.

“What?” Zach asked stepping towards her.

“Right now?”

“No, next year,” she replied sarcastically. “Of course right now! This is all your fault, I am not even due until in a few weeks. You just destroy everything you touch and if I lose my child I will never forgive you until the day you die.”

Zach fumbled for his phone ignoring her insults

and alerted the gynecologist that they were on their way before he helped her to the car.

They had fantasized about this day since they found out they were expecting. Zach remembered how she always made him promise that he was going to watch their child being brought in the world and be there for the whole process but it didn't feel right after what had happened in the office back at the bakery and how he ended up slapping her so he remained outside.

Millie's parents were already here and already fussing and worrying about how it was too early and they hoped they were no complications.

He also hoped they were no complications because he would never forgive himself if anything happened to Millie or the child. They were two people that he didn't want his darkness to tarnish or ruin. He had already done enough.

A few hours later their doctor walked out with a pleased grin and told them she had given birth to a healthy baby boy. It had been too early but the baby and the mother were in good condition. He let out a sigh of relief, he wanted to cry.

"Aren't you going to see her?" Metheo asked turning to look at him, he probably didn't know about his cheating because they wouldn't have greeted him when they arrived if they knew.

Zach shook his head. "I am going to the bathroom first before I can go see them."

Metheo nodded patting his shoulder, he turned

and walked away heading to the bathrooms.

He turned and slipped out of the hospital before they could see him.

Millie had said he would tarnish his son with his darkness and maybe his curse of a miserable life. He didn't want to do that to him, if it meant his baby boy could live happily without him then he needed to walk out of his life before it was too late, maybe he would end up being a miserable and sadist father like his had been. He got in his car and drove off.

Millie's eyes filled with tears as the midwife handed her the baby after cleaning him up. She smiled, her heart expanding in her chest. He was so tiny and pink and he had a headful of hair. She chuckled as the tears fell down her

cheeks, she couldn't believe she was a mother.

"Hi baby," she cooed when he started whining again and one of the nurses showed her how to breastfeed properly. She felt so full and complete watching him suckle on her breast with his small mouth.

"Noah," she whispered staring down at his face. Her mother had told her not to worry about naming the baby and that it would come naturally to her and she understood what she meant, one look at him at him and he was Noah.

She looked up to see her mother smiling at her by the door, she felt sore and her body was heavy but her heart felt so light, nothing could take this joy from her.

"I am breastfeeding," she grinned at her mother and looked behind her hoping Zach had followed her. "Where is his father?"

Josephine sighed shaking her head. She didn't

know what was going on with them, Millie had only told them about the divorce but Zach had looked distraught.

“He left?” Millie asked, her smile disappearing.

[02/25, 19:15] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 74

A month later, Zach pushed up his sunglasses and stared up at the sky. The sun in Spain was almost just as scorching as the one in Botswana only they didn't have yacht cruising back in Botswana.

He reached down to grab his drink and almost rolled his eyes at his friend. Femi was chatting up two of the girls in the yacht impressing them with his newly learnt Spanish. The guy was just relentless when it came to women.

He waved at the girls and walked back to their seat with a satisfied grin on his face that meant he was going to get something.

He was over the top as usual, dressed in a green tropical shirt and cargo shorts, he looked like a white dad on vacation but Femi always made everything work.

He plopped down on his lounge chair and grabbed his drink making exaggerated slurping sounds as he looked at him.

“Will you stop it?” Zach growled trying to sound annoyed but he couldn’t really be annoyed at Femi not after they have spent a whole month hopping from one country to another.

He left on his son’s birthday without a word to anyone. He just switched off his phone and left, he called Femi wanting a ride but he invited him to join on his Europe tour.

They met in London and went to France and

mostly visited football arenas and watched a few soccer matches which were fun and for a moment he felt like his problems were forgotten but they were still at the back of his head reminding him that he had messed up the only good thing he had and he was never going to get it back.

“Don’t hate me coz you ain’t me,” Femi snorted taking another sip. “Because tonight I will be pressed against two Spanish women and you know what they say about Spanish women, they are spicy.”

“Your dick will soon fall off from being overworked.”

“Nah, I can handle the Balogun machine gun.”

“Did you just name your dick?” he asked raising an eyebrow.

Femi shot him a smirk. “Do you want me to name yours?”

“Fuck you,” he snorted.

“You should use sunscreen Zach or your skin will burn and your tattoos will not be appealing to anyone trust me.”

“You are so gay.”

“My dick disagrees,” he said with a light chuckle.

He glanced at him before he sighed not wanting to ruin his good mood, well as good as his mood got these days but he had been doing better.

“Don’t give me that look, if you have something to say just say it.”

Femi shrugged. “I know you don’t want to hear this but your son needs you.”

Zach fell silent, he didn’t want to be reminded of what he had left behind. It had been a month and he hadn’t seen his son or even know his name. He had completely fallen off the grid.

“He needs a good father, one that will be good to him and set a good example.”

“You mean to tell me that you will not be good to your son?” Femi asked raising an eyebrow.

“That you will hurt him and show him the dark side of yours?”

“Millie said she doesn’t want me around him and she is right. I can’t ruin my son’s life by being in his life.”

“I don’t think you mean that, your mind is trying to convince you that you are a messed up human being and you don’t deserve happiness so you are denying yourself the joy and happiness that comes from being a father and taking care of your son. You will regret it if you don’t go back to him Zach, he will feel abandoned just like your daughter did who you left again by the way.”

“I just don’t know if I can keep doing this,” he

admitted quietly. "I was never meant for the family life. I thought I could do it but Millie showed me that I really can't."

"You need to forget Millie, maybe that's not possible considering she is your baby mama now but you need to forget her one way or the other. You were fine without her and if she really meant what she said about finding some boring church boy then she should knock herself out."

His heart clenched at the thought of Millie with another man but he knew he had no right to feel that way anymore, he had lost it.

"Go back home and do whatever you need to do to get your son and be in his life. You have a lot to be grateful for."

"Now you sound like a Jehovah's Witness or some shit."

"I can make everything work," he said with a

laugh and pulled out his phone when it started buzzing. "It's time for your therapy session." He handed him the phone and he quickly accepted the video call request.

He had been talking to Femi's therapist since their Europe tour started and it was hard at first but he finally opened up as much as he could. He hoped Khumo had made progress with her own therapist as well. He only contacted her previous therapist and booked online sessions for her, she maybe needed them more than him. This weird healing they had found through clawing and screwing each other had been lunacy. He wanted to pretend that for once it had been normal but it wasn't and he hadn't done her right either.

"Hello Zach," the white woman on the screen greeted pushing her glasses up her nose.

Trust Femi to go all out even when it came to therapists but she had been a great help. He figured a lot of things that he had wanted to keep buried forever and being far away from home had been good for him as well.

Rorisang almost squealed as she pulled down her luggage at Maun International Airport on Saturday. She had been busy preparing for her graduation to even visit like she had promised but Tumo had visited her in Gaborone but it wasn't enough considering it had been just weekends. She missed spending time with him so she took an impromptu trip to surprise him and spend a week with her boyfriend.

She hailed a cab as soon as she was out of the airport and she didn't even have to try hard,

Maun was bustling with cabs almost like New York. Gaborone with it's combi was where the danger was.

"Do you have GPS?" Rorisang asked with a small frown when the cab driver asked for directions.

"No," he replied. "Why don't you call him so he can give me the directions?"

"I want it to be a surprise!" she almost cried at the thought of ruining her surprise when Tumo had outdone himself on her birthday. "I can call the landlord or whatever so he can give you the directions not him."

"You are not from around here, are you?"

Rorisang frowned. "What do you mean?"

"Just saying you don't look like you are from Maun."

"I am not, I am from Gaborone."

“I can see that even your skin says so.”

“I don’t know if that is a compliment but I will take it. I spend a lot of money to keep this skin this healthy and radiant.” She grinned at him taking out her phone to call Tumo’s landlord.

Twenty minutes later, the cab dropped her off in front of a yard filled with houses. It was no brainer finding out which house Tumo lived in because she knew it was a bachelor pad so she walked towards it, her heart bubbling with excitement. She couldn’t wait to see the look on her face. She knocked slightly and stood back with a grin which quickly disappeared when a short tiny person opened the door. Did her boyfriend shrink into a toddler from missing her too much or she had the wrong house?

“Hey,” she greeted with a small wave. “Do you know where Tumo is?”

The boy shook his head.

“Okay, can you call your mommy or your daddy so I can ask them a few questions?”

“Papa is still bathing, mama is not home.”

“Oh,” Rorisang sighed in disappointment. She looked around the yard wondering who to ask. She was about to finally call Tumo and just bust the surprise when he walked to the door with his eyes wide.

“Rori?”

Rorisang looked between the toddler and her boyfriend with a frown but she didn't have time to process what was going on before Tumo engulfed her into a hug.

“What are you doing here?” Tumo asked with a smile. “I thought you were too busy to visit this weekend.”

“I lied because I wanted to surprise you,” she

said pulling back from his grasp. "Who is this?" he looked down at the boy.

"Oh, this is Shimane," Tumo smiled ruffling the boy's head. "He is my neighbor's son, I am watching him for a few hours since there is nothing else better to do."

"He called you papa?"

Tumo chuckled. "He does that."

"And you let him?"

"He is just a kid," he said with a shrug and grabbed her bag. "Come in baby, I guess I won't be so lonely this weekend. We could go boat cruising and do some other fun couples thing and you can get a lot of content for your YouTube channel."

Rorisang faked a smile before she sat down on the couch. She stared at the kid, he didn't look that young enough to be Tumo's son considering he had been in Gaborone for only a

few months but what if he was playing step father while she was all the way in Gaborone?

“Baby,” Tumo called snapping her out of her thoughts. “Did you hear what I said?”

Rorisang shook her head.

“I asked if you wanted to change so we can get something to eat or you are not hungry?”

Rorisang looked down at her jean shorts which she had paired with a green bikini top and a blazer on top with her Doc Martens. She didn't feel like changing.

“I am fine like this.”

“We are going with the kid,” Tumo told her. “I mean you know I love how you dress but the kid might be uncomfortable.”

“You are joking right?” she asked with her jaw dropped. “You want me to change my clothes for a kid, I don't even know?”

Tumo glanced at Shimane. "Come on, you can put on a t-shirt or something."

"Is he your step son?"

"What?" Tumo sputtered in disbelief.

"If he is, you can tell me right now so I don't impose on father-son time."

"You are being ridiculous, he is not my step son. I told you he is my neighbor's kid and I am just babysitting him until his mother gets back from work."

"Doesn't he have a dad?"

"Come on, don't be mean."

Rorisang shrugged. "I don't even wanna go out anyway, I am tired."

"We can order pizza then."

"Yay! Pizza!" Shimane squealed excitedly grinning up at Tumo. "Papa, you are going to buy me pizza right?"

Tumo chuckled. "Yes, my boy."

Rorisang watched with an unimpressed expression. She didn't know how to feel about the kid calling him papa and not suspect that he probably had something going on with the mother. Why didn't he even tell her that he was playing daddy to fatherless kids?

"What flavor would you like?"

"You know what I like," she replied drily her eyes on the phone.

Tumo sighed and took out his phone to call and place the order for pizza.

An hour later, they were seated down to eat when the door opened and a tall slim girl walked in clad in jeans and an Options t-shirt. Her eyes landed on Rorisang and she smiled nervously.

“Mama!” Shimane stood up and rushed to his mother who picked him up with a smile. “Papa, bought us pizza, look!”

“I can see that,” she chuckled and faced Tumo. “Thank you again for looking after him.”

“No problem, he is a good kid.” He smiled and glanced at Rorisang who was watching them observantly. “That’s my girlfriend, Rorisang. The one I told you about, Rori this is Sesupo she lives in the house next to mine.”

“Nice to meet you, Tumo told me a lot about you,” Sesupo said with a smile. “I didn’t think you’d be so young and pretty.”

Rorisang forced a smile before she stood up. “I am going to freshen up.” She walked to the bedroom without another word.

Tumo looked at Sesupo with an apologetic smile. “She is a bit tired.”

“It’s okay,” she chuckled. “Banyana ba

Gaborone rra.”

Tumo chuckled. “Did you eat? We have more than enough pizza.”

“Oh, I am starving. I didn’t have lunch today.”

Tumo took another box and handed it to her. “You can have it, Shimane was not done eating anyway.”

“Thank you, well let me leave you two alone. I will see you later.”

“Sure.” He said and waved at Shimane before they walked out.

He took a deep breath walking to the bedroom to find Rorisang on her phone.

“Baby,” he called softly but she turned to shoot him a glare.

“I had no idea you were playing happy families in Maun.”

“Come on, you know that is not true.”

“Do I?” she raised an eyebrow. “Why is the kid calling you papa and why didn’t the mother bother to knock before she walked in?”

“Maybe she forgot, I don’t know but I am not doing anything with her baby come on. Why would I cheat on her when I have you?”

“Because she is older, who knows?”

“If I wanted older, I wouldn’t be with you,” he said pulling her to him. “She doesn’t have anyone to help her watch the child on weekends, her baby daddy left her and she doesn’t have family members. I am just trying to help out. I wouldn’t do anything like that to you. Why would I cheat when I have all of this?” He asked squeezing her butt. “Is it just me or did you gain weight?”

Rorisang giggled despite her effort to be mad. “I have been doing squats, I want to look rad in my graduation outfit.”

“I love it,” he smirked leaning down to kiss her lips. “And I missed you.”

“I missed you too,” she moaned when he thumbed her nipple.

Hope got very antsy when it was exam time, Khumo was surprised that her daughter didn't have ADHD with the way she couldn't sit still when she was nervous. She knew how exams and good grades meant a lot to her, she had been the same too.

“Hope, you need to eat something.”

“I will eat after I am done,” she mumbled not looking up from her book. Khumo sighed and placed the plate of sandwiches on her table before she walked out to the living room.

She plopped on the couch grabbing her own plate of sandwiches. She had finished her meeting with the therapist a little earlier today because they didn't really have much to talk about.

Her Stockholm syndrome was nothing that could go away in just a blink of an eye but she was glad Zach was away or else she didn't know how she would have managed to stay away from him.

She wondered when exactly she started viewing him in a positive light after she had hated him for years, her therapist said she had nothing to be ashamed of, a lot of victims developed a Stockholm syndrome especially after suffering for quite some time, they start seeing them in a different light, it's a coping mechanism to deal with the pain they had experienced.

She sighed taking a huge bite out of her sandwich; she was more messed up than she

had thought.

She was still watching a soccer match when she heard a few light knocks on the door which caused her to frown. Nobody else ever visited except for Zach but he had been off the radar for a month now.

She pushed to her feet and went to open, her heart dropped when her eyes met with Lesang's cocky smile.

"Mamas," he said with a grin before he smashed his lips against hers not giving her the chance to grasp what was going on.

[02/25, 19:15] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 75

"Noah, please stop crying," Millie said softly patting his tiny back while he wailed like he was

on fire.

He had been crying non-stop for the rest of the week only keeping quiet when he fell asleep.

She didn't even remember the last time she had an 8 hour sleep. She knew being a mother was a full time job especially to a new born baby but this was far from the cuteness that she had expected that comes from being a mother. It hurt seeing her baby cry, every scream tore her heart in half but there was nothing she could do even his pediatrician had said he was fine and healthy.

"Did you eat?" Josephine asked walking in the room with a bowl of soft porridge. That was another thing she was tired of. She wanted real food but her mother insisted on her eating soft porridge at least twice a day because it was good for milk production. She missed spicy

wings and fries, just the thought of them made her want to bawl her eyes out like her son.

“I can’t even swallow food when he is like this,” Millie said shaking her head glancing at Noah. She had dressed him in a cute blue romper and he would have looked like a little prince if his face wasn’t red from crying.

“Give him to me, you need to eat.”

Millie sighed in defeat and handed her mother the baby before she sat down and started eating her soft porridge, it was her breakfast but she really just wanted something salty and spicy.

She wished she was Veronica right now, Lefakae spoiled her rotten with Nando’s and KFC whenever she wanted. Her mother was ruling with an iron fist and her word was the law.

“O lelelang ne papa?” (Why are you crying papa?) Josephine asked in a soft voice looking down at

Noah. He had stopped crying now and was watching his grandmother's colorful shirt with curious eyes. "Lekau la ga nkuku banna," she made a face which had him stretching into a full blown grin at his grandmother.

"He is such a betrayer," Millie snorted licking her spoon. "I won't feed him my milk if he is not nice to me as he is to you."

Josephine chuckled and kissed Noah's forehead. "Utlwa mama are o tsile go go tima mashi," (Mommy says she is not going to feed you milk)

Noah made gurgling noises which made both of them laugh.

Millie looked around her bedroom, it was filled with baby things now. Her eyes trailed to the closet doors and swallowed her porridge fast. She remembered the first time she walked in this house and he had shown her his sneakers

collections and the many times they had fucked in that very same closet.Noah had probably been conceived in the closet or on kitchen counter.

All the promises they had made to each other about being happy forever seemed so distant now.

She was alone with a month old baby that he hadn't seen and didn't even know the name of.

"Millie," her mother called and she blinked turning away from the closet door.

"The reason why this child won't stop crying is you have so much hurt and maybe resentment in your heart. Babies can sense energy and right now you are not giving off the right energy."

"How can I be happy when he abandoned me without a word and left the hospital without even checking if me or his son were okay?" she asked looking down at her bowl to avoid her

mother's eyes. "I know I hurt him when I talked about his past but he should have stayed. He should have..." her voice trailed off swallowed by a sob as she felt tears running down her cheeks.

"Millie," Josephine called softly. "You need to forgive yourself for whatever you said to him, it was his choice that he left."

"He kept telling me to stop," Millie wiped her cheeks but it was futile because more tears made their way down her cheeks. "He was so broken. I was mean and I said those awful things, I said he will taint his son and give him his curse and he begged me to stop but I didn't. I am just so tired mama, I don't want to be the reason Zachariah doesn't have a relationship with his son. I am an awful human being."

"You were under a lot of stress not forgetting very hormonal when you said those things," Josephine said quietly. "It seems like Zachariah

has a lot of issues that he needs to deal with himself and you can't be there to save him every time. You will lose yourself trying to save someone and hate yourself trying to love a broken human being. He still feels that void inside his heart from what you told me, his childhood was rough. I can't imagine a boy going through all of that at his age. Childhood trauma is not easy to heal from especially when you hurt people in the process. He might seem like he is alright but that is not something that you heal from, he was beaten, raped and forced to kill at a young age. The people who were supposed to protect him failed him, they ruined his trust in humanity. No amount of love can ever heal that, he will always want more of something: money, buildings, cars and to maybe be feared but it won't be enough until his inner child lets him go."

Millie nodded putting a hand over her mouth.

She should have never thought her love could heal him, he was still broken to the core.

“I want him home,” Millie sobbed. “I want him to meet his son, I know that won’t change anything but I want him to smile at something again, the last time I saw him his eyes looked so empty.”

“If Zachariah ever loved you, he will come back. Have faith and patience and stop hurting yourself over and over and breastfeed Noah with a happy heart, I know it seems so far out of reach right now but you will make it. Your father and I will stand by you and every decision that you make.”

Millie nodded, understanding was easy doing it was not.

“He even fell asleep without crying again,” Josephine chuckled looking down at her grandson. “I can already see him and Zuri

running around, they are going to create such a mess!”

Millie chuckled wiping her tears again. “She is going to boss him around if he is not careful.”

Josephine smiled. “He is going to be dark skinned just like his father.”

“He is,” Millie agreed with a small smile. She wondered if she was going to look like a replica of Zach, Hope already had her father’s features so she was sure Zach’s genes had defeated hers.

She stood up and walked over to her mother gently taking him from her.

“I am sorry baby,” she whispered kissing his forehead. “I am just worried about your dad, doesn’t mean I am sad about you being here. Your dad loves you too and he will soon come see you, it’s just a matter of time.”

Josephine smiled and watched as she placed

him down to sleep after murmuring promises to him.

Millie's phone rang once she had placed Noah down, she frowned when she saw the bakery landline.

"Is everything alright?" she asked as soon as she answered. She had hired a temporary baker while she was still nursing her baby and recovering.

"Not really, there is a couple here that was insisting on seeing you for their wedding cake." Oratile said over the phone. "I told them that you were on a maternal break but they kept insisting that we call and ask you to make their wedding cake yourself."

Millie sighed. "What kind of cake do they want?"

"They didn't really say, they just wanted to talk to you and Freddie messed up the five year old's birthday cake, he said the instructions you

gave him were not clear.”

Millie huffed pressing her finger on her forehead, Freddie was going to run her bakery to the ground before her baby even turned two months.

“I will be there to talk to Freddie but this is the last mistake I am going to tolerate and tell the couple I am on my way. I am going to charge them extra for making me run around leaving my baby home.”

“Okay,” Oratile said and Millie heard a tray falling before she hung up.

“Trouble at the bakery?”

“Freddie is being a diva, I have to go check it out,” she huffed untying her gown, it was not even cold but a gown was better than getting milk and Noah’s pee on her dresses. She walked in the closet and tried hard not to stare at Zach’s clothes when she took out a peach

dress. She was grateful she had taken a shower immediately after she woke up.

“If he gets too fussy or starts crying please call me,” Millie said to her mother.

“We will be fine, we have a bottle full of your milk and Noah has his grandmother whom he tolerates more than you by the way.”

Millie snorted before she looked at her son one more time and rushed out of the house. Some of Zach’s cars were still in the garage and she hadn’t touched a single thing, maybe at the back of her mind she thought not changing things would make things go back to how they used to be.

Freddie was a diva but Millie had managed to

cool him down, he could whine about hard recipes and how unclear her instructions were all day if she let him but she needed to calm him down and assure him that he was doing great so far because her bakery was in his mercy's hands at this point.

Bokang knew how to make cookies and muffins but that is how far his baking skills went, he was still learning how to bake cakes.

After putting out the fire at the bakery, she decided to stop by KFC to get wings before she went back home since her mother hadn't called, she took it as a sign that they were doing great.

She placed her order for dunked wings and fries before she sat down waiting for it. The only time she had been out was when she took her son to his pediatrician and came back home. She had no idea she had missed running errands for herself this much.

She busied herself with texting Veronica to ask about how Zuri was doing, she missed seeing her niece's adorable pouts. She looked up when she heard laughter, she frowned seeing Khumo looking up at a tall light skinned guy gazing down at her like she hung the moon and stars. They looked so familiar with each other to only have been dating for a month, did she replace Zach already?

She was about to look away when Khumo's eyes landed on her. They had a brief staring competition before Khumo looked away like she hadn't ruined her marriage.

She didn't even hear her order being called. She only saw it on display that it was ready and stood up walking to the counter. Khumo and her lover were still looking up the menu board and giggling like school kids.

Millie tried hard not to look at them again when she collected her food and quickly walked out.

Her fingers paused just as she was about to turn on the ignition, she shook her head stepping out of the car. She needed to do this or she was going to live in regret forever. She made way back to KFC.

Khumo and her light skinned stick were huddled together on their table waiting for their order.

She pulled a chair and sat down startling them, they both looked up at her.

“You know I once felt sorry for you thinking you were a victim; broken beyond repair because what happened to you was horrible but I didn’t think you were this viper. You bulldozed your way with your daughter into our lives only for you to turn around and fuck your abuser. Did you by any chance threaten him to have sex

with you too?”

Khumo glanced at Lesang who was watching Millie with raised eyebrows. She hadn't had the chance to tell him yet and this was not how she wanted him to find out.

“Who is she?”

“I am Zach's wife, didn't your girlfriend tell you how she slept with him after crying that he raped her?”

Lesang's jaw ticked but he kept his eyes on Millie. “And where is your husband when you are attacking her?”

“Ask her, she probably knows,” Millie jutted her chin at Khumo. “You disgust me, I can't believe I ever felt sorry for you. You were probably not raped because there is no way in hell that you would sleep with someone who hurt you. If you know where your lover is tell him to stop running away and take responsibility like a real

man.”

“Zachariah’s wife or Ex or whatever it is that you are, you are talking to the wrong person.”

Lesang said firmly and leaned in closer. “You marry a rapist, you deal with it, don’t go making a fool out of yourself in the streets. It really looks pathetic. Love yourself better.”

“I think your girlfriend should love herself enough to stop playing victim just so she could get free apartments and married men dick,” she spat out before she stood up. “I wonder what your daughter will say once she hears that you were crying rape and she is that product.”

Khumo’s eyes flashed in anger and pinned an icy glare on Millie. “If you open your big mouth and mention that word to her, I swear to God I am going to kill you.”

Millie chuckled shaking her head. “Wow, you are just like him to the core. You two deserve each

other.” She walked out ignoring the urge to go back and just slap Khumo over and over again, things were good before she showed up.

Lesang tongued his cheek looking at Khumo with raised eyebrows. “You fucked him?”

“Can you let me explain?” she asked glancing around the restaurant. Millie had mostly kept her voice down but she wasn’t sure about Lesang since he looked mad.

“Did he force himself on you?”

Khumo bit her lip, she could lie and say yes but she had done enough damage and Lesang deserved the truth.

“You slept with him willingly?” Lesang asked when she didn’t reply.

“I am sorry.” She whispered looking down at her hands.

Lesang nodded a few times before he stood up.

“Have a nice lunch.”

“Lesang,” she called but he was already out the door.

She had managed to calm herself down by the time she got home, she was just sad that she couldn't eat her wings in peace; suddenly Gaborone was too small for her and Khumo. She was not just in her head and had been in her husband's sheets she was in her favorite chicken shop as well!

Millie took a deep breath before she stepped out of the car, she will just have to hide the wings from her mother.

Noah was already awake when she walked in, her mother was feeding him. She smiled; he seemed to be at peace in his grandmother's arms.

"You two look like you don't need me at all."

Josephine chuckled. "He was crying a little, he is not used to the bottle yet."

"I don't want him to get used to it, I want to breastfeed him until he is strong."

"Vero says she will be done soon with breastfeeding."

Millie chuckled. "Vero ke slay queen kana."

Millie sat down, her breasts were already heavy but she hadn't been gone for that long. She was about to ask her mother how to control it if there was a way when her phone rang in her handbag. She hoped it was not Freddie again or she was going to scream.

Her heart skipped a beat when she saw an international number flash on her screen, she knew it without even hearing who the caller was.

“It’s Zach,” she said quietly.

“Answer him,” Josephine said with a nod before she swiped answer.

“Hello?” she hoped her voice sounded steady enough even though she wanted to cry.

“Hi,” he rasped before he cleared his throat.

Millie waited for him to say more but he seemed stuck.

“Where are you?” she finally asked because the curiosity and silence were killing her.

“I am in Belgium,” he replied.

Millie nodded to herself, how wonderful! He was all the way in Europe when he didn’t know his son, father of the year!

“Is it nice?” she asked instead.

“The weather sucks but it is nice.”

“You have been in Belgium all this time?”

“No we flew here yesterday, I am with Femi. He is on tour.”

“That is great,” Millie forced herself to say. She was doing her best not to lash out at him right now. “Will you come home now or you will wait until your son is 16?”

Noah chose that moment to cry out; he was such an attention seeker.

“Is that him?” Zach asked quietly.

“Yes,” she glanced at Noah; his grandmother was trying to calm him down.

“What did you name him?” he asked.

“I am not telling you your son’s name over the phone,” Millie said firmly. “Ask Lefakae if you want but you are not going to hear it from me.”

Millie couldn’t even believe Lefakae had more

information on Noah than his own father.

Zach's irresponsibility was enough to drive anyone crazy, it is why she now fantasized about bashing people's heads against the wall.

They had told her marriage was not child's play but they were talking about normal husbands not Zach. They were just some men that you were never supposed to marry, no matter how much you loved him.[02/25, 19:15] #R:
INSATIABLE

Chapter 76

She had been in Maun for almost a week and Tumo had taken her sightseeing and on drives.

She didn't have anything against Maun or the people, it was great but it was not Gaborone, not to mention sushi was hard to get in this

place, if only it was abundant as Tswii.

Tumo however seemed to have adapted well the past few months and even knew the right spots to buy delicious Tswii and fried fish.

Rorisang only wanted the remaining two months to fly by fast so her man went back to where he belonged not to mention stop playing daddy to fatherless children.

“You don’t really like Maun that much do you?” Tumo asked with a chuckle on Saturday afternoon.

They had just come back from lunch, Rorisang couldn’t even finish her food they had to get take aways.

“I don’t have anything against it,” Rorisang said with a shrug. “You seem to have adapted to this place though.”

“I like it,” he admitted with a nod. “It’s beautiful and the rent is actually cheaper here and the

beef is top notch.”

“Are you thinking about relocating?” she asked even though she was terrified to hear the answer, she had no idea what she would do if he said yes he was relocating.

Tumo smiled. “Are you worried I might move?”

“Just answer me,” she said shoving him slightly.

“I don’t think so,” he replied with a slight chuckle. “I am going back to Gaborone as soon as the project is done.”

“If you want to move, you can,” Rorisang said quietly. “I don’t want to control or influence your decisions or anything.”

Tumo leaned in scanning her face before he chuckled and pecked her lips. “Don’t say things you don’t mean. You didn’t eat back there, should I warm the food up for you and we can watch something?”

Rorisang nodded with a smile, now that her fear about him moving had vanished, she had nothing to worry about. She grabbed the remote and switched the TV on surfing through the channels.

The front door swung open and Shimane walked in sucking a lollipop, he barged in the house whenever he wanted even when his mother was home. She didn't know what kind of neighbour relationship this was but it was starting to get on her nerves.

"Where is papa?" he asked looking around the house.

"I don't know, why don't you ask your mother?" she shot back and the boy frowned. She sighed feeling like a bitch. He was just a kid. She was about to ask him to come closer when his lip started trembling and tears gushed out of his eyes followed by a loud cry.

Tumo walked out of the kitchen with a frown.
“Shimane, what’s wrong?”

His cries only intensified and Tumo looked at Rorisang with an accusatory look. “What happened?”

“I don’t know,” she said with a shrug.

“Rori, are you bullying a kid? He is 3 for crying out loud!” He looked angry as he picked him up patting his back and kept murmuring soft words to him.

Rorisang was astounded, did she just get accused for bullying a kid?’

“I didn’t bully him!”

“Shimane doesn’t just cry for nothing, you must have said something to him.”

“Look at you taking care of your son.”

“You can’t be jealous of a kid, Rorisang come on.”

“I am not jealous, I am just mad that I came to visit you but the rest of week has been filled with nothing but interruptions from your little family. They don’t even knock and just barge in here like they own the place.”

“I told you they are my neighbors, am I supposed to act like a snob and turn them away?”

“Now I am a snob?” she asked with a scoff.

“Wow, now the truth comes out of what you think of me. There are things called boundaries Tumo and I know how to keep one. Would you be glad if I pranced around another man’s house and my child called him papa?”

“You don’t have a child and this is not the same, why don’t you know how to treat people?”

Rorisang glared at him and was about to retort when Sesupo walked in, she threw her hands up in defeat.

“Another one,” she muttered looking up at Tumo before she looked at Sesupo. “Don’t you know how to knock?”

“I came because I heard him crying.” Sesupo glanced at Tumo and reached for her son. “I didn’t mean to...”

“You meant it,” she cut her off. “You know very well what you are doing, pushing your son on him trying to steal his affection. I know women like you, don’t think I am dumb, I can see right through your innocent little look.”

“Rorisang, will you calm down?”

“Don’t tell me to calm down!” she snapped. “I know it must suck not having anyone to help you with your baby since it appears the baby daddy ran off but don’t try to make him the father of your child and find someone else.”

Sesupo looked at Tumo and down at her son. “I am sorry, I won’t bother you anymore. Shimane

just really likes you, I had no idea it will seem like I wanted you.”

She dashed out of the house without another word. Tumo turned to Rorisang with an angry frown.

“You don’t care about other people’s feelings don’t you?”

“You care way too much, it’s not your responsibility.”

“Listen, I know you might not understand how other people live because you grew up having almost everything you wanted but I watched my mother struggle as a single mother after our father died. She would look for piece jobs while we stayed home to fend for ourselves with no one to look after us,” he said and shook his head. “I can’t just turn away when I see someone struggling to nurse your insecurities.”

Rorisang watched him storm out of the house,

aghast. She blinked away her angry tears and walked back to the bedroom.

“Promise me, you are going to be nice,”
Veronica peered up at Lefakae as she sat on the couch cradling Zuri.

Lefakae was on his feet like sitting was even too much of a job. She had finally invited Gabriel over to introduce him to the kids.

She should have done it a long time ago but she was still a bit scared. Zoey was already used to Lefakae and she loved him, now she was introducing another man in their lives and they soon move out. It was not how she had pictured raising her kids but she hoped this was the last stop.

“I am always nice,” Lefakae said with an incredulous which had Veronica rolling her eyes. “He is 5 minutes late, we agreed on 1 p.m. I am already deducting points from him.”

“You are not my father, you have no right to deduct points.”

“Well right now I am Zoey and Zuri’s father that means I am your father as well.”

Veronica frowned. “What? Does that even make sense?”

Lefakae shrugged and finally plopped down on the couch.

“Sometimes, I think you bought your way into law school,” she teased with a laugh. She knew Lefakae was brilliant, just that he said dumb things sometimes.

Zoey trudged in the room carrying her favorite Barbie doll. “I am going to give Zuri my Barbie doll.”

Veronica smiled. "But that's your favorite."

"She can have it, I am not a baby anymore."

"Well, Zuri is still too young to play with dolls baby so you can hold it for her until she can play, okay?"

"Okay," Zoey looked down at her baby sister still sleeping. "I will always play with her."

"Of course, you are going to protect her and help her dress up."

"She is going to be Anna while I am Elsa!" her smiled widened at the thought of having a dress up twin.

"Who am I going to be then?" Veronica asked.

Zoey tilted her head to the side thinking then sighed like she was defeated. "You are too old to dress up now mommy."

Lefakae chuckled while Veronica rolled her eyes at him. Their housekeeper walked in the living

room followed by Gabriel. Veronica's lips stretched into a wide grin even though she didn't want to look love sick in front of Lefakae, she was never going to hear the end of it.

"Dumelang," he greeted politely before he took a seat.

"Pastor G, you sure know how to keep the time."

"I apologize for my tardiness, there was a bit of traffic on my way here."

"Thank you for coming," Veronica said quickly before Lefakae said more.

"I am a bit nervous but excited as well," he glanced at Zoey and the baby in Veronica's arms.

"You have nothing to worry about," Veronica said with a smile and looked down at Zoey.

"Zozo, you remember Pastor Gabriel right?"

Zoey nodded and waved at him, the kid was not even shy. Veronica was glad she had something of hers; confidence.

“And you know mommy and Lefa are not married anymore right?”

Zoey nodded. “I know you want to marry Pastor Gabriel now.”

“You know?” Veronica raised an eyebrow, shocked.

“Bokang told me and I told him I want you to be a bride again mommy.”

“When did he tell you?”

“When we went to get Ice Cream,” she replied with a shrug and kept combing her Barbie doll.

“Okay, well Bokang is right,” Veronica said softly. “I am going to be a bride again, that means you, me and Zuri are going to a new home and live with Pastor Gabriel.” She saw

Lefakae's grimace at her words, he was like a big kid that dreaded being left alone too.

Zoey nodded. "Will Bokang come too?"

Veronica glanced at Gabriel, they had never really discussed about her brother but if Bokang wanted to live with her she was not going to refuse. Gabriel smiled and nodded at her.

"Bokang can come too," she said and Zoey smiled.

"I wish Lefa can come with us too."

Lefakae cleared his throat. "I will visit you and Zuri all the time Zozo and we will sip tea and paint our nails."

Zoey grinned, satisfied with the answer.

Veronica smiled. "Do you want to meet this one too?"

Gabriel nodded eagerly as he stood up and walked towards her with a smile.

“She is beautiful,” he murmured softly staring down at Zuri.

“She is a Moeng, we are all beautiful.”

“Including your aunt Margret?” Veronica challenged and Lefakae snorted which made her laugh.

Gabriel smiled looking up at Veronica, he was reminded every day of how blessed he was and the goodness of the Lord, He always knew the answer. He couldn't wait to call her his wife.

She had just finished bathing Noah when his prodigal father arrived. Millie first heard voices in the living room, she could recognize his voice anywhere.

She tried hard to remain still and not fumble

and drop her baby, her traitorous heart was beating rapidly. She couldn't believe after everything he had done and all the tears she had shed, it only took hearing his voice for her to start shaking, she was weaker than she had thought.

She wanted to go down there and give him a piece of her mind but she forced herself to remain calm and dress her baby up.

Josephine walked in the bedroom while she was still dressing Noah.

"Zachariah is here," Josephine said quietly studying her face trying to gauge her expression.

"We should throw a party that he remembers where home is," she scoffed.

"Millie, he wants to see his son. Right now, your fight with him can be put on hold so you can put

Noah above everything else.”

Millie sighed, her mother was right. She picked him up after buttoning his cute blue romper. She couldn't wait to dress him up in jeans and cute clothes, he had a rich father so she planned to give him everything he wanted.

“Remember to keep calm,” Josephine advised as they both walked out.

He was looking down at his feet when they walked in, dressed in jeans and a hoodie with Nike sneakers, looking like a stranger in his own home. She was glad her father was not here to see this, he had been furious when he learnt that Zach had left without telling anyone and was ready to hunt him down and strangle him.

Zach looked up, his heart skipping a beat when his eyes fell on her holding their son.

She had not lost weight from the baby but she

still looked gorgeous even and he never thought her skin would go lighter but he could practically see through her skin. It didn't take him a long time to realize he had a thing for light skinned women.

"Hi," she greeted softly.

"Hey," he rasped before he cleared his throat, it felt too tight.

"How was Europe?" Millie asked. What she actually wanted to know was; had he slept with other women again but she didn't ask that.

Her mother had excused herself leaving them alone.

"Good," he replied. "Had a few therapy sessions."

"That is good," Millie told him and looked down when Noah whimpered. Zach looked down at him too feeling his chest bubble with warmth and excitement.

“Say hello to your son,” she said handing him the baby gently and frowned at his shaking hands. “Are you alright?”

“I am just nervous,” he admitted before he looked down at his son.

He was so perfect, so beautiful. His chest was full like it was about to blow up just by looking at him. “Millie, he is so perfect.”

Millie couldn't help but smile, his face had softened into a soft expression spotting a smile. Noah made slurping sounds with his tongue and they both chuckled.

“He is always hungry,” she said looking over at him, “Noah Babupi.”

Zach's eyes glistened with unshed tears. “It's perfect.”

“I didn't give him a second name in case you wanted to do it.”

Zach looked up at her and nodded looking down at his son again. He couldn't get enough of his adorable face. He was going to protect him; he was never going to let anyone hurt him. He was too perfect.

"Noah," he called softly. "Papa loves you so much." He looked up at Millie. "Thank you for this, for him and for everything else."

Zach spent the whole day watching his son; he didn't even want to tear his eyes from him for a second. He seemed to be fascinated by everything even how he slept and how he cried. Millie only held him when it was time to breast feed, either than that he was in his father's arms. The little traitor looked at peace in his father's arms.

"I think I should put him to bed now," she said quietly. He was sleeping and Zach had placed

him on his chest where he looked like an ant.
She wondered if he was going to have broad
shoulders like his father.

“Can I do it?” he asked quietly.

“Sure,” Millie nodded.

Zach gave her a grateful smile before he stood
up and followed her to the bedroom. It was
unrecognizable now with all the baby things.

He gently placed him down on the bed in his
sleeping pillow and kissed his forehead before
he stretched up watching him. How could he
have thought about running away from this?

Sorry for the delay, I had an early lesson today.

[02/25, 19:15] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 77

Rorisang was gone. After their argument, she packed her bags and flew back to Gaborone without even telling him.

He might have been a little harsh with how he said things and he didn't feel right not apologizing but she was not taking his calls even though he had been calling non-stop, even asked Lefakae if she had landed home safely.

Tumo knew he was not going to get any work done if his mind was filled with thoughts of Rorisang so he asked Mr. Moseki for two days off so he could fly to Gaborone and grovel and beg for forgiveness.

"Hey," Sesupo greeted as soon as he stepped out of the car, she was washing her son's laundry while he kicked a ball with a kid he didn't recognize. He didn't have time to greet

and play nice, his flight was at two.

“Hi,” he waved distractedly unlocking his house and let himself in. He didn’t even need much, he just wanted to get his back pack and change into more comfortable clothes for the flights. He shrugged off his shirt and rummaged in the wardrobe for a clean T-shirt.

“Do you work out?” A voice startled him that he almost jumped out of his skin. He turned to look back at Sesupo who smiled at him by the door, when did she come in?

“Sometimes,” he mumbled reaching for his t-shirt and thought about Rorisang’s words regarding boundaries and knocking. He could have been naked but Sesupo still waltzed in without a knock. “Um, do you ever knock?”

Sesupo chuckled. “What?”

“I just didn’t hear you coming in and my girlfriend was upset about it. Don’t you ever

think you will find me naked one day?”

“That would be lucky day then,” she chuckled walking towards him and perched herself on his bed. Tumo frowned, was she always this comfortable in his place?

“So did the little miss leave?”

“Her name is Rorisang,” he said firmly. “And yes she left, how could she not leave when I treated her like hell. She took her time out of her busy schedule and came to see me. She didn’t even like it here that much but she stayed for me.”

“Your girlfriend was a bit disrespectful and she seemed abusive too,” Sesupo said quietly. “You are a nice man, what are you doing with a girl like her? Not only is she too young for you she dresses like a prostitute. I don’t see you liking girls like that honestly.”

“She is not abusive and she doesn’t dress like a prostitute. I don’t see how wearing clothes that

she likes is wrong. Girls her age dress like that.”

Sesupo chuckled. “You need a real woman Tumo, I can see you are a family oriented man. I don’t think she even thinks about having kids. I really like you and Shimane likes you too. We have something special here.”

Tumo frowned. “No, we don’t. I don’t have anything special with you Sesupo, I have never showed that kind of interest to you.”

“Come on,” Sesupo smiled. “I have seen how you look at me, no man will offer to babysit unless they feel something for you and you always babysit my boy and all the money that you give me.”

“I gave you 100 pula once because you said you didn’t have transport and as for Shimane I offered because I saw how you struggled with him every morning on Saturdays when he doesn’t have preschool. He is a nice kid, he

reminds me of my nephews. I don't like you like that Sesupo, I love Rorisang very much."

"You don't have to dump her, I don't mind sharing you."

"I do mind being shared and Rorisang would probably dump my ass because she can't stand sharing me," he said shaking his head in disbelief. "I am sorry that your baby daddy treated you wrong, believe me I also came from a toxic marriage with a serial cheater. I don't like you that way, I really don't. I don't want to lose Rorisang for anyone or anything." He glanced at his wrist watch and cursed inwardly, now he was late.

"I have to go to Gaborone and I think it's best I move out when I come back."

"No, please don't leave because of me."

"I am almost done with my project anyway so it's no hassle." He zipped his backpack.

“You will find someone Sesupo, be patient and don’t just trust anyone because they are kind or give you things, people have hidden agendas. Let’s go, I am running late.”

Sesupo stood up and followed him out blinking away her tears.

Tumo waved at Shimane who came running but he got in the car. It would hurt but he was still a kid and he would forget about him in a few months or weeks.

“Millie!” Zach called standing outside the bathroom door holding Noah. He was wailing and he had been trying to make him stop but to no avail.

Millie was also taking too long in the bathroom,

how long did it take to shower? His son's face was red from crying and he hated it, he was just there crying his little lungs out.

"Will you stop shouting my name?" Millie called back from the bathroom.

"You have been in there for almost an hour and he can't stop crying." He looked down at Noah and placed him on his chest patting his back.

"Mommy is coming to feed you okay? Let's be patient." Noah's cries got louder and he sighed, it was like adding fuel to the fire.

"Millie!" Zach called again. "Kante ne mma ga o fetse?"

"I am almost done Zachariah, don't rush me!"

"I am not rushing you, our son wants to eat and it's just happens that his food is in your breasts."

He moved back from the bathroom door and walked back to the bedroom. He grabbed a

squeaky toy and squeezed it hoping to calm him down but he just kept crying.

“Okay, how about this?” he asked pulling out his phone and played a song he had recently played. Noah fell silent as Ba Straata by DJ Maphorisa played. Zach looked down at him with a smile. “You like that?”

Noah only smiled in return and he chuckled. “That’s right little man.”

Millie walked out of the bathroom already dressed because she was not going to prance around Zach in just her towel, her mother was visiting her father today so it was just him and Zach. The house was big enough for the two of them, he slept in the guest room and she slept in the main bedroom with Noah. She had thought about kicking him out but he looked like he wanted to be so close to his son.

“I can’t believe you are making him listen to that,” Millie said with a disapproving frown.

Zach lowered the volume. “To what?”

“He is a baby Zach, you can’t make him listen to those kind of songs. What are you trying to teach him?”

“Nothing, I just didn’t know how to calm him down and this song seemed to be doing the trick.”

“And you think that’s okay?” she asked raising an eyebrow. “You are not going to make my son listen to those kind of songs before he is even a year old. I can’t believe you right now.” She huffed walking over to him and picked the baby to breastfeed him. Zach stared before he turned the song off.

Noah made an appreciative sound as soon as she took her breast out and gently placed her nipple in his mouth.

“When did you become so mean?” Zach asked, catching her off guard.

Millie looked up at him. “What?”

“It seems like everything I do will always be wrong to you from now on, you are always snapping and shouting.” He shook his head slightly. “I know we are doomed but can you at least try to tolerate my presence for his sake?”

“I am not mean, I just told you to stop playing him that kind of music. I don’t want to corrupt him while he is still young.”

“He is a baby Millie, what kind of corruption would he even understand?”

“Babies are human too, they hear everything. I still want him to enjoy cartoon songs not bop to Amapiano. I don’t want that kind of parenting.”

“Wow,” Zach chuckled. “Where is the girl that spilled rice on me? You are not her right now.”

“Ah, you mean the one who used to worship the ground that you walked on?” she tilted her head to the side. “She is dead; you are the one who killed her by being unfaithful. By breaking our vows and breaking my heart...” her voice trailed off and she looked away from him.

“Millie,” he called softly. “I know I hurt you and I don’t even think an apology is enough for what I did but for all that’s worth I am sorry. I love you, I know you don’t believe me but I do. It was never my intention to hurt you, I am sorry that you fell in love with me. I never deserved your love and you were right about me ruining everything in my life that’s all I ever do. I didn’t mean to ruin your life with my past or bring any darkness into yours. If I had known I would hurt you like this, I would have never pursued you.”

“You are a coward,” she spat out glaring at him. “Instead of trying to get better you are talking about how you should have never pursued me?”

And you ask where is the girl that spilled rice on you? You have no right to ask that because the man in front of me is not the same one that I poured rice on.”

Zach nodded slightly looking down. “I will continue with therapy but it doesn’t change my past. It doesn’t change that I get overwhelmed sometimes but I am going to try to be better, to do better.”

“Stop using your past as an excuse, will you?” she asked. “You slept with Khumo because you felt like you needed to and blamed it all on your past. How long are you going to mess and run because of the things that you have done and can’t take responsibility for?”

“Sometimes I don’t think you understand,” Zach said quietly. “You never had to watch your father dragging your mother by her hair only to get kicked when you try to help. You have never had that Millie. You were adored by your mother

and your dad raised you in a clean home and took care of you. You never had to nurse your mother's wounds after being beaten up to a pulp, do you know how that fucks up one's brain? It's hard living and it's even harder trying to breathe sometimes and you looked me in the face and told me I was a curse."

"I didn't mean..."

Zach shook his head. "Let me talk akere you want us to talk, listen to me first. It hurt but I am not going to hold it against you, I have no right to do that and I am not playing victim. Nobody understands until you go through it and that's fine. I gave you a part of me and you used it against me. I know you will never understand this but I raped Khumo, nothing will ever change that not even the sex after that. I thought it would but it didn't. Rape changes people, she didn't used to be like this. She was nice and had a bright future then her family resented her and

she was on her own. She wanted to hurt me and that's okay, I hurt her too. You said you understood but the second she came trying to destroy me you ran and accused her of not being raped."

Millie stared at him, she couldn't believe this conversation had circled back to Khumo.

"Do you love Khumo?"

"No," he admitted shaking his head. "Khumo doesn't like me too."

"They why would two people who dislike each other sleep together?"

"In my fucked up mind, I was trying to make her forget about what I did to her and she was also trying to cope with her pain somehow." He sighed rubbing his jaw. "You said you wanted a good man, one who is clean and who hasn't hurt anyone. I can't be that for you, I was already dirty by the time I was 14. I can't go

back and change the past no matter how I hate it.”

“So you...” she took a deep breath. “You want me to go find another man?”

Zach swallowed the hard lump on his throat, fuck no he didn't want that. He looked down at his feet again.

Millie tucked her breast in after Noah had fallen asleep and put him to sleep.

“Now it's going to look like I didn't love you enough or didn't accept your past as a part of who you are,” she cleared her throat. “I love you Zach, more than you can imagine but loving someone doesn't mean you have to accept their faults same as having a traumatic childhood doesn't mean you get a free pass to do whatever you want. And maybe I don't understand but I was always there for you, I am not going to act like an understanding wife

when you stepped out of our marriage breaking every promise you made.”

Zach nodded and looked up at her. “Is this the end?”

Millie looked down at her ring biting her lower lip before she looked at him. “I don’t know.”

This was our first bonus, evening insert on it's way.

Let's quickly participate. 78 at 21:00

[02/25, 19:15] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 78

Rorisang rolled her eyes seeing Tumo’s name flash on her screen again. She knew he was in Gaborone; she had heard it from her dearest.

Tumo had been calling her nonstop since she left Maun on Sunday.

She didn't want to talk to him; she was still nursing her bruised heart.

She couldn't believe she had travelled all the way to Maun to be told she was a spoilt princess who didn't understand anything about other people's lives. She was grateful for her life and her parents but she didn't know why people felt it was necessary to throw it in her face when she never did, sure she wore expensive clothes that some couldn't afford but that was not her fault and if anyone wanted to punish her for being born into a rich family they should talk to her father and ask him why the hell he made money for his family.

She sighed when the phone went silent, a part of her wanted to answer but she was still so

mad at him. Marshmallow trotted in her room and she smiled picking him up, he was a needy dog who always wanted affection.

“Hey baby,” she cooed gently inhaling his fur.

“Should I give you a bath?”

Her phone rang again and she resisted the urge to throw it against the wall but her anger evaporated when she saw Lolo’s name flash on the screen instead of Tumo's.

“Hey, babes”

“Bro, your man just called me a re you are not picking up and he is in front of your yard.”

Rorisang’s eyes widened. “He is here?”

“Yes and he told me to tell you to answer him or he is going to barge in your house.”

“Let him try, I will tell papa to shoot him.”

Lolo giggled. “You don’t mean that.”

Rorisang sighed. “No, I don’t.”

“If a man flew all the way from Maun for me, I would pay magadi for him.”

“Maun is not America, Lolo.”

“Just go hear him out friend.”

“Fine,” she said with a roll of her eyes. “Let me go hear him out then.”

“Have sex for the both of us, okay?”

“Ew, no,” Rorisang chuckled. “You need to get laid.”

“Byeeee.”

She giggled before she hung up and stood up looking at Marshmallow. “Looks like I have to go give daddy a piece of my mind, do you want to come with me?”

Marshmallow trotted out of the room as soon as she put him down, wow talk about betrayal. She changed into her leggings and her BTS shirt and pushed her feet in her Louis Vuitton slides

and texted him before she walked out. Her parents were somewhere in the house doing who God knows what parents did on their free time. She didn't want to think about them feeling each other that would only make her buff.

Tumo's car was parked at the end of the road; she put on her sullen face as soon as she approached the car. He opened the car door for her and switched the light on.

"It's too bright," she whined squinting her eyes.

"I just wanted to see your face."

"You don't know what I look like now?"

Tumo sighed and switched it off before he turned to fully face her. "I was a jerk to you, I am so sorry. You were right to feel uncomfortable by letting another woman in my personal space. I didn't think it through, I guess

I saw my mother in her but that is no excuse for what I said to you. I shouldn't have disregarded your feelings like that, I know how it feels and the last thing I want is to hurt you that way. You are not mean or a bully, you just know how to read people. I am really sorry baby."

Rorisang stared ahead not turning to look at him.

"Rori," Tumo called softly reaching for her hand.

"You called me spoilt and said you had no time to nurse my insecurities."

"And I regret that, I didn't mean a word that I said believe me baby."

Rorisang sighed and finally turned to face him.

"I don't appreciate being told I am a spoilt princess who doesn't understand life because my family has money. There is nothing I can do about the way I grew up and it's not like I was mean for nothing. I was fed up because the

whole week I was there that neighbor of yours and her son were all over your place. You made me feel very small which is something that really hurt me.”

“I am so sorry sweetheart,” he reached for her hands and this time she let him. “I didn’t mean to, I really didn’t. I have no interest or whatsoever in that woman. How can I think about anyone else when I have you?”

“But that woman likes you.”

“I know,” he dropped his head. “She came onto me after you left but I turned her down and told her I can’t lose you over anyone or anything.”

Rorisang huffed in disbelief, she was a little minx like she had thought. “She came onto you? What did she say?”

“She just said she liked me and you were too young for me but I am going to move out. I told the company to find me another place I can

stay at for the remaining two months because I don't want to make you uncomfortable."

Rorisang's lips twitched but she looked away from him before he could see her smiling. "I am still mad at you."

"I know," he kissed her hand. "I'll do anything to make it better."

"And you will."

"And I will," he said and leaned in with a smile.

"Am I forgiven?"

"No, but you are excused for now since you came all the way here."

"I couldn't think properly, I thought you were going to dump me," he said shaking his head.

"You have ruined me for any other woman, I don't want anyone whose name isn't Rorisang and she doesn't like Chanel bags and has gorgeous eyes and the sweetest lips."

Rorisang smiled fully at him. "And I don't want anyone whose name isn't Tumo and he is not the sweetest man alive."

"I love you."

"I love you too." She leaned over and kissed him putting him out of his misery! Just two more months and he would be back and away from those Maun girls.

Zach had expected to be mad and probably give him a silent treatment but surprisingly she seemed fine when he picked her up from school the next day. She only asked about his trip then about the baby which she looked excited about.

"He is so cute," she said scrolling through Noah's photos while he drove. He suggested

taking her out for something to eat and she agreed because they needed to catch up.

“Until he cries,” he said with a shake of his head. “He prefers Amapiano than his toys.”

“Really?” Hope asked before she giggled. “He is already running your club, Zach I can see it.”

Zach snorted and glanced at Hope. “Do you want to meet him?”

Hope shrugged and sighed. “I don’t think Millie will let me see him.”

“Why not?” Zach frowned. “You are his sister and Millie doesn’t really have anything against you.”

“No, but she doesn’t like my mom and I don’t think mama likes her as well.” Hope leaned on the seat and looked outside the window. “I was hurt when I heard you say she and the baby will always be your priority. I guess I wanted to be someone’s priority for the first time in my life

because I don't feel like I have had that, nobody chose me. I felt like Millie only acted like she liked me to impress you or something I don't know."

Zach sighed. "I am sorry. I understand why you felt that way but I am sure Millie really liked you and maybe she still does just right now we are going through a rough patch."

"Because of my mother?"

"Something like that, yeah."

"Everyone is just sad these days, mama is also sad because Lesang left. I don't know what they fought about because they were both happy about being together again," she shook her head. "Now you and Millie are not okay."

"It will pass," he assured her quietly even though he wasn't sure if it will ever be alright between him and Millie.

She said she needed time to gather her

thoughts and that she didn't want to think about anything else either than Noah right now and he understood. It will take a lot of time for them to finally sort their mess or to finally go their separate ways if things got too heavy. He was not ready to lose her yet but after what he had done, he had no right to refuse to let her go if she wanted to walk away.

"I will talk to Millie so you can visit your brother, okay?"

"Okay," she said with a nod. "Can we stop by Spar? I want to buy something."

Zach frowned. "What do you want to buy?"

"Pads," she said with deadpan expression.

"Oh," he cleared his throat. "Sure, we can stop by."

He was glad Noah was not going to talk to him about pads and periods.

“Do you have money?” Zach asked when they walked in Spar.

“Yes,” she answered. “They are not expensive.”

“I know that,” he scoffed and followed her to the sanitary pads section. He looked around the store while she scanned the shelves looking for what she wanted. She finally found them and smiled at him leading the way to the till. Her eyes landed on a familiar figure in front of them.

“Lesang?”

He spun around and smiled widely when he saw Hope but his smile quickly vanished seeing Zachariah standing behind her like some kind of bodyguard. Hope didn't seem to notice the change in his expression because she kept greeting him.

“Where are you staying?”

"I am crashing at Morocco's place while I look for something to do," he replied and glanced up at Zach again who seemed oblivious to his rage.

He shook his head, people like him always did whatever they wanted and got away with it.

"Oh, okay," Hope said with a nod and glanced back at Zach. "This is my father, I know you two haven't met. Zach this is Lesang, mama's boy...he taught me everything I know about soccer."

Zach nodded at Lesang.

Lesang shook his head with a bitter chuckle.

"You are too important to even say hi, Mr. Rapist?"

Zach clenched his jaw and looked down at Hope shooting Lesang a warning glare.

"Your looks don't really scare me," he said arrogantly. "I am not scared of wanna be gangsters who have never been in jail to pay for

their crimes. You are just a cheese boy trying to be gangster. You even had to fuck Khumo again to remind her of how you raped her. You make me sick.” He clicked his tongue before he threw his shopping basket on the floor and walked out. He was not in the mood to eat anymore.

Hope looked up at Zach. “What does he mean?”

“Let’s go home first, we are in public.”

Gabriel said that he didn’t have any dating experience but his actions suggested otherwise. He knew she didn’t want to leave Zuri alone for long so he set up a dinner date at the house after talking to Lefakae of course which he must have probably been excited about. A table lit dinner at the comfort of her home and next to her daughter, she couldn’t ask for more.

He had even prepared her favorite food, if she hadn't been in love with him before she would have fallen head over heels now.

"Gab, this is perfect," she said with a smile, the lights were dimmed and he had brought roses and non-alcoholic wine, her baby monitor was right on the table. Zuri and Zoey were both asleep, Lefakae and Bokang were probably watching some horror movie or something that would disgust her.

"I didn't know if you would find it weird."

"No, of course not." She smiled taking a sip of her wine, it almost tasted like the real deal except it was not alcoholic. "I can't believe you even thought about doing this."

"I wanted you to have a night out in your own home."

"Very sweet," she smiled at him.

"I also wanted to give you something," he said

before he reached inside his suit jacket and pulled out a black box. "Our engagement happened so fast that I didn't even have time to buy you a ring and then you gave birth and I thought I should wait but I saw this in a jewelery shop today and it had your name written all over it."

He opened the box to reveal a gorgeous ring with a silver single band and a small diamond, smaller than the one Lefakae had given her but her heart swelled just by looking at it.

"I know you already agreed to be my wife, but will you be my wife?" he asked and they both chuckled.

"You can ask me every day," she said with a grin and watched him slip it on her finger. It was the right size and it looked like it belonged there. "Gab, this still feels so surreal." She was trying not to cry but he was making it too hard with his soft gaze and the adoration and special

treatment. She hoped the sex was this amazing. "God works in mysterious ways," he said with a smile kissing her hand.

It was a full course meal, with dessert and everything else. They had talked almost about everything and she didn't have to go check on Zuri because she slept so soundly and Lefakae was there to check on her. She was grateful for all of these people, when God showed up, he really showed up.

"So are we going to go on honeymoon?" she asked tilting her head to the side.

Gabriel chuckled. "If you want to we can go."

"Will we have sex then?"

"Yes, as much as you want."

She bit her lip with a nod. "Can we talk about the normal sex thing again?"

“I guess I have put it off for so long haven’t I?”

“Yes, I need to know now what you like and if it’s too much.”

Gabriel nodded taking a gulp of his orange juice before he looked at Veronica. “I don’t want you to think I am demented or have problems or something. I used to struggle about my preferences too but I found out its not wrong how I liked to have sex.”

“Do you like BDSM?”

Gabriel nodded watching her face trying to gauge her reaction.

“Um, so you want to tie me and choke me and all that?”

“No,” He cleared his throat. “I am the one who wants to be tied down and choked.”

Veronica sputtered almost choking on her drink. She put a hand over her mouth trying to recover

from her wheezing, that had totally caught her off guard. She gulped her drink emptying it before she filled another glass. She knew they were some men who liked that but it was very rare.

“I am sorry,” he said softly with a wince at her reaction.

“No, no,” she quickly shook her head. “It’s fine, you don’t have to apologize. I just want to understand when you say you want me to choke you and tied you down, you really mean that?”

“Yes,” he nodded. “I don’t like whips or any of that painful stuff but I like being choked and being dominated when I am having sex. You can tie me on a chair once in a while and chain me to the bed and gag me.”

They both looked up when they heard glass shattering. Veronica squinted her eyes before

she reached for the remote and brightened the lights. She frowned at her brother who was on the floor picking up shards of glass and the popcorn that was everywhere. Had he heard them?

They both stood up and walked towards him.

“Are you alright?” Veronica asked.

“Yes, yes,” he said quickly rising to his feet. “I should get a chain, I mean a broom to clean this up.” He shook his head.

Veronica frowned. “Bokang.”

“I need to get a broom before I choke,” he snapped his mouth shut and shook his head. “I mean before I step on broken glass.” He stumbled off to the direction of the kitchen where he had come from.

Veronica sighed and looked at Gabriel who

looked horrified that her little brother had caught on their conversation. She should have used the bedroom instead of the dining room for this.

[02/25, 19:15] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 79

Zach glanced at Hope before he faced ahead taking a deep breath. She had been quiet since they left Spar and hadn't asked any more questions because he had promised to answer them at home with her mother present. It was not how he wanted her to find out, he would have liked for her not to find out at all but Khumo's stick of a boyfriend just had to yap his loud mouth in front of her.

He couldn't believe Lesang had watched and helped Hope grow up; it only took a few words

to shatter her world down, all he cared about was his bruised ego and not his step daughter's mental health.

She was the first to step out of the car when he arrived at Khumo's apartment. He was trying to stay away from her because he had a little hope that Millie might take him back after everything had died down. He didn't want to give her a reason to be mad again and ruin whatever process they had made. He took out his phone and texted her giving her a heads up before he walked inside the house.

"Did he rape you?" Hope asked her mother before he could even say anything.

Khumo's mouth dropped as he looked up at Zach with shock and sadness.

"I want to know," Hope said firmly. "Did Zach rape you?"

Khumo licked her lips nervously, her eyes filling with tears. "Baby, can we sit down first? I will tell you everything."

Hope glanced at Zach before she plopped down on the couch, Zach hovered by the door wondering whether to sit or stand. He quickly sat down when Khumo flashed him a look.

"I want you to know that I love you very much," Khumo said softly. "You are the best thing that has ever happened to me and I wouldn't have made it if I didn't have you in my life. I know the past few years were hell for us and I am sorry that I let myself go and hurt you. I loved you before you were born Hope and never did I think you were a mistake."

Hope bit her quivering lip and pinned her gaze on her father. Her mother didn't even need to say more. She was a product of rape. No wonder her mother had been a mess.

She sometimes had nightmares of Jack pushing his tongue down her throat, she couldn't imagine the pain she must have felt having to live with that and had to look at her every day. No wonder she fell off the rails.

"Hope," Khumo called gently. "Baby, please don't think you are a mistake."

"You were raped and you had me," she said with a shaky voice. "How is that not a mistake?"

Khumo took her hands in hers. "You are my beautiful, smart and brilliant girl. How can you be a mistake Hope? Every time I look at you I see a wonderful girl who is going to go very far in life regardless of how you were conceived. Rape is a difficult thing to get over but I have never held anything against you. I have never shouted at you or despised you even when I was in my darkest moments. I always looked at you like you were my sunshine, my hope. I can't wait to see all the things you accomplish in

life.”

Hope stared at her before she glanced at Zach. Her mother said they used to date in school but it was clear that was not the case. She would have preferred if her father was a dead beat father who ran away and not someone who forced himself onto her mother. How was she supposed to see herself the same again? She had ruined her mother’s life, if she hadn’t been conceived she would have continued with her studies and stayed with her family but because of her, her mother lost everything. Her chest was tight and she felt like she was running out of breath.

“I am going to lie down.” She rose to her feet and they both looked up at her.

“Hope,” Zach called softly and she turned to face him. “I never meant to hurt your mother or you. I was young and was high most of the time, I didn’t know better. I don’t know if you will ever

forgive me but I just want to let you know that I am sorry and I love you.”

Hope swallowed hard and walked to her room without another word.

Khumo looked at Zach with tearful eyes and put a hand over her mouth to cover her sobs. “How did she know? Did your wife tell her?”

“Millie would never do that, it was that stick boyfriend of yours who blurted it out at Spar,” he clenched his jaw just thinking about his arrogant face. He wanted to pummel his face in and wipe that cockiness off of him.

“Lesang?” Khumo asked looking shocked, Zach guessed she had trusted her ghetto boyfriend not to yap his loud mouth.

“Did you tell him about the sex?”

“Your wife was the one who told him.”

Zach frowned. “Millie?”

“Do you have another wife?” Khumo clicked her tongue wiping her cheeks. “She is not going to recover from this, I know my daughter. She will hold to this information forever and it will haunt her. I am going to kill Lesang for this.”

Zach sighed rising up to his feet. “Not if I kill him first.”

Khumo’s eyes flashed with anger. “If you go anywhere near him or touch a single hair out of his head, I will do more than just kill you.”

“Didn’t you say you were going to kill him?”

“How is that any of your business?” she snapped. “He is hurt and I understand him. I am still mad he mentioned rape to Hope but I was broken when I met him and he was so patient with me. It took 2 years for me to finally let him in but he never complained in all those 2 years. He had done more for me and your daughter than you will ever know, imagine his hurt when

he found out I fucked you again.”

“I can’t believe you are defending him.”

“Zach, if you touch Lesang I don’t know what I will do to you, trust me. Go handle your wife so she can stop playing bad bitch because you couldn’t keep it in your pants!”

“Why are you bringing her into this?”

“She started all of this, didn’t she?”

“Tell me if something happens or if Hope needs me,” he said with a defeated sigh.

He might need to take her to therapy if things got out of hand. Everyone just needed therapy; maybe Millie needed therapy as well because she was just so angry these days.

He was exhausted by the time he pulled in the yard. How did his life go from planning and organizing events at the club to dealing with teenagers and angry cheated wives.

He leaned against the car and took out a cigarette.

He had no idea if Hope was ever going to talk to him again or be in his life, it broke his heart just thinking she might not forgive him and Millie might walk away from him as well. He should have never tried to have a normal life, the universe had been waiting to punish him so they had to give him a taste of what normal life felt like so they could rip it away from him. What a cruel universe.

Zach sighed before he stubbed his cigarette and walked in the house.

Millie was not sleeping like he had expected.

She was on the couch watching a soapie on Showmax.

“Hey,” he greeted softly.

“Hi,” she looked up at him. “How is she?”

Zach shrugged. “I don’t think she will ever talk to me again.”

“That’s not true,” Millie said quietly. “She might come around and forgive you.”

“I don’t think so,” he said and plopped down on the couch. “Is Noah sleeping?”

Millie glanced at the baby monitor on the coffee table and nodded. “He is still sleeping, he was wailing and making a fuss just an hour ago. I had to play Amapiano to calm him down.”

Zach arched an eyebrow in disbelief. “Really? What happened to ‘what are you teaching my son? I don’t want to corrupt his little brain?’”

“I don’t sound like that,” she said with a snort.

“You do,” he scoffed shaking his head. “I feel for my boy, you are probably not going to give him a break so he can get girls.”

“What girls?” Millie curled her lip and shook her head. “I am the only girl he will ever need. He will not run after girls until he is 21.”

“Did you wait until you were 21?”

“Yeah,” she said with a nod which made Zach laugh.

“You are such a liar Millicent,” he said still laughing.

“I am not lying though,” she said trying to keep a straight face but Zach’s laugh was too contagious that she ended up joining him.

She cleared her throat and face the screen after she sobered from her laugh. She couldn’t remember the last time she had laughed like that, everything had been a mess lately.

“What are you watching anyway?”

“The Wife,” she mumbled concentrating on the screen.

“What is it about?”

“A journalist who falls in love with this Zulu taxi driver who turns out to be a criminal,” she told him.

Zach scoffs. “What is it about girls and silly love stories?”

“It’s not silly, it’s nice,” she said defensively.

“Mqhele is nice until he beats Hlomu up, that is when I lost all respect for him.”

Zach cleared his throat and shifted uncomfortably on the couch. “Millie,” he called quietly and she turned to look at him. “I didn’t mean to slap you that day; I never meant to hurt you or put my hands on you. I am sorry I did that to you, I really am and I will never forgive myself for ever putting my hands on you.”

Millie stared at him swallowing hard before she turned to look at the screen again. She had somehow forgotten about the slap, him bringing it up made her realize just how you couldn't run away from the truth no matter how hard you tried just like Zach couldn't run away from his past.

"Why don't you deal with Hope's issue first?" Millie asked. "You can't tackle everything all at once."

Zach nodded slightly. "I just wanted to apologize."

"I am sorry for everything I said to you about your past," she said quietly still not looking at him. "I was hurt and I didn't know how else to hurt you but I should have never used that against you. I know how much you struggle with your past and it was wrong of me to call you cursed and to tell you that you would taint your son."

“I am sorry I hurt you and cheated on you.”

Millie chuckled. “We sound like primary school students who can’t stop apologizing.”

“I would kill to be a primary student right now,” he said with a laugh reclining back on the couch.

“Zach,” she called again.

“Yeah?”

“You are going to be a great father, you are not your father and Noah is not you. He is going to be a happy child with a loving home and a loving dad.”

Zach’s chest constricted, he didn’t know how much he had needed to hear those words until he heard them.

“I am not ready to lose you,” Zach said quietly holding her gaze. “I am willing to try and do everything and anything that you want me to do so you can forgive me. I can’t think of being

with anyone else after you and I don't want to. I know I hurt you beyond words but you are the love of my life, I only want you. I want to live with you and be with you so you can give me the soccer team that you promised. I can't let you go, Millie just tell me what you want me to do and I'll do it."

"I can't tell you that," she told him. "It has to come from you. I don't know if things will go back to how they used to be. There is a lot of things that we have done and said to each other and they are going to always be at the back of our heads if we don't deal with them."

"I know," he took a deep breath. "But before we give up, don't you want us to try seeing a marriage counselor first and if that fails then.." the words were stuck on his throat. He couldn't get them out.

Millie nodded slightly. "But Zach, if therapy doesn't work out..."

“Then we will let go.”

2nd bonus at 5. 💕 It's short because I was typing between lessons. I will see you properly at 5.

[02/25, 19:15] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 80

She didn't want to go home so as soon as school ended Hope joined a few girls and accompanied them to the mall but they didn't stay long because unlike her they had families and happy homes that they needed to get back to.

She suddenly remembered Bokang still worked at Millie's bakery which was not far from where she was. She texted him asking if he was at the

bakery so she could swing by.

She was already inside the combi when he texted back that he was not working today. She was about to tell the driver to drop her off to the nearest stop when his call came through.

“Hello?”

“Hey,” Bokang drawled, she loved how he spoke. “Did you need something? I took the day off today.”

“No, I just wanted to hang out and talk.”

“Oh,” he sounded so surprised which was justified because she had told him she was too busy preparing for her BGSCE to hang out. “Is everything cool?”

“Yeah,” she replied but even she could tell her voice didn’t sound convincing.

“Where are you?” he asked. “I can come pick you up and we can get something to eat.”

“That would be nice, I am going back to the mall. You will find me there.”

“Okay, cool.”

She smiled a little when they hung up. She knew talking to Bokang or even seeing him was not going to change anything. She was still going to be a product of rape even when she passed and studied medicine like she wanted to study.

Nothing could ever erase that. She now understood why everyone’s feelings were in a turmoil, Millie had every right not to want her. She was sure she wouldn’t her husband’s rapist child either.

Bokang walked in KFC a few minutes after she had arrived. She smiled at him taking in his clothes. He always looked clean and good in whatever he wore. He was definitely a different breed from the boys she grew up seeing in G-

West.

“I thought form fives were not supposed to be gallivanting the streets instead of studying,” he teased as he took a seat facing her. “This is the first time I am seeing you in your uniform.”

“You always see my WhatsApp statuses of me wearing my uniform.”

“Yeah but it’s not real life,” he said with a shrug.

“You look cute.”

She smiled. “Now I wonder what you used to look like in your uniform.”

“It was ages ago, I have forgotten myself.”

“You are 20,” she said with a giggle. “Stop sounding like an 80 year old man.”

“I am your ancestor,” he said with a grin leaning back on the chair. “What do you want to eat?”

“Anything with chicken and fries is good for me.”

“I know exactly the thing,” he said with a smile before he stood up and walked to the counter to place their order. Hope’s smile vanished, she felt lonely again. There was a hole inside her that she couldn’t fathom.

Bokang had taken her mind of her issue just like she knew he would, he told her his crazy stories about his school years and the crazy customers he dealt with at the bakery. She wished she could stay and listen to him all night but her phone kept buzzing with calls from her mother which she ignored. She really just wanted to be left alone.

“I think it’s a bit late now, we should go home.” Bokang said looking around the restaurant. It had already gotten dark outside and a lot of the

customers had left.

Hope sighed sadly and stood up grabbing her backpack.

“Let me carry that for you,” he said reaching for her backpack and led the way out of the restaurant.

They walked to the parking lot in silence, she was dreading going back home and facing her mother. She didn't know how she was going to look at her the same again, rape was such an awful thing to ever happen to someone. She had heard lots of stories from rape victims and how the memory just never leaves you.

“I will drop you off since it's late,” Bokang said opening the passenger door to Veronica's car.

“Thanks,” she mumbled and placed her backpack on her lap.

“You remember how you promised me you will always come to me for a therapy session?”

Bokang asked as he drove out of the parking lot joining the main road.'

"I never said therapy," she said with a small smile.

"You said you will come whenever you wanted to talk," he glanced at her. "Something is wrong, isn't it?"

Hope shrugged and looked outside the window. Was he going to look at her the same again once she told him she was a product of rape?

"Hope," Bokang called gently again. "Bro, come on don't shut me out. I know you told me you thought about...um harming yourself from time to time so I just want to know what is going on. I thought we were friends who told each other stuff."

"I want you to have sex with me," she blurted out and Bokang's jaw dropped that he almost swerved out of the road.

He coughed. "What?"

"I want us to have sex."

"Hope, that's.." he cleared his throat. He was attracted to her of course, she was pretty and he liked talking to her but she was still Millie's step daughter and most importantly Zachariah's daughter. He would probably chop off his balls if he laid a hand on his daughter.

"Your father will kill me."

"I won't let him and he doesn't have to know about us."

Bokang chuckled in disbelief. "Dude, you dead serious?"

"Yes," she said with a nod then frowned. "Or are you not attracted to me?"

"Of course I am," he quickly said. "I like you very much but you are Millie's step daughter and you are practically my niece."

Hope scoffed. "Yeah right, you are not my uncle."

"You know what I mean."

"No, I don't," she said stubbornly. "Why are you bringing people into this? I didn't ask them, I want you to have sex with me because you are nice and kind and very handsome."

Bokang's lips quirked, he liked hearing compliments of course but it still didn't change how bizarre this whole request was. He hadn't expected her to blurt it out like it was nothing.

"Hope, what's going on?"

"I just want to have sex with you."

"We haven't even kissed yet."

"I will kiss you right now if you pull over."

Bokang's mouth dropped.

"Pull over so I can kiss you," Hope said more firmly that he had no choice but to pull over but

only because he wanted to knock some sense into her, maybe exams were stressing her out.

He didn't have the chance to utter a single word before she leaned over and pressed her lips against his. He froze blinking before his brain stopped functioning and his heart took over. He cradled her face in his hands and opened his mouth letting her tongue in. He felt blood rushing to his manhood tenting the front of his jeans. Hope pulled back, breathless and looked at him.

"Are you sure?" Bokang asked.

"Yes," she replied with a nod.

"Okay but not now," he muttered quietly.

"Maybe over the weekend and I will have to book a lodge or a guest house to make it special for you."

"I want it to be special for you too," she said biting her lip.

“It will be very special for me,” he admitted looking down at his erection. He couldn’t believe he had agreed to fuck Zachariah’s daughter. He was a dead man.

“Did she agree?” Zach asked Khumo over the phone the next morning as he balanced Noah on his chest. He was busy making slurping sounds with his tongue while he waited for Millie.

It was their first day of therapy and he was a bit nervous about but glad that Millie had agreed to come along. He had always managed to find a therapist for Hope because she needed it after learning what she had learnt.

“She said she will go only if I go with her.”

“Are you going to do it?”

“But that will mean you have to pay double.”

“I don’t mind,” he mumbled and looked down at his son. “I will ask for another quotation again just make sure she goes and do whatever you have to do.”

“You know at some point you are going to have to talk to her you right?”

“I know but I am giving her space to digest all of this, I don’t want her to fail her exams because of me.”

“She won’t fail,” she said with a sigh. “But you need to talk to her one way or the other and agree to go to one of the sessions with her.”

“I know that,” he exhaled in exasperation. “Let’s see how it goes first and I’ll do whatever needs to be done for her to get better.”

“Fine,” she said before she hung up. Zach

shook his head and looked down at Noah.

“You should stay away from women, okay?”

Noah only smiled in return which only made him smile too because his gummy smile was the cutest he had ever seen.

Millie walked out dressed in a brown dress with matching sandals. She looked gorgeous with the head scarf, he knew she only wore it because her hair was a mess but he still loved it.

“Ready?” Millie asked looking up at him, Josephine walked in to get Noah. She had to pump milk for him since they knew it was probably going to take long.

“Yeah,” he mumbled and kissed Noah’s forehead before he handed him over to Josephine.

“Be good to granny,” Millie said kissing his forehead.

Josephine gave her an assuring smile and

watched them walk out. She knew it wouldn't be easy but she was praying for their healing.

This was not how she had envisioned the first year of their marriage to be, they were already in counseling before they celebrated their anniversary. She was not even sure there was going to be an anniversary but she had agreed to try so here she was. She just didn't want to be one of those women who held on to dead marriages in the name of love, cheating was hard but cheating with his rape victim was harder to get over. Khumo was always going to be around because of Hope. She had married him knowing he had no children outside their marriage but here she was being expected to adapt to motherhood as a first time mother and

a step mother.

Tsholofelo, the therapist looked young but she had framed degrees all over her office so she chose to trust that she would deliver. She liked her office though, the green theme and all the pot plants that she kept.

“Welcome Mr. and Mrs. Babupi,” she gave them a friendly smile pushing her glasses up her nose. “I am Tsholofelo, it’s lovely to meet you.”

“Nice to meet you too,” she said because Zach did not look like he was going to say something.

“How long have you two been married?”

“Almost a year now,” she replied glancing at Zach who was twisting his wedding band on his finger.

“Alright,” she nodded. “So before we start, I want you guys to introduce yourselves. I already

know that you are married all I want to know is how old you are, how many siblings you have and what you do for a living.”

“Do you want to start?” Millie asked Zach.

“No, you can go ahead.” He rubbed his palms on his jeans.

“Okay, I am Millicent Seboko,” she paused and chuckled. “I mean Babupi, I am from Serowe but I have lived in Gaborone all my life. I have two half siblings, an older sister and a younger brother whom I grew up knowing as my cousins until recently. I am going to be 24 in a month, I own a bakery.”

“Thank you Millicent,” Tsholofelo gave her a warm smile. “And are you close with your half siblings?”

“Yeah,” she said with a smile. “We weren’t always close but we are now.”

“That’s wonderful,” she said before turning to

Zach.

He cleared his throat. "I am Zachariah Babupi, I am 32. I was born in Francistown but I have lived here all my life. I am into business."

"What kind of business are you into?"

"I own a club, a few pubs and co-own restaurants."

"So you are both into business, that's wonderful," Tsholofelo said with a nod. "So I want to know what made you guys want to come to therapy, what pushed you to come here?"

Millie glanced at Zach before she adjusted herself on the seat. "It's been a rough couple months for us."

"Was it a mutual agreement or?"

"It was mutual," Zach replied glancing at Millie then rubbed his jaw. "I suggested it and she

agreed we give it a try before we gave up on our marriage.”

“Why do you want to give up?” She asked facing Millie again.

“I feel like we are not going to be happy again, I don’t know if I will ever trust him again or even be sure that he will never hurt me again.”

“Mr. Babupi, how did you betray her trust?”

Zach’s jaw clenched. “I cheated.”

“And what prompted you to cheat?”

“I felt like I was drowning in my thoughts and it was the only way I could save myself,” he said looking down. He cleared his throat again rubbing his palms over his jeans.

“Did you talk to your wife about these thoughts that were drowning you?”

“No,” he replied quietly. “Sometimes I feel like she doesn’t understand or maybe she does but

just doesn't want to."

"When have I never understood you?" Millie asked giving him a look of disbelief.

"That is how I feel," he murmured glancing back at her. "You didn't give me a chance to explain about the videos and just called me violent because of my past."

"Because you are violent," Millie said with a frown. "You beat up people like some kind of thug and expected me to be alright with that?"

"Okay, did it start with him beating up people?" Tsholofelo asked trying to keep the frown off her face, she was not supposed to show any expressions or emotions when it came to her client's matters.

"No, it started with his child surfacing then his bitter baby mama."

"Did you know about this baby mama?"

“No,” she said.

“I didn’t know either,” Zach told her and toyed with his band again. It was always hard having to explain how he came to have a daughter, it didn’t matter if it was a therapist or just a regular person, it wasn’t easy admitting to rape it never was.

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Chapter 81

“I didn’t know she was my daughter because she is.. Um a child I made with force,” he said cringing at his words. He now sounded like a retard that couldn’t form comprehensive words but he couldn’t say it.

“You mean you forced yourself onto the mother?” Tsholofelo asked and Zach nodded

slightly. "Did your wife know about the rape?"

"Yes, I told her just a few weeks or so into our relationship."

"How did you feel about it?" She asked turning to face Millie.

"When he told me I was a bit overwhelmed but I never really had time to process it," she admitted stealing a glance at Zach. "I felt like I needed to console him instead of turning away to listen to my thoughts."

"Do you regret not taking time to yourself to think it through?"

"Yes," her voice came out as a small whisper because she felt like she was betraying him but she didn't want to hide anything, if they wanted to heal they needed to lay everything out on the table and deal with it like two grown-ups.

"Mr. Babupi, do you feel like you should have given your wife some time to adjust to your

past.”

“I understand that it was a lot for her but she never gave me the impression that it was too much, she was fine with me until Hope showed up.” He rubbed his jaw and looked at Millie. “If I had known it was too much for her, I would have given her time to adjust to being with me and dealing with what I have done in the past as well. It is why I couldn’t talk about the demons inside my head sometimes because I felt like my thoughts would scare her. I know she and I grew up in different backgrounds so some things might be a little hard for her.”

“I never showed you that I judged your past.”

“Until you called me cursed and accused me of tainting our son,” Zach shot back.

Millie exhaled before she looked back at Tsholofelo. “I said it in a fit of rage after he cheated on me with his baby mama and then

told me about how it healed him and how I wouldn't understand."

"Did you mean it when you said he is cursed?"

"No," Millie said shaking her head. "I was angry and hurt, I just didn't know what to do."

"How did you feel when she said those words?"

"Empty," he said quietly. "She is someone who always assured me that I was beautiful in her eyes and didn't care about my past but when she threw it back in my face, I felt like I was lost and empty all over again."

"You also hurt me," Millie said.

"I know."

"Do you want to be in a relationship with your baby mama?"

"No," he replied shaking his head.

"Do you believe him?" Tsholofelo asked Zach.

"I don't know," she said with a shrug. "He called me childish and a cry baby and said I didn't understand what he went through. I don't know if it's because he feels understood with Khumo or wants to be with someone who doesn't cry as much as I do."

"Is that true, Mr. Babupi?"

"No," he replied. "I just felt overwhelmed by her emotions when I was dealing with mine. I didn't cheat because she cried too much, I wanted an escape out of my thoughts. I wanted to feel alive again."

Millie's eyes quickly filled with tears. "So you felt dead when you were with me?"

"This is what she does," Zach said in a defeated sigh. "She makes everything about her and starts crying. She seemed fine and played nice with my daughter until she felt like she couldn't do it anymore. She said she wanted her out of

the house while I was still trying to patch things up with her.”

“She was giving me an attitude!”

“So when Noah gives you an attitude in the future you will kick him out of the house?” Zach asked raising his eyebrows at him.

Millie opened her mouth to refute but huffed and looked back at Tsholofelo. “I was heavily pregnant and dealing with a lot then you decided to cheat instead of telling me.”

“I want to know how you feel about Mr. Babupi’s daughter first Mrs. Babupi?” Tsholofelo looked at her.

“I don’t have any bad feelings towards her or whatsoever but I couldn’t handle being disrespected in my own home, she brought her mother without my permission and just left without telling me. I did the best I could to accommodate her, I don’t know how much

more he wanted me to do.”

“Did you sit Hope down after she came to you to talk about how she grew up?”

Zach sighed. “No, I didn’t want to open old wounds.”

“That’s understandable but opening wounds is a fast way to healing them instead of wrapping them in a cloth and leave them to fest and be infected,” she said jotting down on her note pad.

“Before you met your wife what did you like doing?”

“I just planned events and came up with ideas to improve my businesses.”

“Did you have anything you liked doing outside work?”

“I hang out with the guys.”

“Did you ever have time to yourself and just be by yourself?”

Zach shook his head, he didn't remember being alone. He was always doing things with people, either at the club or at home.

"Are you afraid of your own company?"

"No," he answered gruffly but it didn't sound convincing, he didn't enjoy his own company.

"What about you Mrs. Babupi, do you enjoy your own company?"

"Yes," she replied without hesitation. She was always alone before she met Zach or just with her parents. She never had friends she could go out with anyway.

"Do you feel like your wife is selfish Mr. Babupi?"

Zach glanced at Millie and sighed. "Yes."

Millie's jaw dropped. "How am I selfish when I tried to be there for you when you needed me? Do you think it's easy being with you?"

“I hope you don’t think it’s easy being with you because you always want to be right, you always want to be perfect and you always want to be liked. I don’t have to remind you how you just like everyone’s attention do I?”

“Excuse me?”

“You know very well what I am talking about,” he said shaking his head. “You used to want to die because your aunt hated you and Veronica didn’t like you. You could have just went on with life but you used to cry.”

“Are you talking about my crazy aunt who wanted to ruin me and my mom? It’s the same aunt who interrupted our patlo and magadi, you don’t remember?”

“Your goody two shoes image just isn’t it sometimes,” he said quietly. “Not to mention how you always nagging about me going to church and forcing me to wear those hideous

formal shoes.”

“I only asked you to wear them twice, forgive me if I didn’t want people pointing fingers at me for letting you dress poorly at our celebration.”

“There you go again thinking about people, I don’t care about what people say the only opinion I ever cared about was yours but you on the other hand had to please everyone. Can we also talk about how you kept threatening to find a good clean man who doesn’t have dirty hands?”

“I said that because I was angry.”

“And you keep saying I like excuses, listen to you right now.”

“Cheating and blaming it all on your childhood trauma is not exactly the perfect example of a good husband.”

“Do you hear how she says ‘childhood trauma’ like something that is simple and yet she is here

like I understand you and I am here for you.” He glanced at Tsholofelo before he looked at Millie. “This is why I say you don’t want to understand.”

“You have never been cheated while you were pregnant and should I mention that you slapped me?” she asked. “What’s next? You are going to beat me and then cry childhood trauma again?”

“It was an accident.”

“So was me calling you a curse, it was also an ACCIDENT!”

“Alright,” Tsholofelo said cutting them off. “It’s good to vent and let things out, what is not good is running around in circles we will never go anywhere if we keep doing that. For marriage to work, you have to live with some things you don’t like. Mrs. Babupi, it seems like you haven’t made peace with your husband’s past, we need to start there first. Mr. Babupi you

also seem like you are not ready to move on because of your past and it is understandable, childhood trauma is very hard to get over. What I am going to do is schedule individual appointments for both of you and then the next appointment we will be together again, how does that sound?"

"Fine," Millie mumbled not looking at Zach. She already wanted to cry for being called selfish after everything she had done but she didn't.

They walked out of the office feeling worse than when they had come in, she didn't know if they were going to make it. The cuts were too deep.

"Where are you going?" Veronica asked scanning her brother from top to bottom. He

was dressed in jeans and a black t-shirt with a new pair of Airforce sneakers on Saturday. He had even gotten a new haircut.

“Are you seeing someone?”

Bokang chuckled. “No, I am going out with some guys from school for some drinks and some fun.”

Veronica snorted in disbelief but she didn't comment more least he brought up the chains and choking issue. She had been walking on broken glass wondering when he was going to drop the bomb but he had kept his mouth shut surprisingly.

“Don't forget to use a condom!” she shouted after him and his only reply was a loud laugh.

She shook her head taking out her phone to continue reading about dominant sex done by women. She found it very weird that a whole pastor liked this but he had said before that he

was only human and he was a man before he was a pastor. She had been reading more and more about it since he told her and it was fascinating, the things she found on the internet not to mention the boss bitch vibes that she was supposed to serve in the bedroom.

“What are you looking at?” Lefakae asked leaning over her shoulder making her jump. “Are you looking at porn?”

“No,” she said with a snort. “Why would I be looking at porn?”

“Because you are horny and pastor isn’t giving you dick.”

Veronica threw a cushion at his head which he caught with a chuckle. “You are in no position to laugh at me, you are also not getting any action. At least I can say that I can’t because I am nursing my baby, you on the other hand..”

“I am also nursing my baby.”

“Yeah right,” she said with a roll of eyes.

Lefakae chuckled. “Anyway, I wanted to talk about Zuri’s trust fund.”

“A trust fund for a two months baby?”

“We had ours when we were in the womb, it’s good to start early so she will be a millionaire by the time she is 16.”

“Who is going to be putting money in the trust fund?”

“Her grandfather,” Lefakae replied with a shrug.

“Also her father, I just wanted to let you know and see if you are okay with it.”

“I am fine,” she said with a sigh. “She was always going to be a trust fund baby anyway.”

“True,” Lefakae said with a grin. “So when are you and Gabby tying the knot?”

“In two months, I don’t want a big wedding so it’s not going to be that much of a big

celebration and I have to get started on house renovations.”

“What’s wrong with the house?”

“He just bought and I don’t like most of the things so I want to change it.”

“Where did he stay before?”

“He was mostly gone but he stayed with his parents.”

Lefakae chuckled. “Mama’s boy.”

“He didn’t even spend his twenties with his parents, don’t be mean.”

“I am happy for you V,” he said with a more serious tone.

“Really?”

“Yeah, you are my best friend and I want the best for you and that guy there really does love you.”

Veronica grinned looking at her ring. "He does, doesn't he?"

"Mxm, don't gloat."

"E reng single life mo ngwaneng!" she teased before she burst out laughing at his sour expression. She was going to miss him.

Everything in her body screamed that she was nervous.

She had left home with every intention of losing her virginity to Bokang but now that they were alone in a guest house room, she could feel her nerves bubbling inside her tummy. Bokang looked relaxed and kept flashing her cute smiles and asking if she was okay. She chugged the whole glass of juice wishing it

could extinguish the fire in her chest. She could see he was ready for sex but she didn't know if she was.

"Hope," Bokang called softly snapping her out of her thoughts. "Are you alright?"

"Yeah, I am fine," she mumbled before she stood up. "I am going to the bathroom." She dashed to the bathroom before he could say more.

She splashed water on her face and looked at her reflection in the mirror remembering her mother's words about her being more than just a rape child. She was starting therapy next week with her mother and she wasn't sure what to expect but she wanted to get rid of her virginity before she lost it in a cruel way. She wanted to lose it at her own choice with who she wanted to do it with and Bokang was nice. She took a deep breath and walked back to the

room, she was not going to chicken out. She sat next to him and placed her hand on his thigh. Bokang turned to look at her and she leaned in to kiss him. His kisses were soft and sweet and unhurried like he wanted to explore every corner of her mouth. She pulled him down lying back on the bed and kept kissing him.

Bokang pulled back and frowned when he saw tears running down her cheeks. His heart raced with panic.

“Hope?” he called. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing is wrong,” she opened her eyes and looked at him.

“You are crying.”

She felt her cheek and sighed at the wetness.

“What is really going on?”

“I don’t want to talk about it, why can’t we have sex?”

“No, I am not having sex with you when you are like this,” he said shaking his head and sat studying her. “Dude, please tell me what’s going on.”

She put her hands over face and sobbed. “I want to die.”

“Hope,” Bokang called softly. “Why would you say that?”

“I feel so empty,” she admitted between her sobs. “I just don’t want to wake up again and deal with me ruining mama’s life.”

“How did you ruin her life?”

“I am a product of rape,” she sniffed.

Bokang’s jaw dropped; did that mean Zachariah raped her mother and Millie still married him?

“She says its fine and it happened a long time ago but nobody heals from that. I used to hate her sometimes for not being sober enough to

care about me but I understand how she must have felt looking at me,” she cried. “She had to live with that reminder for the rest of her life.”

“Hope,” he called softly. He couldn’t believe she was only worried about her mother in this state. He enveloped her into a hug before he could say more.

“I just wanted to live a normal life, is that too much to ask for?”

“No, it’s not baby,” he said rubbing her back in circles ignoring the term of endearment he had called her. “It’s okay, you can still have a normal life you don’t have to live like that forever.”

“It’s hard,” she sobbed. “I am tired.”

“Shh, it’s going to get better you will see,” he said softly. “Just let it all out.”

She clutched to his t-shirt and continued sobbing while Bokang tried to blink away his own tears.

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Chapter 82

They said it got easier with time and that the pain eventually gets better and therapy will help but Zach knew they have both been feeling very drained and tired.

The past month of therapy had just been them dealing with emotional shit they could have dealt with before they got married. He had no idea they had so much to unearth and so much to deal with both as individuals and as a married couple.

He hoped celebrating Millie's birthday together would ease up the tension between them. Millie had stopped snapping at him but it didn't mean she was still not angry and he was kind of getting used to her angry. Tsholofelo had

advised him to give her time and not push her into forgiving him because cheating was not an easy thing to overcome or forget.

Millie was already in the kitchen and she looked like she was already dressed to go somewhere. They might be living in the same house but it didn't mean she told him about her whereabouts even though he always tried to tell her about his.

"Hey," he greeted scanning her dress, it looked new.

"Hi," she replied quietly. "I made breakfast, do you want any?"

"I'm fine," he said sauntering to the fridge for a bottle of juice.

He had toned down on the whiskey and had been doing more boxing at the gym now, another advice from Tsholofelo that he needed

to turn his anger and frustration to physical things, something they were taught in military school and now he had to pay some woman to tell him how to live his life.

“Do you have plans today?” he asked before he could stop himself, he was still her husband and he had every right to ask what she was up to.

“I am meeting Veronica for the dress fitting then we are going to have lunch.”

“Oh,” he said trying not to show his disappointment. “When will you be back?”

“I don’t know,” she said with a light shrug.

“Mama says she will look after Noah while I am gone so you don’t have to worry.”

“I am not worried about that.”

“Then what’s wrong?”

“I wanted to take you out to celebrate your

24th,” he said.

“Oh,” Millie cleared her throat and looked down at her finger, the diamond staring back at her obviously reminding her that she was still married to him no matter how things were and how happiness and calmness seemed so far out of reach right now.

“I already made plans with Vero and Bokang.”

“No, it’s fine you go ahead and celebrate with your siblings.” He was trying to keep the hurt out of his voice but it still hurt. It was like every day of therapy, Millie kept slipping away from him and he was trying to reach out but it was futile.

“I should have told you earlier, I guess I didn’t think you would want to celebrate your birthday with them.”

Millie sighed. “We can have dinner later if you don’t mind.’

“If you are not too tired.”

She chuckled. “I don’t think they will take me dancing so we are good.”

Zach nodded, his grip on the juice bottle tightening. He was not supposed to bring this topic up especially on her birthday but he had promised Hope he’d ask. She only started talking to him again two weeks ago after he joined one of her therapy sessions.

The conversations were short and kind of awkward but he could see she was really trying to accept everything that has happened and he was proud of her.

“Um, Hope was wondering if she could come see Noah.”

Millie paused with her spoon half way to her mouth. She had been avoiding all conversations related to Khumo and Hope unless they were in their therapy sessions. She didn’t want to have

to deal with it so soon but she knew she couldn't just pretend they didn't exist.

"When does she want to see him?"

"This weekend."

"Okay," Millie nodded slightly. "She can come see him."

"I will let her know, she is so excited about having a baby brother," Zach said with a light chuckle. "She has been obsessing about all the photos and videos I sent to her. She wanted to meet him right after he was born but she wasn't sure with all the shit that happened that you would let her see him."

"I never kicked Hope out of the house, she did it all by herself when she started developing an attitude towards me," she said and walked to the sink to place her empty bowl before she looked up at Zach. "Some people are just ungrateful no matter what you do for them."

She walked away before he could say more. Zach stared at the direction she had walked off to feeling his heart sink to his stomach again. He heard Noah's cries and decided to go hold his son; his gummy smiles always had a way of cheering him up and warming his heart.

Millie felt lightheaded when she got home at 5 p.m. after spending the whole day with Veronica and Bokang. They didn't even drink alcohol but her head was buzzing from all the excitement of being out and hanging out with the people she enjoyed being with. She was starting to feel suffocated in the house; it just proved that no matter how big the house is, tension could shrink it into a small cubicle.

She took her shoes off and walked in with her

shopping bags, some of them a gift from Veronica and Bokang and some she had bought to spoil herself on her birthday. She didn't even remember the last time she felt so light and happy and didn't have to worry about what she would say to Zach that would trigger his childhood trauma. She smiled as soon as her eyes landed on her mother cradling Noah in her arms while she watched some South African Soapie on TV.

"You are ruining him," Millie said plopping down on the couch releasing a relaxed sigh. "No wonder he always cries when I put him down, you hold him way too much."

"He is still a baby."

"He will soon grow up and start tormenting us," she said with a snort and reached for her son.

"Hey baby, how was your day with grandma?"

She kissed his forehead and looked up at her mother who was carefully studying her.

“What?”

“Nothing, I am just wondering why you look so excited and youthful today.”

“It’s my birthday,” she said with a grin. “And I had fun, I didn’t realize how suffocated I felt in this house.”

“Are you and Zachariah still walking on egg shells?”

Millie’s grin dropped and she nodded looking at her son. “Sometimes I look at him and I just get so mad. How could he do something like that to me?”

“It’s because you keep thinking about it, if you want to make this work you have to put a lot of prayer and effort into it.”

“I have been praying and doing everything but I am still mad, mama,” she admitted with a small sigh. “How does one forgive such a betrayal and how do I trust him again? I felt so stupid

and weak after he told me what he had done, right in front of me with someone I never thought he would ever cheat on me with.”

“Nobody said forgiveness was easy but you have to remember that forgiveness is not about the other person it is for you,” she told her quietly. “Sometimes we concentrate too much on how the people we trusted have hurt us and don’t even stop to think that we are hurting ourselves in the process. You have to teach your heart to forgive just like you forgave Veronica for all that happened in the past. It will only make you bitter and nasty if you keep holding on to the past which can never be changed.”

“Would you forgive papa if he cheated on you?”

“I forgave my sister for ruining my relationship, I forgave her for a lot of things.” She shook her head with a small smile. “I chose to let go and I am not saying that cheating is acceptable but

all I am saying is think about your mental health in all of this. Even if you decide not to take him back, he will always be in your life because he is Noah's father and nothing can change that."

"Yeah," she said nodding at her baby and looked around the house. "Where is he?"

"I think he went up to his room."

"I'll go talk to him," she said and stood up with Noah in her arms.

She heard music playing softly in the guest room that Zach slept in and knocked slightly on the door. She pushed it open when there was no answer. He was lying on the bed with a hand over his forehead fast asleep. She studied him, taking in his relaxed expression. It had been long since she saw him like this and she felt a pang of longing in her heart.

Zach's eyes flew open while she was still

staring at him and she moved back like she had been caught looking at something that she wasn't supposed to be looking at.

"Hi," she mumbled. "I wanted to check on you."

Zach sat up straight blinking away his sleep.

"How was your day?"

"It was good, I really enjoyed it."

"I am glad," Zach said with a nod and held out his arms for Noah. Millie gently placed him in his arms.

"He has been so quiet," Zach said looking down at Noah.

"He was probably waiting for me so he can start wailing," she laughed shaking her head.

"Mosimane yo wa ntshwenya yo bathong."

(This boy is abusing me)

"He heard that you are not going to allow him to date until he is 21."

“Drama e kana for banyana,” Millie chuckled watching them, it almost felt too perfect like nothing had happened and nothing had tainted them in this moment.

“Before I forget,” Zach said opening his bedside shelf and took out a rectangle box. He had moved some of his clothes from the bedroom to the guest bedroom just so he didn’t make Millie uncomfortable by going in and out.

“Happy birthday Millie,” he said softly watching her eyes roam over the box with surprise. It hurt that she was surprised that he bought her gift for her birthday. “I know that things have been rough but I want you to know you are the best thing that has ever happened to me.”

Millie’s smile widened as she opened it and her eyes landed on the diamond necklace blinking back at her. It was so beautiful, it reminded her of the day she got engaged in Lagos, it seemed like a long time ago and felt like they were both

different people now. It was crazy how one mistake can shatter everything.

“Thank you so much,” she smiled looking up at him. “I love it.”

“Do you want me to help you?”

“Yes please,” she smiled and held out her arms for Noah.

Zach walked behind her and gently clasped the necklace around her neck; he took his time savoring every second he was close to her because it had been so long.

Millie’s breath hitched when she felt his lips on her neck catching her off guard.

“Zach,” she had meant for her voice to sound stern but it only came out like she was begging for more.

“Your skin is still so soft,” he murmured placing another gentle kiss on her shoulder, her body

trembled as she stepped away from him before she could lose herself.

“I am sorry,” Zach shook his head. “I just wanted to be close to you.”

“I don’t think I am ready to be that close to you yet,” she told him quietly ignoring the fluttering in her belly. She longed to be hugged and kissed but not when the memory of his cheating was still fresh in her mind.

“I understand,” he apologized again. “I am sorry.”

“I should go,” she said turning to leave with their son in her arms. Zach plopped on the bed, everything just felt wrong and he only had himself to blame.

Rorisang woke up to an email from the CEO of Princess Skin which so happened to be her role model Bontle Kgotla on Saturday. She shrieked when she read the whole email asking her to stop by her office so they could discuss her becoming an ambassador for her new make-up line that she was launching. She didn't think she would ever be considered for the ambassador position but she had to admit she had created a name for herself on social media, her You-Tube channel was popping with content and new subscribers every day, she would have felt betrayed if Bontle didn't pick her.

"What happened?" Her mother asked barging in her room to find her looking at her laptop then frowned. "Is it another You-Tube thing again?"

"No, it's a new opportunity for your girl, Bontle from Princess Skin just sent me an Email," she turned the laptop so her mother could read. She bit her lip trying to stifle another squeal as she

waited for her mother to finish.

“Do you know what this means mama?” she asked with another screech. “Princess Skin is such a big brand it has evolved and now Princess Beauty.”

“You are going to represent their brand?” Mrs. Moeng asked with a smile.

“Yes, can you believe it?”

“I can,” Mrs. Moeng smiled enveloping her into a hug. “You always do what you put your mind to it and I have no doubt greater things are coming.”

Rorisang giggled. “I am going to call Tumo and tell him.”

Mrs. Moeng chuckled. “You do that and I will go assure your father that you are still alive.”

Rorisang grinned pressing the phone to her hear as her mother walked out.

“Hey baby,” Tumo’s voice still sounded sleepy, her poor baby.

“Guess who is going to be the brand ambassador for Princess Beauty make up line that is about to launch?”

“Um, who?”

“Me!” she squealed.

“Babe, think about my ear drums.”

“I am sorry, I am just so excited. I have adored Bontle since her modeling days she is such a queen. This is such a big deal for me and just a few days before my graduation too.”

“You deserve it my love, I know how much effort you put in creating a name for yourself after that scandal.”

“But the scandal helped me though, I should tell Grace thanks for boasting me up.”

Tumo chuckled. “I am proud of you and the

woman that you are becoming.”

“Baby, you are going to make me cry.”

“Isn’t that what you wanted?” he teased.

“Whatever, anyway I can’t wait for you to see my graduation outfit, I bought a tie to match my dress.”

“I can’t wait to take the graduation outfit off you.”

Rorisang giggled lying back on the bed. “You must be thinking about me right now.”

Tumo groaned. “I think about you every day and night.”

“What do you think about?”

“Your laugh, your voice, your gorgeous eyes and mostly your lips.”

“Mmm,” she bit her lower lip flipping on her back. “And what do you think about doing to my lips?”

“I think about them around my dick going in and out of your mouth and your gorgeous eyes looking up at me innocently.”

Rorisang felt her pussy throbbing between her legs. “I think about your mouth on me licking and sucking me.”

“Rori, babe,” Tumo groaned in frustration. “Next week is so far.”

“I bet your dick is be thick and hard right now,” she whispered in a sultry voice. “I bet you want to slide inside me with your hard shaft.”

“More than anything,” he said in a strangled voice accompanied by a groan. “What are you wearing?”

“My silky pajama shorts.”

“They are so easy to take off, will you take them off for me?”

“Yes,” Rorisang mumbled pushing down her

shorts with her panties.

“I want you to reach down and see if you are wet for me baby, okay?”

“Okay,” she replied like a good student trailing her hand down to her coochie. She bit her lip stifling her moan as she rubbed her fingers over her wetness. “I want you so much.”

“I want you too baby,” Tumo breathed out. “Are you rubbing yourself?”

“Yes,” she moaned slightly. “Are you touching yourself too?”

“Fuck, yes,” he gritted out and Rorisang could imagine him pumping himself in his hand and moaned closing his eyes trying to get herself off by listening to his groans and grunts. Her eyes welled up with tears as she thumbed her nipple.

“Oh, baby,” Tumo groaned. “I am going to come.”

“Me too,” she whispered choking on her breath. She heard him groan first and knew he had reached his climax and it was enough to send her over the edge and felt her juices coating her fingers. She breathed out trying to calm her rapid beating heart.

“I can’t believe we just did that,” she said with a giggle.

“I need to go shower now.”

“Me too,” she grinned. “I miss you.”

“I miss you more and I love you so much.”

“I love you more.”

She and Zach hadn’t talked since the shoulder kiss, she was pretending it hadn’t happened but at least they hadn’t argued again.

It was Saturday and he had gone to pick up Hope from Khumo's place just the whole thing about him talking and breathing the same air as Khumo made her want to smash her face against a brick wall. She wondered what they talked about whenever they were together and if he had enjoyed sex with Khumo than he had with her.

She looked down at Noah in his baby rocking chair, he seemed so content watching the cartoons bouncing on top of him. She smiled at him and took out her phone to take a video.

She looked up when she heard the door opening and Zach walked in followed by Hope. She was clad in jeans and a simple t-shirt.

"Hi," she greeted quietly almost shyly.

"Hey, Hope," she forced a small smile. "How are you?"

"I am good," she smiled with a shrug and

looked at Noah, her smile widening. "He is so cute, is it okay if I hold him?"

"Sure," Millie said with a shrug and picked Noah up from his rocking chair handing him to Hope.

"Oh my goodness," she cooed. "Noah, it's so nice to meet you. I am Hope and I am your big sister."

Noah only blinked at her which made her smile more. "He is so perfect, I can't believe I am an older sister."

"He is only pretending because he sees you," Zach snorted. "He will soon cry his lungs out."

"Mama said I used to wail a lot too as a baby."

"It runs in the family I guess."

Hope giggled. "It does." She looked up to see if Millie was watching them but she was gone.

"Oh, where did Millie go?"

"I think she is in the kitchen."

“Is she still mad?”

Zach sighed. “Not at you, she is mad at me.”

Hope nodded and looked down at Noah. “I want to go talk to her.”

“You can go ahead, don’t be rude.”

“I won’t, I am an older sister now.”

“Okay, older sister go do your thing then.”

Hope stifled the urge to smile at him walking to the kitchen with Noah in her arms.

She found Millie chopping up vegetables on the kitchen counter. She cleared her throat but she didn’t look up at her.

“Millie,” she called softly. “Can we talk?”

“I am busy.”

“Oh, it won’t be long.”

Millie gave an exasperated sigh. “Go ahead.”

“I wanted to say I am really sorry for acting the

way I did the last time,” she said patting Noah’s back. “I was so hurt when I heard Zach saying I would go back to my mother as soon as she came out. I was scared she would relapse and I would be alone again.”

“Is that why you called her to come to the house?”

“I am so sorry,” she mumbled. “I didn’t think it through, I had no idea you didn’t like my mother.”

“Why would I like your mother?” she asked resuming her chopping. “I took you in and she threw it in my face by coming up here and saying mean things about your father.”

“Um, I thought you knew about the...” she trailed off her words stuck in her throat.

“Rape?” she asked and Hope nodded. “Oh, I knew about that, what I didn’t know was your mother was a liar who wanted to ruin my

marriage after putting on a façade that she was raped.”

Hope frowned. “She was.”

“Yeah, right,” she scoffed. “I don’t buy this apology of yours because you showed me you are just like your mother. I bet you sent those photos on purpose too, right? Are you and your mother in cahoots so you can have a stable family at last?”

“I didn’t...” Hope blinked away her tears. “I am sorry, I shouldn’t have come here.” She handed her the baby before she dashed out.

“I want to go home,” she said to Zach when she walked out of the kitchen.

Zach frowned looking at her tears. “What happened?”

“I just want to go home, Zach please.”

“Okay, okay,” he stood up grabbing his keys. “I

will take you home.”

Zach had been gone for 3 hours, she knew that it didn't take that long to drop someone off. She couldn't help but imagine him being with his lover and consoling their daughter and she was labeled the cry baby? She huffed angrily rubbing her hand lotion on her hands. Noah was already asleep, thankfully.

She was not in the mood to deal with a fussy baby and her mother was spending the night with her father so it was just her and the baby.

She looked at the door when she heard a light knock and knew it was Zach, he was the only one who knocked like he was scared if he knocked harder the door will fall off. He opened the door after she muttered a silent come in.

“How was your trip to wherever you are from?”

“I went to drop Hope off.”

“And how long did that take you?” she spun around to face him.

“I dropped her off then checked the club.”

“Do you really expect me to believe that?” She asked.

“Millie, can we not do this?” He rubbed his jaw.

“You were mean to Hope today and mentioned the rape issue that she is trying to heal from. What is wrong with you?”

Millie fumed and before she could stop herself she flung her hand lotion bottle at him hitting him on the chest. Zach didn't even flinch.

“What is wrong with me?” she snapped. “I should be asking you that, you didn't even come in the kitchen to tell me you were leaving and just drove off with your daughter then you didn't

tell me you were going to stop by your club and expect me to believe it? You went to fuck her again didn't you?"

Zach sighed shaking his head. "I am not doing this with you, I can't."

"Where are you going?" she shouted pulling him by his shirt. "You can't walk away from me when I am talking to you, tell me where you were right now."

"Do you want to call my manager and ask him if I was at the club?" he asked pulling out his phone. "We can call him right now because you are being crazy."

"Now I am crazy on top of being a cry baby?"

"Will you let it go?" Zach asked. "You made a teenager cry today and you don't even want to talk about it and you are accusing me of things I didn't do. I am trying here Millie, I am really trying but I don't know how to go on if you keep

treating me like this. You can't treat my daughter like that."

Millie glared at him, this whole marriage felt like a lie. She didn't know if she could survive seeing Hope and Khumo every day, they were not there when they got married. It was like ordering something expensive only to find out that it not what you expected, that is how her marriage felt.

"I don't think I can do this," she heard herself say quietly. "I can't be a step mother that you want me to be to your daughter, I can't. I will always think of her mother when I look at her and I will hate her. I have already lost more of myself I don't think I can lose any more."

"Millie," Zach called reaching out for her hand.

"You promised me we would stop if it got too much," she looked up at him. "It's already too much."

"That's because we haven't talked about other

things in therapy yet, we can still try to fix this.”

Millie chuckled bitterly. “There is nothing to fix, I want out of this marriage Zach. I am tired and you make me so angry. You promised we would stop if I couldn’t do it and I don’t think I can, I am sorry.”

“Nana,” he called and she choked on a sob. He hadn’t called her that in months.

“Please,” she sniffed. “I want a divorce.”

Zach’s eyes welled up with tears as he took a step back from her before he walked out without another word. Millie put her hands over her face and let the sobs she had been repressing out. Some things just couldn’t be fixed.

See you on Monday unless we get a sponsor.💕

[02/25, 19:16] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 83

“Feels like we are on the edge right now’

I wish that I could say I’m proud

I’m sorry that I let you down

All these voices in my head get loud

I wish I could shut them down

I’m sorry I let you down

Let you down”

NF blasted through his speakers as he stared at the brown envelope in his hands. Millie had filed for divorce after she asked for a divorce and it was now here. It was more real now, more real than the last time she sent him divorce papers and he handed up slapping her instead. He palmed his face letting a guttural

sound down his throat trying hard not to choke his breath.

He pushed his chair and stood up pacing around his office.

He had moved out temporarily after Millie asked for a divorce and was staying at a hotel since his apartments had tenants and he had given Khumo one. He wondered if Millie was going to stay in the house or sell it. He didn't care all that much about the house, he wouldn't want to stay in it anyway and relive all the memories of what could have been in their home.

"You couldn't even keep a relationship," a voice echoed inside his head and he closed his eyes trying to keep it out.

"See, Zach you will always be that messed up kid no matter what you do or how much money you have. All the cars and the money couldn't erase that you are nothing but a pathetic loser."

“Stop,” he mumbled to himself walking over to his shelf and filled his tumbler with whiskey.

“Military school couldn’t change you even love couldn’t change you. You are always going to be hungry for more of something, you are a black hole sucking every good thing in your life.”

He gulped the whole glass pressing his palm over his forehead. He didn’t know if it was because NF was busy wailing in self -pity in the background that enhanced the voices inside his head or it was the hurt bubbling in his chest.

The room felt like it was getting closer and closer and was about to crush on him.

He inhaled sharply trying to get more air in his lungs; he blinked away the tears at the corner of his eyes before he grabbed his car keys and walked out of his office leaving the divorce papers on the table.

Zach only remembered that he should have called first before he drove to Moeng's house but was relieved when he saw his favorite land cruiser parked in front of his house next to Rorisang's mini Cooper.

Their housekeeper opened the door for him and led him inside. Moeng was out in the backyard with Lefakae, he hadn't expected to find Lefakae here because he never really visited that much but he guessed things were better now and they were trying to improve their father and son relationship.

"Look who is here," Lefakae said cheerily then slumped as if suddenly remembering that he was going through some things and he was not happy.

"Sure," he nodded at Lefakae and turned to greet Moeng politely.

"I didn't know you were joining us for Rorisang's graduation dinner, Zachariah," Moeng said.

"Oh," he shook his head. "I didn't know you guys had a family thing going on."

"You are family too, what are you talking about and Rorisang invited you to her graduation dinner, didn't you get the invitation?"

"Um, haven't really checked my phone that much lately." He cleared his throat.

"You can join us," Moeng told him. "We are having a little feast."

"Veronica would be here too if she wasn't busy with her wedding things."

Zach nodded, he didn't feel like celebrating anything but being around people meant he didn't have to listen to the voices inside his head telling him about how he was pathetic and will never amount to anything more in life.

Tumo arrived just a few minutes after his arrival with a gift bag for his girlfriend and everything. Moeng still threatened about shooting him here and then but Zach could tell that he was already used to it by now and it didn't bother or scare him that much anymore. It was a cozy family celebration to celebrate Rorisang being a graduate as of Friday and as per Moeng tradition they brought their A game with the gifts.

"To tell the truth, I didn't think you would graduate," Lefakae teased nibbling on his piece of chicken.

Rorisang stuck her tongue out at him. "I am not even dumb and I never had any retakes during my study at UB. I am what they call beauty with brains."

"I think you paid the professors," Lefakae said

again with a chuckle.

“Just because you did it to graduate doesn’t mean everyone did it.”

“I am proud of you,” he said smiling widely at her.

“I am proud of me too.” She flipped her weave and glanced at Zach. He was the only one who looked out of place at the table and she felt sorry for him. He and Millie used to be so cute together that it was surreal that she was not here right now beside him where she always looked like she belonged. “Zach, did you buy me a present?”

“Hmm?” he looked up and cleared his throat. “I did but um I forgot it in my office.”

“We can go get it,” Tumo said obviously challenging him and he shot him a look. “We can go right now.”

“You know what?” he looked at Rorisang pulling

out his phone. "Let me just send you money so you can buy yourself a nice gift. Mine was ugly anyway."

"Oh, thank you so much!" Rorisang squealed. "I saw these shoes and I just died so I am going to buy them."

"Wow, so we are with your ghost right now?" Lefakae asked.

"Papa, talk to your son."

"Son, talk to me." Moeng looked at Lefakae with a straight face making them all laugh.

"Okay time for my speech," Rorisang grinned rising up to her feet with a champagne glass.

"This was a good year for me and I just want to thank everyone at this table for loving me and encouraging me to always do my best. To mama and papa, who taught how to go after what I want and to my annoying brother for raising the standard so high that I had to work

my ass off to graduate so he wouldn't make fun of me if I failed." They all laughed as Lefakae threw a peace sign at her. "I have been blessed with you guys and I couldn't ask for more. I love you all deeply, here is to being a graduate." She raised her glass and they all echoed cheers.

The dinner went on until very late and nobody was ready to leave. Moeng even sat them down to tell them stories about his military days, skipping the part about his gay lovers of course. He was only half listening but he was grateful for the little distraction that he got and was grateful that nobody was mentioning the divorce until Lefakae brought it up.

"Is she demanding half of the assets?" Lefakae asked reclining on his chair.

“I don’t know,” Zach mumbled his grip on his beer bottle tightening.

“What do you mean you don’t know?”

“I haven’t opened the papers yet.”

“You need to so we can be prepared to sort out issues if she is asking for too much. This is why I asked for a pre-nup in the first place now it’s going to be messy if she decides to wipe your bank accounts clean.”

“Will you tone down the lawyer and be a good friend for once?” Tumo asked.

“I am being a good friend right now, this is happening and we need to act fast so you don’t wind up dirt broke.”

“I don’t think Millie would leave him broke though.” Rorisang chimed in.

“You don’t know what betrayal does to a woman,” he said shaking his head.

“And how would you know?” Tumo scoffed.

“I have seen them in court and it’s not pretty.”

“Zachariah will be fine,” Moeng said in a firm voice. “You can give Millie what she wants but she will not wipe you clean.”

“Papa, half of his assets belong to Millie right now, do you understand that?”

“I understand that and I am saying Millie will behave, you have nothing to worry about.”

“Are you going to threaten her?” Rorisang asked suspiciously.

“No but she will have to behave and not demand more than you can give.”

“That still sounds like a threat,” Lefakae said narrowing his eyes at his father.

Moeng shrugged looking at his wife. “Does it?”

“Not really,” Mrs. Moeng answered with a slight chuckle.

“I am not convinced,” he said shaking his head.
“Anyway, send me a copy of those papers once you look at them Zach.”

“Sure,” he mumbled and took a long sip out of his beer bottle. He was not even ready to open that file himself so he had no idea how he was going to send him a copy.

Veronica pressed her tummy and turned to look at Millie who was watching her with amusement. She had been on a mission to lose the baby fat so she could fit in her wedding dress perfectly. It was hard to believe that the wedding was just two weeks away. Veronica had never looked happier, she deserved it after all the hell she went through.

“You are fine, stop worrying,” Millie said with a

snort rocking Noah in her arms. Veronica had stopped by with Zuri who was asleep now. She had already introduced her to formula milk and off breast milk which Millie thought was a bit extreme because she was only just three months old. She loved breast feeding Noah and she was not going to take it away from him until he was old enough.

“I gained so much weight I didn’t even realize,” she said with a sigh as she plopped down on the couch next to Millie and made a face at Noah which made him smile while still suckling from his mother’s breast.

“You are fine, I am the one who looks like a hippo.”

“You have never complained about your weight before.”

“I know,” she said with a small shrug. “But I gained a lot from Noah too and I feel like I

should shed some fat.”

“Baby fat is the worst, you can enroll at the gym or wait you have a gym in the house.”

“It’s not mine, it’s Zach’s. He might want his equipment back any time soon.”

“And you are going to let him have it?”

“Why not?”

“You shouldn’t, I don’t even know why you are not asking for half of everything that he owns and leave him thebe less.”

“He bought me my bakery Vero, how can I do something like that?”

“Because he hurt you and took you for granted,” Veronica said like duh. “He has a lot of money that he doesn’t even know exists in his bank accounts not to mention his pubs and the club and the restaurant. I heard Red Feather in Francistown is about to open.”

“Yeah,” she said quietly. “But that’s his business Vero, it’s his hard work and I know he hurt me but I can’t take away his businesses when he gave me mine that would just be cruel.”

“How am I the one getting married to the pastor mara?” she asked and Millie chuckled.

“You should have married Zach instead.”

“Yoh, nna Zachariah wa ntshosa,” she said shaking her head. “Too intense for me.”

Millie smiled a small sad smile, she couldn’t believe they were really going their separate ways but she knew it was for the best. The damage had been done and nothing could salvage their relationship anymore. It was time to move on and just cut their losses.

They both looked up when they heard a car pulling in the yard, Zach had moved out after she requested for a divorce but he came to

check up on his son on a daily basis. She had been worried that he was going to disappear again but he had been showing up for Noah.

Zach walked in 2 minutes later holding the brown envelope. She ignored the way her heart rammed against her chest with all kind of thoughts running in her mind; maybe he was here to rip it off like the last time.

“Hey,” he greeted nodding at both of them.

“I am going to the bathroom,” Veronica said picking up sleeping Zuri from Noah’s rocking chair and walked out. Zach smiled down at his son before he sat down on the couch.

“How is he?”

“He is behaving,” she said with a smile before she handed him the baby.

“Hey little man,” he said softly kissing his forehead.

Noah was the light he had no idea he needed in his life. Every time he looked at him he wanted to kick himself to be a better man to raise him right so he didn't have a damaged childhood like him. He had already failed Hope; he was not going to fail his son.

"Where is your mother?"

"She is spending the day with papa today."

Zach nodded and reached for the brown envelope beside him. "I signed it."

Millie's breath caught in her lungs, she hadn't expected to hear that even though she was the one who had brought it up. She took the envelope from him and nodded slightly.

"Thank you."

Zach nodded staring at her. "I am sorry I was not what you expected."

Millie shook her head. "I am sorry I couldn't be

enough for you.”

“You were more than enough Mills,” he murmured trying not to choke on his breath.

“More than enough.”

“I hope you find something that fills the void inside your heart Zach, not the money and all the businesses and all the cars that you buy because they will never be enough for you.”

“I hope so too,” he said with a bitter smile and looked down at Noah.

“Goodbye Oatile,” she sniffed not looking away from him.

Zach inhaled sharply; it had been long since she called him that. He nodded giving a small sad smile. “Goodbye nana.”

[02/25, 19:16] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 84

It was finally here. The day she was going to finally become Mrs. Gabriel Molefe. It seemed surreal that she was marrying another man so soon after she divorced Lefakae but it felt more right now that she knew the man she was marrying.

She had known who Lefakae was but she had still married him anyway because she thought she did not need love if she had a stable bank account. Veronica had realized that she needed love and she needed someone to be her peace and Gabriel had proven to be just that for her. His mother had sat her down after they paid magadi and had given her a thorough talk about what it was like to be a pastor's wife, the responsibility ahead and what she needed to expect. It had seemed like she was trying to scare her off a bit but she promised to be her mentor and guide her into her new life. Veronica

was not worried though, she had every belief that she and Gabriel were going to be just fine.

“You look so beautiful,” Millie cooed walking in the room dressed in her dusty pink dress. She did not have any bride’s maids this time around. She had done that when she married Lefakae and they were nowhere to be found now.

“You think so?” she smiled nervously facing the floor length mirror and taking in her wedding dress. It was more conservative than she would have liked but she couldn’t exactly wear a revealing dress when she was about to marry a whole pastor in a church full of church members. She had kept the mermaid dress simple and appropriate for church and her weave as pulled into a doughnut bun adorned with sparkling trinkets to match the diamonds in her ear.

“I know so,” she said grinning at her. “I am so happy for you.”

Veronica nodded. "I am sorry that I am celebrating when you are going through a lot."

Millie waved her off dismissively. "Don't be silly, everyone is going through something. It doesn't mean we have to put off all celebrations."

"Maybe you and Zachariah will find each other again."

Millie shook her head. "I don't think so and quite honestly I don't think I can go back. I got married too soon; I didn't have time to learn more about myself. I just want to work on my bakery and be a good mother to Noah."

"You already are a good mother."

"I am trying," she said with a shrug.

"What are you two gossiping about?" Josephine asked walking in with Noah and they both giggled. "It's almost time to go."

Veronica nodded and smiled at her aunt.

“Thank you for taking care of me and Bokang.”

“Who else is supposed to take care of you?”
she tilted her head with a smile.

“Is Zuri with her father?” Millie asked her
mother who nodded.

“I can’t believe she is the same girl who couldn’t
sleep before,” Josephine said with a chuckle.

“She is behaving like an angel today, this one is
the one being fussy.”

“She knows it’s her mother’s special day.”

“Noah just doesn’t care about weddings,”
Josephine chuckled handing him to Millie.

“Feed him before we go.”

“I should have pumped milk for him, he is going
to ruin my dress!”

“This is why Zuri and my breast went separate
ways.” Veronica shook her head.

“Stop complaining about your dress and feed

your son, motsetsi ga ana nako ya bokgarebe.” Josephine chided and she chuckled popping out her breast for him which he eagerly too in his mouth. He was always so eager to do things.

The wedding was nothing but absolute bliss, they had married in church and Gabriel had shed a few tears when he saw Veronica walking down the aisle after her daughter and Gabriel’s niece who were flower girls in their cute little dresses. Millie couldn’t stop crying, she blamed it all on her hormones but she knew that excuse was starting to get old now. She was happy for her sister but seeing her walk down the aisle reminded her of the white wedding she had always wanted and had even been planning but she never got it.

The church members congratulated them and the praise and worship team had prepared a few songs for them. They all headed to the reception for lunch after they had taken photos and Pastor Molefe had blessed their union. It was hard to believe Veronica was now officially a pastor's wife. It still felt so surreal.

The décor at the reception at the lodge was simple but elegant just like Veronica. The wedding planner had understood the assignment and carried out Veronica's wishes to a T.

"Motlogolo wame banna," Rapula mused probably for the hundredth time beaming up at Veronica seated next to her husband. Gabriel was carrying Zuri on his lap with Zoey peeking over him so she could stare at her baby sister and they looked so achingly cute together.

"I can't believe MaVero really married a Pastor."

“And I can’t believe you stopped drinking Uncle Raps,” Bokang said with a teasing grin.

“Hei, I am a new man now and I found someone I want to marry.”

Josephine looked at her brother suspiciously.

“Who is that unlucky girl?”

“You mean the luckiest woman on earth Josie,” he said with a chuckle. “Ke Charmer boy kana, very soon I will be the one sitting up there le nna with my main squeeze feeding each other strawberries and chocolate.”

“Yoh, Uncle Raps that is for the honeymoon and not for everyone to see.” Bokang laughed.

“Imagine us watching you feeding your wife strawberries, ng ng.”

“You don’t know anything wena,” he dismissed him with a wave before reaching for his orange juice glass.

“But you really do look good in that suit Raps,”

Mettheo smiled admiringly with Noah wiggling in his arms. Millie could see that he was about to start crying very soon.

“Designer suit,” Rapula bragged fixing his tie.

“My new son in law bought it for me as a gift kana. I don’t know if it’s because he is a pastor but he is very generous. I wonder if he knows how to slaughter a cow though.”

“He spent most of his years in America, Raps he probably doesn’t know how to milk a cow.” Bokang chuckled.

“As if you know how to do it.”

“Ah, nna ke professional.”

Millie snorted shaking her head before she looked over at the other table where Lefakae and his parents and Rorisang were seated. It was nice that they had honored the invitation and showed up. She couldn’t help but wonder if Zach had wanted to be here too, probably not

seeing as how he didn't know Veronica that much and now that they over there was nothing binding him to her family members.

They all looked up when the MC announced the bride and groom first dance.

Lefakae went to get Zuri beaming like he had been waiting for it all afternoon. Millie smiled taking out her phone so she could record them. Gabriel whispered something to Veronica that made her laugh and she couldn't help but grin. This was the happiest she had ever seen Veronica, all she had needed was love to feed her insatiable hunger for material things that she now realized she never needed. She still loved fancy things but they were not her center of her world anymore. She was glad she had realized it.

Bokang busied himself on his phone instead with a wide grin.

“Is it Hope?” Millie asked with a smile looking away from the couple on the dance floor.

“Yeah,” Bokang nodded then his smile vanished.

“I mean we are not dating or anything like that. She just sent me photos from her prize giving ceremony. She kind of scooped up everything at this point.”

“Oh,” Millie cleared her throat. “When was the prize giving?”

“On Friday,” Bokang replied quietly. “I can stop talking to her if you don’t like it.”

Millie chuckled. “That’s crazy; you can talk to whoever you want. You don’t have to worry about me.”

“If you are sure because I can cut her off in like 2 seconds.”

“That’s a lie, I know how much you love her and I wouldn’t want you to cut people off for me.”

Bokang gave her a reassuring smile. "You will be fine, Mills. You will see."

Millie only gave him a small smile in return. She was not sure about being fine again but she hoped it would be soon and she wouldn't regret letting go of Zach.

Parting with Zuri was the hardest but her baby girl had looked content in her father's arms that she didn't doubt that she was going to be alright without her for just one night. She was spending the night with her official new husband and she couldn't wait to show him the little surprise that she had planned for him.

"Honey, is everything alright in there?" Gabriel asked knocking slightly on the bathroom door. She had been in the bathroom for over an hour

now getting ready to surprise him. She gave one last look at her outfit and grinned at herself. She had ordered it two weeks ago and the red tight twill and garter corset she paired with red heels looked even better than she had expected.

“I am good just finishing up.”

“Okay,” Gabriel said. “Our food arrived ten minutes ago and I was worried it will get cold while you are still in there.”

“I am coming honey,” She said grinning to herself because once she walked out there, food was going to be the last thing on his mind. She fluffed her weave which had been in a bun all day and touched up on her red lipstick pouting at the mirror to see if it was on point. She had bought a few things that she knew might come in handy for this night and all the reading she had done on the internet had prepared her for this night.

She opened the door and smiled at him, he was looking down arranging the food on the small table in the room. He had went all out booking this suite for them and she was going to thank him for everything tonight.

“Hey, Gabby,” she said in a sultry voice making him look up. His jaw dropped taking in her full breasts spilling out of the almost too tiny corset she was wearing. His eyes trailed down to her long legs and he swallowed hard.

“Like what you see?” she grinned wickedly sauntering towards him slowly like a predator approaching it’s prey. Gabriel seemed awe struck and he seemed to have forgotten how to speak or form any comprehensive words.

“Um...” he mumbled taking a deep breath.

Veronica smiled and rubbed his chest softly.

“Surprised?”

“Yeah,” he breathed out. “You look so beautiful honey.”

“It’s Lady V to you,” she whispered and leaned in to lick his ear and felt him shudder against her. “It’s Lady V, Gabby. Right?”

“Yes,” he could feel his dick expanding with every passing second and he was afraid he was going to cum in his pants right now. It had been too long.

“Yes, who?”

“Lady V,” he mumbled turning to look at her.

“Good boy,” she grinned like a Cheshire cat before she roughly pushed him back until he plopped on the bed and he looked up at her. She cupped his chin before she licked his lips taking her sweet time.

“Please,” Gabriel’s voice came out a small whisper.

“Please what Gabby?” she asked with a satisfied smirk, this was everything she never knew she needed.

“Please touch me,” he begged gently.

“Where do you want to be touched?”

“Everywhere.”

“Strip,” she stepped back from him and watched with a grin. “Lady V wants to see all of you so she can touch you in all the places you want to be touched isn’t that right Gabby?”

He nodded fervently and reached down to his shirt, he had already taken off his tuxedo jacket.

He unbuttoned it quickly while Veronica watched with a hungry gaze but kept the wicked grin on her lips, it seemed to turn him on a lot.

He pulled down his pants and her eyes trailed to the tightness at the front of his boxer briefs.

“Seems like Gabby really wants Lady V’s

attention doesn't he?"

"He does," he replied quickly.

Veronica smiled and walked towards him before she slipped her hand inside his boxer briefs palming his thick rod. Gabriel groaned trying to control himself while she stroked him gently.

He could feel his orgasm nearing and looked up at his wife desperately and he nearly cried out of relief when she smashed her lips against his plunging her sweet tongue in his mouth as she increased her stroking pace. He closed his eyes and reached for her breast but she pulled back grinning at him, Gosh that grin.

"Not so fast Gabby," she whispered in her sultry voice pushing him down on the bed again. He looked like a starved man. She grinned before she sauntered back to her bag, one of the carrier bags she had brought for the night and

pulled out a red rope she had purchased along with her new purchases. Gabriel's chest heaved as she sauntered back to the bed with a smirk. God knew the right woman for him, what an amazing God he was! EXPLICIT

[02/25, 19:16] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 85

"I want to redecorate this office," Hope said reclining back on the couch looking around his father's office who gave her a frown.

"Don't turn my office into your playground," Zach muttered looking down at his laptop.

Hope was officially done with her form five exams as of last week and he supposed the boredom was getting to her since she had nothing else to do either than lounge in his

office and make comments about his office décor.

“But this office is so dull Zach,” Hope said with a sigh. “Imagine how cute it would be with new couches and a new shelf and maybe a vase of flowers there and we could frame your photo over there by the wall so that everyone who walks in your office will know this is Zachariah Babupi’s office.”

Zach snorted. “Everyone knows this is my office Hope there is no need for photos.”

“I am just saying it would be cute.”

“This is a club, it is not supposed to be cute.”

Hope shrugged. “By the way am I supposed to be in here considering I am not 21?”

“You are in your father’s office blabbing away and we are not open yet so you are fine.” He shook his head stifling a small smile as he watched her look around the office.

She looked happier these days, she had let him in and even though she never voiced it out she could tell that she had accepted him and his mother's past. Therapy was really good for her and he liked how she didn't even hold herself back with saying anything she wanted to say anymore.

"You are going to be 18 next month," Zach said quietly. "Do you have anything you want to do for your birthday?"

"I don't know," she replied with a slight shrug. "Maybe mama and Lesang will take me to a restaurant or something."

Zach nodded quietly. It was no surprise that Khumo and Lesang were together again in fact he liked that Khumo had someone in her life who couldn't even live without her for a few months. He knew their betrayal had cost him a lot but he was not going to dwell on things he couldn't control anymore.

“I wanted to throw you a little party or something but if you would rather hang out with your mother and Lesang then it’s cool.”

“I want a party!” she said urgently and giggled.

“I have never had a party before, I was always envious to see my classmates having like cute birthday celebrations.”

“Well they are going to be envious of you now,” Zach said with a small smile. “You can plan anything you want and send me the list or whatever.”

“What if I say I want a car?”

“You don’t even have a license,” he said narrowing his eyes at her.

“You could buy it for me.”

“Never,” he said shaking his head. “And if you buy your license I am going to hunt down the guy who sold it to you and kill him.”

Hope laughed. "You are no fun for a father who owns a club. You should be giving me alcohol right now."

"You are not taking a sip of alcohol until you are 30 or something."

"30?" She asked with her eyes wide before she cackled. "You are really no fun."

"Trust me Hope there is nothing fun about losing control of your life. It might look like it's fun for a short while but it's not."

"That's okay," she told him with a dismissive shrug. "I don't even think I am going to drink alcohol ever."

Zach looked up and studied her face trying to gauge her expression. "Because of your mother?"

Hope nodded and sighed stretching her arms. "It doesn't even look fun anyway and I can't be a surgeon and drink."

“That’s my smart girl,” he said with a smile and glanced at his watch.

It was almost time for him to visit Noah. He made an appointment with Millie and they arranged for them to meet at 2. He looked up at Hope. He was not even sure if she was going to want to go see her little brother anymore. She hadn’t brought up visiting him again after she walked out with tears two months ago.

“Do you want to come with me to visit Noah?”

“Did Millie agree?”

“He is your brother,” he said firmly. “I don’t want you to ever feel like you don’t deserve anything of mine. Noah is your blood and if you want to see him you can go see him.”

“I don’t want Millie thinking I am entitled again.”

“I will ask her if that makes you feel better.”

“Okay,” she said quietly. “I even bought him this

little cap I saw at PEP, I didn't know how I was going to give it to him."

"I am sure he is going to love it."

Hope smiled nervously and followed her father out of the office. She was excited about seeing her little brother again but nervous about seeing Millie again.

It was evident that she really didn't like her that much anymore and she hoped she wouldn't bring up the rape issue again.

Zach had called and informed her that he was on his way and asked if Hope could come by to see her brother. She had no choice but to agree even though she was not sure about seeing Hope again after everything that she said to her.

She felt bad for bringing up the rape issue but she only realized how angry it made her that she showed up in her house like her mother did not ruin her marriage. She wondered if things would be different and better for them if Hope hadn't showed up in their lives but maybe she would have never gotten to know how Zach can be when he was full on under pressure and battling his demons.

"Who did you make lunch for?" Josephine asked walking in the kitchen carrying Noah. She no longer slept over as often as she used to anymore when Noah was still just tiny. Her baby had grown up now and was about to be a 4 month old baby and she could handle his fusses and all his tantrums.

"Zach is coming over with Hope," she said quietly checking on the beef stew still boiling in the pot.

"They didn't have lunch?" Josephine raised an

eyebrow.

Millie chuckled. “Mama, come on this is Noah’s family. As much as it is really hard for me, I have to put my feelings aside for him and make sure that me and Zach have a good parenting relationship. I don’t want to be bitter for the rest of my life with someone I am never going to stop seeing even if I don’t want to.”

“I can see that, let’s hope he doesn’t take it the wrong way that you are cooking for him. Men are very sensitive creatures that even a smile tells them that you miss them and you want them back.”

Millie chuckled, she did miss Zach more than she liked to admit but they were over and she was not going back there. She didn’t feel strong enough to hold him down when he was fighting with his demons and himself, she also didn’t want the life that came with being with Zach. It was all too much.

Zach and Hope arrived just as she finished cooking.Noah had fallen asleep after his grandmother gave him a bath before she left.

She washed her hands and walked out to greet them in the living room. Hope avoided her eyes and just stared at the floor like a child who had committed a punishable crime. Millie's heart clenched in her chest, she couldn't believe she had said those words to the child.

It was not her fault that her mother and father decided to relive their rape and have sex again so they could erase their bad memories.

"Hey Hope," she greeted with a small smile and she looked up at her.

"Hi," she forced a small smile. "I hope you don't mind that I came, Zach told me it was okay."

"It's fine," she said quietly and looked up at Zach. "Noah is still sleeping but I can go get

him if you want.”

“No, that’s fine,” Zach said shaking his head. “I wouldn’t want to interrupt his nap. We can wait for him if you don’t mind.”

“I don’t mind,” she said before she cleared her throat. “Did you two have lunch? I made pap and beef stew.”

Zach glanced down at his daughter before he looked up at Millie. They had stopped by at Red Feather for lunch but he didn’t want to turn Millie’s meal down.

“I am starving.”

“Good, I will dish up for you.” Millie gave him a small smile and looked at Hope. “Do you want to come and help?”

Hope looked up at his father and he nodded. She gave Millie a small smile before she followed her to the kitchen.

The kitchen was filled with the tantalizing smell of spices and sauces in the kitchen. She remembered the times she used to help her cook food when she had just moved in. She was nicer to her than her father back then but here she was being afraid of her and more comfortable with her father. Blood was really thicker than water.

“How did the exams go?” Millie asked breaking the thickening silence.

“It went well,” she replied with a small shrug.

“Bokang told me you were the star at your prize giving,” she said with a smile.

Hope chuckled. “I was not really a star but I did get a few presents.”

“I never got anything at school,” Millie said and they both laughed. “I wanted to apologize for the things I said to you about your mother. I

shouldn't have said that, it was not your fault. My hus.. I mean Zach knew exactly what he was doing and I shouldn't have pinned that on you."

Hope nodded. "I am sorry I disrespected you."

"Truce?" she asked opening her arms and Hope smiled stepping in her arms. "It's nice seeing you doing okay baby girl. I am proud of you."

"Thank you," she said with a small smile. "And I am sorry about you and Zach."

"That's water under the bridge," she said waving her hand dismissively handing her a plate. "That's for your father, I will bring yours."

"Okay," Hope said before she walked out of the kitchen back to the living room. Millie smiled to herself before she walked out with another plate. Zach had already started eating when she walked in and she couldn't help but smile, it almost felt like nothing ever happened until Hope's presence brought her back to reality.

“This is really good,” Zach said to Millie with a small smile. “You always know your stuff.”

“I wonder how Zach is the one with the restaurant when he can’t even cook,” Hope said with a snort.

“Hey, I can cook!”

“Yeah, right.” Hope chuckled.

“I know how to cook right?” Zach asked looking at Millie who was frowning instead of laughing along with them. Zach frowned at her expression. “Is everything alright?”

Millie opened her mouth to reply but was cut off by Noah’s cry. “I will go get him.” She stood up and walked out. Zach looked back at Hope and sighed before he stood up to follow her.

He knocked slightly on the door before he walked in to find her changing Noah’s diaper.

He was wiggling his little feet in the air while Millie was trying her best to hold him down. He was such a troublesome boy.

"Mills," he called quietly. "Is everything okay?"

"Yeah," she murmured not turning to look back at him.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes," she replied.

Zach placed his hand on her shoulder gently which made her freeze. "If we are being too much, you can tell me. I wouldn't want to do anything that made you uncomfortable in your own home."

Millie sighed.

"I am sorry, I just had a déjà vu moment back there with the three of us sitting, eating and laughing together until I remembered that it didn't belong to me anymore."

Zach inhaled sharply; did that mean she regretted asking for the divorce?

“We can try again Mills,” he said softly putting another hand on her shoulder. Noah lay on the bed observing them with his fist stuffed in his mouth. He had developed a habit of sucking his fingers and it was so cute until he gagged trying to fit his whole fist in his mouth. “We can be us again and be a family again.”

Millie turned to look at him and shook her head chuckling. “No, Zach we can’t. That ship has already sailed.”

“It doesn’t have to,” he whispered before he smashed his lips against hers. Millie kissed him back for only a few seconds before she pushed him back and glared at him.

“I am sorry,” he could see that she was fuming or maybe she was just turned on. He couldn’t tell what was going on.

“You will not bully me or seduce me into taking you back. We are over and our divorce is final.”

“Then why are you still wearing my ring?” he asked with a smirk looking down at her finger.

Millie frowned before she slipped the ring off her finger and shoved it into his pocket before she waved her ring free hand at her.

“Happy?” she asked with a huff. “You said you will respect my decision and stay away from me but if you keep doing this then I don’t know how we are going to do this co-parenting thing.”

Zach nodded. “You are right,” he said quietly. “I understand.”

“Good,” she said and moved back from him.

“You can take him.”

Zach picked Noah up and smiled at him as he flashed his gummy smile. He kissed his forehead softly.

“Let’s go to your older sister,” he murmured before he walked out of the bedroom. Hope’s grin widened when she saw her father walking in cradling her baby brother.

“Hey, little man,” she cooed waving at him. “You are so big now.”

“He eats too much,” Zach chuckled handing him to his sister.

Hope balanced him on her chest and grinned at her father before she sat down and grabbed the gift bag she had brought for him taking out a small blue cap and put it on his head. She grinned down at him.

“Look at you looking all handsome,” she said with a smile. “Do you like the cap?”

Noah gave her a gummy smile which made her giggle again. “I guess you do like the cap, it looks very good on you.”

Zach smiled and pulled out his phone taking a

video of his children. It was still so surreal that he was a whole father.

He had enlisted Rorisang to help him with organizing and planning Hope's birthday and he was glad he did so he didn't have to worry about hearing her talk about things that he had no knowledge of. Rorisang grew up having birthday parties all her life so she was a professional at this.

Lefakae was whining about being abandoned so on Wednesday right after his therapy session he met him for lunch and Tumo tagged along. He had completed his project in Maun and was back in Gaborone employed and happier than ever. Even Lefakae seemed to be

doing good with his single life, it was not long ago when he made fun about his love life now he was the one in a slump and a grumpy mood well not too much of a grumpy mood these days. Tsholofelo had been teaching him about appreciating the little things in his life and appreciating the people in his life.

“The Buffalo wings are on special today, should we get two buckets?” Tumo asked reading the menu.

“You talk like a broke nigga who doesn’t make any money,” Lefakae said with a snort. “I am not sharing with you and I don’t want wings. I want steak.”

“I forget how much of a diva you can be,” Tumo said shaking his head.

“Because I don’t want wings?” he chuckled.

“Reka di wings tsa gago mister and leave me out of it.”

Tumo flashed him his middle finger and glanced at Zach who seemed like he was not even listening to their bickering.

“What are you thinking about?” Tumo asked.

Zach frowned at him. “Stop sounding like a chick, why do you want to know my thoughts?”

“Probably because you look ready to go jump off a bridge,” Lefakae raised his eyebrows. “Is therapy not going well?”

Zach sighed. “You two are such girls.”

“Because we care about you?” Tumo asked and Zach made a face which made him chuckle.

“Wow,” he shook his head throwing up his hands in mock defeat.

“Talk to us Zachy, we are your friends tthe monna.”

Zach sighed and palmed his face before he said, “I want Millie back.”

“We know that,” they both said in unison earning another glare from Zach.

“Fuck you two.”

Lefakae chuckled. “Everyone knows you want Millie back but she is not going to take you back.”

“Why are you so negative?” Tumo asked.

“I am telling the truth,” he said with a shrug.

“She will never take you back because she likes seeing you suffer for what you did and quite frankly you deserve the suffering she is giving you because you messed up.”

“I thought you were on my side,” Zach narrowed his eyes at him.

“Of course I am but that doesn’t mean you were not a jerk,” he said with a shrug. “Millie is not going to take you back and she knows that you love and you are dying for her to forgive you. She still loves you but she can’t stand the sight

of you.”

“How do you know that?”

“Why else would she divorce you?” he asked raising his eyebrows. “You know women are very possessive creatures and sometimes all they need is a little motivation to push her in the right direction. A little incentive that might make her reconsider and take your pathetic ass back.”

“Stop sounding like a dumb philosopher and tell me what you are talking about.” Zach growled and Lefakae chuckled.

“Make her jealous, make her see that she might lose you forever if she doesn’t take you back.”

“That’s the dumbest thing I have ever heard,” Tumo scoffed.

Lefakae grinned at Zach. “It’s a free advice, take it or leave it.”

“You suck,” Zach said shaking his head.

“Let’s order, I am starving.” Lefakae said casually dismissing him. Zach stared down at his hand. His wedding band was still there and he wondered if he should try one more time before he really gave up.

[02/25, 19:16] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 86

Zach finally mustered up the courage to find a place and move of the hotel. He had been intentionally dragging finding his own place because he thought he would have to go back home anytime soon but it had been three months now. He tried not to think that much about it because it hurt to think that he and Millie were really over but there was nothing he could do when she said she did not want to be

pushed.

Tsholofelo had said the same thing about giving her space and also trying to accept himself without needing another person's acceptance. It turned out acceptance of some things were harder than he had expected.

The house was big though, he wanted Hope and Noah to be able to visit whenever they wanted and have their own space in his own space. He had to buy a new bed and a few house things that he didn't even know he needed until he got at the house.

He hated multi residential yards but he had compromise since there were only three houses in the yard and he hoped they were not noisy neighbors.

It was a different shift from Phakalane and he missed his house with all his gym equipment but the house belonged to Millie now and the

only thing he had taken from it were his clothes and his personal things. The house was still plain and he couldn't bring himself to putting up things, he had to use of the bedrooms for his sneakers collection because there was no walk in closet in the house. He thought about buying another house in Phakalane but he was not really ready to throw in the towel on Millie. He was going to give her all the space and time she needed to heal and try to win her back and hopefully never mess up again.

On Saturday he woke up at his usual 5 a.m. time, his whole body aching for his punching gym bag but he didn't have that and he hadn't signed up at a gym because he hated exercising with a lot of people around so he just dressed up in his training gear and set out for a jog. He didn't know the streets very well but he hoped he wouldn't get lost on the way home.

He jogged back two hours later, drenched in sweat and heaving with regrets of not bringing a water bottle. He felt like his whole chest was on fire as he walked in the yard. He immediately yelped when he saw a giant looking dog baring it's teeth and aiming for him. Fuck! He had no idea that his neighbors had dogs, freaking giant ones at that. The huge bull dog barked at him viciously ready to take a bite out of his leg. He was going to have to kill it if it tried.

"Fuck off," he growled back it still standing by the gate not making any further movement. Didn't these people train their fucking animals? He was about to lunge for it when she heard a woman warning him to step away from the dog.

"Don't you dare hurt him!" she warned shooting him a glare.

"I am not the one trying to hurt it, it came at me trying to murder me and shit!" Zach heaved at the woman who was still dressed in her light

pink satin pajamas and a silk scarf wrapped around her head. She seemed to care a lot about her vicious dog seeing that she didn't even bother to wear shoes on her way out of the house.

"It would never hurt anyone, it was just being friendly."

Zach stared at her and huffed in disbelief, crazy people were all over the country neh? "Lady, your fucking animal tried to attack me and you are defending it? It barred it's teeth at me ready to pounce and I was going to kill your fucking dog if it bit me."

"I doubt that seeing the way you yelped like a little girl."

Zach squinted her eyes at her. "Are you high or just mentally challenged?"

"Excuse me?" she gasped like it was the most outrageous accusation she had ever heard in

her life. Her eyes were a little big as she widened them and he had to admit she was pretty even when she looked like she had just rolled out of bed. She was one of those few slim girls who actually had hips and a butt as well. Her caramel skin looked soft or maybe he was just dying from fatigue?

“Are you ogling me right now?” She asked and he brought his eyes back to her face.

“Don’t flatter yourself, I was only checking if you are really fit mentally.”

“By looking down my body like some kind of pervert?” She asked patting her giant fucking dog. It had calmed down now like it had not tried to rip him to pieces just a minute ago.

“First you let your dog try yo kill me and now you are accusing me of being a pervert, can you be more psychotic lady?”

She rolled her eyes and huffed shaking her head.

“You know what? I can’t deal with this. It’s too early for me to deal with douche bags.” She looked down at her dog patting it gently. “Come on Hero, let’s go.”

“It’s name is Hero?” Zach scoffed and she shot him another icy glare. “His name should have been Villain because that what he fucking is.”

“You know maybe it’s your energy that he doesn’t like; dogs sense these things you know? And Hero doesn’t think you are a good guy.”

“Because he wanted to chew me into a pieces, I don’t even know why you have a dog like that when it’s obvious you can’t control it.”

“It’s not mine!” she snapped at him. “I am watching him for the neighbors while they are out of time for the weekend and why wouldn’t I own a dog like him? Is it because I am a woman?”

“I never said anything about you being a

woman.”

“Chauvinist is written all over your face, you can’t fool me.” She said before she led the dog back to the house.

Zach watched her walk in the house and shut the door dramatically after her. He shook his head and walked back to his house remembering that he needed to drink a full bottle of water before he passed out while arguing with crazy neighbors.

He gulped down a whole 2 liter bottle once he got inside the house before he plopped down on his couch trying to catch his breath. Maybe he really needed to quit smoking, his lungs always felt like they were on fire these days. He looked at his wrist watch to check the time, he had to go check out the restaurant and have a meeting with Alex. He had been working in

Francistown with the new chef they had appointed there getting him ready for opening day and all the staff members.

He was grateful that he had a partner like him who was devoted to his work. Zach had no idea what he would do without him because he hadn't really been present at the restaurant since his whole life turned upside down. He also needed to go check on his son since he didn't like skipping a day without seeing him. He felt like he would miss too much even if he just blinked a second and he always missed seeing his face.

His phone rang while he was still trying to plan his day in his head and smiled a little when he saw Hope's name flash on his screen. He hoped it was not another call to attempt to stretch the budget on her birthday party, Rorisang had been teaching the girl expensive tastes more than he liked, pretty soon Hope

was going to start demanding Chanel bags and expensive Louis Vuitton shoes.

“Morning Zach,” she sounded bubbly. “Did you sleep well?”

“We are not extending the budget,” he said quietly and he heard her giggle.

“Can’t I just call you to check up on you?”

“Lately it has all been about your birthday so I am not very sure at this point.”

“Well, you can rest assured. I just called to say thank you.”

Zach raised an eyebrow. “Early this morning?”

“Yeah,” she said. “Rorisang has been an angel and she has really taken this party personally like it’s hers. I can’t wait for next week already. I got my dress yesterday and it looks amazing.”

“I am glad everything is going well, you deserve it.”

“I do, don’t I?” she chuckled. “Mama talked to me yesterday, she said you wanted me to change my surname to yours?”

“I only suggested it and I was going to ask how you felt about it. I know you are about to be an adult now but if you like we can change your surname to mine or if you don’t want to it’s still okay. It was just a thought.”

Hope hummed. “I would like to be a Babupi.”

“Really?” a smile crept on his lips. “You mean that? I wouldn’t love you any less if you didn’t want to be.”

“No, I want to. I want to share a name with you and Noah.”

Zach’s chest warmed at that thought, he was a father of two awesome kids and each and every day he was reminded just how lucky he was that he had them in his life and that Hope had decided to give him a second chance at being

her father.

“Are you crying?”

Zach chuckled. “I don’t cry.”

“That’s not true, you actually cry a lot. Remember that time when...”

“Hope, we are not going to talk about me crying.”

She giggled. “Okay then, you don’t cry.”

“Good, are you going to stop by to see my place?”

“I am going shopping with Rorisang but I will stop by tomorrow.”

“Again?”

“I am not the one doing the buying, she is.”

Zach sighed, that girl had a serious shopping problem. “Okay, well don’t turn into her. It’s not healthy.”

“Healthy for me or your card?”

“Both.”

“Okay,” she said with a chuckle. “Zach?”

“Yeah?”

“I am glad you are my father.”

His grin widened, damn it he was not going to cry but he could feel tears burning at the back of her eyes. “I am glad you are my daughter too.”

“I have to go now, see you soon!”

“Bye.” He hung up with a smile and trying to fight his tears.

“You look like a zombie,” Zach said drily to Alex after they finished their meeting. He chuckled

and shot a middle finger at him. Four years ago, Alex wouldn't have been caught dead even having a conversation with him that didn't involve business but he could tell he had grown to be comfortable around him now.

"That's because I have been pulling all your dead weight while trying to be a good father and supporting my wife. She has also been busy with her new make-up line that is about to launch in a month. The pregnancy isn't making it easy either."

"Bontle is pregnant?" Zach asked with a frown. "Isn't your daughter still a baby?"

Alex chuckled. "You arrogant asshole, she is 3 years and yes my wife is pregnant. She is three months along."

"You don't shoot blanks heh?"

Alex laughed again throwing his head back. "She wants more kids, I had no idea what

changed her mind because after we had Lerato she said she was done with kids but now she wants more and I love having kids with her.”

Zach tried to fight the pang of loneliness that hit his chest as he listened to Alex musing about his wife and their happy marriage and happy life. He was a lucky bastard who had it all and he couldn't help but be envious of him. Millie used to talk about wanting to give him a soccer team and now he was not sure if they would ever have that again.

“You lucky bastard,” he muttered drily.

Alex chuckled. “I will take that as a compliment but you of all people know that Bontle and I didn't get here over night right? And a lot of people were kind of against our relationship because of how we came to be. There were times when I just wanted to die, Bontle nearly gave me heart diseases kana.”

“I remember you sulking like a kid when she kept dumping your ass.”

“Yeah,” he chuckled shaking his head. “But I was not really ready to give up on her. I didn’t even want to try and it all paid off in the end. So you shouldn’t be too quick to give up either, Millie will come around when the time is right and you both have settled your issues.”

Zach shrugged before he stood up. He had been having way too many heart to heart conversations since the divorce and he was kind of getting tired of it now. “Tell Bontle congratulations for me though I am a little sad that she doesn’t twerk on club tables anymore.”

“Fuck off,” Alex grumbled which made Zach laughed as he walked out of the office. He was about to walk out when a familiar face caught his eye. The dog woman was seated at a table with two girls and they were busy laughing and chatting. She looked different than she had this

morning, probably because she was now all dolled up with a curly weave and long lashes with red lips. He sauntered over to the table before he could stop himself, her two friends paused their conversation and looked up at him expectantly.

“Hello, ladies,” he greeted his eyes on her, her eyes widened in surprise when she saw him.

“Enjoying yourselves?”

“Are you by any chance stalking me?”

“I was wondering the same thing, I mean I have never seen you in my restaurant before.”

“Your restaurant?” She arched an eyebrow at him and faced her friends.

“We always come here but Reneilwe just moved from Windhoek where she used to work so this is her first time,” one of the friends said with a smile.

“Ah,” Zach nodded looking back at Reneilwe.

“Ah and how do you like our food Reneilwe?”

“You can call her Renei,” the other friend chimed in with a giggle. “How do you two know each other by the way?”

“Oh, we live together.” Zach said quietly and watched her friend’s faces morph into surprise.

“Why didn’t you tell us?” the friend hissed at Reneilwe who rolled her eyes.

“Are you some celebrity or something?” she asked with a bored tone.

“He owns Club Z, you know it’s always popping there.”

Zach nodded loving the irritation on her face, she seemed like those uptight mean bitches who acted like they were above everything else and it was nice to knock her down a peg or two.

“I hope you are enjoying your food Renei.”

“I have had better,” she said with a snort.

“You said you loved the...” her friend trailed off when she gave her a look. Zach chuckled.

“I wonder where you left your Hero seeing as how you are comfortable dining here while he is out there possibly roaming the streets endangering innocent people’s lives.”

“Hero is fine and safe with his owners thank you very much for your concern,” she scrunched her nose. “Will you please excuse us now while we finish our lunch? Or is it one of your perverted fetishes to watch women eat?”

Zach snorted. “You can order anything you want it’s on me.” he didn’t wait for her to refute before she walked out. They had settled the scores now.

He had learnt how to change diapers because he didn't want to miss out on anything that had to do with being Noah's parent and he had gotten pretty good at it seeing how he could change his diaper and manage to calm him down when he made a fuss. He smiled tickling him a bit which made him giggle and it was the most precious sound he had ever had. He picked him up and walked back to the living room. Millie was on her laptop probably working on her cake designs.

"When are you going back to work full time?" Zach asked sitting down on the couch facing her.

"I was thinking next month, mama has agreed to look after Noah full time so I don't have to find a nanny."

"That is good, I don't know how I would feel about him being with a stranger full time." He said looking down at his son. He had heard

horror stories about nannies abusing kids and he didn't want his son to ever be at someone's mercy like that.

Millie hummed not looking up at him while he watched her. Her phone chimed and she reached for it with a smile. Zach frowned, who was making her smile like that? He watched her text whoever she was texting with his curiosity growing every second.

He cleared his throat toying with Noah's little hand. "Are you seeing anyone?"

"What?"

"The person you are texting seemed to be making you smile."

Millie chuckled. "Oh, that's Thapelo from church. He went through a divorce last year and he has been really helping with sharing his experience with me. It kind of helps me a little bit."

Zach looked down at his son because he

needed to be reminded to contain himself just by looking at his innocent little face. How was she already talking to guys from church? He felt his chest warm up. Was the Thapelo dude the ideal guy for her because he was a church person?

“That is great,” he forced himself to say. “It’s really great because I was actually feeling guilty that I had been talking to someone myself helping me deal with the whole divorce thing.”

“Oh,” Millie pursed her lips looking up at him. “Who?”

He shrugged slightly. “Um, just someone from where I stay at. She has been very understanding and kind as well about the divorce.”

“Oh,” Millie cleared her throat and looked down at her laptop. “That’s nice that you have someone to talk to these things. I thought your

therapist was enough.”

“Tsholofelo is great but sometimes you need a shoulder to cry on and women are really good listeners. I hope Thapelo is a good listener as well.”

“Oh, he is perfect.” Millie said with a forced smile. “It’s like talking to a male me.”

“Exactly,” Zach said with a nod.

Millie cleared her throat. “So, um who is this woman? Does she have a name?”

“You don’t know her.”

“Of course I don’t but I would like to know her name since she is helping the father of my child and all.”

“Reneilwe,” Zach blurted out before he could stop himself and immediately wanted to kick himself. Of all the names he could said!

“She sounds like a sweetheart,” she said quietly.

Zach studied her face, he couldn't tell if she was jealous or not and he knew he was being petty and probably childish but fuck Thapelo man. He was probably trying to get in her pants by being a good church boy and preaching his pathetic divorce story. He didn't even know him but he wanted to rip his throat apart.

[02/25, 19:16] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 87

"Do you want more jam on your bread?" Gabriel asked Zoey who nodded eagerly as he spread the jam on her slice of bread.

Veronica walked in holding Zuri and smiled up at Gabriel. He had woken up early just he could make breakfast for everyone. He was already dressed for church and he looked achingly handsome in his suit and the Tom Ford tie she

bought for him last week.

“Hey honey,” Gabriel greeted kissing her cheek and kissed Zuri’s forehead. “How is her stomach?”

“She is fine now,” Veronica replied placing Zuri in her rocking chair. She looked pretty and ready for church in her tiny pink dress. She had chubby cheeks now and Veronica fell in love all over again every time she looked at her daughter.

“You gave us quite a scare there princess,” he made a face at Zuri who giggled and he smiled looking back at his wife. “I made toast and eggs or do you want your fruit salad?”

“I am fine with the toast and eggs,” she replied with a smile sliding on the kitchen counter chair and wiped the corner of Zoey’s lips wiping the jam off. “Are you excited for church?”

Zoey nodded with a grin. “I can’t wait to read

about baby Jesus, our teacher told us that is what we are going to be reading about today.”

“Will you tell me all about it after church?”

“Of course!” she grinned and took a gulp of her milk.

“Where is Bokang?” Gabriel asked handing his wife her plate of food.

“I think he is still getting ready,” Veronica replied taking a bite of her scrambled eggs and hummed in appreciation. She didn’t really know much about cooking but Gabriel was good at cooking and preparing meals. She wanted to marry him all over again. They had moved into their house just after they had gotten married and luckily she had sped up the décor and the renovation process she had wanted to do it before she even became Mrs. Molefe.

“Morning family,” Bokang greeted cheerfully when he walked in the kitchen, dressed in his

formal pants and black shirt. "It smells lovely in here."

"I made more than enough, you can knock yourself out."

"That is why you are my favorite brother in law," he said fist bumping Gabriel before he sat down next to his sister and filled his glass with orange juice. Gabriel handed him his plate before he sat down.

"I have an announcement," Bokang said after swallowing a mouthful of his eggs.

"Oh please don't tell me you impregnated someone Bokang," Veronica said with a small gasp which made Bokang chuckle.

"Wow V, is that what you think of me?"

"I mean it wouldn't be a crime but I still have big hopes for you and I want you to be free to accomplish anything in life without worrying about anyone else."

Bokang grinned. "I told you I have big plans and knocking someone up is not part of those big plans. I actually wanted to tell you guys that I love you and I appreciate you taking me in and living with me but I found a place of my own and I wanted to let you know that I am moving out."

Veronica's shoulders slumped a little, she had expected this but she didn't think it would be this soon. She was still protective of her brother and wanted to keep a close eye on him but he was 20 now and he was old enough to make his own decisions without her and live on his own if he wanted to.

"That is good Bokang but I hope you are not moving because I make you uncomfortable," Gabriel said calmly.

"No," Bokang said with a chuckle. "You guys are great and I love living with you but I feel like I need to explore living on my own and figure

things out. I will visit every time that you won't even know that I am gone. I won't stay away from Pastor G's food."

"And prayers," Gabriel added with a chuckle.

"Amen," he grinned and looked at Veronica who was staring at her plate. "V, come on don't be sad."

"I know you are growing up but I am just going to miss you."

"I will visit every day," he put an arm around her shoulder and looked at Gabriel. "She used to call me a Neanderthal now she doesn't want me gone."

Veronica giggled and pushed him playfully.

"You were so annoying back then."

"So were you."

"Whatever," she said rolling her eyes. "I will have to see this place first and make sure that

is safe for you.”

“Okay,” Bokang said with an amused grin and continued eating his breakfast.

After the church service, Millie walked out of the church building cradling her son and stopped to greet a few ladies who were standing outside. Veronica was still inside with her husband talking to the guest pastor that they had from another church.

She looked down at Noah and went to stand under the tree because the sun was blazing. He was sucking his little thumb as always and his wandering eyes were all over the place taking everything in like he understood what was going on. She looked up in time to see Thapelo heading towards her. He was light skinned and

tall but not taller than Zach. He was a very kind and nice person and he had been very open about his divorce and how he dealt with it. She liked him but she had no idea how to feel now that she knew there was some woman out there consoling Zach. She wondered what kind of woman this Reneilwe was who was taking advantage of a vulnerable man.

“Hey Millie,” Thapelo greeted with a smile.

“Hi,” she said mirroring his friendly smile.

“He was very calm today,” he said tipping his chin at Noah.

“He can behave when he wants to,” she said with a slight chuckle.

“I wish I also had a child, I am not getting any younger kana.”

“Come on, you still have time. I heard men can still reproduce even in their sixties so you have nothing to worry about.” Millie said with an

assuring smile. Thapelo's wife had cheated on him and fell pregnant for another man then she filed for a divorce claiming she was in love with her lover.

Millie had been close to tears when he told her the story, she could believe such a cruel thing could happen to Thapelo, well it was not like her situation was any better but it just proved how love was dangerous. You trust your heart with someone and they trample on it like a soccer ball.

"Sixty!" Thapelo exclaimed with a chuckle. "Ae, I want to play with my kids tlhe mma. I won't have the energy or the body to chase them around when I am sixty. People will probably think I am their grandfather."

Millie giggled. "Be patient Thapelo, remember Isaiah 60:22. When the time is right He will make it happen."

“You are right,” he said with a small nod and smiled. “Look at you being miss Preacher and stuff.”

“Haa,” Millie chuckled shaking her head. “I will preach all day if it is what it takes for you not to wallow in self pity and things that you cannot control. I know the consequences of rushing into a relationship without dealing with some things first trust me.”

“We are all victims of love.”

“But we will not be victims forever, I have faith and hope that we will rise above it all.”

“True,” he said with a smile. “I never thought you would be open to friendship tota look at us chatting like longtime friends. I was afraid to approach you thinking you were one of the snobby women who don’t befriend just anybody.”

Millie giggled. “Ah, I am the friendliest person

you will ever meet.”

“I know that now,” he snorted. “And I am glad I mustered up the courage to talk to you, I feel like talking to you has really made things easier for me.”

“Me too,” she admitted with a smile and looked over to see her parents walking out.

“I guess it’s time to go.”

“Yeah,” Millie said with a nod. “But we will talk akere?”

“For sure, I will call later today.”

“No problem, bye.”

“Drive home safe,” Thapelo said with a smile and watched her walking to join her parents. The skirt she was wearing really suited her; he swallowed hard and walked to join some of his friends.

Reneilwe was blasting loud music at her house which annoyed Zach because he appreciated his peace and quiet especially when he had spent the night at the club. He was still nursing the mother of all headaches and her uptight neighbor had been blasting Amapiano all day like she was a sheeben queen. He wondered if he should call the landlord and just complain about her noise because he was not getting the peace that came with living alone. He really missed his house in Phakalane.

He dragged his feet to the kitchen when his stomach grumbled reminding him that he hadn't eaten anything since breakfast. He groaned when he opened his fridge and there was nothing there but bottles of water, a six

pack of Heineken and a half empty packet of sausages that he had gotten from the restaurant. Zach pulled out his phone and called Debonairs to place an order. He didn't like pizza that much but he had no choice at this point. They were still working on starting deliveries at Red Feather or he would have ordered himself ribs and fries.

He grabbed a bottle of water and sauntered back to his living room after he ordered.

He plopped down at the couch and leaned back trying to gather his thoughts but all he could hear was K.O's SETE in his head. Fuck Reneilwe man.

He was still contemplating whether to go over to her house and tell her to shut off her music or just lie there and take it like a man when his phone rang on the coffee table. He grunted and peeked to see who was calling before he hit ignore but he quickly grabbed it when he saw

Millie's name flash on the screen.

"Hey," he greeted softly. "How was church?"

"It was good," she replied. "Can you send me your address?"

Zach frowned. "What?"

"Send me the directions to your new place."

"Why?"

"You didn't see Noah today."

"I can come over there if you want."

"No, I will drive there," she said. "Noah will probably want to see your new place too."

Zach frowned in confusion before it suddenly clicked. He grinned to himself, Millie was probably curious about Reneilwe and wanted to see her for herself. He had no idea she would fall into the trap so soon.

"Okay, let me send you the directions."

“Thanks,” she said before he hung up. Zach punched the air before he remembered that Reneilwe was home and she was a bitch to him. Millie was probably going to know that he had been lying about the whole thing once the girl gave him attitude. He stood up pacing around the room before he decided to just go over to her.

He knocked on the door and waited, a few seconds passed with the door still closed so he knocked again making sure to bang the door harder this time around. It was a success because she opened and immediately scowled when she saw him. She was dressed in leggings and a plain black oversized t-shirt with a head scarf. If she wasn't a brat, she would really be beautiful.

“Why are you knocking like someone who is being chased by the police?”

Zach had a retort for her but he didn't say anything because he didn't want to piss her off before she even heard what he wanted to say.

"You really like music, huh?" he asked tilting his head.

"Don't tell me you are here to complain about the noise."

"No, no never, I actually love music very much."

Reneilwe's frown deepened as she studied him, he could see the wheels turning in her head trying to fathom why he was at her door all of a sudden.

"Listen, I need your help."

"No." she said without hesitation.

"You don't even know what kind of help I want."

"And I don't want to, go ask someone else."

She was really a bitch through and through but right now she was a bitch that he needed and

arguing with her was not going to work in his favor.

“I understand we got off to the wrong start but I promise you I am not a bad guy.”

“No bad guy will ever admit to being bad.”

“You are such a piece of work.”

“I bet you are used to girls doing everything you want them to do for you, tough luck.”

“I will pay you.”

Reneilwe scrunched her nose in disgust. “Do I look like a prostitute to you?”

“What?” he sputtered before he shook his head.

“Get your mind out of the gutter; I don’t want to fuck you. I need you to pretend like you like me and we get along pretty well that you would even date me.”

Reneilwe stared at him before she burst out laughing, Zach’s jaw clenched. What was he

even thinking asking this hot head? She looked back at him after she sobered up.

“You are serious, aren’t you?” She asked wanting to keel over with laughter again. “I did say you are a pervert didn’t I? Why else would you ask me something like that if you are not some sick pervert?”

“Listen, my Ex-wife is coming over and I kind of told her I found a female friend who is really nice to me and I think she is very jealous. You don’t have to be overly affective just like be nice and maybe it would be nice if she found you at my place.”

Reneilwe folded her arms leaning on her door frame. “How much will you pay me then?”

“How much do you want?”

“1000,” she said without batting an eyelash.

“1000 for just acting like you like me?”

“Take it or leave it.”

“I can get someone else to do it for me, do you know that?”

“Then why are you still on my door step?”

Zach huffed shaking his head. “Fine but you better be a good actress.”

“Worry about putting a good show for your wife,” she said.

“Find something nice to wear by the way.”

“What’s wrong with this?”

“She won’t believe you are trying to seduce me dressed like that.”

“I did say you are a chauvinist didn’t I?” she asked shaking her head. “You keep proving me right.”

“I am paying you a lot, the least you could do is put some effort.”

“Fine,” she said rolling her eyes. “I will look hot for your wife.” She walked back inside the house and shut the door. Zach sighed, what a piece of work! She wondered if she had a boyfriend. She felt for the poor guy if she did.

His pizza had already arrived and Reneilwe was on his couch scrolling down her phone looking bored. He hoped she wouldn't look that bored when Millie arrived. She had changed into a short floral dress and had put on her weave and lip gloss. He had sent Millie his directions and he hoped she would get here without getting lost. He was about to call and ask if she was still coming when a text chimed in telling him he was at the gate. He looked at Reneilwe.

“Put your feet on the couch,” he instructed and

she raised her eyebrow at him. "She is here, just do it."

She rolled her eyes but thankfully put her feet on the couch. He grabbed the gate remote and walked outside to open for Millie. The car slid in the yard and smiled a little at her. He walked over when she parked the car and opened the backseat and picked Noah up from his car seat. He kissed his forehead and looked at Millie who stepped out of the car.

"You made it," he said with a smile.

"I did," she said quietly looking around the yard.

"Do you like it here?"

"Yeah, it's great. Phase 2 is practically Phakalane."

Millie nodded and followed him to the house.

"I hope you don't mind, Reneilwe and I were watching a soccer match when you called and I couldn't really send her out."

“Oh,” Millie pursed her lips as he led her inside the house and right there on the couch was a very gorgeous woman munching on pizza with her feet on the couch like she owned the house. Her lips pulled into a smile.

“You must be Zach’s Ex-wife,” she said extending her hand for a handshake. “I am Reneilwe.”

“Millicent,” she replied removing her hand.

“Nice name, I always wanted an English name,” she said with a giggle, “Why don’t you sit down?”

Millie frowned but she quickly masked it up with a smile. She couldn’t believe she was being told to sit down by some random woman in Zach’s house. Zach looked on cloud nine playing and talking to Noah like he hadn’t let her come while he had a woman in the house.

“So how long have you known Zach?”

“Only two weeks but I feel like I have known him all my life,” she said glancing at Zach with a smile. “Your son is adorable.”

“Thanks,” Millie said clearing her throat. “Do you have kids?”

“No,” she replied shaking her head. “Still trying to chase the bag.” She chuckled.

“Oh, what do you do?”

“I am an accountant, I work for Bauer Motors. I used to work for them in Namibia until a few months ago I decided to come back home.”

“Oh, that’s nice,” she said forcing a smile and glanced at Zach. “You don’t have a boyfriend?”

“No, too busy to date anyways.” She chuckled taking another slice of pizza. “Do you want a slice?”

“No, I am fine,” her throat tightened and she cleared her throat. “Zach, is it okay if we talk?”

“Um, sure.”

“I mean just the two of us?”

“Oh,” Zach looked at Reneilwe who smiled and stood up.

“It’s fine; I will come back after you finish up. We still have to watch that movie, should I take the pizza since you bought it for me?”

“Sure, don’t forget to come back.”

“I won’t,” she chuckled before she walked out. Zach was astounded, how did she go from the scowling girl to the giggling girl? She was not only a hot head she was also a great actress, she was dangerous. He looked back at Millie who was glaring at him, he fought a smile that was trying to creep on his lips.

[02/25, 19:16] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 88

“You think this is funny?” Millie asked narrowing her eyes at Zach after Reneilwe closed the door behind her. Not only did she look like someone who just stepped out of a magazine cover she was also a smart accountant who had lived in another country. She could feel the chemistry radiating between them.

“What did I do?” Zach asked morphing his face into an innocent look, well as innocent as he could make his face appear.

“You are parading your girlfriend in front of me and our son like it’s nothing,” Millie shot back still glaring at him.

“She is not my girlfriend, she is just my friend.”

“And you expect me to believe that when I found her sprawled on the couch while you two claimed you were watching soccer together?”

Zach was loving this but he was not about to

blow his cover yet by laughing at her or doing anything stupid. Lefakae might say the dumbest thing sometimes but he was a gay genius and he was going to buy him whatever he wanted for his next birthday if this plan worked and he got Millie back.

“I am free divorced man and she is a free lonely woman, we bonded over that. I don’t see why you are so mad about this Mills. Didn’t Thapelo come to church today?”

Millie chuckled shaking her head in disbelief.

“Oh, I see now. Is this about brother Thapelo?”

“Ah, he is a brother now?” he arched his eyebrow before he nodded. “I see.”

“I know you Zach, you can’t fool me. You don’t make friends that easily and there is no way you and that woman became friends in just two weeks. I think you are just trying to spite me for leaving you and it’s not working.”

“I am not trying to spite you though,” Zach said with a casual shrug. “Renee is a mean bitch and you know I like mean people. She was only nice to you because you are my Ex wife and the mother of my child, either than that she is mean to the core so that is how we got along.”

Millie stared at him in disbelief. She didn't want to see him with another woman so soon after their divorce. She didn't know how to feel about seeing him acting like another woman was the best thing to ever happen to him.

“What happened to healing and finding yourself again Zach?” she asked. “The therapist told you to focus on yourself and leave women alone but here you are letting another woman in when you haven't dealt with your past and recovered fully. Do you want to break her heart like you did mine?”

Zach's smile slipped off his face and he shifted uncomfortably in his seat balancing his son.

“You don’t have to worry about me, I am doing fine.”

“No you are not,” Millie insisted. “I know that you are always trying to fill that void with something, you have this hunger for love and acceptance that you don’t even realize how bad it is. You need to focus on yourself so you can be good for your kids. I don’t know what you are trying to do with that girl but you need to stop it. You are not a boy anymore Zach, you can’t still be trying to fill the void with people and when people don’t do it you resort to other things.”

“Are you done?” Zach asked standing up. “I think Renee and I should be watching our movie now.”

“You are kicking me out now?” Millie asked.
“For telling the truth?”

“I am not kicking you out, I just don’t want to keep Renee waiting.”

“I drove all this way so you can see your son.”

“Yes, so I can see my son not put me into another therapy session. I am already paying Tsholofelo a lot for that.”

“I am just worried about you, I want you to be healthy and happy so you can be the best father to your children.”

Zach chuckled shaking his head. “I really don’t understand you Millie. I used to think I knew you but it’s so damn hard to understand you right now.”

“There is nothing complex about me, I am still the same Millie.”

“No, you are not.” He handed her Noah and kissed her forehead. “I will see you tomorrow, I need to get Renee.”

Millie huffed. “I can’t believe you are kicking me out and your son just so you could spend some time with some strange woman.”

“At least she won’t act like I am some broken thing she is trying to fix.”

“Didn’t you say it yourself that you are broken, empty and all the other things inside?”

“Just go home nana,” he said softly plopping back on the couch.

Millie exhaled and grabbed Noah’s baby bag before she walked out of the house.

Reneilwe walked outside her house just as she was buckling Noah in his car seat. She wanted to smash her head against the car window. Why did she have to be this pretty?

“Leaving already?” she asked approaching them.

“Yeah, I forgot I have something to do back home.”

“Oh,” Reneilwe said before she nodded with a smile. “Well, I guess it’s time for that movie.”

“Wait,” Millie called just when she was about to

saunter back in Zach's house. "Um, listen I know he seems like a tough guy but he is not and he is going through some things at the moment that he needs to sort out by himself. Please don't push him into doing anything he doesn't want to do."

Reneilwe chuckled. "I don't think he is that fragile. If anything I am worried I am going to wind up with his babies and sharing his surname without me knowing it!"

Millie frowned at her. "I guess you like him as more than a friend."

"Is it that obvious?" Reneilwe asked and giggled. "Well, drive home safe." She walked back in the house and Millie stood by the car still dumbfounded. She huffed again making sure Noah's seat was alright before she got in the front and drove off.

He had even left the gate open, he must have

really wanted her gone so he could spend time with accountant Reneilwe with her pretty face and perky boobs. Her hands tightened on the steering wheel. She was not a violent person but she really wanted to punch that girl's face. Who did she think she was talking about marrying Zach and having babies?

Zach looked up to see Reneilwe walking back in the house and he heard Millie's car drive off. He palmed his face and pulled out his phone.

"Give me your account number," he said quietly.

Reneilwe spelled it out for him before she plopped on the couch catching him off guard. He had expected her to walk out as soon as he settled his payment like the house was on fire.

“What did you do to her?” Reneilwe asked.

“What makes you think I did something?”

“Well most of the time, a woman asks for a divorce because of something that the man did and she talked about you being fragile and stuff so did you do something in your fragile state?”

“I gave you your money, I didn’t pay you to be noisy.”

“I have to be since I got a crush on you and all.” She said with a shrug. “Did you cheat on her? With a relative or something?”

“Will you go away woman?”

“No, I will not,” she snorted. “I had no idea you had so much drama in your life. On the outside you look like some cold dude but your life might be a reality show shem. So tell me what you did big man.”

Zach rolled his eyes and looked at her. “I fucked

my rape victim who happens to be the mother of my child, happy?”

Reneilwe blinked at him, her face morphing from smugness to surprise. Zach reclined back on the couch, maybe she would leave him alone now. What better way to scare off a woman who lives alone than admitting to being a rapist?

“Wow, that’s really fucked up,” Reneilwe muttered quietly and peered at him. “So are you a rapist or something?”

Zach opened his eyes and stared at her, he couldn’t believe this girl then she laughed.

“Another one of my theory confirmed, you know how I said you are a pervert and all.”

“Did they drop you when you were young?” Zach asked with a small frown. “Maybe you hurt your head or something.”

“Maybe, I don’t know,” she said with a slight shrug. “Let’s go back to the rapist issue. When

you say you fucked your victim you mean the woman you once raped right?”

Zach sighed, maybe he needed to find another place to live. Reneilwe was like an annoying fly buzzing in his ear.

“That’s like so fucked up,” she said. “I read this article once that people can develop some kind of relationship with their victims. I just didn’t know it was true until you. I mean how can you suddenly claim to love someone that you hurt like that? And you know how they say rape never really goes away. It haunts you for the rest of your life. How old is your kid though? The one from the rape?”

“She is 18 on Friday.”

“How old are you?” Reneilwe asked again.

“If I tell you will you leave?”

“Yes,” she said with a nod.

"I am 32," he replied drily.

Reneilwe pursed her lips doing the calculations in her head before her jaw dropped. "You were 15!"

"Surprise, surprise."

"You must have been a really fucked up kid neh?" She raised an eyebrow. "Were you abused at home?"

"You are very annoying, do you know that?" Zach grumbled. "You acted like you didn't even want to breathe the same air as me just moments ago now you are badgering me about my life. Don't you have anything better to do?"

"I actually don't, your life story seems like something you would watch on a documentary," she said with a small grin before she stood up. "It's a pity you don't want to tell me but that's okay. You will tell me when we are married and raising a dozen of kids you know

since you like me and all.”

“Get out,” he gritted out. “And bring back my pizza.”

“I would but it’s in my tummy right now, do you want me to puke in your hand?”

Zach shook his head and waved her off. She chuckled walking out of the house probably rejoicing in his misery.

She was really a piece of work. He couldn’t help but think about Millie and what he had said about him having a void inside him that he couldn’t fill. He was always hungry for something even when he thought he had everything he wanted and she was right but he knew she was also jealous and he wondered how long it would take her to crumble and forgive him.

“So, do you want him back?” Veronica said on the phone while Millie was washing Noah’s bottles in the kitchen. Her phone was propped up on the kitchen counter on loud speaker and her son was in his high chair making baby noises.

“No,” she replied quietly. “I am just saying I don’t think it’s good for him to be close to someone else this soon. He acts like he is strong but he is really not.”

“Millie, you have to stop sending Zach mixed signals if you don’t want him to be all over the place. I don’t even understand why you went to his place in the first place. You are jealous and it’s not cute. If you want him back just get him back or stop playing with his feelings.”

“He is the one playing games acting like Reneilwe is suddenly the best thing to ever

happen to him.”

Veronica sighed. “You are jealous; he is a man Mills and he might just be with her for sex. You know they can’t live without it.”

“But he gets attached easily V, I just don’t want to see him get hurt.”

“He will not get hurt,” Veronica said sounding like she was rolling her eyes. “Zachariah is a grown man who can do whatever. It’s not your responsibility to protect his heart anymore. He can do it himself.”

Millie remembered how she had vowed to guard his heart back at their wedding and she had meant it but Zach was the same person who trampled on hers. She shook her head; she had no business being worried about Zach at all. He was a grown man like Veronica said and he could take care of himself just fine.

“I am just all over the place, I need to focus on

myself. Zach can do whatever he wants to do with whoever.”

“Exactly,” Veronica agreed. “You need time apart too, if you two were meant to be you will be back together if not then Noah deserves two mentally healthy parents who will love him and give him the best care.”

“Yeah, he does,” she said quietly looking at her son. It hurt thinking about Zach being with someone else but if he wanted to be in another relationship, who was she to stop him?

Hope’s party had gone well, everything had been perfect and she had been very happy celebrating her 18th birthday. He had given her a vacation voucher to Cape Town and she said she was taking her mother with her.

He and Khumo were not hostile towards each other and she didn't care all that much about him since she and Lesang had gotten back together even though Lesang didn't really talk to him, in fact he looked murderous every time he looked at him. Zach didn't blame him.

Zach was exhausted, he had no idea 18 years old parties were more tiring than the parties and events at the club. He just wanted to crawl under his blankets and sleep now. It was already ten when he pulled in the yard. He was unlocking his door when Reneilwe's car pulled in the yard and he scoffed. He had barely seen her all week. He supposed she was too busy with work.

He waited for her ready to make a snarky comment that would make her scowl at him but he was not prepared to see her wiping her face furiously as she got out of the car. He could tell

he had been crying from the sniffs. Zach frowned, she didn't look like one of those women who cried easily.

"Did you get dumped?" he asked when she didn't even acknowledge his presence. She was still in her formal wear with a straight long weave and heels. She must have stopped by somewhere after work.

"Fuck off," she growled.

"I didn't think you were the type that cried over a man."

"Will you just fuck off?"

"Did he cheat on you?"

"Why do you care?" she walked to her house rummaging her head bag for her house keys while she tried not to cry again.

"Fine, I don't give a damn. You can cry your eyes out." He scowled and walked back to his house.

He plopped down on the couch taking off his shoes and lay back switching the TV on. He wondered what had happened to her. He shook his head; he was not going to be curious about her. She probably said something mean to the boyfriend to make him dump her anyway. He stood up and walked to the bathroom for a shower.

He heard a slight knock when he came out of the shower, minutes later with his towel wrapped around his waist. He tightened it before he walked to the door and peeked through the window first. He frowned seeing Reneilwe at the door. Zach opened and watched her big eyes take in his naked chest still wet from the shower.

“Are you ogling me?” he asked throwing her line back at her.

Reneilwe scowled. "Your body is not that hot, don't you flatter yourself."

"Your eyes seem to think otherwise though," he said with a smirk. Her eyes still looked red and puffy, she must have really cried her lungs out. Now he was more curious about what had happened to her.

"Do you have alcohol?"

"You want to drink yourself to death?"

"I thought I had a bottle of wine but I must have finished it."

"I have a bottle of wine," he told her. He was not a fan of wine so he had kept some of the wine bottles that he usually got as a gift from his business partners.

"Can I have it?"

"You forgot the magic word."

"Can I please have it?" she said impatiently.

“Sure,” he nodded walking back in the house and she followed him. He walked to the kitchen and opened a cabinet and later walked out with the bottle of red wine.

“Hmm, you do have some expensive taste.”

“I hate wine,” he said.

“Why?” Reneilwe cried like he had said something utterly outrageous.

“I don’t like it’s taste,” he said with a shrug.

“You don’t know anything about wine, have you ever sat down and just appreciated it?”

Zach scoffed. “It’s just rotten grapes.”

“You uncultured swine, how can you call yourself a club owner with no taste?”

“I make sure I stock the best wines, don’t worry.” Zach said stifling a laugh; he couldn’t believe she just called him an uncultured swine. She was really unhinged.

“Get glasses, I have to make you drink and appreciate this wine right now.”

“I don’t have wine glasses though.”

“You are no human,” she muttered shaking her head.

Zach snorted walking back to the kitchen and walked back with whiskey glass tumblers that she narrowed her eyes at but didn’t say anything.

“Go put on clothes first.”

“Why?” he smirked. “Do I arouse you?”

“Eww, no just go put on some clothes big man,” she said with a roll of her eyes. Zach let out a low chuckle and walked out to his bedroom, first she forced him to drink wine with her and now she was forcing him to wear clothes.

Where was the Zachariah who didn’t take orders from anyone especially haughty hot headed women? Well, he was giving her a free

pass today because she seemed to have had a rough day.

[02/25, 19:16] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 89

Zach walked back to the living room to find Reneilwe with an open bottle on the carpet. He sat down on the couch and studied her for a while before he leaned back on the couch when she handed her a glass with wine.

“Don’t just rush to drink it,” Reneilwe said before the glass could touch his lips. “You have to swirl it first and take it in that sweet smell.”

Zachariah snorted, this was like drinking whiskey but only with a bossy mean girl commanding you to do it. He did as he was told before he took a sip. He had always hated the

taste of wine but the taste settled on his tongue that made him want to take another sip.

Reneilwe looked at him smugly like she had accomplished some great pact.

“How is it?” Reneilwe asked.

Zach shrugged. “it’s not bad.”

“Nobody has ever taught you how to drink wine before,” she said with a snort taking a sip of her own wine. She made an appreciation sound at the back of her throat and Zach smirked. She was more complex than he had expected.

“So, are you going to tell me what happened that made you cry?”

“You must be dying to know aren’t you?” she snorted taking another sip before she finished the whole glass in one gulp.

“I told you about my life last week it’s only fair.”

“I don’t want to share life stories with you.”

“Fine, suit yourself then. I guess your life is not dramatic like mine.” He shrugged taking another sip. He could get used to this taste or maybe it was just the wine brand that was too good.

“I got a wedding invitation from my sister today,” Reneilwe said after a few moments and chuckled bitterly refilling her glass.

“Is that what made you cry?” Zach arched an eyebrow. He knew girls were competitive about these things but he didn’t think to that extreme of bawling your eyes out.

“She is marrying my Ex-boyfriend,” she told him drily and Zach’s eyebrows shot up. “We dated from form four to university and things were going well until he decided that I was unstable and my sister was a better match for her. She came to stay with me while I was in my fourth year. She and my boyfriend started liking each other from there I guess, he impregnated her

and they lied about it. I didn't even think it was a possibility that my boyfriend could be the father of her baby until a year later I found them in bed together. He told me he loved her instead of begging for my forgiveness and that he wanted to be with her and raise their child together."

Zach expelled a deep breath; he didn't have siblings except for his step brother that he never really met.

"Is that why you went to work in Windhoek?"

"It just so happened that my boss was looking for someone up there and I volunteered for the position. I didn't think I qualified because I had just started working for them but they agreed and I packed my bags and left."

"Why did you come back?"

"I guess I missed home," she said with a shrug, "I spent most of my early twenties in Namibia and I didn't want to spend my late twenties

there.”

“How old are you by the way?” Zach asked leaning in to study her face.

“Take a guess.”

“24?”

Reneilwe chuckled. “I am 26 and I’ll take it as a compliment that you think I am younger than my actual age.”

“Are you going to the wedding?”

“I don’t know,” she said with a shrug.

“I think you should go.”

“Why?”

“So they can see that they didn’t break you,” he said quietly reaching for the bottle so he could refill his glass. “I think the douche bag did you a favor though. You are living life and I am sure you had lots of fun in Namibia. You are successful and not bad to look at so you should

doll yourself up and go to that wedding.”

“I am not bad to look at?” Reneilwe asked with a small frown.

“Is that all you heard from the little speech I just gave you?”

“Yes because I am fucking gorgeous!”

Zach snorted. “Self-love is important.”

Reneilwe shot a middle finger at him. “You think I am pretty, admit it.”

“Hmm, I think you are okay looking.”

“Liar,” she said narrowing her eyes at him. “But you are right about me going to the wedding, I need to show them that I am doing well and I am going to show up with a hot date.”

“Good for you.” Zach snorted before he frowned when she saw him looking at him pointedly.

“Fuck, no. I am not going to your sister’s wedding with you.”

“Why not?” Reneilwe asked. “I made your wife jealous for you.”

“And I paid you for that.”

“I will pay you too.”

“You can’t afford me.”

“You are such a narcissist, you are not that expensive.”

“I am actually.”

“If you go to this wedding with me I promise you will have your wife back in no time, she will go crazy that you actually attended a family event and know that I must be serious about snatching you.”

“I am not an object that can be snatched.”

“Just go with me to the wedding, I promise your wife will be in your arms by the time you can back.”

Zach arched an eyebrow. “You think so?”

“I know so, trust me she seemed to be still in love with you even though I don’t understand her. I guess she really has bad tastes in men.”

“You don’t trash someone you want a favor from,” Zach scowled.

“I was talking about your wife not you.”

“You can’t trash her either,” he said with a firm tone.

“Fine,” she sighed in exasperation and pulled out her phone. “I need to find matching cute couple wedding gear. We are going to look so cute, mostly me but don’t worry even a chimpanzee looks adorable next to me.”

Zach snorted in his glass; he hoped he would regret this. Losing Millie forever was the last thing he wanted but she was so damn stubborn that he had resorted to using Lefakae’s advice and playing games like some teenage boy.

He had accompanied Millie to Noah's monthly check up like he always did on Monday. He knew his son was healthy but it was still a relief to hear the pediatrician say that he was fine and his weight and everything else was on point. He kept yanking at his chain as he carried him out of the hospital heading back to the car.

"Do you want a chain like daddy?" He asked looking down at him but his son only just smiled at him. He loved it when he did that, looked at him with smiles that just warmed his heart and made him realize how lucky he was to be a father to this beautiful boy.

Millie cleared her throat glancing at him. "Are you ever going to get your gym equipment or the other cars?"

Zach's smile slipped off his face. He didn't want

to talk about getting anything that he had left. That would mean he was admitting that they were really over and he couldn't do that when he still had hope that they could rekindle their love.

"I still don't have a big house," he said quietly fixing the car seat straps.

"Okay," Millie said with a small nod. "I will keep them until you get a bigger house to keep them."

Zach sighed and rubbed his jaw turning to look back at her. "Millie, do you think you will ever forgive me?"

"What?"

"Do you think me and you will ever be okay again?"

"Zach, we talked about this."

"I need to know right now if you think you will ever forgive me and look past everything else."

“You cheated on me Zach while I was pregnant, I don’t know how you expect me to get over that and I don’t know how to look at you and not think about you cheating on me.”

Zach nodded looking away from her. “I guess we are really over then, huh?”

“Why are you doing this?” She asked with a sigh.

“We are already divorced; we can’t go back to where we used to be. I feel like we are both different people now and we said things to each other that were awful and really hurt. I don’t want to do this back and forth with you, I can’t give you power to hurt me like that again, I won’t do it.”

“Then stop acting like you want me back by showing up at my house and getting angry at my female friend because you are really sending me mixed signals.”

“Fine, I won’t show up at your house anymore.”

“Okay.” He kissed Noah’s forehead and looked back at Millie. “Drive safely, I will see you around.”

Millie watched him walk to his own car and sighed. He loved him, he did but she couldn’t trust him again after the hurt he had put her through then acted like it was nothing. It was probably nothing to him because he hadn’t really tried that much to be sincere and apologize; instead he only made a female friend and expected her to come running back to him.

Lefakae could go suck it, in fact Zach was not going to buy him anything on his birthday because his advice was dumb. He spent the whole week buried in work trying to ignore his hurt. He was going to give up, there was nothing

more he could do now. The church boy could have Millie if he wanted, it was gone and it couldn't be brought back.

On Friday Reneilwe dragged him to a fitting so he could fit his shirt for the wedding. She looked ecstatic for someone attending her Ex and sister's wedding but he supposed she couldn't wait to see their faces when he showed up with someone else.

The wedding was on Saturday in Mochudi and even though he didn't want to go, he didn't want to back out on a promise he made to Reneilwe. As annoying as she was he really enjoyed talking to her.

She was all dolled up in the morning in her short bob weave and her perfectly made face with a dark green German print dress and a green clutch to go with it. He might have said what

kind of an asshole cheated on a woman like her if he wasn't a cheater himself.

"You look nice," he mumbled when they walked to his car. She had insisted on them taking his Jeep because she really wanted to show his sister that she was doing well and dating someone with more money than her Ex.

Reneilwe took out her phone and pointed it at him. "Say it again, I need to hear you saying it."

"No, that was your one chance." He grumbled sliding on the driver's seat.

"But you said it," she said smugly. "I have a good memory so I will probably remember it for a very long time."

"You have no proof."

"I can make everything believable trust me," she said with a snort buckling her seat belt. Zach scoffed before he drove out of the yard.

“Play some music,” Reneilwe demanded and put the radio on. She made a little squeal when Ba Straata by DJ Maphorisa came on. Zach snorted at her as she sang along. She might be uptight sometimes but he had to admit she was really refreshing.

Almost everyone turned to stare at them when they arrived. He could understand why because they were a little late and everyone had returned from the photos and was back home for lunch and the celebration. Zach didn’t know anything much about wedding decors but he could tell this one sucked. An usher escorted them to their table in the tent and Reneilwe suddenly looked nervous, nothing like the hot mess who always bit his head off.

“Reneilwe bathong,” a woman who looked like she was in her late fifties stood up to greet them. “We thought you were not coming?”

“I am sorry mama,” she mumbled even though she didn’t feel sorry and glanced at Zach. “Um, this is my.. um Zachariah.”

“Nice to meet you Mrs. Sesinyi,” he greeted politely. “I am Reneilwe’s boyfriend.”

“Oh,” Mrs. Sesinyi gasped softly. “Nei didn’t tell me that she has a boyfriend.”

“It is kind of new,” Reneilwe said with a shrug before she greeted her other family members and introduced Zach before they sat down.

“So how long have you been dating Reneilwe?” a younger woman that Reneilwe had introduced as her cousin asked.

“Um, a few months.” He glanced back at her with a small smile. “We met immediately after she came back from Namibia and we kind of hit it off.”

“Really?” The cousin raised an eyebrow. “You know she was devastated when Peter chose

Refilwe over her. She nearly died from starvation; I didn't think she would be here honestly. She hates Refilwe but I have been telling this cousin of mine that no man likes a hot headed woman. She was too controlling and too intense that is why Peter chose Refilwe instead. She is the more humble and cool one."

Zach frowned at the cousin before he glanced at Reneilwe who was glaring at him.

"If you mean by being humble, I had to be stupid and sacrifice my dreams so I could keep a man then I am fine with being a hot head," she spat out.

"You are going to wind up single wena," the cousin chuckled shaking her head. "Don't you remember how boys used to be scared to ask you out even at school? It's because you are too much and this man will leave too because you can't keep a man. You can't even fall pregnant."

Zach was about to tell the cousin to fuck off but Reneilwe had already splashed a glass of water in her face making everyone in the tent gasp.

“And you can’t even get a job because you are too busy popping kids for a husband who cheats on you with every passing skirt.”

“Reneilwe,” her mother called in a warning tone. “Please don’t cause a scene ngwanaka.”

“I don’t even know why I came here,” she said shaking her head. She was about to walk out when the MC announced the couple’s entrance and everyone’s attention shifted to them instead of her. Refilwe and Peter walked hand in hand smiling brightly. Her shoulders slumped a little but Zach took her hand in his and she exhaled slightly turning to look at her cousin who was still glaring her with a wet face.

“Please don’t look like you are having the worst time of your life, nobody will believe this boyfriend story if you look like that,” Zach

whispered leaning in her ear. She straightened up and made herself giggle like he had said something funny before she looked back at the bride-groom table. Her sister's eyes fell on her and she gave her a small smile like she hadn't betrayed her.

She didn't know if she would have made it through the day without Zach but it turned it wasn't bad with him around. He talked to her most of the time and they danced when the song came on because she was tipsy and she forced him to. They were both tipsy and had no idea how they were going to go back to Gaborone when neither one of them was sober even though Zach was better.

Refilwe walked over while she was still dancing with Zach and gave her a small smile.

"Sorry to interrupt," she said quietly. "Can we

talk?”

Reneilwe unwrapped her arms around Zach’s neck and nodded at her little sister before she walked away. She had changed from a wedding gown to German print dress now, the wedding reception was almost over.

“I didn’t think you would come,” she said looking up at her. “Thank you for coming.”

“I was going to appear as the bitch of a sister who didn’t attend her sister’s wedding if I didn’t come,” she said with a light shrug.

“I never really apologized for what I did to you, I never meant to hurt you. Peter was miserable with you and he said you didn’t know how to make a man happy. I always liked him too, I hope now that we are married you will find it in your heart to forgive us and maybe bond with your niece. She always talks about how pretty you are.”

Reneilwe chuckled. "You and Peter can do whatever you want Refilwe I don't care anymore. I am actually thankful that you took him from me, I am going to thrive without him and even a much bigger bitch than I was."

"I hope you don't bore your current boyfriend this time," she said with a small smile.

"Oh, don't worry about him. He is not boring like Peter, he is a whole club owner so you can bet he won't be getting bored with me anytime soon." She patted her shoulder before she walked back to the tent. And they called her a bitch just because Refilwe had an innocent face!

She wrapped her arms around Zach's neck and rested her head on his chest.

"Do you want to get out of here?" Zach asked quietly.

"Yes, please," she said with a sigh of relief. Her mother called after them just when she was

about to get in the car.

“You are leaving already?” she asked with a small frown.

“I think I have overstayed my welcome,” she said with a sad smile.

“You know you are always welcome here Nei, this is your home.” She took her hands. “I feel like a bad mother letting Refilwe marry him.”

“There is nothing you could have done mama and I am fine now.”

Mrs. Sesinyi glanced at Zach. “You are happy?”

“Yes,” she said with a nod. “I will visit again, don’t worry.”

“You should bring him to introduce him formally.”

Reneilwe smiled sadly, she wished she could do that but Zach didn’t belong to her. It was only a matter of time before his wife took him back

and she went back to her life.

She hugged her mother goodbye and joined Zach in the car. She hoped they wouldn't crash but surprisingly he looked better than her so she suggested they stay at a guest house for the night. There was only one room left so they had to share it unless they wanted to drive around Gaborone looking for another guest house.

"You know when you said your sister snatched your man, I expected someone hotter than you," Zach said when Reneilwe walked out of the bathroom after a shower. It had helped sober her up a little. "She is actually not good looking."

Reneilwe chuckled. "That makes me feel better, that and the fact that you called me hot."

"I meant a hot head," he teased and she threw herself on him. Zach groaned and caught her

arms as he tried to fight him off. He flipped them and pinned her on the bed.

“Get off, you are too heavy,” Reneilwe said attempting to push him off.

“Sorry,” Zach mumbled plopping back on the bed.

Reneilwe glanced at him. “Hey, I didn’t mean it like that.”

“I know,” he said quietly.

“I guess you still think about the rape,” she said quietly.

“From time to time,” he said putting a hand over his forehead.

Reneilwe sighed watching him, when did it happen? She wanted more of this man and the fact that he was still in love with his Ex-wife and pulling all kinds of tricks to get her back made her stomach churn. She reached for his hand

removing it from his face and he turned to look at her. She leaned in slowly watching his expression and placed a kiss on his lips. She was about to pull back because he was still when he pressed her down gently and deepened the kiss.

You guys know you don't deserve this insert, I felt generous today.

[02/25, 19:16] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 90

Millie didn't realize how much she had missed the bakery until now. She had been so caught up in being Noah's mother that she forgot all about her other baby, the first baby that Zach had given her.

Freddie had everything almost under control but you could never know with him, he was such a diva and he didn't believe in 'the customer is always right' policy.

She was going to be dealing with the clients directly from now on. Noah was with his grandmother and even though she was not used to spending hours without seeing him she had to get back to life and run her business.

"It is so good to have you back Mills," Bokang said with a grin at lunch time. He was already munching on a muffin as his lunch. Millie couldn't believe he was not repulsed by cakes and muffins at this point, he still wolfed them down like it was his first time.

"It's good to be back, Freddie was probably going to chase my customers away," she teased looking back at Freddie who was scrolling down his phone. He was always on the phone if he was not working, he claimed to have

lots of followers on Facebook and Millie could see why. He was eccentric gay type always dressing to impress.

Bokang laughed throwing his head back. "Last week this woman came up to him and complained about the cake, she said the Spiderman on his son's birthday cake was not the one she wanted and Freddie was like do you even know Spiderman?"

Millie shook her head. "He is a bit rude but I can't really fire him, can I?"

"Now that you are back you can deal with customers while he bosses us around in the kitchen."

"You will be strong," she said patting his shoulder. "So when am I getting an invite to your new place?"

"I am hosting a braai session this Saturday and you all are invited."

“Look at you hosting braai session and stuff, you have really grown up now.”

Bokang dusted his shoulders with a cocky grin. “You know me.”

“Millie wee,” Freddie called walking over to them with his phone and shoved it in front of her face. “Isn’t this your husband ne wena?”

Millie squinted at the Tik Tok video and it was indeed Zach dancing with Reneilwe at what looked like a wedding. They were in matching outfits and from the look on his face, he seemed to be having the time of his life.

“Ex-husband, we are not together anymore,” she said looking away from the video.

“Yoh, he moved on so fast,” Freddie said scrunching his nose in disapproval. “This is why I always say all men are dogs. He is already grinding up on someone else while you haven’t even healed from childbirth and heart break

yet.”

“He is a free man, he can do whatever he wants to do.”

“Free man my ass, he should be fighting for you to take him back so you can forgive him,” he clicked his tongue. “But he is fine though shem, I saw him at his club once and yoh he looks like he knows what to do in the bedroom.”

“That’s my cue to leave,” Bokang said shaking his head.

“Yoh Bokang,” Freddie chuckled. “O tshaba sex kana wena.”

“Bye Freddie,” he threw a peace sign in the air before he disappeared in the kitchen. Freddie turned to look at Millie with a pout.

“So how are you doing fela chomi, this must be hard for you shem,” he said giving her a sympathetic look. Millie snorted, he was always fishing for news this one and she was not going

to give him content so he could gossip to his many friends.

“I am doing fine Freddie,” she said with a small smile. “I have a beautiful son and my bakery is doing well I am thriving.”

Freddie snorted. “Well, if you ever need a shoulder to cry on girl I am here.”

“Sure, thank you friend,” she said and he grinned back at her. He was the last person she was ever going to discuss her life with.

She glanced at the watch before she stood up, it was almost time to call her mother and check up on her son. She walked back to her office to her get her phone and she was just about to call when Freddie barged in.

“What now?” Millie asked.

“There is a hot guy looking for you outside.”

“What hot guy?” Millie asked with a frown.

“Not your husband but moguy is really hot,” he fanned his face dramatically and Millie resisted the urge to roll her eyes. She stood up with a sigh and followed Freddie out. Of all the people, he hadn’t expected to see Lefakae in her shop. He had only been here once or twice when they opened. He gave her a warm smile.

“Hey Millie,” he greeted softly.

“Hi,” she greeted back with a smile. “This is a surprise.”

“Uh, yeah,” he said with a chuckle. “I forgot it was my assistant’s birthday today and I only remembered my colleagues were wishing her a happy birthday so I wanted to get her a cake to apologize.”

“Oh,” Millie chuckled. “You can look around in the display fridge, we have all kind of cakes in there.”

“Thanks,” he said glancing back at the fridge

and back at her. "How are you holding up by the way?"

"I am doing fine," she said with a small shrug. "Taking it day by day."

Lefakae nodded, he wanted to ask if she was thinking about taking Zach back yet but he didn't want to intrude. He cleared his throat, his curiosity got the better of him.

"Listen, I know that Zach broke your heart and it seems like it's not easy to forgive him but he really doesn't know how to ask for forgiveness. I am not trying to speak for him or anything but he was not really raised right. All his life from the moment he was born, he didn't know what a healthy relationship looks like but Zach really loves you Millie. It might not look like that but he really misses you."

"He has a really funny way of showing it by hanging out with Reneilwe," she said with a roll

of her eyes. "You know what I am tired of? People telling me about Zach's rough upbringing like it should be a waiver for him to do everything and anything he likes because he didn't have it easy while growing up. I was cheated on while pregnant and not once did he really show that he was sorry. He took Khumo to a whole rehab and bought her a whole apartment apologizing for what he did and he even fucked her on top of that to try and heal her like he said. What did he say to me? He left when things got bad, left me when I had just had his baby and then showed up again asking for forgiveness and I am supposed to feel sorry for him because he went through a lot? Nobody stopped to ask me about my mental health when Khumo showed up. I was expected to be a good wife and take his daughter in and wait for him to come back from playing happy families with his daughter and his baby mama while I was pregnant and in my third trimester

then he called me mean and childish and a cry baby. Do you know what's funny? When I asked him about his new friendship with this woman, he said she was mean and he liked mean people but when I was mean to him he acted like I had ripped his heart out. He even deserved it, me being mean to him because he hurt me."

Lefakae blinked looking around the shop, he hadn't expected an explosion like this. He cleared his throat, he should have just stuck to buying cakes and not meddle into Millie and Zach's relationship or whatever it is they were doing.

"I am sorry," he said gently. "I am really sorry that he hurt you like that."

"So am I," she said with a shrug.

"Are you seeing a therapist or something?"

"Do you think I have mental problems?"

"Um..yes," he said then saw the glare. "I mean

no, yes. Listen, Millie I am just worried about you and everything. You really seem like you are mad at Zach and I get that but maybe talking to someone would help so you don't end up harboring all that resentment in your life."

"I don't resent him," she said dismissively. "I am glad he is doing well. That's his thing right? He ruined Khumo's life when they were kids and ran off and he had to ruin mine too now he is moving on to his other victim. I am done with Zachariah, believe me when I say I am done."

"Okay," he said nodding slightly. He was glad he didn't have to be with women anymore, they knew how to hold grudges.

"Hey Millie," Freddie sauntered back to them and looked at Lefakae again even though he had called Millie. "Um, can you help me look for something?"

"What?" Millie asked with a small frown.

“That thing, um you know the thing?” he cleared his throat and smiled brightly at Lefakae. “I am Alfred but you can call me Freddie.”

Lefakae glanced at Millie before he nodded with a smile. “I am Lefakae.”

“Cute name, can I call you Lefa?”

“Um,” he glanced at Millie again before he nodded. “Sure.”

Millie rolled her eyes at Freddie. “Freddie can show you the cakes, thanks for stopping by.”

“Who are you buying for?” Freddie asked leading Lefakae to the displays before he could protest. “My favorite is chocolate and the key lime is to die for, we also have strawberry cheese cake that’s Millie’s favorite to bake probably because she said her husband used to love cheese cake.”

Lefakae snorted. “I will take whatever you suggest.”

“Great, I suggest the chocolate strawberry cake it is perfect for a birthday,” he said with a smile. Lefakae smiled back, he had a cute smile and maybe if he played his cards right, the cake was not the only thing he was going to be leaving with.

Reneilwe was avoiding him and it showed. She hadn't said much since he came back from the wedding where they kissed. The kiss that was now etched in his brain that he couldn't stop thinking about it. She was like a drug and he wanted more, he had wanted to go further but he didn't want to do something they would both later regret but it was no secret Reneilwe was starting to seep into his skin and maybe his heart. She had played off the kiss the next

morning and acted like nothing happened and then as if that was not enough she made him go back on his own with an excuse that she needed to talk to her mother which he didn't buy.

It was Tuesday now and she hadn't really said anything to him, she left in a hurry in the morning claiming she had a meeting to get to. So that is how he found himself at Bauer Motors looking around at cars, they mostly dealt with sports cars but they did everything. He asked one of the sales person for Reneilwe and looked around the cars on display while waiting for her.

"Are you looking for a car?" Reneilwe asked and he spun around to face her all dressed up in her formal skirt with a matching blazer and heels. She was sporting a long weave today.

"If I get you a car will you tell me why you are

icing me out?" he asked tilting his head to the side.

"You came all the way here for that?"

"I like straight answers," he said with a shrug.

"So what is going on?"

Reneilwe sighed. "I am busy Zach, you can't show up at my workplace demanding to know why I am suddenly not talking to you."

"I am not going anywhere until you tell me and it's lunch time. Can we go out to eat or something?"

"I have a lot to do that's why I didn't go to lunch."

"Then we will talk right here and now."

She rolled her eyes. "Let's go to your car."

Zach nodded and walked out leading her to his car. He opened the car door for her which she frowned at but slid in the passenger's seat.

“Can we talk now?”

“I have just been busy with work and everything.”

“Liar,” he said not looking away from her. “You need to tell me what’s wrong so I can fix it. Is it about the um.. rape thing?”

“No,” she huffed and released an exasperated sigh.

“Reneilwe come on.”

“I fucking like you damn it!” she snapped catching him off guard. “And you being nice to me and showing up at my work place is starting to get my hopes up even though I shouldn’t because you want your wife back and you are still in love with her.”

Zach sat back on his seat blinking. He hadn’t expected her to say that even though he knew they had crossed the line on Saturday.

“I thought I wasn’t your type,” he teased trying to lighten up the mood but she didn’t laugh.

“Hey, why are you mad at me?”

“Because I want you and I can’t have you!” she snapped again. “You are like a glass of wine, I can’t just be satisfied with one glass. I want more and more and I hate that you love someone else, I wish you loved me like that which is insane because you annoy the hell out of me but at the same time I can’t stop thinking about your lips, your voice and your damn awful chest!”

Zach looked away from her and stared ahead. It was no secret he was attracted to her but he couldn’t pursue anything right now, what about Millie? He sighed looking back at his lap, she had said she didn’t want him anymore but she could change her mind later on.

“Now that I said that, can I leave now?”

“No, wait,” he grabbed her wrist before she opened the door. “You know I am attracted to you, right?”

“Yes but you love your wife.”

“My wife and I are over.”

“But you want her back.”

“She doesn’t want me back.”

“But if she said she wanted you back tomorrow you would go back to her right?”

Zach sighed, not sure what to say. He wouldn’t think twice about going back to Millie but Reneilwe was really something but he didn’t know her that much and she only knew about the rape and hadn’t asked details. He was tired of having to tell women his past, it was exhausting now. How many women was he going to tell?

“I don’t want to want to be a second choice

again Zach, I can't put myself through that," she said quietly and reached for the door but he didn't stop her this time and watched her walk back into the building.

Millie was still not home when he stepped by to check on his son. Josephine informed him that she was still at the bakery. He played with Noah and helped change his diaper and bathe him then he played him Amapiano which he liked so much and video called Hope so she could see him. She liked talking to him like he could understand and Noah always replied in his baby gibberish nonsense which was too adorable.

It was almost 7 p.m. and he was starting to think Millie was not going to be home anymore

when she arrived. She greeted him politely and picked Noah up to greet him. He cackled and giggled, happy to see his mother, it was a beautiful sight and he was never going to see this every day. He was going to miss some moments because of his fucked up head that convinced him that sleeping with Khumo was the way to quieted the voices inside his head.

“How was your day?” He asked as Millie sat down to play with Noah.

“Long,” she said with a sigh. “But I am glad to be working again and keeping busy though I missed this little guy.”

“He missed you too,” Zach smiled. “Look at him.”

Millie chuckled and kissed Noah’s chubby cheek. “Lefakae went to buy a cake from the bakery today.”

“Oh,” Zach said with a nod. He hoped Lefakae

hadn't said anything stupid.

"He asked for forgiveness on your behalf," she said and Zach's eyebrows shot up. "Everyone thinks I should forgive you because you want me back and you don't know how to apologize or express your feelings and that you are sorry and you don't want to lose me."

Zach looked down at his shoes cracking his knuckles.

"Do you think I should take you back?" Millie asked.

"That's your decision to make Mills."

"Do you want me back?"

"I told you that I want you back."

"What have you done to show it?"

"What?"

"We stayed in the house for two months when you came back but you never made any grand

gesture to make me want to take you back.”

“I organized a birthday thingy for you but you wanted to hang out with your siblings.”

“Was the birthday the only day that you could have done it?”

Zach sighed. “Mills, you were angry and I wasn’t sure if you would really appreciate my grand gestures. I was trying to get Hope to forgive me about how we lied to cover up the truth about her birth and you were also mad at me. I didn’t know what to do, Mills.”

“You don’t know what to do because you got tired of me Zach,” she said quietly. “I don’t think you love me as much as you claim to love me. I think you were drawn by the innocent looks at first but looking back at it I was not really your type. You dated Amber for two years without cheating and you couldn’t even be faithful to your wife.”

Zach cracked his knuckles again, he dated Amber for two years probably because he never revealed about his past and when he did she bailed on him. He wondered if things would be different if he hadn't told Millie.

"I love you and it upsets me that you couldn't fight your demons enough to fend for us. I was going to support you and hold your hand through it all. I never judged you once Zach but you made it seem like I tried to change you. I wanted to invite you to church because I hoped it would help you find peace within yourself, a lot of people find peace with Jesus. I didn't want to make you a church boy, I love who you are and I wouldn't change it for anything." She said fighting back her tears. "I don't want to hate you or hate myself for loving you but I really think you and me are just not meant to be. I will never be enough for you for some reason and I know if we get back together I know it still

won't be enough for you. You just don't know what you want and I really hope that you find it but I know it's not me. You loved me because I accepted your past unlike Amber did and you thought you might never have someone else like that again but I am sure there is someone out there who will."

"I am sorry," he mumbled his chest heaving. He had never wanted to hurt Millie and he loved her. "I do love you Mills."

"I don't doubt that you do and I love you too," she said. "But I don't think there is anything left for us."

"I am terrified Mills," he admitted. "What am I going to do without you? I fucked up just like my father."

"No, you didn't," she assured him. "You are not him and you will never be. I just feel like you will love someone else better, better than you loved

me.”

Zach blinked away his tears before he wiped his face with his shirt. Noah was babbling away innocently unaware of the heavy emotions his parents were going through.

“I was trying to make you jealous with Reneilwe,” he admitted quietly. “Lefa said it would make you take me back once you realized another woman could have me. It was stupid but I thought it was working when you showed up at my place and threw a fit over Reneilwe.”

“I was jealous,” she told him and chuckled. “Of course I wanted to scratch her face but then I thought about being with you and everything else and I asked myself if I wanted that for me again. I hate Khumo and I am pretty sure I will never love your daughter the way you want me to. I don’t think I can. There is just a lot that we overlooked before we got married Zach. We

didn't get to know each other well and then we fell pregnant before we could even adjust to being together. It's a lot but honestly had this happened before we got married, I wouldn't have married you."

Zach nodded slightly, he couldn't deny the burn he felt in his chest at the words but it was true and he appreciated the honesty.

"Thank you for giving me a beautiful baby and for making my bakery dreams come true," she said with a small smile. "You are always going to be my first love and I am never going to forget the day I spilled rice on you."

Zach chuckled. "I will never forget it too."

[02/25, 19:16] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 91

“You are going to poke my eye,” Rorisang giggled with her eyes closed as Tumo tried to do her eyelashes with the mascara from Princess Beauty. It was officially launching next week and Bontle had sent samples to her brand ambassador. She had done a few shoots the previous month with her make-up team and she couldn’t wait for the make-up line to finally launch. She was shooting a You-Tube video but it was not going to be posted until the official launch which she was so excited about. She was going to be a whole VIP at her role model’s event.

Tumo chuckled. “You are just paranoid, I am acing this thing.”

“I don’t believe you,” she said with a chuckle and he leaned in to kiss her. “Too much PDA for the cameras. I am not going to edit that you know?”

“Why should you?” he snorted. “They should

see how you are loved and cherished.”

“And being poked with mascara,” she teased.

“I should have been a make-up artist waitse, you are going to want to pay me after this.”

“I am not sure about that,” she said laughing.

“Okay now we move on to the eye, you have to use the eye shadow. Guys and let me just tell you the colors on these palette are to die for. If you haven’t used Princess Skin products before you don’t know what you are missing and Princess Beauty is going to blow your mind away.”

“I am going to use blue,” Tumo said staring at the palette.

“I like blue,” she said with a snort.

“It’s a good color on you.”

“I know,” she said earning another light kiss on her lips. Tumo applied the eye shadow and

finished up with lipstick before she opened her eyes and he handed her a mirror. Rorisang burst out laughing while he watched her.

“I did good didn’t I?”

“I look like a clown,” she said laughing again and looked at her camera. “Yoh guys, can you see what he did to my cheeks?”

“I think you look gorgeous.”

“You are biased,” she said laughing again studying her face. “But you did good with the eyes though, I am just not happy about the face and I feel like you didn’t contour my nose well and the make-up is not really blending with my skin. I will give you a 5 out of 10.”

“That’s better than something,” he said with a shrug.

“I will have to fix it,” she said smiling and reached for the make-up kit. “So a lot of you have been asking me to do a Q&A with my

boyfriend and I feel like I should just give you guys what you want. So while I touch up my make-up we are going to answer only 5 questions. He doesn't really like the spotlight like you have seen he rarely appears on my videos but today he agreed to do this because I bribed him with lunch."

"And a massage," Tumo added with a wiggle of his eyebrows.

"And a massage," she giggled and handed him her phone so she could read the questions. The first few questions were easy to answer since they were about what kind of dates they liked to go to and their favorite thing about each other as a couple.

"Okay the last one is; you were accused of snatching your boyfriend from his wife. Do you ever feel like he will leave the way he came?"

Rorisang blinked and smiled as she put on her

fake eyelashes. "Not really, I can't say I have never thought about him leaving but I trust him and he has never really given me a reason to doubt him or his intentions. I feel like my heart is safe with him."

Tumo smiled. "Yours is safe with me too."

Rorisang stared at him for a moment longer before she looked back at the camera with a smile. "Okay, we are done with the questions and I look gorgeous. Princess Beauty just be doing the most right now, look at how flawless my face is. If you don't use Princess Beauty I don't know what you are waiting for chile." She smiled and did a few poses for the camera which had Tumo laughing. "Alright guys, that's it for today's video. Make sure you click like on the video and subscribe to the channel so you don't miss any videos. I am your girl Rori and I will see you next time for another dazzling video. Mxwaa." She blew a kiss at the camera before

she stood up to switch it off.

“Am I getting my lunch now?” Tumo asked pulling her into his lap. They were at his place as always.

“Let me change then we go.”

“I want the other food first,” he murmured kissing her neck.

“You will ruin my make-up and this look needs to be seen,” she said pulling away from him. She squealed when Tumo picked her up and carried her to the bedroom. She giggled and made an attempt to fight him off but she really didn't want to. She wanted the other food as well.

Hope was nervous about her results even

though she really didn't have any reason to be. Zach was sure she was going to do great and the results were coming up in a month. He had brought her over to the Moengs and they celebrated Christmas together, he wished Noah was old enough but he had spent the rest of the holidays with Millie and the family even though he checked on him from time to time.

They were friendly now and no hard feelings, she looked like she was doing better and he was happy for her. He didn't want to ruin her life like he had done with Khumo, he was done hurting people and hurting women.

He hadn't even tried pursued Reneilwe again after that visit at her workplace, they talked from time to time and even jogged together but they had fallen into a friendship routine. All he wanted was to be the best father for his kids and maybe stay away from women for a little while.

He was back to spending his Fridays at the club.

There was a big event on Friday with international artists and the club was packed. Nothing made him happy than a club full of people buying alcohol, he loved the restaurants and the pubs but nothing made more money than this.

“You have done it again Zach,” Tumo grinned tipping his beer bottle at him. He had his other arm around Rorisang’s shoulder who was snuggled up to him. “This is a great event man, it must have taken you a lot of time to put this together.”

“It did but it’s worth it,” he said reclining back on his seat. “Daddy is getting a new car after this.”

“I wish I were you,” Rorisang said with a pout.

“What’s wrong with your car?” he asked with a frown.

“Nothing, it’s just old.”

“Baby, your car is only two years old.”

“Exactly!” she exclaimed shaking her head.

Zach shook her head. “I hope my daughter doesn’t become like you.”

Rorisang chuckled. “She won’t. She cares about you way too much to put your credit card through hell.”

“So you don’t care about Moeng?”

“I do,” Rorisang giggled again, she was already tipsy. Zachariah couldn’t help but think how weird this was for them. They used to watch Rorisang play with her dolls and now she was partying with them and dating her friend. Life had a funny way of turning out.

“Look at your boy,” Zach said tipping his chin up at Lefakae who was on the dance floor grinding up to his new fling, he called it a relationship but with Lefakae he could just never be sure.

“You think he will be loyal this time around?”

Tumo asked with a chuckle.

“We will see,” he said with a shrug. He was about to look away from the dance floor when his eyes landed on Reneilwe dancing with her two friends from the club. What the fuck? She didn’t tell him she was going to be here.

“I will be back,” he downed his whiskey and walked down back to the dance floor. He maneuvered through the dancing crowds and the sweaty bodies until he was standing in front of her. She looked achingly gorgeous in a short little black dress.

“Zach!” she called cheerily and giggled. “You are here.”

“So are you,” he said calmly. “Why didn’t you tell me you were coming?”

“I didn’t know I was gonna come, these two roped me into coming. They bought tickets.”

“That’s nice,” he said nodding at her friends and his eyes trailed back to her body again. “You want to come up to the VIP with me?”

“I don’t want to leave my friends.”

“They can come too.”

“I want to dance,” she said fluttering her eyelashes and wrapped her arms around his neck. “Let’s dance.”

“We will dance up there, come let’s go,” he said and nodded at her friends to follow him. He took hold of Reneilwe’s hand and led them up to the VIP section. Lefakae was already there with Freddie on his lap looking like he belonged there. His friends looked at him questionably as he sat down and Reneilwe plopped down beside him with her friends.

“Heeey guys,” Reneilwe waved drunkenly.

“This is Reneilwe, Renee that’s Tumo and Rorisang. That one over there is Lefakae and

his boyfriend Freddie.”

“You are so cute,” Reneilwe said giggling at Freddie.

“Right back at you girl, you are killing that dress.” Freddie said with a dramatic tilt of his head.

Reneilwe giggled. “You like it?”

“I do girl, I am sure Zachariah likes it too.”

Reneilwe turned to him with puppy eyes. “Do you like my dress?”

“I love it,” he said and she grinned.

“But I look better without it,” she whispered in a sultry voice which made Rorisang choke on her drink and her friends chuckled. Zach snorted.

“I bet you do but the dress stays on, okay?”

Reneilwe snorted. “I wish you could take off my dress.”

“She wants you to take her dress off Zach,” Lefakae said with a slight chuckle.

“Shut up,” he said and looked down at Reneilwe who snuggled to his chest. “How much did you drink?”

“Four, five, I don’t know I can’t count,” she exhaled. “You smell so good.”

Reneilwe woke up the next morning to a clinking of dishes and pots. She squinted at the light seeping through the curtains and looked around the bedroom. This was too plain to be her bedroom. She looked down at her body and softly gasped seeing she was in a grey t-shirt. She groaned palming her face trying to remember if she had sex with Zach. The last thing she wanted was to forget fucking him. He walked in the bedroom interrupting her little mental break down dressed in nothing but grey

sweatpants. She bit her lip looking away from that tantalizing chest, the things she could do to that chest.

“Your head must be aching,” he said gently handing her a glass of water and some tablets. She didn’t even ask before she gulped them down before her eyes went wide.

“I hope those were not drugs,” she said.

“If they were then it’s over for you I guess,” Zach snorted. “It’s not drugs, they are painkillers.”

“You never know with club owners,” she said with a light shrug.

“You mean the club owner you wanted to get naked for last night?” he tilted his head.

“I did not!”

“Ask your friends, they will tell you,” he said with a snort. “But don’t worry, we didn’t do anything

you were out of it and if something happened between us I'd want it to be when both parties are sober and consensual."

Reneilwe snorted. "You sound like some kind of lawyer."

"I have a friend who is a lawyer," he said.

"You mean you would want something to happen between us?"

"If you want it to."

"I do but I just didn't think you were into me anymore because I turned you down a while ago."

"You said I needed to sort out my feelings because you didn't want to be discarded for someone else again."

"And?"

"I told you me and Millie are over, we can never go back again. I like talking to you even when

you say crazy things sometimes and I have to tell you I am still in therapy because I am not okay mentally. There are some things I am still sorting out trying to deal with my past and all.” He sighed looking down at his hands.

“I am not worried about that,” Reneilwe said peering up at him. “We don’t have to rush into anything, I also don’t want to rush into anything. We can take it slow and have fun and when I decide I don’t like you anymore I will dump you.”

Zach chuckled. “I think you mean the other way around.”

“If you dump me, I will burn down your club.”

“It scares me just how much I believe you would do that,” he said before he pulled her on his lap. “No burning down anything, okay?”

“I will be a good girl if you are a good boy.”

“I will be good.”

“Good, now shut up and kiss me big man.”

Zach chuckled before he pulled her in for a kiss.

It was the official launch for Princess Beauty and Millie was proud of everything Bontle had done. Everything just looked beautiful and elegant just like Bontle herself. She had given her two free tickets so she brought Veronica with her. She had been over the moon when she invited her, they both needed a night out away from their babies.

“This is beautiful,” Veronica mused looking around the conference hall packed with all kinds of women and everyone was dressed to kill in gowns and tuxedos. Some women had showed up with their man. Princess Skin had grown and now Princess Beauty was going to

take the country by storm.

“It is,” Millie agreed taking a sip of her mock tail. Red Feather had supplied the food of course and Club Z sponsored the drinks. Even though Zach bickered with Bontle and Alex from time to time, Millie had learnt that he really loved them and she was grateful that she got to know Bontle because of him.

“Come here,” Veronica said pulling out a phone. “Smile.”

Millie smiled as she snapped a few photos and quickly sent some to Gabriel. He and Bokang were baby-sitting today and she trusted them not to find the house burnt down. So far being the Pastor’s wife hadn’t been hard probably because Gabriel’s father still hasn’t stepped down but she knew it was going to happen any time soon and she had been bracing herself for it.

“Ladies and gentlemen, welcome,” The MC said with a smile at the podium. “You all look very beautiful tonight. I hope everyone is ready to get drunk and eat and celebrate life, health and beauty.”

They all cheered raising their glasses in the air. “Now for the lady of the moment, Founder, CEO and Model of Princess Skin and now her new baby; Princess Beauty, ladies and gentlemen let’s all welcome the lady of the moment; Bontle Princess Kgotla.”

Millie stood up and clapped as Bontle walked up to the podium in a long cocktail dress, her baby bump was now showing and she looked beautiful. She flashed a smile as everyone took videos and pictures.

“Good evening ladies and gentlemen, you all look very beautiful tonight,” she said still smiling. “When I look back at my journey, I always marvel at how crazy my life turned out

to be. Just five years ago, I was just a girl with a big dream. I knew from a very young age that I didn't want to be caged, I didn't want to settle for less in this life and I never did. Most of you know me as Bontle the party girl," she said and they laughed. "Nobody really thought that I was going to do anything with my life and I don't blame them. I didn't have direction back then, I was young and lost and most of the time I didn't know what I wanted. I started Princess Skin just a week after I got married to my lovely husband. I remember complaining that my skin products were just too expensive when it didn't even last me a month and he was like; 'why don't you make your own skin products?' Of course he was joking but it got me thinking that why couldn't I make my own products and price them the way I see fit. So I told my husband that I was doing it, I was starting my own skin care line and I was going to do whatever it took to make sure it came to life. He stood by me

and held my hand through it all and not once did he tell me to give up even when it was hard. He just fed me, kept me company when I was studying and motivated me when I was down.” She smiled and her eyes went to her husband who was staring at her with so much adoration.

Millie could feel her heart warm at the looks of affection, Bontle had told her about their love story and it hadn’t been an easy one and she honestly didn’t know anyone could love someone the way Alex did Bontle, it was that once in a lifetime kind of thing.

“Princess Skin wouldn’t be here without you baby and I just want to say in front of everyone that you are the light in my life, my best friend and my biggest fan, the father of my kids,” she blinked away her tears. Alex blew her a kiss which made her chuckle before she went on.

“Sorry, hormones, this is kind of funny actually because when I launched Princess Skin I was

pregnant with our baby girl Lerato and now I am expecting another one launching Princess Beauty. Princess Beauty symbolizes rebirth, a chance to be the best version of you, to thrive while looking bougie and authentic while at it. A lot of people say make-up is just make-up but let me tell you make-up can bring out the best in you, to feel beautiful, to feel confident, sexy. I give you a chance to be the best version of yourself ladies and gentlemen, I give you Princess Beauty!”

Millie wiped her tears as she continued clapping her hands. Veronica laughed handing her a tissue.

“I want to be Bontle when I grow up,” she said with a chuckle.

“No, I want you to be Millicent when you grow up,” she said with a smile and Millie smiled back. She was ready to be the best version of herself, she had always been afraid to live most

of the time and hid behind Zach but she was sure she could do it on her own now, find herself and live her truth.

[02/25, 19:16] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 92

“Vero, I don’t think I can do this,” Millie turned to Veronica with a small frown as they approached the gym building entrance.

Veronica already looked ready to go in her biker tights and a sports bra, she looked like she belonged in the gym while she felt like she was a poser. She was dressed in just sweatpants and a vest.

“Millie, we talked about this,” Veronica chided gently. “You can do this.”

“There is so many people in there,” she said

peering through the glass windows. This was one of the most popular gyms in Gaborone and she was sure a lot of influencers were inside probably vlogging their sessions right now with their perfect slim bodies and all that. She had gained a lot of weight after her baby and her gynecologist told her stress was one of the causes of excessive weight gain.

“Mills, you said you wanted to do this. The first step was you admitting that you wanted to lose some weight; the second one was signing up to a gym and finding a trainer. Now let’s go in there and do the third step. I will be with you and this is nothing, those people don’t really care whether you are here or not, they won’t be looking at you.”

Millie took a deep breath before she nodded slightly and followed her inside. They signed the register at the reception before she led them in to their personal trainer. It was a little expensive

but she had paid for a private session just up until she got used to everything.

“You must be Millicent,” the bulky beefy man said with a smile offering a handshake.

Millie’s eyes trailed to his beefy arms and wondered just how many exercises he did to get that huge. She felt like a midget next to him even though she was big.

“You can call me Millie,” she said quickly looking away from his arms.

“I am Victor, your personal trainer,” he said and looked over at Veronica with a smile. “Nice to see you V.”

“Pretend I am not here,” Veronica said waving her hand dismissively.

Victor chuckled. “That’s going to be a little hard but I will try.”

“Make sure you treat my little sister with care,”

Veronica said narrowing her eyes at him.

“Anything for you,” he said with a wink and took out his ipad. “So, this is what we are going to do Millie. I am going to come with a diet plan that you are going to follow while we do this. You are going to need to stick to it if you want to see positive results.”

“Okay,” Millie said with a nod and peered at his ipad screen to look at her dietary plan. She grimaced at all the greens and the strict no fizzy or sugary food. She was used to eating anything she wanted and she knew this was going to be one hell of a fight but she was willing to do anything to achieve her weight loss goal.

“Are we good?” Victor raised an eyebrow.

“Yeah, I can do with that.” She wrung her fingers. “But the thing is, I Just stopped breast feeding two weeks ago, will that be a problem?”

“No, you good.” Victor tipped his chin at her.
“As long as you stick to this diet plan, you will see the results in a months. You should also slow down on the alcohol.”

“I don’t drink,” she said pursing her lips.

“Even better,” Victor grinned and stepped back.

“We will need your weight so I can know what we are dealing with here and you can set your own goal about how much you want to lose in the next months we will be exercising together.”

“I just want to lose the baby fat,” she admitted quietly.

She had to admit the divorce had taken a toll on her too but she was ready to get rid of the negativity and ready to feel good about herself again.

Zach watched with a an amused smirk as Reneilwe did whatever she was doing in the kitchen. It was a Saturday evening, their second date since they decided to give things and try and just enjoy each other's company. The first date had been at Red Feather which ended up with clubbing at his club and back home. She was not even letting him in her panties yet, claiming she was giving him 90 days. Zach found her determination cute but he was curious to see how long before she finally cracked and gave in to temptation.

“We can just order pizza and call it a night,” Zach said as she rushed to the frying pan which was now burning. The whole counter was a mess and he didn't even know what the hell she was cooking but it was cute to see her try.

“I am almost done,” she said not looking up at him.

“What’s on the menu again?”

“I am making chicken parmesan,” she said with a frustrated sigh as she looked at the burnt chicken breasts. Nothing seemed to be adding up even though she had followed the recipe to the T.

“Babe, we can order something to eat.”

“I am making something else,” she said throwing the frying pan in the sink. Zach groaned inwardly, why the hell was she this stubborn?

“We can go out to eat,” he said trying again.

“We can go get anything that you want to eat before you burn this house to ashes with your attempt to cook.” He walked over to her and placed his hands on her waist. “I know you wanted to make dinner for me but maybe once you have taken cooking lessons.”

Reneilwe snorted and her breath hitched as he

ran his tongue on her neck. She craned her neck giving him more access. He had a magical touch, one that she couldn't deny but she was not about to give in so easily.

"Should I order pizza?" he murmured against her neck and she moaned instead of replying. Zach smirked pulling back. "I will take that as a yes."

"Extra cheese," she said licking her lips; she could feel wetness pooling between her legs. It had been so long since she had some and here was a freaking hot man in her kitchen and she was starving herself because she wanted to make sure she had the upper hand.

"Did you hear what I said?" Zach asked waving his hand in front her and she snapped out of her lusty thoughts blinking at him. Zach smirked.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing, I am just really hungry." She lied. "I

am going to take a shower while you order.”

“Do you want me to join you?”

“No,” she said quickly and walked to her bathroom. She heard Zach’s deep chuckle behind her and she took a deep breath. She was going to send him home as the soon as they finished eating the pizza.

Zach was filling the glasses with wine when she walked out of the bathroom in her pajamas. She smiled in satisfaction, she had taught him well. He knew which wine was her favorite now and she liked him more for it. It had only been a week and this was their second date but it felt like they had dated longer than that, probably because the past two months, they were just platonic friends.

She plopped down on the couch and put her legs up as he handed her a glass of wine and

she grabbed a slice of pizza. Zach leaned back on the couch and looked at her.

“Why can’t you cook?” he asked with an eyebrow tilt.

“Why can’t you?”

“Because I never learnt to cook.”

“I never learnt to cook either,” she said with a slight shrug. “Refilwe is the more domesticated sister; she learnt how to cook before she was 11. I didn’t see the need to, we had a maid when our mother was at work. Why, you can’t handle a woman who can’t cook?”

Zach chuckled. “Do I still like a chauvinist to you?”

“Yes,” she said and he reached for her but she ducked. “You will make me spill my wine!”

“That would be quite a tragedy, wouldn’t it?” he teased.

“This is very expensive wine mind you,” she said and took a huge sip closing her eyes. “It hits the spot.”

“I know what else can hit the spot,” Zach said hoarsely and smirked when she coughed almost choking on her wine. “I was talking about the pizza.”

“Lies,” she spat out and took another sip to swallow her breath. Zach chuckled and looked at her. “What?”

“I bet the wine would taste even better coming from your mouth.”

Reneilwe’s breath hitched again as she looked back at her wine glass and back at him.

She smirked accepting the challenge in his eyes before she took a huge gulp and leaned in after placing the wine glass on her coffee table. Zach opened his mouth without hesitation as she spilled the wine from her mouth into his. He

groaned pulling her closer and onto his lap for a kiss. She could taste the wine on his tongue as she let out a soft moan closing her eyes and reveling in his touch. They had made out lots of times but she didn't feel this intensity before or maybe it was the wine. She tightened her arms around his neck her tongue tangling with his.

Zach grunted, his blood rushing to her manhood. She smelt like citric fruits, probably from her shower gel and the taste of wine on her tongue was enough to make him explode. He dug his fingers on her waist, pulling up her pajama t-shirt.

She moaned when he thumbed her nipple and shrugged the shirt off giving him access to her hardened nipples that were begging for his attention. He licked his lips before he dived in taking the nipple in his mouth. Reneilwe whimpered as he swirled his tongue around her nipple and she arched her back giving him more

access. He was grateful for his strong hands because she was pretty sure she would fall if he didn't hold on to her with the way she was writhing on top of him.

"Oh gosh," she moaned when he moved to the other nipple and she pressed his head on her nipple trying to increase the pressure on her breast. Zach looked up at her and she moaned at the loss of contact. "Why did you stop?"

"You said we are going to wait 90 days," he said with a smirk, Reneilwe narrowed her eyes at him before she smashed her lips against his. He groaned and flipped her over so she was lying on the couch.

"Are you sure we are not going to wait 90 days anymore?"

"I am sure," she said licking her lips and reached for his belt buckle. Zach smiled and watched her urgent fingers working on his

pants and pulled down his jeans together with his boxer briefs. His hard thick rod sprung out, already engorged at the tip. Reneilwe licked her lips again before she got up on her knees pushing him to sit back. He closed his eyes as she knelt before him and took his aching shaft in her mouth. He groaned feeling her mouth on him as she bobbed up and down his length while fondling his balls. Zach felt like he was going to pass out any time soon.

Reneilwe took as much of him as she could take in her mouth while he writhed on the couch, it was very satisfying that she could do this to him.

“Baby, you have to stop if you still want more after this,” he warned, his breath coming out in small pants. Reneilwe continued sliding her tongue up and down until he finally yanked her up and pulled her on his lap.

“I want to eat you out but I want to be inside

you so bad,” he rasped and Reneilwe smirked in satisfaction. He reached for his pants which were discarded on the couch and pulled out a condom at the back pocket of his jeans. She helped him sheathe his shaft before she slowly guided him inside of her wet warmth. He let out a groan when her pussy clenched around him. She had taken all of him in and he gave her a few moments to adjust to his length before she gripped her waist and guided her rhythm.

Reneilwe clung to him and kept chanting his name in his ear and she bounced up and down on his cock. He reached for her face and brought her down to his lips, she had that addictive taste and he was ravenous, he wanted to have it over and over again. He moved as fast as he could while sitting down and thrust back in to meet her movements.

“Zach,” she moaned digging her nails in his skin and she felt her juices coating him as her body

relaxed in his arms.

It was all it took for him to explode and fill the condom. He took a deep breath and opened his eyes to look at her flushed face, she looked gorgeous when she was scowling and even better when she had just had an orgasm.

“Happy 90 days,” he said with a lazy grin and she chuckled falling on his chest.

Millie had woken up early in the morning to sneak in a training session with Victor before church and even though her muscles were sore because it was taking her a bit longer to adjust to putting her body through exercises, she wasn't going to hold back.

Noah was already bathed and dressed when she got back, her mother was an angel at this point. She didn't know how else she was going to survive this motherhood without her.

"His father said he is stopping by before we go to church," Millie said to Josephine as she sliced up the vegetables for her vegetable salad.

"He couldn't wait until we came back?"
Josephine asked.

Millie shrugged. "I guess he has plans."

Josephine nodded and continued feeding Noah his Purity. They had introduced him to food after Millie stopped breast feeding and he seemed to love it. He was so grown now and she hoped he would start making an effort to crawl soon, Zuri had already started. Veronica's baby was just like her parents; eager and impatient.

A few minutes later, they heard a car pulling up and Millie knew it was him. She went to open the door for him.

“Hey,” he smiled warmly walking in dressed in black Jean's and a white T-shirt.

“Hi,” she said before she led him to the kitchen. Noah's eyes lit up immediately when he saw his father, this child could never be tricked. Zach grinned and picked him up from his high rise chair.

“Hey little man,” he smiled as his small hands ran over his face. “Enjoying breakfast?”

“He was starting to get tired of it,” Josephine said with a slight chuckle before she excused herself out of the kitchen.

“You smell like peaches,” he said at Noah. “Did mommy ever tell you that's all you liked to eat?”

Millie chuckled. “He ruined me, I can't even stand peaches anymore.”

“And here he is knocking himself out,” Zach said with a light chuckle.

“You normally come in the evenings on Sunday, why did you change?”

“There is an event at the club so I won’t be able to make it in the evening.”

“Oh, okay,” she said with a nod.

“I also wanted to give you a heads up that I will not be in next week, I am flying out of the country.”

“Oh, where?”

“Cape Town for just a few days, for work.”

“Okay, I will let you know if there is anything new with him.”

“Thank you,” he said and kissed Noah’s cheek as he continued to babble.

“I am going to get ready for church,” Millie said quietly. “Or did you want something to eat?”

“No, I am good.”

“Okay, good,” She walked out leaving him in the kitchen with his son. Zach kept talking to Noah and looked around the kitchen his eyes landing on the exercising pamphlet on the kitchen counter. He reached for it and read through; he didn’t know Millie wanted to lose weight. He placed it back on the counter and walked out with his son to the living room.

This one is on me. See you Monday.

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Chapter 93

“Running outta things I could prove myself

Way too busy winning I could lose myself

Every day they gon hate on us
Mama say she gon pray for us
Cause I can't do it on my own
You're that godly special somebody I know
You beside me turn this house into a home
Gimme one good reason why ungenza so
lyoo lyoo lyoo Yho!"

Zach chuckled as Reneilwe took a video of them singing along to the song. She pushed her sunglasses up and looked down at her phone editing the video. It was their second day in Cape Town and so far, it had been nothing but bliss. They went sightseeing and Reneilwe insisted they attend a beach couple's yoga and he couldn't even refuse because she promised to give him a lap dance and he couldn't remember the last time he had gotten one of those, maybe when he was still dating Amber.

“I am starving,” Reneilwe said looking at him.

“I thought you said you were on a diet.”

“I am on vacation, I can’t really go on a diet,” she said with a snort and scrolled down her phone looking for nearby restaurants.

“Or you were just never on a diet to begin with,” he said with a low chuckle. Reneilwe rolled her eyes and put the restaurant codes on the GPS.

He pulled over a few minutes later to a cute restaurant by the ocean. He hoped they didn’t serve sea food; he was never letting anyone around him eat sea food again after his daughter almost died from it.

The waitress led them to a table on the rooftop which was perfect; they got the view of the boats and the beach. He had never really taken his time to appreciate things as scenery before but since he started his therapy he was turning into a sappy guy noticing the colors and the

ambience and everything, which made him wonder just what he used to do before.

Reneilwe perched her sunglasses on top of her head and looked through the menu. Zach leaned in on the table and studied her face.

“What?” she asked raising her eyebrow at him.

“Thank you for coming with me,” he said and her face melted into a smile.

“Thank you for inviting me, I had no idea how much I needed a few days off work,” she said with a smile.

“I didn’t think you would come you being a workaholic and all,” he said with a light shrug and she chuckled.

“Me?” she exclaimed. “You are the workaholic, you came here for a meeting yesterday.”

“But I took two days to chill,” he said.

“You are worse than me besides running a club

must be a lot of fun than being an accountant crunching numbers all the time.”

“It takes brains to do that, it’s fucking sexy.”

“So is running a club,” she said with a grin and he chuckled looking up at the waitress who walked back to take their orders. He ordered Steak with fries and a double cheese burger while she opted for the smoked salmon steak with a Caesar salad and Cosmopolitan.

“No wine today?” He asked after the waitress left.

“It’s wine free day,” she replied with a shrug.

“What about tomorrow?” He asked and handed his phone to show her the event he had booked, a wine tasting event combined with dinner at one of the wine farms in Cape Town. Reneilwe’s eyes bulged.

“I thought you might like it,” he said watching the grin spreading on her face. It kind of

knocked off the air in his lungs every time she smiled and if it wasn't obvious before, it was obvious now that he liked all her expressions, the scowls, the smirks, the flirtatious ones and the cute ones when she pouted. She didn't realize it but he had seen how she pouted when she was concentrated on something.

"I love it," she said with a small grin and she stood up from her chair to give him a kiss. Zach chuckled.

"Letagwa," he snorted which earned him a small scowl.

"Said the club owner," she said walking back to her seat. "But thank you so much for this baby. I thought we were going to be cooped up in a hotel room."

"My therapist said something about appreciating life and I am starting to see where she is coming from."

Reneilwe nodded and cleared her throat. "Is it funny how I feel proud of you when I don't even know the full story of what your childhood was like? I only know you were a troubled kid and you um.. committed some crimes."

"I raped and killed," Zach said. "You can say it and it started when I was younger than that. My father used to beat me and mother around. She didn't have anywhere else to go because she was an orphan so she took his abuse until she died."

Reneilwe gasped. "Did he kill her?"

"No, um she got cancer," he replied looking down at the table. Talking about his mother reminded him of how he used to say Millie was sent by his mother, he scoffed at himself.

"Have you ever thought about opening up about your abuse?" she asked and paused when the waitress brought back their food. She thanked

her and looked back at Zach who was already peppering his steak.

“You mean like become a motivational speaker or something?”

“Not really, I know it might be hard talking about it but you have done so well for yourself being a business owner and coming out of that. It can't be easy moving past what happened to you and yet you had help. Some children don't have that, they turn to drugs to hide from the abuse and they end up addicts or mentally deranged,” she paused and cleared her throat. “It's not easy for boys to talk about rape or molestation like women do and just think how many boys are living through what you went through.”

Zach nodded slightly. “I guess I have never really thought about it that way.”

“You can be a role model for these boys,” she said quietly. “And I heard the best way to deal

with trauma is when you help those who go through it.”

“But you know these cases are not many, not many boys report this.”

“Which is why you can start like a campaign, you don’t have to be the face of it. You can get someone to run it for you, helping these boys will be like helping the younger Zach. I feel like you can really try and heal from it.”

“I’ll talk to my lawyer about it and see the way forward,” he said and reached for her hand, placing a light kiss on it, “Thank you.”

“It’s nothing,” she said with a light shrug. “I didn’t mean to make you upset talking about it and all.”

“No, no it’s fine,” he said shaking his head. “I am happy you did, you never hold back anyways. In the streets or the sheets.”

Reneilwe chuckled throwing her head back and

reached for his fries popping them into her mouth with a grin. Zach chuckled; he had no idea why she didn't order her own fries when she knew very well she was going to drool for his.

“Millicent, get up!” Victor shouted as she lay on the training mat catching her breath. He usually called her Millie but when he was reprimanding or pushing her to do better he used her full name which was more intimidating because he didn't even smile. Veronica was not with her today because she and her husband were attending a church conference meeting so she couldn't even look at her for help. She felt like she was about to throw up, her whole body was aching and her joints were burning.

“Millicent, don’t make me drag you across the floor. Get up right now and continue your push ups.”

“Can I have a minute?” she grumbled wanting to cry. She didn’t even understand why she was putting herself through this. She just wanted to go home and have some comfort chocolate cake and watch cartoons with her son not be bossed around by this big man.

“I am going to drag you,” Victor said approaching her and she quickly looked up.

“Okay, okay,” she said rising up and balanced on her shaking hands.

“Just 10 more left Mills,” he said softening his tone. “You can do this baby girl, come on.”

She puffed and huffed like a jelly fish as she did the push-ups. She collapsed on the mat when she finished the tenth one, groaning.

“That’s it Mills,” Victor said with a proud voice,

“How do you feel?”

“I want to die,” she groaned.

Victor chuckled. “Don’t die on me yet, we still have to get that body you want.”

“I don’t want it anymore,” she grumbled earning another laugh from Victor.

“You will get there baby girl, don’t worry,” he said.

“Is she dead?” Millie looked up at an unfamiliar voice walking in the room and frowned. This was a private session and no one was supposed to walk in here.

“She is very much alive,” he said with a chuckle.

Millie frowned at the guy dressed in long basketball shorts with a grey vest already drenched in sweat. He was not beefy and bulky like Victor but she could tell he was fit with broad shoulders and a broad chest.

“This is a private session,” Millie grumbled.

“I know,” the guy said with a grin. “I usually check on my client’s progress.”

“Your clients?”

Victor rolled his eyes. “This is my brother, Oatile.”

Millie blinked, did he hear him well? The universe had to be playing jokes on her.

“And I own half the gym.”

“More like a quarter,” Victor said with a small shrug.

Millie groaned rising to her feet, she didn’t have time to listen to siblings banter especially not when one of them was her Ex husband’s name sake.

“It’s nice to meet you Millie,” Oatile said holding out his hand for a hand shake. Millie gagged feeling bile rise up to her throat. She had no

idea what happened only she let out everything she ate the day before right on Oatile's trainers. She gasped putting a hand over her mouth and her eyes widened in horror at what she had done. She just wanted the ground to open up and swallow her now because she was done for.

"Oh My God," she said moving back from the puke. "I am so sorry."

Victor scrunched his nose up making his brother chuckle and grimace at the same time. "Millie, calm down. This happens all the time."

"Maybe you pushed her too hard man," Oatile said to his brother.

"No, we are going at the right pace."

"I will get you new shoes," Millie said quickly. "I promise I will buy you new ones!" She picked up her gym bag and her training mat but not her dignity because she could not pick that up no matter how much she tried; it was swimming

with her puke. She dashed out of the room ignoring the calls she got from Victor and his brother with a name she preferred not to mention again. She was just going to have to bury herself when she got home.

Veronica was laughing and she didn't blame her, she would laugh too if she wasn't so mortified at what she had done. She rolled her eyes listening to Veronica's chuckles over the phone. She didn't know why she even bothered calling this one, she was no help, she should have called a therapist.

"Are you done?" Millie asked rolling her eyes. She was sprawled on the carpet next to his son who was making babbling noises and playing with his toys. Her whole body was on fire but it

was nothing compared to the shame of what had transpired in the morning at the gym.

"I am sorry," Veronica said catching her breath.

"But Mills, this is so funny. You would be laughing too if you were me."

"I wouldn't," she growled making Veronica laugh again. "You know for a pastor's wife, you are really not sympathetic at all."

"Oh, honey," Veronica cooed like she was talking to one of her daughters. "I am sorry, I just can't imagine what you went through."

"I think I want to quit."

"Because you puked on a guy's shoes?"

"Yes!" she huffed. "What could be more horrifying than that? I feel like just dying Vero, I don't want to go back there and have to look Victor in the eye after I puked on his brother's shoes. He probably thinks I am so gross by now, I ran before I even cleaned my vomit."

“Mills, you are stressing too much. These things happen believe me. I have seen a number of people at the gym puking after a burnout at the gym. It’s perfectly normal, you just have to hold your head high tomorrow and go on with your session.”

“Easy for you to say Miss Confidence.”

“You can be Miss Confidence too, the fact that you chose this for yourself without being influenced by anyone is enough so don’t stop and Victor doesn’t think you are gross if anything he is happy you puked on his brother. Siblings are gross like that.”

Millie chuckled. “Okay, I will see if I can swallow my shame tomorrow.”

“Don’t worry, you will.” She said with a giggle which made Millie raise her eyebrow. She had never heard Veronica giggling like a school girl. “Gab, I am on the phone.” She chided gently and

Millie snorted.

“I have to give Noah a bath anyway, I will see you tomorrow.”

“Okay, bye.” She heard one last giggle before the call dropped. Millie faced Noah and smiled, he was trying to stuff one of his plastic car toys in his mouth. The boy just ate everything and anything he could find.

“Come on baby, let’s go give you a bath,” she said picking him up. She was about to walk out of the living room when her phone rang on the carpet where she had left it. She huffed walking back to it and frowned seeing Victor’s name flash on the screen. God, she hoped he was not calling to chew her out for what she did in the morning.

She cleared her throat before she answered, “Hey, Vic.”

“It’s Oatile,” the voice said and her heart

stopped. "You know the guy with the puke?"

Millie forced a chuckle. "Um, yeah. I am really sorry about that. I asked Victor to talk to you and ask if you would prefer money or I should just buy your shoes."

"It's not that bad, the shoes have seen worse on these gym floors."

Noah made babbling sounds.

"Is that your son?"

"How do you know?"

"Vic told me about you had a son," he said quietly and chuckled. "Sorry, I asked him about you and he told me you have a son."

"its fine," Millie said dismissively. "I am really sorry about your shoes once again."

"No worries," he said. "I just wanted to make sure you will come to the gym tomorrow."

"Yeah, I will."

“Good, don’t let puke stop you from your goals.”

Millie chuckled despite herself. “I will be there.”

“Go sharp akere?”

“Sharp,” she said before she hung up. She took a low deep calming breath and looked at her son and smiled. “Mommy is the worst isn’t she?”

Noah grinned flashing his toothless gum

which made Millie smile again. “Let’s go give you a bath.”

[02/25, 19:16] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 94

Two weeks later, Zach was with Hope at the Moengs to celebrate her passing. Zach couldn’t believe that his baby girl had nailed the exams

and fed them dust. He was so proud of her, he couldn't even try to hide his excitement in front of his friends.

Rorisang, being the party animal that she was threw a bash for her. He had invited Khumo to join them since it was her daughter's celebration but she had declined saying they had already celebrated with Hope.

It was a lovely evening and he couldn't be more thankful to Rorisang for always making sure that his daughter was having the best time of her life whenever she was with her. She had even taken her shopping and they did their hair and make-up, which was a little over the top but everything was always extra with the Moeng princess.

He had wanted to invite Reneilwe but it was probably too soon and he didn't want to scare off.

He was trying to keep up with her vibing phase but Lefakae however was in serious relationship mode because he brought Freddie over and he looked dramatic as ever in a pink bright suit paired with Airforce sneakers. Lefakae seemed to can't keep his hands off of him so Zach assumed he was really into deep with this one.

"So, where are you planning to study?" Moeng asked looking at Hope across the dinner table.

"I was learning more on Harvard but we will see," she said with a slight shrug.

"What do you mean we will see?" Zach asked facing her daughter. "If you want to go to Harvard, you are going to Harvard that is that."

Hope smiled at her father before she looked back at Moeng. "He is overly confident but Harvard is an Ivy League school and I might have topped the school charts in Botswana but

there is a lot of competition out there.”

“And you are competition too,” Moeng said firmly. “Lefa also wanted to go to Harvard but he couldn’t because he didn’t believe he could get in law school over there so he settled for here instead. You shouldn’t ever doubt your abilities Hope, the world is your oyster. That is what I used to tell your father.”

“And now he is telling you too,” Mrs. Moeng said smiling warmly at her. Hope beamed, she never had grand parents before but now it was like she had everything.

“It’s a pity you didn’t go to Harvard Lefa, you could have dated all kind of white boys over there,” Rorisang said with a snort.

“White boys are not my type,” Lefakae said with a shrug and Freddie’s grin widened like he had just proposed.

“I just want to thank you guys for inviting me,”

Freddie chimed in grinning at Moeng. "And you have a lovely family Mr. M."

Moeng cleared his throat. "Thank you, Alfred."

"Oh, you can call me Freddie Mr. M, I am just like your son now," he said putting a hand over his heart.

Tumo glanced at Zach before he snorted into his glass of wine. They both could see how Moeng was a bit uncomfortable because of Freddie's eccentric ness and very forward ways but he was trying for his son and that was more than enough.

"Are you guys planning on tying the knot soon?" Tumo asked challenging Lefakae who easily shot him a warning glare but it was funny messing with him in front of his parents.

Freddie chuckled nervously glancing at Lefakae. "Um, I am not sure about that. We are just getting to know each other but I really love him.

It feels like I have known him all my life even though we just met months ago.”

Lefakae smiled back. “Life is better with you Pumpkin.”

Zach snorted in his glass before he sputtered and Tumo looked down stifling his laughter.

Lefakae shot them an annoyed look before he went back to his food, he should have known better than to bring Freddie over for the first time with these douche bags that he called his friends.

“Aww, my cutie pie is the cutest,” Freddie cooed. “It’s like the first time we met at the bakery. He was so cute and I was going to die if I didn’t ask for his number, luckily he was interested too and asked for mine. When I tell you I didn’t think about anything else that day I am not lying.”

“Cutie pie must have left quite an impression,” Zach said with a blank expression earning

another glare from Lefakae. He shrugged casually; he was not the one who said they must call each other such endearment terms.

“Oh, he did,” Freddie sighed dreamily as if reliving the day they met all over again.

“He always does,” Tumo agreed with a nod.

“Anyway,” Mrs. Moeng cut them off. “It’s very nice to have you here with us Freddie, I wish you and Lefa so much happiness.”

“Aww, thanks mommy,” Freddie said and stoop surprising everyone. He walked over to Mrs. Moeng and engulfed her into a hug. “I can’t wait for us to be besties.”

Mrs. Moeng chuckled awkwardly, “Yes, me too.”

Freddie grinned heading back to his seat. Zach wanted to burst out in laughter but he took a sip of his drink instead. He was just going to wait until after dinner so he could grill his best friend.

“Pass me the salt Cutie Pie,” Tumo said. “I mean Lefa.”

The table erupted in chuckles except for Lefakae who glared at him before he passed him the salt. He had no idea why he was friends with these douche bags sometimes.

Hope decided to stay for a sleep over with Rorisang so he was grateful that at least he didn't have to make another trip to Khumo's apartment to drop Hope off. He drove straight home hoping that Reneilwe was still awake. It was almost midnight and he knew she must be exhausted from work. He contemplated going over to her house to say goodnight but then decided against waking her up, she had to get to work in the morning so he was just going to

have to deal and sleep alone.

He was definitely not expecting her to be sprawled on the couch in a tight black lacy lingerie when he switched the lights on. His jaw dropped taking her body in.

“Hey, baby,” she greeted in a sultry voice batting her eyelashes at him.

Zach swallowed hard closing the door behind him. “Hey, I thought you would be asleep by now.”

“I waited,” she said rising up to her feet.

“Thought I might give you a little surprise.”

“Fuck,” Zach cursed softly stepping towards her. “This is one hell of a surprise.” He grinned wickedly palming her breasts which were barely being contained by the tight bra she was wearing. She didn’t just look sexy like this, she looked edible and he was ravenous.

“You like?” she asked wrapping her arms

around his neck.

“I love,” he murmured and leaned down to kiss her lips.

“How was your dinner?”

“I wish you were there,” he murmured between kisses. Reneilwe let out a small gasp when he slapped her butt before he squeezed it plunging his tongue inside her mouth. He groaned at the fresh feel of her skin and her intoxicating scent.

“Mmm, was preparing your dessert.”

“I love my dessert,” he rasped and leaned down to push down her bra and suck her nipple.

She rubbed herself against him wanting more friction and already dying to have him inside her. Before she could voice out her thoughts, Zach picked her up in one go and she wrapped her legs around him as he walked to the bedroom. She chuckled when he gently nipped at her neck before placing her on the bed. He moved back

grinning wickedly taking in her body. He watched with hooded eyes as he unbuckled his pants and shoved them down with his boxer briefs and his hard thick rod sprung out.

Reneilwe's breath hitched watching him, she loved how it was enormous and always ready. She licked her lips already aching for him but Zach only flashed her a wolfish grin before he wrapped his hand on his shaft giving it a few pumps before he kneeled over on the bed.

Reneilwe easily spread her legs for him and he placed his head between them mouthing her through the lacy underwear. She gasped and writhed on the bed as he continued eating her out like a starved man. She came with a shudder and didn't even know how he had sheathed his shaft so fast before he slammed inside her. She let out a scream biting down her lip. She always felt so full with him. This was everything she had ever wanted in a man and

even though she didn't want to admit it, she was falling hard each and every day.

His mouth kissed all her body as he slid in and out and moved his waist in delicious movements; she was never to let this get taken away from her, over her dead body.

The climax built with every stroke and she clawed at his back with her long nails before she shuddered and came all over again. Zach grunted and sped up his pace before he groaned and fell on top of her filling the condom.

"What a delicious dessert," he murmured earning a giggle from her.

"Happy to please," she said with a chuckle.

Zach looked up looking at her again with those soft eyes before he leaned down to kiss her softly and gently and her body hummed in satisfaction.

The next morning, Noah was not well so Millie called off work and even missed her training session. Oatile had been joining them for their sessions now and after the puke issue, she never thought they would get along but they were practically best friends at this point. He was nice and understanding even when he was pushing her hard, she was not complaining that much.

She was just worried about her son, she hadn't slept a wink because he kept her up all night crying but his temperature was fine only this morning, he was burning up and she was freaked out so she was going to take him to the hospital.

"Baby, I am so sorry it's going to be okay," she

cooed gently kissing the top of his head. She had no idea how other parents did it but she wanted to cry whenever her baby cried. It was too much.

Her mother walked out of the bedroom with the baby bag and she gently took him from Millie.

“Did you call his father?”

Millie sighed taking out her phone. She had called him all night last night but his phone rang unanswered.

“Millie, call him again,” Josephine said firmly.

Millie rolled her eyes and reached for her phone and dialed his number. If he was not going to answer she was done calling him. He was the one who had made a big show about always answering her calls but last night he backed out on that promise.

“Hello,” a female voice answered and she took a deep breath.

“Is Zach there?”

“He is in the shower,” Reneilwe replied. “Um, you can give me a message so I tell him.”

“Tell him his son is sick and I am taking him to the hospital.”

“Which one?”

“He knows which one,” she said before she hung and shoved the phone in the baby’s bag before they walked out.

Zach arrived at the hospital just when they were about to go in consultation. He must have sped over on the way here and he already looked stressed. He walked over to them and picked Noah up scanning him.

“He is burning up,” he murmured worriedly like he already didn’t know. “What is wrong with him?”

“We came here to find out, didn’t we?” Millie asked. She didn’t want to be asked pointless questions, she was already stressed and exhausted and sleep deprived.

Zach looked back at Noah. “What’s wrong little man?” he asked softly.

The doctor called them in and they both walked in with their son.

“Did you give him any medicine?”

“He was crying a lot yesterday but he was not burning up he only started this morning,” Millie said glancing at Noah.

“So he got sick yesterday?” Zach asked in disbelief.

“I told you he was only crying.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Did you even check your phone?” Millie asked.

“I called you over five times but no answer and I

didn't even know he was sick. I thought he was just throwing one of his crying fits."

"Okay, guys can we focus?" the doctor asked clearing his throat. "Noah will be fine, it's just a little fever he is suffering from. I will prescribe a mild syrup for him and he will be good to go."

"Thanks doc," Zach murmured looking down at his son, he was not crying anymore but yanking at his chain. "You will be fine little man."

Zach followed them home after the hospital visit, he wanted to spend more time with his son as possible. He felt guilty that he missed Millie's calls, he had promised to always be there no matter what and here he was probably banging Reneilwe's brains out when she called.

"Millis, I am sorry," he said sheepishly when they got to the house. "My phone was on silent, I was having dinner with the Moengs and

Hope.”

Millie shook her head. “I don’t care what you were doing but you promised that you will always have your phone on, Zach not for me but for our son. What if it had been an emergency?”

“I know, I am sorry,” he breathed out slowly kissing Noah again. God knows he would die if anything happened to him.

“Well, I guess he is fine now,” Millie said walking to the bedroom. She needed a long shower and maybe catch up on sleep. She hoped Zach was sticking around because she really needed a break.

“I am sorry little man,” Zach murmured kissing Noah’s cheek. “You will be fine now.”

He smiled and yanked his chain which made him smile more. Josephine had excused herself as soon as they arrived so it was just him in the living room. Millie’s phone rang almost startling

Noah which was kind of cute considering how he liked loud music.

He dug in the baby bag's pocket pulling out her phone. He frowned when he saw the name Oatile flash on the screen. What the fuck?

[02/25, 19:16] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 95

"What are you doing with my phone?" Millie's voice snapped him out of his trance as he spun around to find her scowling at him. She snatched it from his hand before he could even reply. She looked ready to chop off his head.

"It was ringing," he said quietly sitting back down on the couch. "Who is Oatile?"

"None of your business," she grumbled making an attempt to walk away before he grabbed her

wrist.

“You found some other dude with the same name as mine to replace me?”

“I don’t need to replace you Zach, you are not missed.”

Zach chuckled. “Feisty doesn’t look good on you Mills, drop it.”

Millie stared at him before she shrugged his hand off her wrist. “You can’t be touching my phone anymore. I don’t know what you think this is but my phone is off limits.”

“I was not snooping, I heard it ring then I took it out. Stop acting like I did some gruesome crime and I didn’t even answer your fucking phone.”

“Don’t cuss around my son.”

Zach rolled his eyes. “I hope you are not fucking this guy, whoever he is.”

“What is it to you if I am sleeping with him or

not?”

Zach nodded. “Ah, I forgot you don’t waste time. You fucked me on the first two weeks.”

Millie glared at him feeling her tears burn at the back of her eyes but she was not going to cry in front of him now. She had already cried enough, she swallowed the hard lump on her throat.

“Fuck you,” she said firmly.

“I thought you said not to cuss around our son,” Zach said drily.

Millie huffed. “Why are you being mean to me? I did nothing to you, I don’t need to explain myself to you.” She mentally kicked herself for the voice tremble that made Zach scoff like he had expected it all along.

“Are you going to cry?” he tilted his head.

“You will never see me shed a tear in front of you ever again,” she gritted out before she

walked out.

“I hope he fucks better than I do!” He called after her.

“That’s all you know anyway!” Millie called back and he looked down at Noah and kissed his cheek.

He fell asleep a minute later and Zach watched him sleeping peaceful with no care in the world. If he could, he would make sure that his baby never grows up and never gets to see the ugliness of the world, he would just freeze time and make sure he stays innocent forever.

Josephine picked Noah up so he could put him to sleep.

Zach remained on the couch feeling restless, Millie has not come down yet so he followed her up to the bedroom. He leaned on the door watching her on the phone as she sat on her

vanity chair.

“He is fine now but he gave me quite a scare,” she said on the phone and he had no doubt he was speaking about their son probably to his name sake. He didn’t even know the guy but he sounded like a gigolo. Millie glanced at the door and frowned when she saw him, he raised his eyebrows at her earning a frown in return.

“I will see you tomorrow if he gets better,” she said quietly and giggled. “I won’t forget. Go sharp.” She hung up and turned to look at him with an icy glare, funny how she had mastered glaring now and they were only reserved for him.

“Did you get lost? Noah is sleeping.”

“Lose the attitude, it doesn’t suit you,” he said walking towards her. “So what happened to Thapelo? He didn’t do it for you and you had to find another man who had the same name as me?”

“Believe me, I would have preferred if he had a different name,” she said facing the mirror. Zach stood behind her looking at her through the mirror and for a moment she got a chill down her spine at the close proximity but she didn’t show it.

“Is he the one making you lose weight?”

“Not that it’s any of your business but I chose to do this on my own for myself and not for anyone and you need to stop poking your nose in my business, you don’t see me hovering over you and asking you pointless questions.”

“Alright,” he stepped back putting his arms up in surrender. “But keep your guys away from my son, do you hear me? If you want to fuck around that’s on you don’t bring your gigolos around here.”

Millie seethed, he knew she would never sleep around or bring anyone around her son but she

was pushing her buttons on purpose because he was apparently a sadist who wanted to see her dwell in misery after he betrayed her and broke her heart into two.

“I wonder what I even saw in you,” she blurted out before she could stop herself.

Zach flashed a wicked grin. “I know exactly what you saw in me or should I say what I put in you.”

“Doesn’t it offend you that the only thing you are good at is sex?” she asked. “You know come to think of it, you are not all that romantic or loving Zach. You are a sex maniac and that’s all you care about nothing else but sex. You are just an empty shell, I would quit therapy if I were you, nothing will ever save you.”

Zach stared at her. “And the only thing you are good at is opening your fat thighs to any guy who glances your way and crying and playing

innocent when you are nothing but a hypocrite.”

“Say whatever you want but both you and I know there is nothing more that you can offer. You are dead inside that is why you have nothing else to give either than your overused dick and your bloody money. Let’s hope another rape victim doesn’t pop up anytime soon.”

“Fuck off Millie,” he grumbled before he stormed out of the bedroom.

Millie took a long deep breath before she faced the mirror biting her lip. How did things escalate so quickly and why did she provoke him again throwing his past in his face. Zach was going to turn her into someone bitter, if she didn’t learn to control her emotions. He listened to his car driving off before the tears spilled down her cheeks; she should have never went to his house that day.

His blood was boiling and he wanted to punch or hit something maybe a real person would do but that would land him in jail for assault. Millie didn't need him anymore and fuck her for acting like he was the worst thing to ever happen to her. He was seething when he got back to his place and found Reneilwe in the kitchen, probably trying to cook again. Her smile slipped off her face when he saw his angry expression.

"What happened?" she asked walking towards him.

"Nothing," he grumbled turning away from her. He felt like he was 15 all over again with no idea how to control his rage.

"It doesn't look like nothing," Reneilwe said quietly. "Do you want some water?"

"I don't want anything," he clenched his jaw not looking up at her.

"Is Noah very sick?"

"Noah is fine," he replied.

"Okay," Reneilwe said quietly. "I made toast and eggs, that is the only thing I can make right now." She chuckled but he didn't join her, he only stared at the wall. She was afraid he was going to burst in tears any time soon. She didn't know what had happened but it had to be bad for him to be seething like this. He rarely ever showed his emotions even when he was pissed.

"I am not hungry," he said firmly and she nodded slightly before she walked out of the kitchen leaving him in there. She was not going to pester him, so she walked off to the bathroom for her shower. He will tell her what was bothering him but for now she was going to let him be.

He was on the couch staring blankly at the screen when she walked out. He seemed calmer now so she straddled his lap and he let her.

“Are you going to tell me what’s wrong?”

Zach shook his head. “I am just so fucking tired.”

“Of?”

“Everything,” he admitted quietly.

“Did you and Millie have a fight?” she asked quietly.

“How is she so comfortable using everything I have told her against me all the time?” he asked in a low voice and Reneilwe could tell his voice was cracking. He had been doing so much better, laughing and chatting but she had never seen him like this.

“What did she say?”

“She said I have nothing else to offer than sex and money because I am nothing but an empty shell,” he looked down at her lap. “There is always something at the back of my head that reminds me that maybe I love sex more than normal people do.”

“All men love sex.”

“I was introduced to sex when I was 14,” he admitted quietly. “Tsholofelo said there is nothing wrong with liking sex but I used it to feel like I was in control back then when I slept around, I felt like I was in control again. Maybe she is right, you know? I don’t feel many emotions at an intense rate, only rage. I don’t feel that much sympathy and I do love having sex.”

“But you also care deeply about your children,” Reneilwe reminded him quietly. “You are not

some emotionally unavailable robot Zach. You are more than that and you know it. Millie is going to use your past because that's the only thing she has against you. I also love sex, very much so does that mean I am an emotionally stunted person?"

Zach scoffed. "No."

"Then you are not," she said putting her arms around him. "Why do you let your past control you so much? It's over Zach, none of it will ever happen to you again. You are safe now and you have people who adore you for who you are and wouldn't change a thing."

Zach tightened his arms around her waist resting his head on her breasts. "Sorry you had to see that."

Reneilwe smiled. "I thought you were going to throw me over the window when I asked what was wrong."

Zach pulled back and cradled her face. "I would never hurt you, not intentionally."

Reneilwe stared at him, his eyes had softened and she loved it when he looked at her like that.

When they first met, she didn't know he had the ability to ever look that soft but it took her breath away every time. The words were stuck in her throat wanting to come out as she continued staring at him but she pushed them down, it was too soon so she just leaned in and kissed him instead hoping she would show him how she felt without saying it in words.

Noah had fully recovered over the weekend so she went to the gym on Monday and left him with her mother. She was not so enthusiastic about another session, she didn't want to admit

it but the days she missed her sessions had been absolute bliss for her body even when she was worrying about her son.

“It’s good to see you Mills!” Victor grinned when she walked in the gym and held up his hand for a high five.

“Hey, Victor,” she said with a smile and subtly looked around for Oatile but he was nowhere in sight maybe he was going to come in later.

Victor chuckled. “He is in the store room looking for boxing gloves, he is training some guy today.”

“Who?” she blinked trying to play dumb but Victor chuckled again.

“You can’t fool me Mills, I am way ahead of you,” he said. “Come on let’s get started. Oatile is not joining us today so it’s just me and you.”

Millie groaned slightly, she had been in paradise and now it was back to hell.

She was a little disappointed that she was going to leave without seeing Oatile. She had to admit she had missed seeing his face the past few days. She had just opened the car door when she felt warm hands covering her eyes.

“Guess who?”

“Victor?” she said with a light chuckle.

Oatile scoffed dropping his hands. “That seriously hurt Mills.”

She giggled. “I didn’t think I would see you today.”

“I had to train a client but if you ask me I would rather look at you huffing and puffing all day.”

“You are cruel,” she said laughing looking up at him. He was a bit light skinned lighter than Victor and his eyes squinted at the corners when he was smiling or laughing, it made him

look cute despite the broad shoulders that were sort of intimidating.

“Were you going to leave without seeing me?”
He asked tilting his head.

“Is it a crime?” she was definitely flirting and she liked it.

“A very serious crime,” he said with a slight chuckle. They fell into an awkward silence. She wondered if he had a girlfriend, a cute guy like him, she was sure he had girls tripping over their feet for him and what was she doing thinking about whether he had a girlfriend or not? She was supposed to have sworn off men.

“So, there is this picnic movie thing that a friend of mine is hosting on Friday,” Oatile said quietly watching her expression. “Do you want to come?”

“Alone?” she teased and he laughed.

“Very funny,” he said. “A guy is trying to ask you

out on a date, come on.”

Millie bit her lip and nodded. “I’d love to come.”

“Yeah?” his grin widened and she couldn’t even take the cuteness anymore.

“Yeah,” she agreed softly trying to keep her composure even she was keeling over him inside.

P.S The comments about skipping povs are VERY unnecessary. Don't flood the comment section with those. Thank you!

[02/25, 19:16] #R: INSATIABLE

Chapter 96

Zach was being a baby which was totally understandable because in her experience,

Reneilwe knew there was not really a fine line between grown men and babies especially when it came to their emotions. She knew he never went a day without visiting his son unless he was not in the country but ever since he came back from Millie's house he had been staying away and claimed he was too busy. She tried talking to him but he kept brushing her off, in the morning when she tried to convince him to go he went down on her instead and gave her a mind blowing orgasm.

Reneilwe hated games unless she was the one playing them so she mustered up courage and drove to see Millie.

She had sounded surprised when she called her asking to meet for lunch but she had agreed and they set a lunch meeting at Nando's. She was a little bit nervous because she had never handled baby mama drama before but one

thing she knew; if Millie decided to go mean on her she was going to go vicious.

“I am so sorry I kept you waiting even though I am the one who asked to meet,” she said quickly as soon as she walked in the restaurant. “There was a lot of traffic on the way here.”

“That’s okay, I just got here,” Millie said with a slight shrug. Reneilwe smiled with a small nod. She looked a little different than the last time she saw her and she knew it would be totally rude to ask if she had lost weight since the last time they met.

“Thank you so much for meeting me,” she said. “I didn’t think you would agree to it honestly.”

“You said it was about my son.”

“Yes,” she said and chuckled. “Which is weird because I haven’t even met your son, well not officially.”

“I have a feeling you will soon,” she said drily

but there was no hint of anger or sarcasm in her voice, maybe just exhaustion. She would be tired too if she had a baby and was running a business on top of that. Just thinking about having babies made her shudder, she was not ready for that diaper life.

“If his father won’t stop sulking that is,” she said looking down at the menu and cleared her throat. “I have a feeling you know what I wanted to talk about.”

Millie shook her head staring at her, she looked flawless and maybe it was the make-up but she just oozed confidence all around not to mention how clean and prim she was. She had to keep herself from staring when she walked through the door cat walking in a powder blue pant suit and heels like she was wearing slippers.

“Okay,” she said flashing a smile. “Zach hasn’t been visiting his son since his last visit where you two had a fight, am I right?”

“Did he send you to talk to me?” Millie frowned, anger flickering in her eyes.

“No, no,” Reneilwe quickly said. “He would never get me to do anything certainly not his dirty job. I am just very concerned about him not visiting his son and I wanted us to really talk woman to woman you know?”

Millie leaned back in her chair shaking her head in disbelief. “It has been 3 days since he last saw him and didn’t even call to check if his fever had went down. Zach expects me to run after him and beg him to be there for his child and I can’t do that anymore. He bailed on me after I gave birth, did he tell you that?”

“Yes.”

“He is a man child who throws tantrums and cries childhood trauma when things don’t go his way.”

Reneilwe bit her lower lip. “He said you kept

throwing his past back at him and kept making him feel like he is worthless and is not fit to be a father. That is why he left.”

“I said it out of anger,” Millie said quietly. “Zach knows I didn’t mean it.”

“Not trying to be judgmental here Millie but um, once is a mistake but two or three times? That is just emotional abuse.”

Millie huffed in disbelief, she couldn’t believe what she was hearing, not only did this woman have the nerve to come and act like she knew what she went through she was calling her abusive.

“Did he tell you what led me to using his past against him?” she asked. “He called me a slut who didn’t even wait two weeks to sleep with him and he mentioned that I shouldn’t bring any of the guys I was sleeping with around his son. How am I the abusive one in this situation?”

Zach is like this, he will make you love him, make you feel over protective of him with his pity story then he will turn around and break your heart then expect you to take it because he was abused.”

Reneilwe blinked slowly shifting on her chair uncomfortably. She didn't believe in body shaming and any of that and the fact that Zach had said that to his baby mama just made her wonder what else he didn't tell her.

“He didn't tell you that, did he?” Millie asked seeing the expression on her face.

“No,” she admitted softly.

“Zach becomes more vicious every time he sees that he has lost his control over me. I am not going to be played by his mind games anymore and you can tell him that if he wants to abandon his son, he can forget about seeing him when he is older. I will raise him on my own

like his daughter was raised.”

“Zach still seems possessive over you,” Reneilwe said. “He likes control and he was okay with moving on because you were the one who divorced him but seeing you move on probably hurts like a bitch.”

“I don’t have anything against him moving on, he knows that.”

“Men and women are not the same,” Reneilwe said chuckling. “Men are like children, they are petty and throw tantrums and even resort to degrading so they feel good about themselves. My Ex used to tell me the reason he slept with my sister and got her pregnant was I didn’t have a domestic bone in my body and I was too busy or too mean. Unfortunately for him, I didn’t believe his lying ass. Even when he was with my sister he would send me texts to remind me about how much of a bitch I am and will never keep a man. It’s their coping mechanism.”

Millie stared at her before she licked her lips. “You are not mad that he was acting all possessive over me?”

“Oh, I am mad trust me,” Reneilwe smiled, a smile that would have sent anyone running. “It’s not easy breaking up, I get that but you can’t stoop to his level Millie. His childhood is not something that can be easy to pull back from, every time you throw it at him, it hurts not to mention he trusted you enough to tell you something so dark, most people just hide it. I used to live next door to a family with an abusive father, the child killed herself when she was only 16. Being hurt by someone who is supposed to protect you ruins you, It’s a wonder he hasn’t turned into an addict or serial killer. He is the father of your child, you can’t use that against him. If you want to hurt him when he acts out tell him his sex game sucks or something and I tell you his ego will be

bruised.”

Millie chuckled despite the ache in her chest, she had no idea how it sound when another person said it. She knew it was wrong but it was like she couldn't stop once she saw the effect her words had on him. She blinked away her tears and wiped her cheek with the back of her hand.

“You really love him, don't you?”

Reneilwe shrugged dismissively, he hadn't told the big baby yet and she was not about to admit it now.

“Maybe you will fill the void that's inside him, his father left quite a scar that no woman or any amount of money can fill.”

“All men are insatiable,” Reneilwe said. “But don't worry, I will spank him into a good boy in no time.”

Millie chuckled again, maybe Zach's mean girl

wasn't so bad. She might look intimidating but she could see herself getting along with her.

Zach was waiting for her when she knocked off flashing a grin like he hadn't done anything wrong. She rolled her eyes at him as she stepped out of the car, he walked over to her attempting to wrap his arms around her but she pulled back which made him frown.

"Bad day?" he asked tilting his head with a concerned frown.

"I would ask you who hasn't gone to visit his sick son yet," Reneilwe said.

"He is feeling well now."

"How would you know? You haven't called the mother or went to see him," she said narrowing

her eyes at him. "You let him down the first time when he was born, you weren't there to welcome him and now you won't even go to see how he is doing?"

"I.." he stuttered scratching his jaw avoiding her eyes.

"You what?" Reneilwe asked lifting an eyebrow.

"Babe, come on you know Millie and I had a fight."

"You mean when you body shamed the mother of your child?" she scrunched her nose up and Zach exhaled sharply. "I met Millie for lunch today because I felt sorry for you and I wanted us to talk woman to woman but how can you body shame someone you claim you love Zach?"

"That's not..." he trailed off shaking his head.

"Millie knows I didn't mean that."

Reneilwe chuckled. "Millie said the same the

same thing when I asked her about what she said to you. 'Zach knows I didn't mean it.' You guys sound like pre- school kids honestly. Do you want your baby mama back?"

Zach bit his lower lip shaking his head.

"Use your words!"

"No," he said softly.

"Then why are you hovering over her and acting like some jealous Ex?" She snapped. "I told you to sort your shit out before you came to me that I won't be dragged in between unfinished business between you and your baby mama. There are two things I hate in this world, 1: fake weaves, 2: weak men who don't know what they want."

Zach blinked and nodded slightly. "I am sorry, I shouldn't have said those words to her. Millie is beautiful the way she is. I am a prick, I am sorry."

“You are stressing out the mother of your child and being jealous that she is moving on,” she said. “I am not getting everything that I was promised here Zach, I guess that is what I get for falling in love with a newly divorced man.”

“You love me?” he asked as if he couldn’t quite believe it.

“Not now I don’t,” she snorted and walked in the house. Zach followed her to the bedroom as she took off her heels.

“You really do love me?” he asked sounding like an insecure teenager who just got his first love confession. He chuckled and sat on the bed looking at her. “I thought it was too soon but babe you know I love you too, right?”

Reneilwe’s chest warmed and she wanted nothing but to kiss him for that. She had been so terrified she was the only one who felt this way.

“And I am sorry I was a jerk,” he said softly standing up and took her hands in his. “I don’t mean to say those things and I will respect Millie’s privacy from now on. I promise.”

Reneilwe looked up at him before she kissed him. He quickly wrapped his arms around her waist lifting her from the floor but she stepped down and pulled back.

“Apologize to Millie and go see your son and then you can come back and tell me you love me.”

Millie was not surprised when Zach came to visit his son the next day, Reneilwe had looked like the kind of woman who knew how to get a man to do anything. She was working from home since her mother had a wedding to attend

in Serowe and she was still not comfortable with leaving Noah with just anyone so she decided to stay home. He came with a big bouquet of flowers wearing an apologetic expression, as much apologetic as his face could get.

“You are gorgeous the way you are and your body is the one that gave me the greatest gift of all time,” he said handing her the flowers. “I am sorry that I insinuated you are sleeping with um.. Oatile.” He cringed a little bit, he still couldn’t believe she knew a guy named Oatile.

“Thanks,” Millie said quietly taking the bouquet. “I am sorry I keep using your childhood against you, it is becoming a habit every time we fight and I hate it.”

Zach nodded. “You are the mother of my child, we are probably stuck with each other forever no matter what and of course I am always going to love you. I just didn’t think you would

be moving on so soon.”

“You moved on,” Millie said raising an eyebrow.

Zach sighed. “I know, I am sorry.”

“You really have double standards.”

“I will work on that,” he said quietly and walked to his son’s crib. He was asleep and looking peaceful as ever. “Where is your mother?”

“She is attending a wedding in Serowe, I think she will be back over the weekend,” Millie said then her eyes widened remembering the picnic movie thing she had promised Oatile. She didn’t want to flake on that. Noah was almost nine months and she was sure his father could babysit him.

“What are you doing on Friday?”

Zach shrugged. “I don’t know, probably be at the club.”

“Do you have an event?”

“No.”

“Well you do now,” she said jutting a chin at their son. “You will babysit him.”

Zach’s eyebrow arched all the way up to his hairline. “He is a baby.”

“You and your son need to bond after you bailing on him again for the second time.”

“I didn’t bail.”

“You were sulking, same thing,” she said with a shrug. “Maybe Reneilwe can get a taste of what it feels to be step mommy for the night.”

“Are you sure?”

“I know you will never let anything happen to our son.” She said giving him a small smile.

“Get your phone out so you take notes on the do’s and the don’ts while I put these in a vase. I have a feeling you and Reneilwe are going to need them.”

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Chapter 97

“I can’t believe you are missing out on girls’ night to babysit a child that is not even yours,” Isa said over the phone rolling her eyes for dramatic effect. Reneilwe cackled as she lay on the bed with her phone up as she video called her friends.

“You guys look gorgeous,” she said trying to soften them. They had made plans to go out for dinner on Friday and then hitting the club after that but Zach had asked her if she would like to babysit with him and even though babies, milk and diapers scared the hell out of her, she loved Zach enough to push her baby phobia and give it a try.

“This guy has you wrapped around his finger,

before you know it you will be pregnant with baby number 3 and you won't even have the time to go out anymore."

Reneilwe chuckled. "Have you bitches heard of contraceptives and family planning? I am not going to be pregnant anytime soon trust me."

"What if he wants a child?" Isa asked as if that is the worst thing that could possibly happen to anyone.

Reneilwe loved her friends but Isa didn't believe in nothing but working her ass off and getting the bag and she could understand her fear of family, she grew up in a large family and they barely had any means to meet their needs so it was tough on them.

"We are not even at the stage of fucking raw yet, stop tripping." Reneilwe rolled her eyes.

"Besides boy doesn't look like he is going to want kids anytime soon. He has a teenager and

a baby.”

“Yoh,” Sesame shook her head. “Lot of baggage if you ask me.”

“Don’t worry, the orgasms and the money make it so hard to see the baggage.”

“True,” Isa and Sesame both said in unison before they giggled.

Reneilwe snorted and looked up when she heard a car pulling in, Zach had went to fetch Noah and he was back.

“Okay bitches have fun and don’t forget no talking to strangers.”

“Yes mommy, enjoy your night with diapers and milk!”

“I plan to,” Reneilwe said with a laugh before she hung up and got up from the bed.

Zach walked in the living room balancing Noah over his shoulder with a baby bag over his

shoulder. She smiled at the sight; he looked so cute like he was not a whole club owner who intimidated people every day.

“Hey,” Zach greeted leaning in for a kiss.

“Hi,” Reneilwe beamed looking at Noah who was now staring at her. He was a cute child with chubby cheeks and he even had Zach’s eyes that she loved so much. She had even seen the same eyes on Zach’s daughter.

“Meet Noah,” Zach grinned.

“Hi Noah,” she waved and he tried grabbing her hand which made her chuckle. “Careful now, you will scratch your little hand on my nails.”

Noah made a grab for her hand again obviously fascinated by the long emerald green nails that she had on.

“Do you want to hold him?” Zach asked with a smile and gently handed her the baby when Reneilwe nodded. He watched as she looked

down at him, her face beaming like she was looking at something that was so fascinating.

“He is so heavy,” she said with a chuckle looking up at Zach.

“He eats a lot,” he snorted placing the baby bag on the couch before he sat down.

Reneilwe sat next to him placing Noah on her lap. He couldn't stop staring at her and making grabs for her hair or her shirt. He was easily fascinated by colorful things.

“He seems to like Auntie Renee,” Zach murmured putting his arm around his shoulder and staring down at his son. He was now speaking in his baby talk and looking at them like he expected them to understand which was the cutest thing he had ever seen.

He was happy that he was going to spend the night with him, he was probably not going to sleep but he was grateful for this. He had

expected Reneilwe to run for the hills when he mentioned the baby but she kept surprising him. He never knew what to expect with this woman, there was never a dull moment. He smiled and kissed her cheek catching her off guard.

“What was that for?” Reneilwe asked turning to face him.

Zach grinned at her. “I am just happy.”

Reneilwe’s grin mirrored his as they stared at each other before they looked back at Noah who was demanding their attention.

“I think he wants to sit down, he doesn’t want to be babied even though he is a baby.”

Reneilwe chuckled. “Just like his daddy.”

“Let’s sit down, little man,” Zach said softly taking out Noah’s sitting pillow and placed it on the carpet before Reneilwe carefully sat him down. They moved from the couch to the carpet so they could sit with him.

“Does he watch cartoons?”

“His mother plays them for him.”

“I downloaded Baby Shark just in case.”

“Nah, it’s Friday,” Zach said with a mischievous grin. “You want Amapiano, don’t you little man?”

Reneilwe chuckled when he babbled grinning at his father. Zach reached for the remote and shuffled his Amapiano playlist lowering the volume to a softer tone. Noah’s eyes widened before he cackled knocking himself with laughter. Reneilwe couldn’t help but smile, how cute was he?

They were still bobbing along with him when they had a missile dropping and a small surprised gasp left Noah’s mouth. Reneilwe scrunched her nose and looked at Zach.

“Did he just fart?”

Zach chuckled rubbing his son’s cheek. “Let it

out little man.”

“There is more?” Reneilwe’s eyes widened and her question was answered by another thunder. Noah was definitely pooping judging from the smell and he looked pleased while at it. She was certainly not ready for the diaper change.

“I am going to make some food,” she said standing up.

Zach chuckled, “Should I bring him along so you can change the diaper?”

“Don’t you dare!”

“It’s just poop, babe.”

“What do you want to eat? I think we have grilled chicken and steak from Red Feather.” she asked and didn’t even wait for him to reply before she disappeared in the kitchen. Zach chuckled looking back at Noah, one step at a time. She was going to get used to babies soon and he couldn’t wait to tease her about it.

She met Oatile at the picnic venue, he had wanted to pick her up but she felt like they were not in that stage yet to know where one stayed. She was going to take things as slow as possible and not rush into anything that she didn't want or was not comfortable with.

He was waiting for her by the parking lot at the events gardens where the movie picnic was being held. Millie bit her lip trying to steady her racing heart as she walked up to him leaning by his car scrolling down his phone. He looked up just in time to meet her gaze and a smile spread across his face as he shoved his phone in his pocket.

"Hey," he greeted softly reaching for a hug.

She inhaled in his scent, he smelt like after

shave and Nivea for men deodorant. It was nice, Zach always used Tom Ford perfumes and sometimes the smell used to choke her especially when she fell pregnant.

“You look lovely,” Oatile complimented with a soft grin pulling back to look at her. Millie grinned, she was wearing a blue shirt dress with sandals. She was glad she had done her hair into simple braids the day before.

“Thanks, you don’t look bad yourself,” she said nodding appreciatively at his black jeans and simple black T-shirt which looked so good on him.

Oatile chuckled. “Let’s go get snacks, what would you like?”

“Victor said I must stay away from junk food, do they have any fruit?”

“Everyone is entitled to cheat day, you are free to knock yourself out today.”

Millie raised an eyebrow. "And you won't rat me out to Victor?"

"I won't," he chuckled leading her to a grilling stand where they were selling all kinds of food.

He bought a large bucket of popcorn with two hot dogs and slushies' before they walked to the seats, well the seats were pillows and shawls spread on the green grass. Some people were already seated in couples of two or small groups those who came with their friends. It was a lovely ambience and she wondered why she had never done this before.

"Cute pillows," Millie said with a teasing grin as they sat down.

Oatile chuckled. "Don't even get me started on these, I had to send my sister to buy them when I heard about this picnic."

Millie grinned. "Thank you for doing this, I love it."

"I am glad," he said with a smile staring at her, Millie looked away from him, "O shy yaanong?"

Millie giggled, "Ae, tswa mo go nna."

Oatile chuckled.

Millie cleared her throat and turned to look at him. "I had no idea you and Victor had a sister."

"We have two sisters actually," he said. "They are both older than us, one lives in Lesotho though with her husband and her kids."

"Do you visit?"

"Sometimes," he replied with a small shrug.

"Have you ever travelled outside Botswana?"

Millie nodded. "I only went to Nigeria and Paris."

Oatile whistled appreciatively. "Hee, you are adventurous aren't you?"

Millie chuckled. "Not really, um I went with my Ex -husband for a wedding then ended making an impromptu trip to Paris."

Oatile nodded. "Vic told me you were married to Zachariah."

"You know him?"

"Only bits and pieces, Victor used to train with him," Oatile said with a shrug. "Can't picture you with him though, I don't see it. You are this innocent lovely person and he is well.. he is Zachariah."

Millie chuckled. "I am certainly not innocent."

"Is he the reason you wanted to lose weight?" He asked softly watching her, trying to gauge her expression.

Millie shook her head. "I wanted to do it for myself, I gained a lot of weight after the baby. I did it for myself."

Oatile nodded slightly. "For what it's worth, I think you are gorgeous."

Millie's face flushed as she stared at him, he

looked at her like she was the prettiest thing he had ever seen and it sent her heart racing. Their mini staring competition was interrupted by the MC speaking into the mic probably to welcome the guests before the movie started. She faced away from him looking back at the screen. She could see him smiling from the corner of her eye and she couldn't help but smile again.

The rest of the evening was nothing but bliss, she didn't think she could go for so long without calling to check up on her son but she trusted everything was fine. She might not trust Reneilwe but she trusted Zach and he knew he would kill anyone who messed with his kids. Millie did not want to the evening to end as Oatile walked her to her car.

"I feel bad about not driving you home," Oatile

said softly standing in front of her car.

“There will be plenty of times to drive me home,” she said with a small smile.

Oatile’s grin widened. “Does that mean there will be other times?”

Millie shrugged, she was trying to play hard to get hard but it was so damn with him looking so cute in front of her. “Maybe.”

Oatile nodded with a smile. “I hope you mean that, I know it can be hard to see someone else after divorce but I would really like to get to know you better.”

“Me too,” she said quietly. “But like you said, I want to take things very slow.”

“And I am with you on that,” he said watching her.

Millie nodded. “I guess I should go now.”

“Can I get a hug at least?”

Millie snorted when he opened his arms and she stepped in them as he wrapped his arms around her shoulders. She could stay in this embrace forever, she smiled when she stepped back a little. Oatile leaned in slowly watching her again probably trying to figure out if she was going to push him away but she didn't so his lips landed on hers. She didn't know men could have soft lips like this, she hummed in appreciation as she opened her mouth and let his tongue in. Everything in the background seemed to fade her as he deepened the kiss, resting his hands on her waist.

"Sure monna Oaty!" A voice shouted followed by a car horn and they pulled back remembering they were in the parking lot.

Oatile chuckled and shot a middle finger at the guy who had organized the whole event. He chuckled before he drove past them. He looked down at Millie with a smile and he opened the

car door for her.

“You will call me when you get home, akere?”

“I will,” she said buckling her seat belt. Oatile nodded and stepped back watching her start the car. Millie took a deep breath, she wanted to step out of the car and kiss him again but she had insinuated taking things slow.

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Chapter 98

Her Instagram had turned into a love-star gram over the past five months. She had never wanted to be one of those obsessive women who posted nothing but their relationships but she couldn't help it when her man gave her more content to work with. The months had been filled with nothing but bliss.

Reneilwe smiled as the car pulled in Millie's yard. It was Noah's first birthday and they had just landed from Paris right on time for the little man's birthday. She couldn't believe he was a year old already, babies grew faster than weeds.

"I can't wait to see him," Reneilwe said with a grin. Their trip to Paris had been nothing but blissful two weeks but she had to admit she had missed Zach's child and maybe the teenager too.

Zach had introduced them shortly after she baby sat Noah and she was a bright girl with big brains that Reneilwe loved. She was going to be leaving for Harvard soon and her father couldn't stop bragging about it. In her opinion, she was really killing this step mother thing, she had even bought the kids souvenirs from Paris.

"You look like you missed him more than me,"

Zach said with a teasing snort.

Reneilwe rolled her eyes as he turned the ignition off. She couldn't even wait for him to take the shopping bags out of the boot before she sauntered in the house. Her eyes brightened once they settled on little Zach on his feet standing in front of the TV, he could walk now but he was still not a master yet his steps were not firm but he loved standing that was for sure.

"Nay Nay!" he clapped his hands excitedly when he saw her and her heart warmed.

"Hey, little man," she said with a smile picking him up. "Did you miss Nay Nay?"

Noah giggled and nodded slightly.

"How was your trip?" Millie asked from the couch with a small smile. Reneilwe turned to look at her and Millie's eyes fell on the printed letters on her t-shirt; Lol, you not Zach.

“It was amazing,” she mused sitting down with Noah on her lap. “The wine in Paris is even much better, I wanted to just live there forever.”

Millie chuckled. “It’s a lovely place. Did you buy the shirt over there too?” Millie asked jutting her chin towards the letters on a t-shirt.

“I had it printed over there, it was actually an inspiration from Gigi Hadid, she did it when she was dating Zayn Malik and I loved it. It’s also to keep the guys away because they are definitely not him.”

Millie nodded biting her lip, she liked Reneilwe and she liked how she adored her son but sometimes she talked too much. It was like she even forgot that she was once married to the man and she would rather not be reminded about the travelling and the spoiling.

“Where is his father?” Millie asked glancing at the door.

“He is still getting the gifts for the birthday boy.”

“His birthday is tomorrow.”

“I know but we just couldn’t wait to come and surprise him,” Reneilwe said with a grin and looked down at Noah. “Are you excited about your birthday little man?”

“He should be,” Zach’s voice echoed through the room as he walked in, his hands laden with different kinds of shopping bags. Millie let out a sigh.

“I hope they are not all toys, his room is already filled with them already.”

“You could donate some of them to the charity foundation. We also help little children who come from less privileged families and it would be very good if the charity organization’s founder’s son donated some of his many toys,” Reneilwe chimed with a small smile.

Millie nodded slightly, Zach had opened his

charity foundation for abused children. She was proud of him and he seemed to be loving it, he was finally dealing with his pain.

She didn't think he would focus on girls too but he had told her that he wanted to help every child he could and it was doing well so far. It also helped that he knew quite a number of rich people who donated to the charity foundation and he had established trust with social workers. The foundation's main purpose was providing the abused children with the therapy they needed and make sure they seek help and don't lose their childhood because of the trauma.

"We have an event coming up for the children," Reneilwe continued. "It's a picnic sort of thing and the children from the homes will be invited. Any child could come and have fun, abused or not."

"That is great," Millie said quietly. "You guys are

really doing great for these kids.”

Zach shrugged before he opened his arms for his son. Reneilwe placed him down and he stumbled running towards him with a big grin on his face

“Dada!” he called brightly looking up at him.

Zach’s grin widened. “Did you miss dada little man?”

“Nay Nay!” he said proudly which made them all laugh.

“Is that so?” Zach raised an eyebrow. “It seems I have some serious competition here.” He teased.

“You can never win against Nay Nay,” Reneilwe stuck her tongue out at him before she turned to look at Millie. “So is there anything about his birthday party that you might need help with?”

“No, everything is sorted thank you.”

“Okay,” Reneilwe nodded and turned to watch Zach greeting his son, he was such a great daddy which only made her love him more.

“Is it okay if Noah sleeps over tonight?” Zach asked Millie. “I promise I will bring him back early tomorrow.”

“It’s fine,” Millie said with a small smile. She needed to invite Oatile over anyway and she couldn’t do that with Noah around.

He had met her son and they had been dating for five months and even though things have been great between them, she had been taking it really slow and him being the gentleman that he was didn’t push for anything further but now she was ready for that step in their relationship. She had given herself time and felt like it was time to get some loving that she deserved too.

“What is my beautiful wife busy with?” Gabriel asked walking in the bedroom to find Veronica on the bed with her iPad in hand and her concentrating frown. He had just finished helping Zoey with her homework and Zuri was already sleeping. He loved tending to the girls, he couldn’t wait for him and Veronica to finally have one of their own.

“Making a few notes for the Youth’s marriage counseling on Saturday,” she replied and looked up at him with a smile. “What is my handsome husband busy with?”

“Just finished Zozo’s homework,” he replied and sat next to her on the bed. Veronica had really been killing her role as a pastor’s wife. He had no doubt that she would from the moment he laid his eyes on her, he just knew that it was the kind of woman he wanted by his side forever.

“You are so great with them,” Veronica said softly caressing his cheek softly. He might be a pastor out but in the bedroom, he was just Lady Vero’s Gabby and he preened under her compliments and loved to be rewarded with multiple orgasms.

“They are great kids,” Gabriel said with a smile. “And Lefa makes it so easy to co-parent with him. I couldn’t ask for more.”

“What do you think about his lover?” Veronica asked raising an eyebrow. They had met Freddie at Zuri’s first birthday last month. He had been as eccentric as ever and they had clicked, they chatted about fashion and men and it was so refreshing and he seemed to like Lefakae a lot.

“Alfred?”

Veronica snorted. “Don’t let him hear you call him that, he prefers the name; Freddie.”

Gabriel chuckled. "He was such a character, he caught me off guard when he said he had always wanted to sleep with a pastor."

Veronica cackled recalling the shocked look on Gabriel's face when he had said that without even blinking. She had been terrified that her husband will run for the hills because straight men were idiots sometimes but he was really an angel and she couldn't say they hadn't had their differences before, everyone has those in marriages but even when they were arguing he was always soft spoken and they always prayed about it after.

"I bought you something," Gabriel said rising to his feet.

Veronica's grin widened at the mention of that, she loved gifts. He walked out of their closet with a red shoe box and knelt before her as he opened the box revealing a beautiful pair of red heels. Veronica gasped softly, her eyes roaming

over the shoes.

“Oh, Gabe,” she put a hand over her heart.

“Do you like them?”

“I love them,” she said with a nod. “And I love you.”

“Did Gabby do well?”

“Gabby did so well,” she smiled as he took out the shoes and gently put them on her feet. She stood up assessing her feet, they fit perfectly like they were made for her. She strutted across the room showing off while he watched and she could see the flicker of hunger in his eyes. She walked towards him slowly and placed the foot on his lap careful not to press too hard. His Adam’s apple bobbed as he swallowed hard taking in her leg, she was only in her short silky night gown.

“Does Gabby wants to play with Lady V?”

“Yes, please.”

Veronica smirked and leaned in to wrap her hand around his neck and licked his lips in one slow smooth wave which made him shudder.

“Gabby has been a very good boy and Lady V should thank him for being a wonderful father, lover and an amazing husband. Would he like that?”

“Very much,” he mumbled and couldn’t help the smile when Vero stepped back and reached for the tie that she had bought him. He knew what was coming and he loved every bit of it.

Millie's head was on Oatile’s shoulder and she looked up when the ending credits of the movie rolled. It was their second movie and after the dinner she had prepared, they had chatted a

little before they got engrossed in the movie. It was one of her favorite movies. Oatile looked down at her with a smile.

“I should probably go,” he said softly. He didn’t want to push her into anything, so far he had been doing well with not overstepping any boundaries.

“Or you can stay,” Millie said watching his expression.

“Really?” he asked looking down at her lips.

“Yeah,” she said softly before she leaned in for a kiss. Oatile quickly hoisted her up so she was straddling him and squeezed her waist as his tongue explored her mouth. She moaned softly pressing her chest against his. She could never get used to how good he smelt, it was heavenly. He was about to lay her on the couch when she broke away from the kiss, breathless and panting. She was not going to have sex on the

same couch that her son usually sat on while he watched his cartoons, that would be just wrong.

“Let’s go to the bedroom,” she said quietly.

“Okay,” he agreed before he picked her up like she weighed nothing. She was not skinny, far from it but she had lost some of the extra fat that she had gained during pregnancy. Before the pregnancy she wore size 38 and after she had to wear 40 now she wore 36 which had been such a moment for her. She had Oatile and Victor to thank for that, she could wear jeans now, she used to avoid them before because they made her uncomfortable.

She looked down at him as he carried her to the bedroom his eyes on her face. “What?”

“You are so beautiful,” he murmured softly.

Millie beamed and didn’t have the chance to reply before they walked in the bedroom and he placed her softly on the bed and stepped back

to shrug his t-shirt off and pull down his jeans.

She stared at his manhood, it was not fat and long like Zach's. It was short but still thick. He settled between her legs and continued kissing her while he palmed her breasts. She was already on the brink of exploding just from the touch. She couldn't wait any longer so she reached for a condom under the pillow and handed it to him and watched as he sheathed his shaft before he settled back between her legs with his head at her entrance.

She bit her lip as he started pushing in, it had been a year since she had sex.

"Fuck, it's so tight Mills," Oatile rasped, his veins bulging and pushed what was left inside of her.

Millie gasped softly feeling full, she was grateful that at least his short dick was thick. She moaned when he thrust inside reveling in

the pleasure. Oatile shut his eyes and pounded a little more before he felt himself explode in the condom. Millie frowned, she was not even there yet, not even close.

“Ah, you are so sweet Mills,” he said pulling out of her and plopped next to her looking exhausted like he had just ran a marathon.

Millie’s core was still throbbing and she wanted to ask if he was done but he stood up removing the condom and wrapped it in a tissue before throwing it in her bin by the door. She didn’t even care that he had good aim. He smiled at her and put an arm around her.

“I love you,” he said softly resting his head on her chest. Millie’s eyes burnt with unshed tears. Was that it? She didn’t even get to cum after waiting for a whole year!

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Chapter 99

She was the first to wake up since she had barely slept the previous night. It was hard to sleep when your core is throbbing and you are pressed against a guy who was snoring away peacefully after teasing you with his short finger. Millie didn't even have the energy to be mad, she had to make sure everything was set for her son's birthday party. The events planning company were about to arrive in a few minutes to set up so she made herself a cup of coffee with toast. She could have surprised Oatile with a good English breakfast in bed but after that poor performance she didn't even think she wanted to give him a glass of water.

"Hey," she looked up when his soft voice greeted and he walked in the kitchen in his clothes from last night. "Why didn't you wake me up?" he asked softly kissing her cheek.

“Um, I thought you looked exhausted.”

Oatile chuckled. “Yeah, I was exhausted but you could have woken me up.”

Millie nodded slightly and stood up heading to the kettle. “Would you like some coffee?”

“Yes, please,” he said with a smile sitting on the high chair next to hers. “When is Noah coming home?”

“His father said he will drop him off soon.”

“You and him are really doing this co-parenting thing well.”

Millie shrugged. “It wasn’t easy but we try.”

Oatile nodded and stared at her back, something was different about her. He had expected for her to be incredibly clingy after consummating their relationship but she seemed cold. He cleared his throat.

“Are we good?” he asked when she handed him

a mug of coffee.

“Yeah,” she said with a slight shrug.

“Millie,” Oatile called. “You know you can tell me anything. If you didn’t like what we did last night or you were not ready it is okay to tell me. We can take a step back from sex and wait for the right time until you are mentally ready.”

Millie sighed, she didn’t know how to breach this subject but she didn’t want to pretend just because she was scared of bruising his ego.

“I didn’t enjoy the sex last night,” she admitted quietly avoiding his eyes. Men were really sensitive about their bedroom performance and she didn’t want this blowing up in her face.

Oatile looked down at his mug; he didn’t seem that surprised so maybe his past lovers had told him that he wasn’t that great in bed. He shifted on the chair uncomfortably before he cleared his throat again.

“Um when I started training I used to take body enhancer supplements because I wanted to gain muscles,” he said quietly. “It messed with um; my dick size and it shrank. I also lost the desire to have sex after a while. I couldn’t even get an erection.”

Millie bit her lip, she had heard stories about men in the gym and Oatile admitted he had joined his brother in training a few years ago after he lost his job then they started the gym together with the funds from his savings and his brother’s clients that he had already been training.

“I stopped taking them a year ago,” he said wistfully. “I didn’t think I would have the problem anymore since I got an erection.”

“It’s not about the size or the erection, it’s about you taking care of your needs and left me to fend for myself. You didn’t even take time to appreciate my body and make cum with your

fingers or your tongue or pay attention to my breasts. You just kissed me and shoved it in then after a minute you were done.”

Oatile grimaced. “I didn’t think I would last if I kept exploring your body and you were so tight and warm I couldn’t hold it in.”

“Romance is very important, I am a woman Oatile I need the touches and the compliments before we can do the deed.”

Oatile nodded slowly before he looked up at her warily. “So, are you breaking up with me?”

Millie stared at him, it would be a good reason to dump him but he was so nice and so kind, he was only three years older than her but he was really mature, more than Zach that was for sure. He didn’t even blow things out of proportion when she mentioned his weak performance.

“No,” she replied quietly.

Oatile stood up and walked over to her side

placing his hands on her waist and pulled her closer.

“I am so sorry baby,” he murmured softly before he kissed her forehead. “I will make it up to you tonight if you are not too tired and we can try again. Is that okay with you?”

“Okay,” Millie nodded and looked up at him. He leaned down and kissed her instantly plunging his tongue in her mouth. If only he could fuck as he kissed then they wouldn’t have any problems. He didn’t have crazy raging baby mamas and he was not the overly party type, when he was not at the gym he was at home and he liked that about him the most.

“Yes wena birthday boy!” Reneilwe said cheerfully as Noah bobbed along to the music

playing in the car. She was sitting in the back seat with him because he hated sitting in the car seat when he was awake. He always made a big fuss out of it.

“This one is a party animal,” Zach said laughing.

“Where do you think he gets it from?” Reneilwe asked teasing before she fixed his bucket hat. He was dressed in cute little jeans and tiny Air Jordan’s with a spider man sweater. The more he grew, the more he looked like the lighter version of his father. Millie’s light skin genes had diluted Zach’s darkness.

“Not from me I know that for sure,” Zach said making Reneilwe laugh again.

“Utlwa papa areng,” Reneilwe said looking down at him on her lap. He stretched his arms wanting to be picked up again even though he was on his lap. “Mara Noah wa lapisa tlhe rra.” Reneilwe said before he hoisted him up so he

could watch the cars outside the window. He giggled cheerfully watching the other cars speeding by in delight. He squealed when he saw a fast car overtaking. He babbled in delight pressing his little hands against the window.

“Boys will be boys,” Reneilwe chuckled watching him. “Are you going to talk to Khumo today?” she asked looking at Zach.

Zach sighed, he had been dreading the conversation but he knew he had to talk to her about the campaign against sexual abuse and helping the victims. Khumo was unpredictable and would probably laugh in his face if he suggested something like that but Reneilwe had been asking him to talk to her and see if she might want to join his campaign and charity foundation.

“I will try,” he said quietly.

“I know you can do it,” she said with so much

surety that warmed his heart.

“This campaign and the charity foundation have really been good for me,” he said glancing at her in the rear view mirror. “I felt like I was drowning in my thoughts before and sometimes I felt like I didn’t deserve half of the things I have because of what I done but you showed me that I deserve all of that and more.”

“You do,” Reneilwe said grinning at him through the mirror. “And you can always count on me to have your back ntwana.”

Zach chuckled. “I love you ntwana.”

“I love you too,” she smiled softly, every time he said those words was like her first time hearing them. They always left her wanting more of him.

Noah startled them when he squealed again seeing a car drive past them. They both chuckled looking down at him. He was such a hurricane sometimes.

Hope was already dressed and waiting for them when they arrived. She hurried for her brother and picked him up with giggles and smiles.

“Ope!” Noah called cheerfully raising his arms.

“Hey Oah!” she greeted him with a grin. “You look so handsome today, happy birthday.”

Noah only cackled clapping his hands as she kissed his cheek and looked at her step mother.

“How is my Harvard genius?” Reneilwe asked giving her a small side hug.

Hope grinned. “I am good, how is my evil step mother?” She teased. Reneilwe chuckled, she had always joked about being the evil step mother because most of the movies with step mothers always had them being evil.

“I am awesome,” she replied and glanced at Zach who was staring at the closed house. “Is

your mother home?”

“Yeah, she and Lesang are making breakfast.”

“Zach,” Reneilwe called urging him on.

Zach sighed and nodded before he walked to the door and knocked softly. Lesang opened the door and frowned at him. They had really tried to minimize their interactions because the guy always looked ready to kill him and he was not afraid of him but he didn't want to kill anyone anytime soon or in the near future.

“Can I talk to Khumo?” he asked.

“About?”

“In case you forgot, we have a daughter.”

“Who is old enough to make her own decisions so why do you want to see her?”

Zach groaned slightly, he was really starting to get on his last nerve with his cockiness and kasi attitude.

“I am trying to be civil here, stop acting like a prick when I want to talk to the mother of my child.”

“What is going on?” Khumo asked walking to the door and looked at Zach with a small frown. “Is everything okay?”

“Yeah, I just wanted to talk to you.”

“Come in,” she said glancing at Lesang and made her way inside the living room. Zach followed and sat on the couch clearing his throat. They might be civil now but it will never change the fact that he was her rapist and she was his victim but it didn’t have to be like that anymore. She had been a victim for too long.

“Um, I wanted to talk to you about the abuse campaign I have started,” he said quietly.

Lesang was leaning on the wall with his arms folded, watching him like a hawk. “I wanted to know if you would like to work with us in

helping those who have been assaulted or abused, it has helped me working with those children and all the others made me feel better and I wanted to see if you can. You are a survivor after all and not a victim.”

Khumo blinked before she glanced at Lesang who had stopped glaring at Zach and was now watching her.

“Um, I am not good with public speaking,” she said turning to face Zach.

“You don’t have to speak, you can just be involved and maybe talk to the few girls at the support groups.”

“Just like how you wanted to talk to people suffering from alcoholism babe,” Lesang said gently catching him off guard.

“We can expand it to that too just like I like dealing with troubled boys you can deal with alcoholism too.”

Khumo swallowed hard and nodded. "I'd love to."

Zach nodded slightly. "My lawyer will send you the papers and everything and you will read through them. You will also be paid of course."

Khumo nodded slightly and Zach stood up nodding at them in farewell. Reneilwe and Hope were chatting up a storm when he walked out. He smiled at them and nodded at Reneilwe who gave him a proud smile.

Two days after Noah's birthday, Oatile invited her to dinner so she had to ship Noah to her father again. They hadn't tried to have sex again after that failed attempt, she was honestly scared of being disappointed again but after dinner they drove to his house in Phase 2. It

was not her first time coming over but she was always amazed how clean and organized his house was, always.

He put on Stephen Sanchez's until I found you and smiled at him holding out his hand.

Millie giggled stepping in his embrace as he started swaying to the music singing to him. He didn't know the lyrics which made her giggle in delight as he say to her the chorus.

"I said I will never fall again until I found her," he murmured softly in her ear. His soft voice sent shivers down her spine and she looked up at him with a soft gaze. He leaned down softly before he captured her lips in his. She hummed in pleasure as he ran his hand from her back to her butt and squeezed gently. She bit his lower lip softly and he led her to the couch laying her down. He trailed his hand over her breasts and squeezed lightly sending tremors over her body.

Oatile unzipped the dress and pulled it down to reveal a pink bra with matching panties. It looked good against her yellow skin.

“You are so beautiful Millie,” he murmured, his voice laced with lust. Millie bit her lip.

“I want to see you.” she said softly and he shrugged off his t-shirt. She ran her hand over his hard chest down to his manhood. It was already hard and stiff. He unbuckled his pants pushing them together with his boxer briefs. She was about to touch him but he shook his head.

“I want to explore your body,” he said softly and leaned in to trail kisses down from her breasts to her womanhood. He pushed her panties down in one sweep and swept his tongue over her wet clit. She moaned softly, writhing on the couch. He hummed in appreciation as she widened her legs and he dug his tongue in diving in and out. She pressed his head down

panting and calling out his name. She felt her body tremble, he kissed just like he kissed her mouth. She shuddered when she felt an orgasm ripple through her body. He lapped her juices up like thirsty cat slurping milk. He pulled back while she was still trying to catch her breath and kept his eyes on her as he reached for a condom and sheathed his shaft. He crowned at her entrance before he pushed in slowly watching her purse her lips.

“Fuck,” he cussed softly. “Mills, you are so soft.”

Millie grabbed on to his butt pushing more of him inside and bit her lip when he started moving. She moaned softly feeling him hit her sensitive spot.

“Mills, I am going to cum!” Oatile whined increasing his pace.

“Don’t you dare cum, I am almost there!” she

shouted pushing back to meet his thrusts.

“It’s so good,” he grunted. “ah, Millie mma!”

“Don’t you dare,” she pushed him down and kissed him hungrily and scratched at his butt pushing him in. She moaned and he pulled back sucking the side of her neck. He looked down and watched as he disappeared inside her yellow flaps. He groaned, he could feel his orgasm coming but he was not going to explode before she reached her peak. She moaned and screamed when she felt another orgasm ripple through her.

“Oatile!” she shouted and the wetness from her orgasm made it easy for him to slide in and out and he finally exploded seeing black spots.

“I love you,” Millie said softly with her eyes still closed.

Oatile chuckled. “I love you too.” He kissed her damp forehead.

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Chapter 100

A YEAR LATER

Reneilwe shuddered as the sea breeze hit her skin when she stepped on the yacht patio. Everything looked amazing and elegant just like she had envisioned it to be. There was a long table lit with candles and gorgeous flowers with fine china and expensive cutlery, the whole setting exuded money just like the rest of the yacht that they were on. It had been mad expensive renting it for the rest of the day but it was worth it when she looked up to see Zach's surprised smile as he took the rest of the setting in.

“What is this?” He asked looking down at her. Reneilwe had no idea how she was going to control herself with him looking so fine in the dress shirt with the top buttons undone to reveal his chain and a peek of his tattoos.

“Happy birthday!” the rest of the gang cheered raising their glasses up at Zach. Zach chuckled shaking his head. They had spent the day together and he had thought that his birthday celebrations were over since he got the birthday sex in the morning, the lap dance and Reneilwe had given him the best cake he ever had by smearing cake all over her breasts. It was something he was never going to forget; she was such a wild cat.

“You guys are very conniving, how did I not know about this?” Zach asked with a chuckle heading to the table holding his girlfriend’s hand. Everyone was here, Tumo and Rori, Lefakae and Freddie. He didn’t even know they had plans of

coming to Cape Town. It was their favorite vacation spot. He and Reneilwe had travelled a lot but it always ended up in Cape Town because she loved the beach and wine.

“Because your girl is cunning,” Lefakae said nodding at Reneilwe with a grin.

“Who, me?” She batted her fake lashes putting a hand on her chest innocently.

Zach grinned before he kissed her cheek. “She is cunning as she is beautiful, you keep surprising me every day my love.”

“I know,” she said with a giggle. “I have another surprise for you though.”

“There is more?” he raised an eyebrow.

Reneilwe nodded with a grin and faced the yacht’s door. Zach chuckled in disbelief when Kola and Femi walked in the patio.

“Zachariah, you motherfucker!” they shouted in

unison and he stood up walking over to greet them in tackles as usual. Reneilwe grinned watching them. It didn't take much to convince them to come to Cape Town, Kola had wanted to decline though, he seemed to hate travelling and he was going through a divorce but Femi had managed to convince him to join them.

"You motherfuckers are here," he said still in disbelief. He would never admit it but he had missed them so much.

"Happy birthday Zach, you keep getting old now oga."

Zach chuckled. "Still going to be motherfucking Zachariah even when I am 100 and in diapers."

"Eww, let's not talk about diapers when I am about to eat," Rorisang scrunched her nose making them chuckle.

"And may I just say your woman here is very persuasive, I couldn't even say no to her," Kola

said glancing at Reneilwe.

“She is a woman of many talents,” he said winking at Reneilwe who chuckled slightly.

They all sat down and the waiters brought the bottles of wine and champagne that they had ordered.

“It’s nice to see you took my advice and settled down Lefa,” Femi said with a small smirk.

Lefakae rolled his eyes. “I didn’t take your advice, don’t flatter yourself.”

“Still feisty I see,” he teased.

“OMG, you are not like flirting with my boyfriend while I am right here are you?” Freddie asked with a hand over his heart. He was wearing a white see through shirt and he looked ethereal with his hair dyed pink.

Tumo snorted reaching for his glass, he was always up for some Freddie drama.

“No,” Femi said shaking his head. “I am straight, trust me.”

Lefakae smiled putting a hand over his shoulder. “Pumpkin, ignore him. He is mentally ill and he sometimes forgets his gender and everything.”

Freddie’s face morphed into a sympathetic frown. “Oh My God, really? It must be so tough on you. Hash tag pray for Femi,” He put his hands in a praying form.

Zach and Tumo looked at each other before they erupted in laughter.

“So, how is Hope?” Femi asked once the laughter had died down.

“She is doing great in Harvard, it’s like she belongs there. She even has this curly haired boy as her boyfriend,” Zach said with a snort shaking his head.

Reneilwe rolled her eyes. “His name is Cody and he is from Texas. He is a lovely boy and you

promised you will accept their relationship.”

“I promised no such thing,” Zach said with a sigh shaking his head. “White kids are just unhinged and out of control, I want her to focus on her studies.”

“That kid was a nerd and they study together all the time, she is an adult now and she can even get married if she wants,” Rorisang chimed in.

“Over my dead body, she is still a baby and she has to get a degree,” Zach said.

“Reneilwe is too young to be dating too but here she is,” Tumo said with a snort which made Zach roll her eyes.

Reneilwe chuckled before she stood up with her glass of champagne clicking the glass. “Alright, everybody can I have your attention? Before we bring the cake out even though Zach had already his cake,” she turned to wink at him earning a wolfish grin before she continued. “I

just want to say thank you all for coming and for loving this grumpy bear of mine unconditionally and for also accepting me in his life. He is the best thing that has ever happened to me and I just want to say; happy birthday my love, may you continue being the best lover to me, the best father to your beautiful children and the best friend and brother to your friends.”

“Not forgetting the coolest motherfucker on earth!” Femi chimed in tipping his glass at him.

Reneilwe chuckled. “And that too, you have shown me love and patience than I have ever known and I couldn’t ask for more, I love being yours and I love that you are mine. So here is to more life my love, and here is to love, success, good health and securing the motherfucking bag! Cheers to Zee.”

“Cheers!” they all chorused back.

Zach stood up and wrapped his arms around

her to kiss her while they clapped and whistled for them. He grinned pulling back smiling at her.

“She thinks she is slick,” he said with a chuckle.

“I know this is my day but I have a surprise for you baby girl.”

“What is it?” Reneilwe asked.

Zach motioned to one of the waiters who were serving them and grinned down at Reneilwe and everyone who was waiting for the surprise. The waiter walked back with a bottle of wine which he handed to Zach.

“If you know Renee you know she is a lover of the good life and good wine,” he said with a low chuckle. “The first time we drank wine together; she forced me to drink and called me uncultured. I told her I didn’t like wine before but she told me it is how you drink it that matters but I really think it’s who you drink it with that really matters. Over the past two years, you

have shown me that love is like wine it keeps getting better and better with time. So, I made this for you.” He handed her the bottle and she gasped softly when she saw their picture on the bottle with their initials.

“Ten years later, we will be opening that wine celebrating our tenth anniversary,” Zach said softly and Reneilwe gave him a small frown which quickly turned into a small gasp when he pulled out a black square box.

“Reneilwe, you are a whirlwind and hurricane all in one. You drive me against the wall when you are being stubborn but I also know that you drive me crazy. You push me to do better every day and I know for a fact that it’s you,” he said softly. Her eyes were brimming with unshed tears. “I don’t know what I did to deserve you but I want to thank you for being in my life. You said you were not sure about marriage a year ago but here I am asking for forever with you.

Will you marry me Nay Nay?”

She chuckled at the nickname that his son called her, he was two years now but he still called her Nay Nay.

“Say yes!” Rorisang hollered.

Reneilwe chuckled wiping her cheeks. “You ruined my make-up but yes I will marry you Zee, there is no one else I’d rather marry.”

Zach chuckled before he slipped the ring on her finger. It suited her just right. He cradled her face in his hands and kissed her earning whistles and laughter again. He knew he was not going to mess it up this time around, he was also never going to double cross his new fiancée unless he wanted her arrested for arson. She was the wine to his whiskey.

“Can’t believe you are doing it again,” Kola said with a slow chuckle as they watched Reneilwe,

Freddie and Rorisang dancing already tipsy. "I know I will never do it again."

"Never say never," Femi said with a slow grin. "In my opinion, I would have wanted you to be with Millie forever."

"That's old news," Zach said with a shrug. "I guess even Oyama's look alike was never meant to belong to any of us."

"Who is Oyama?" Tumo asked with a confused frown.

"Their first love," Kola said with a chuckle. "One of the Nigerian professors who taught us in Ghana had a daughter called Oyama. These two were just crazy head over heels but she only had eyes for this one, don't know what she saw in him." He tipped his glass at Femi.

Femi smiled warily. "I was also very charming back then, mind you."

"What happened to her?" Lefakae asked.

Zach and Femi glanced at each other.

“She was killed by terrorists, they had a grudge against her father,” Kola replied for his friends. “Femi was there when she was shot.”

“That’s awful,” Lefakae said quietly shooting Femi a sympathetic glance.

“Femi has fucked every woman in Lagos looking for Oyama,” Kola shrugged. He was tipsy so the flood gates were open and he was just spilling his guts out. “No such luck finding her maybe you should have fucked Zach’s Ex.”

“You are drunk, Kola.”

Kola laughed and took a gulp of his beer.

“Women are nothing but vipers and liars. I am better off without her. I don’t fucking need her! It was an arranged marriage anyways and it served it’s purpose so whatever man.”

“Kola,” Zach called firmly but he shook his head. The divorce seemed to have pretty rattled him.

Ini had cheated on him and went back to his village boyfriend that she claimed to have loved so much.

Femi sighed reclining on his chair. "Love is overrated sometimes."

"Can't say I relate, I am a happy man."

"Lucky you," Kola scoffed and raised his bottle. "Here is to love and bitches who fucks us over."

Zach chuckled shaking his head. It had seemed like love was far-fetched too but when you had the right person contentment and satisfactions were easy, you just needed to find that one person who you couldn't get enough of even in awful days.

"Oh, yes," Millie moaned as Oatile slid in and

out of her slowly from the back. She hated this position before but she learnt that it was even better than any other position and she felt him deeper like this. He spanked her butt slightly which made her fist the sheets and moan again.

“You will wake Noah up,” Oatile chided gently pulling her behind so he could hit it.

“It’s so good,” she moaned pressing her cheek against the pillow feeling her body tremble before she shuddered as the orgasm rippled through her body. Oatile continued increasing his pace as she was still trying to catch her breath. He had really improved over the past year and a half that they had been together. He easily got an erection now and could go on for hours if he was up to it.

Oatile groaned before he filled the condom with ropes of cum and pulled out panting. She grinned watching him dispose the condom before he walked over to the bed and gently

placed her head on his shoulder.

“And tomorrow you will be praising God,” Oatile teased with a light chuckle. Millie giggled slapping his chest playfully.

“You will be too,” she said.

“I am not the one having sex before marriage.”

“Haa, who was grunting like a wounded animal just minutes ago?”

“I am Adam who was lured by Eve into eating the apple.”

“You seem to be enjoying the apple very much,” she said with a snort.

Oatile’s hand trailed down to her womanhood.

“It’s a very delicious apple.”

Millie squirmed as he kept rubbing his hand. “I can’t go again, it’s almost time for Noah to wake up.”

Oatile’s mouth opened and as if on cue they

heard Noah's cries from his bedroom. Millie giggled and reached for her gown getting out of the bed. Her baby boy turned out to be very clingy and he cried when he woke up alone like he was not used to it, sometimes when Oatile was not sleeping over she slept with him on the bed.

"Should I make you guys my famous pancakes?" Oatile asked with a grin.

"Famous from where?" she asked with a chuckle. "Make them baby, I love your pancakes."

Oatile nodded and got up to spank her butt squeezing softly. "Lerago la ga Oaty banna."

"Lerago lame," Millie chuckled and ducked before he could press himself against her.

"I will get you later!" he called after her as she disappeared into Noah's room.

"Hey baby," she greeted with a small smile, he

was already standing in his crib rubbing his sleepy eyes.

“Mama!” he raised his arms and started sniffing again.

“Oh, I am so sorry baby,” she cooed picking him up. “Mama is here now, did you have a bad dream?”

“Papa!” he called widening his eyes.

“You want to see papa?”

Noah gave a small firm nod, Millie sighed hoping Zach was awake wherever he was to videocall with his son. She walked out with him and took out her phone and called him. He had said they were spending his birthday weekend in Cape Town and they left on Thursday, he and Reneilwe were always all over the place.

“Hello,” his voice sounded groggy and thick with sleep when he answered.

“Hey,” she greeted quietly. “Your son woke up missing you, can you video call?”

“Okay, give me a few seconds.”

Millie hung up and looked down at Noah who was reaching for her phone. “Papa will call in a few seconds boy boy.”

He bit his trembling lip and she sighed, this boy never wanted to hear anything when it came to his father. He called a minute later and he answered the video call, Noah squealed when he saw his father.

“Hey, little man,” he greeted with a smile.

“What’s up?”

“Waaasup,” Noah imitated making Millie laugh.

He chatted with his father for a good 20 minutes before he finally got bored and decided he wanted to do something else. Millie chuckled.

“He is already bored,” she said to Zach.

“He lasted longer today, usually it’s always 5 minutes.”

“I guess he really missed you,” she said with a smile. “Happy belated by the way.”

“Thank you, did you bake me a cake?” he asked with a teasing lilt to his voice.

“As if,” she said with a snort. “You have really grown Zach, I am proud of you.”

Zach shrugged. “I am still me.”

“Yeah but you have really done well for yourself.”

“You too, I heard from Bontle you are baking a cake for the minister’s son’s wedding.”

“Yeah,” she said proudly. “Business has been great.”

“Good, I knew you would kill it.” He said and cleared his throat looking like he had something he wanted to say. “I asked Renee to marry me

last night, I just thought I should let you know before you hear it from someone else.”

“I am happy for you both, you deserve it,” she said with a small smile.

She could have spent all the years wondering why Zach decided to be faithful and pull out the good man card now but she didn't want to dwell on the past. They were two people who had found each other when lost and thought they could fix each other but it was impossible in the end, too many scars and too many words.

“Thanks,” he said. “I guess I will see you when we get back, take care of yourself Mills.”

“You too,” she said quietly and they stared at each other for a little while before he hung up. Millie turned to look at Noah and picked him up so he could give him his bath. She and Oatile had discussed the future but she knew she was not ready to get married right now, she was still

young and she had her business to grow and they were still learning each other. He had asked about it but she had told him they should wait at least this year and when they were both ready, they could finally take the final step.

“Bokie, again!” Zuri clapped her hands cheerfully when Bokang put her down after twirling around with her in the air.

“That’s enough flying for one day Zuri,” Veronica chided gently frowning at her. Zuri was only 2 years but she was a very adventurous chatter box who couldn’t stop talking once she started and sometimes mixed the words with gibberish talk. She was different from cool and calm collected Zoey.

Zuri looked up at her uncle with puppy eyes and

Bokang chuckled picking her up. "We will spin again tomorrow, autlwa Zu?"

Zuri nodded with a grin and he placed her down. She ran to join her sister who was playing with her dolls and her doll house. Bokang chuckled before she sat down on the chair next to Veronica. It was not Phakalane but they had a great place here.

"So, where is Pastor Gab?"

"He went to get chicken feet," Veronica said with a pleased grin. She couldn't wait to eat the chicken feet and the gizzards with fat cakes, her mouth just salivated at the thought of them.

Bokang shook his head. "They should ban pregnant women from eating, you guys over do it."

"It's just chicken feet," Veronica said defensively before she chuckled putting a hand on her three months little baby bump. Gabriel

said it was a boy and she believed him. She also had a feeling it was boy, when she prayed she made sure to pray for a baby boy and God had answered her prayers.

“So, are you seeing anyone?”

“Yoh, Vero dude,” he said shaking his head.

Veronica chuckled. “This is the age to date and get heartbroken dear brother, there are plenty of girls around even at church too.”

“Ng, ng let me be.”

Veronica laughed throwing her head back. Gabriel’s car pulled in the yard which made her smile. He stepped out and the girls rushed to him. He picked Zuri up and put an arm around Zoey before they walked to the verandah. He kissed his wife’s cheek and greeted Bokang with a fist bump.

“Sho, BK.”

“Sho, Pastor G,” he said with a smile and glanced at the plastic bag. “Chicken organs?”

Gabriel chuckled. “The very best, I had to drive to Mogoditshane for these.”

Bokang whistled shaking his head at her sister.

“You are out of control.”

“Leave me alone.”

“This is nothing, last week she wanted watermelon in the middle of the night.”

“Did you go get it?”

“Of course not,” Gabriel said laughing. “But she was so mad at me even when I tried to tell her the shops were closed.”

“Pray for her Pastor G.”

“But I love it,” he said with a smile and looked down at Zuri who was pulling at his hand.

“Yogo, daddy.”

“I didn’t bring yoghurt sweetheart but let’s go eat ice cream, are you in Zo?”

“Yes,” she said in delight and they followed him inside the house.

Bokang grinned back at Veronica. “You three are exhausting my pastor.”

“He said it himself that he loves it,” she said with a smile. “Are you coming with us to Serowe for Uncle Rapula’s wedding?”

“I wouldn’t miss it for the world,” Bokang said with a chuckle. “I want to see the wedding he was bragging so much about.”

Veronica laughed, she sometimes wondered what would have happened if Bokang hadn’t baked those space muffins. Maybe she would still be miserable and chasing after the good life maybe her mother could have changed but she knew that was not true, her mother would have stopped at nothing to get what she

wanted. Greed was a very dangerous thing and once you got a taste of your heart desires, it was hard to stop. She was glad she was not a slave to earthly desires anymore, she was content and satisfied with her life, her mother's thirst had killed her father and her in the end. She had a family and a purpose to fulfill and it was more than enough for her just like Millie had said.

THE END!!!!!!