

[04/13, 00:50] Lynne: PROLOGUE

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Love is fragile as a flame. It can burn out. Any storm can fizzle it out and leave ashes. Reminders of what used to be. Reminders of something that used to set your whole soul on fire. Love.

As precious as it is, it is also a drug. One that you want to keep on taking everyday once you've had a taste. Its addictive to the point that you would do anything and everything to have it again.

Love can kill you. Leave your soul empty and have you wishing that you were actually six feet under.

I hate love. Love never knew my name from the get go.

From the time of my conception till when I left home or rather sent away for school it was never attracted to me.

I don't know how love feels like but apparently I have an aura of love and sweetness according to some whispers on the streets.

Being so casually aware of the pitiful glances from people pisses me off.

But I hide the fiery temper beneath a cool facade that I have mastered ever since the age of ten when I discovered how cruel the world can be and how even those you expect to and I quote 'LOVE YOU' thought you were nothing but a liability. Regardless of whatever you did to gain their approval in the hopes of getting some sense of comfort and safety from them they still hated you with passion and I can proudly say the feeling is mutual.

I sat in front of the mirror and introspected my whole physique.

My eyes were nothing special. Actually I was not special and I had horrible sight to say the least.

None of the guys in campus had showed any interest in a plain old Jane like me. To them I was just the sweet and anti-social girl and I guess I was relieved because God knew I wasn't one with the

crowds.

I sighed as I tied my braids into a simple bun and got ready for class.

It was my normal routine really. To do some introspection and then head to class, listen to the lecture and head back to my room.

My roommate rarely sleeps here because she has a boyfriend who makes sure she's well off and she also has rich parents.

And I work my ass off to leave this fucking country and get away from everything. I have nothing to lose. I was never given the prestigious surname, instead I got the one that no one was used to as I was never 'loved'.

Crazy I know but that's how my life has been and I guess I like the surname now. It belonged to someone who was compassionate and though I never loved her nor she me, I tolerated her.

And this is how it all began.

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[04/13, 00:51] Lynne: 01

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I walked through the hallway looking for the lecture room in this huge school. The best university in Botswana as many say. To me it's just school. Plain old school where I ace my way through everything cause I have nothing better to do with my fucking time.

"Sethunya wait!!" I glanced to see some blonde haired bimbo calling my name.

I put on my best smile and faced her.

"Hiii..." I dragged my greeting cause well I don't know her name.

She pulled her hand out for a greeting and I just stared at her. She retracted her hand and started to

speak.I blocked out the conversation but she mentioned something about her being called Selena or Serena,well something along those lines.Not really interested.How she knew my name?I don't know and don't really care.

I found the room and as usual occupied my seat in the front.This was not a joke.I study medicine for the love of it.The human anatomy has always been a somewhat interesting thing to learn and I know loads about it.I'm actually ahead of my game.

"Goodmorning class,you can all get seated and we can get started on today's topic please.No cellphones or gadgets.Notebooks out and pens only"Mr Robert's voice boomed in the room.

He preferred things done the traditional way and me being sneaky as fuck decided to record the whole lecture in case I didn't grasp a concept.

An hour later I was done. I only had that today and I put my headphones on. Wouldn't want this morning's incident to repeat itself would I?

Hands deep in my pocket I made my way through the bustling crowds.

I had to get away from these people and I don't think they ever do notice me except that blonde haired girl.

A figure jumped in front of me and I had to refrain from swearing at the damn person. I took a deep breath and put my façade on.

I looked up and I just had to roll my eyes. Not her again.

I removed my headphones.

"Serena or something." I said pretty much annoyed.

She looked hurt but she hid it with a smile.

"It's actually Seithati. But you can call me Serena if

you want."she replied in a chirpy voice that was all to damn annoying.

"let me cut to the chase.Why do you want to talk to me?I mean you don't know me,for all we know I could be a druggie or a human trafficker.Maybe ke ka go bolaya.O batla eng sentle sentle motho wa Modimo?"I asked honestly.

"Can we sit down?"

I agreed.I don't want friends and all that.I just want to be left alone.

"now talk Seithati."She smiled and I don't know why.

"I want us to be friends."

My eyes widened before I laughed.A full on deep laughter that had some people glancing in our direction.She's got to be kidding me.

I composed myself and I laughed again.This is the best joke I've heard in ages.

"let me get this straight,you want to be f....frie...friends?"I couldn't even say it with a

straight face.

She just looked at me as if I had something on my face.

"Darling.Friends are so last century .I really don't need 'friends' "

She looked as if she was really thinking.Typical blonde haired girl.

"Sethunya I really like you besides you're refreshing."

See?I'm not pretty I'm..let me put it kindly 'refreshing'.People and how they twist their words never seem to amaze me.

"Sorry to burst your bubble barbie doll but I'll have to decline.I have some important things to do."

"But you haven't even given me a chance.I just want to be friends thats all."She all but whimpered.

Whats she hiding. In all my four years of study here everyone kept their distance and now she wants to be friends? Something is going on and I intend to find out. I was never one for cat and mice games but hey, I'm 'refreshing' so lets see what skeletons Seithati has in her closet and what are her intentions cause I might actually kill her. Just kidding, I would never murder a whole person would I? Not sure but lets wait and see.

"Okay. I'll give you a chance Seithati. This once. I actually don't trust you."

she waved me off.

"I'm the most trustworthy person ever. And you and I will be the greatest friends ever. Thank you Sethunya." She was squealing and I rolled my eyes.

"Don't make me regret my decision" I said in my monotone voice.

"You won't sweetheart." She said smiling.

I just had to smile my most sinister smile.

And she took it as a nice smile. She interlocked her arms with mine and I was not used to human contact so I just pushed her off.

"No touchy touchy" I said cringing.

She smiled and nodded. All the way to my room she was busy talking about she is bored out of her mind not having friends and blah blah. Talking whatever blonde bitches talk about and I just painfully nodded and had to say an occasional "yes" or "awesome". She was such a chatter box.

Can I formally introduce myself?

I'm Sethunya Mogorosi. No wait...

Scratch that.

I'm Sethunya Angel Mogorosi.

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Just had to cause its new. But next insert on

Wednesday guys.

Ps.Serhunya in Botswana means "flower" so don't think I mean a gun.

This side Sethunya means a flower.

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[04/13, 00:51] Lynne: 02

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I sent Seithati back to her dorm.She was blabbering and it was hella annoying.

I took my laptop and searched her on facebook.

She seems famous and slays.Yay!I'm 'friends' with a slay queen.Notice the sarcasm.

What did I get myself into?

I closed my laptop and I just had a banana before I

made myself some cereal. Varsity life is tough especially if you ain't got rich parents or you haven't paid for the canteen. And me being me I had gamete donors who are hella rich. They are swimming in money as I speak but they loathe me and I loathe them too.

So generally I save my allowance as thus do not allow myself the small things in life like fancy clothes and complicated hairstyles.

I've been saving ever since my first year of varsity. I bet I have over P10 000 in my account but I won't spend it on unnecessary stuff.

After eating my very simple lunch I decided to nap for an hour before I study for next week's quiz. Though I know I'll ace it but I just study for my own peace of mind.

Studying stops me from thinking about the things that happened in my life.

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When I woke up I saw my roommate.

She gave me that disgusted look of hers that she always gives whenever she's in the same room as me.

I resisted the urge to roll my eyes at her petulant behaviour. She is such a child I swear. Spoilt brat.

I put my cool façade in place and smiled sweetly at her.

"Katlo hi!"

Guess what she did? she ignored my greeting. So much for trying to be nice to trust fund bitches. Urg!

I took my phone and decided to read some of my textbooks which I store them. I have no one's whatsapp numbers so I'm not the annoying app that people blow out of proportion.

I'm only on facebook just because it was interesting. So in general I lead a very very boring life that I know nobody wants to experience but I'm content.

Who am I kidding? no I will not be content till I know Seithati's motives and kick her to the curb.

When that day arrives I will be so happy. Speaking of Seithati I checked my contact list as she had given me her number. I'll see what to do.

"and the witch is smiling." Katlo said in her painfully annoying tone.

"nare mathata a gago ke eng ne mma?" She rolled her eyes at my question and I controlled my temper.

"wa ntena ke gore. You think you're all that even though you're poor. You can't even afford decent clothes" She said.

She better not be talking about her clothes that seem to show skin everywhere. She calls that decent.

"a re e tlogele mma. Ga o nthate and the feeling is mutual. O ntsosetsa modume ebile." I responded in a sickly sweet voice and my eyes dared her to respond which she didn't.

God!! I hate people like Katlo.

Why did my life have to come to this? why? why?

She left and as always she never tells me when

she's coming back. She is so going to fail if she continues behaving like this I swear. And speaking of failure I only have two years left of Varsity and I'll be Dr Mogorosi. Not that I have anyone to brag to about my accomplishments but it would've been nice to have had that. But its Sethunya we're talking about.

I don't do commitments and attachments. I've been like that for a long time and its difficult to start everything from scratch.

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SOMEWHERE AROUND THE WORLD

"I need those files on my desk by noon" His baritone voice boomed in the silent boardroom.

It was dead silent and everyone knew not to try and aggravate the beast in front of them.

"Am I clear?" He said through gritted teeth.

Everyone quickly replied with a 'yes sir!'

He was powerful and respected by all. A man to

never mess with.

As soon as he left the room, everyone scrambled to their files looking for the mistakes detailed by the hostile looking man. No one wanted to be on his bad side.

As he walked to his office all the employees kept their eyes glued to the documents on their desks. He was in a very foul mood and they all knew not to tick him off. One wrong move and you're gone.

The muscled guy entered his office and ran his hands through his hair.

He wanted everything to be perfect and he built this fucking damn empire from scratch. He was not spoon fed and he certainly did not want to inherit the family company. It was demeaning enough that people had thought he was a trust fund baby but they learnt very quickly that he's not the type of man to be messed with.

He stood by the window that overlooked the street and he knew he had made it.

His name? It was one that gave children nightmares

at night.He was that guy mothers told their daughters to stay far away from.

His name?it brought cold shivers down everyone's backs once it was mentioned.

He never needed an introduction when he was in a room.He was the one and only Devil they had ever known to exist and he was here to stay.

He smirked as a thought popped into his mind.

'The Devil' as they called him.Oh how he loved it when they were shaking in their boots.

He was the devil's reincarnate on earth and he was out to plat and explore.The devil will be landing town soon.

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I apologise for late insert.

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[04/13, 00:51] Lynne: 03

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As usual my life has been very boring these past two months. I wake up, have a shower, attend lectures and then Seithati drags me off for lunch. There is nothing sinister about her. She is just a bored rich girl whom I can't get off my back. No offence to the rich people though.

At the moment we were in my room and she had brought chocolates. Just cause I tolerate her I let her do what she wants plus she's amusing too.

"You Sethunya deserve a makeover courtesy of mwaah!!"

I rolled my eyes.

"o ska wa ba wa leka."

She shrugged.

"I had to try. You're pretty you just don't put in the

effort sweetie."

I cringed at her endearment for me. I'm not used to these sweet pet names. I can already feel the goosebumps.

"So who's your roommate. You always seem alone?" She asked while munching down the chocolate.

I grabbed a piece and took a bite.

"Some trust fund bitch"

that caught her attention and I've come to realise that Seithati is very much interested in the lives of other people.

As I was about to speak Madame Katlo walked in.

She sneered in my direction and gave Seithati a sweet smile. Bitch!

"Hi Sethunya. I didn't know you have a guest."

That was hella fake.

"I do Katlo. I do. Katlo meet Seithati, Seithati meet

Katlo,the roommate"

Seithati smiled and extended her hand.

Katlo brushed her off.

"No need honey.We are of the same league and we can be acquaintances"

Seithati smiled and didn't say a word.Its odd for her to be quiet.She is a chatterbox and I found it weird.

Katlo did her usual which was to check her clothes and take some.

She left after a few minutes and Seithati screamed.

"O bo o sa mpolelele gore o nna le s fhebe"

yoh!The gossiper is back.

"I don't like her by the way.Ga a go buise sentle ke raa"She added as an afterthought.

"after four years with her?you'll get used to it.Why does she need men when she has money?"

Seithati gaved me a bored look.

"You seriously don't know?Let me break it down,she

is a spoilt princess who thinks all the men 'love' her. She has the perfect body, face but she's not smart. Even a blind person can see. She whores herself out to her father's business associates. Typical behaviour from her."

I made an ooh with my mouth. I will never get why people do the things they do.

Seithati glanced at her watch and she looked at me.

"Sethunya walk me out. I have to finish an assignment and dad will kill me if I dare fail." She said as she stood up.

I walked with her till we were by the library.

"You should come to my dorm sometime and we talk. I don't even have a roommate."

I nodded and walked back to my room. I needed to sleep. I badly needed sleep and the holidays are fast approaching. I have no idea what I'm going to do. I have to find a job for a whole two months cause I have nowhere to go and no family to call. I hate my life. I hate what they've subjected me to. I so hate me right now.

My phone beeped.

It was a message from Seithati.

'I need your help ASAP.you're the smart one.Come help me out here'

I groaned.I stood up and wore my black hoodie.I have two of them that look exactly the same.

I made my way to where Seithati was and she grinned.

"Took you long enough.Do you happen to know anything about IT?"

I nodded.I read various subjects because I have nothing better to do with my time.

I helped her out with her assignment and she seemed focused.Its a first I swear.

"Done.and done!"

She squealed.

"You're an angel.Thank you."

Nobody has ever thanked me before for what I've done.Its either they acknowledge with a nod of their

heads.

"welcome."

Alarms started to ring around the school and we were asked to evacuate the library. I wondered what the commotion was about.

As we got outside I could see the flames licking the building I resided in. No! No! No!

My documents, laptop, bank card everything is burning and it was the only side. Who could do this? God why me!

"That's a first. There hasn't been a fire in the last 10 years." Seithati muttered.

"You can crash with me. Maybe they'll be able to salvage all of your stuff that side" She went on.

Salvage? Their things were already toast. I'm ruined. God I'm ruined.

The fire brigade came with their cars and tried to put the flames off but by the looks of it, the building had been burning for some time. Are there

any injured people? But my stuff are burnt. My life is ruined.

Seithati just dragged me to their dorm. Their side was untouched by the fire which seemed weird. Who would start a fire at our side? Is it Seithati? but I was with her this whole time. Maybe she hired people and now she wants to seem like a good samaritan.

I yanked my hand off.

"It was you wasn't it?"

she looked at me as if I was crazy.

"nna? gatwe ke rileng jaanong?"

"You started the fire."

She gave me a really look.

"Look when you're done playing detective tell me so we can go and actually get you warm. J oh!"

She waited for me and I reluctantly followed her. I don't trust her now.

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Late post.Le tla intshwarela botsadi.

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UNEDITED.

[04/13, 00:51] Lynne: 04

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Upon arrival at her room she asked me to sit on her bed while she went through her clothes looking for something that may fit me.

"I don't have anything in a size 28,will you be fine with whatever?"She asked.

"Anything is fine.Thank you."I said in my normal low voice.

Seithati beamed at that.

"First time hearing you say that."

She is weird and is always happy. How can you always be this happy all day everyday?

She gave me some sweatpants and a sweater for me to wear. She said they were small on her and I do know why. She has a big butt.

Me? Lets not talk about it.

"O sharpo akere?" She interrupted my thoughts.

I nodded. Maybe for the first time I was wrong. She didn't start the fire and I never apologise so its hard. Saying sorry is foreign on my lips so its going to be tough.

"I shouldn't have accused you like that."

She smiled and brushed me off saying its okay and all. I was shocked and maybe stress of not retrieving my things was getting to me.

She boiled some water in her kettle and told me she's making hot chocolate.

I just nodded. God! my bank card. This is all so messed up. Hope they find out the cause but me on

the other hand will be stranded without a laptop and basic necessities.

"Don't think about it too much. E tlo go stress a." She said as she gave me a mug of hot steaming chocolate.

She is okay. Maybe someone in this cruel world is showing me kindness for the first time.

We sat together drinking in silence. Both lost in our own thoughts but mine were threateneing to consume me.

Why do all the bad things happen to me? Its like they've placed a curse on me and they have never acknowledged I was their daughter. So much for being born. They could've aborted me and I wouldn't be here right now.

But now is not the time to be thinking about them. It will lead to nothing and that won't change my situation at all. I won't cry for for them. I will never shed a tear for them. I'd rather die than cry for them.

I blinked a few times and stared at the ceiling.

I didn't realise Seithati had left the room and left me to be alone in this four walled room. All alone. Just like how I used to be.

My phone beeped in my pocket. It was Seithati.

"Went to buy pizza for us. Get comfy and we're watching Netflix on my laptop. Stop wallowing in your sorrows, you'll die young.

Your only friend."

I sat cross legged on the bed and I logged onto facebook. Everyone was talking about the fire that erupted in the University. The school hasn't said much but when progress is made catching the culprit there will be dire consequences. Good! Those people destroyed our lives. Now my documents, wait. They are on Google drive so it means I can access them from any device. At least I had been smart about syncing my documents with my google account.

One problem off the list. Now cards, shit! My birth certificates and passport are all burnt. And Omang card. Oh God! I need new documents and fast. But

how to access the money in my bank?I will have to wait for a new card and all.Yoh!

Seithati walked in with a box of pizza and juice.

"We're watching Netflix.I've so wanted to do this with somebody.You're such a darling love."She said as she set the pizza down and she took out her laptop.She set everything up and the box of pizza was between us.

We watched back to back episodes of Victorious.I know.We are children.

It was nice though.She is kind and I guess I never saw that.

"We'll share the bed or if you want I can take the small couch."I can't let her sleep on the couch in her own room really.

"Its okay,I'll take the couch."

her eyes widened.

"Like hell you will.O tla ithoba mokwatla.This bed is big enough for the both of us.Choose sides,left or right?"

I'm not a great sleeper. The left is the one that's on the wall and if I have the wall to hold me back it would be okay.

I pointed to the left. She just nodded and got under covers.

"Sleep and don't think. All of this will solve itself okay? Just sleep sweetie." She said yawning and her eyelids fluttered as they slowly closed. It was so easy for her to fall asleep at night.

I finally closed my eyes.

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"Sir" The timid man ran up to the formidable man who was on his way to his office.

The grey eyed man just stopped him halfway.

"I said I shall not be disturbed today Timothy." He said.

Timothy just looked down and gave a reply of understanding the boss's words.

Alessandro walked into his office and began working. Work was what he did and that earned him

the nickname. He was all work and no play. And
ruthless and what he does, Through and through.

He loved the fear he instilled in everyone, that way
nobody can get on his nerves even the high class
ladies who would flaunt themselves at him at
business gatherings. He despised that and had
never had any interest in any affair with those gold
diggers. He respected himself to never bed random
women and that's why he was also mysterious as
people have never seen his name splashed on the
media.

But the devil has to be alone to do evil. It won't work
when he's tied down now would it?

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See y'all on Monday. Enjoy.

[04/13, 00:52] Lynne: 06

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I know places we can hide. I know places - Taylor
Swift

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"Love,I found something."

Seithati was busy on her laptop.We pulled an all nighter trynna figure this shit out.Why the hell would someone try to frame me?

"what did you find?"She bit her lip.

"In case,its a job outside the country."

My eyes widened.I shook my head.

"lets not make hasty decisions and lets wait for a week.Maybe they'll change their minds."

She nodded.We slept around 4am in the morning and I wasn't settled.Whom did I wrong it this damned school cause I rarely talk to these imbeciles.

I woke up around 10am and Seithati was not in the room.

I had a shower and I wore leggings and an oversized tee.

I walked out of the dorm and went to sit outside.

Guess who decided to ruin my day.

"Guess we won't be seeing your miserable face anytime soon."

I rolled my eyes and ignored her comment. She is just being a bitch.

She walked away. Gosh! I hate that girl.

Seithati saw me and came my way and sat next to me.

"Why don't you ever talk about your family?" She asked sincerely.

"I don't have one." I said in a tone that indicated that this particular topic is closed.

"Oh, sorry"

I don't want her pity to be honest.

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"Daddy, I honestly don't like her but no, she didn't die in the fire. She was with her friend."

Her dad was seething at the end of the line.

"But I found a way. She will be out of the school. But why do you want to hurt her so much? she's a

nobody."She asked herself.Honestly that girl was a nobody.A peasant in fact and she had no idea why her father wanted that good for nothing girl so bad.

"Its for business darling."Her father replied at the end of the line.

She nodded and assured her father that he might find the girl once she is kicked out of the school.

She was following her father's orders.The line went dead and she hoped that this will be over by the end of the week.

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Days went by and I was kind of happy.Nothing was mentioned about me being the reason for the fire being started.

But my happiness was short lived.

I was called to the dean's office.To cut the long story short I was found guilty of arson.Like me?plain old Jane.Why would I try to burn the whole motherfucking school.

I got to Seithati's room and she gave me a

sympathetic look.

I don't want that look.

"what happened?"She asked.

"I'm the one who burnt the school."I said as I forced myself to not cry.I've been expelled as punishment and apparently they convinced that I'm a first timer and shit like that.This just feel so weird.I was helping Seithati with her assignment for fucks sake and I apparently burn a damn building.

"Liar!Liar!you're pants are on fire!"She chided.

I chuckled.She was trying to lighten the mood.

"But on a serious note.They said I'm the one.I've been expelled.I've been given two days to evacuate the school's premises.Apparently I'm a danger to the school environment."She just sat next to me.

"I'll come up with something.But whatever that happens be that Dr you've always wanted to be."

I nodded and the tears were near.They just shattered my future.Whoever did this just broke me.This was the only thing keeping me sane in this

insane world.

"Meanwhile, you and I will make memories. I promise you it will all be fine."

She just hugged me and I've never been the one to be touched but this once I succumbed to the hug as she held me tight.

"I promise. I'll find a way out for you. You're a good person who has just been through a lot."

"I hate people. They manipulate. And who did I offend? I was always minding my own business"

I never rant but I just needed to get that out of my chest.

"I know. Shitty stuff happens. Justice will get served."

I nodded. Maybe having friends isn't so bad. Having a person in your corner isn't as bad.

I sat up and wiped my eyes.

"I'm good. I'll survive in this cruel world. Try to find a job or something."

Seithati nodded and she was silent.

"You'll get through this."

"I hope so.I hope so."

My dream is crushed and I bet the government will stop sponsoring me.I need to find a job to fend for myself.Luck was never on my side and I won't go beg my gamete donors for help.They chased me out like I was nothing.Why did this have to happen to me?

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"Sir,your daughter will be safe."

The man at the end of the line yelled.She placed the phone a bit far from herself.He was cursing in french.

"S'il te plaît protèger mon la fille"(Please protect my daughter."

She was doing just that and this was why they hired her.She was the best at what she does.

"Oui,Monsieur"(Yes Sir)

The man at the end of the line calmed down and hung up.

She sighed.This was going to be a bumpy road and it was just getting started.

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[04/13, 00:52] Lynne: 07

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Seithati was dragging through various shops saying we should spend some more time together and that its 'best friend bonding'And I cringed.

I don't want no bond.I finally accepted that well tomorrow I'm leaving the school premises for good.

"Sethunya wee,mma I think you should take that job offer."

"Go kgakala Seithati"I said wanting the subject to be closed.

"It doesn't matter.A thousand dollars is more than enough every month and you'll be living with them."

i sighed.This is so hard.

"I don't even have the money for a flight ticket and how sure am I that they will hire me?"

She smiled half heartedly.

"Have faith will ya?Sometimes things go wrong for a reason."

"Guess it won't kill anyone will it?My bank card are here and most of my documents.How much is a plane ticket?"

Seithati smiled.

"Is that a yes?"

I nodded.

"Send me photos.I've never been in Australia before

and I heard its gorgeous. Urg! Can I go with you?"

"You have school dummy!"

I went to the ATM and I cashed out all my savings. I hope I'm making the right decision here.

I put all the money in my bag and I headed to the airport with Seithati to purchase a plane ticket. God that was expensive but after two months of working there, if I do get a job then its fine.

Then at that country I will need to apply for a permit and a visa. The processes Lord!

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I was packing the last of my stuff. After this I'm heading straight to the airport.

Seithati just looked at me.

"Ke tlile go missa gore"(I'm going to miss you so much)

"You barely know me and you're helping me? Thank you Seithati. Though I'm not much of a prayer woman, may God bless you."

she faked tears.

"I'm so proud of my baby".

"Ka go bets a Seithati"

"mxm,wena?"

I laughed. She lightened the mood a bit. Its official. I'm leaving the country and I only have 300 dollars on me. I managed to exchange the little Pulas I have but I still have P100 for well a taxi and to buy what I need before I leave but I think I have everything. My two suitcases and my handbag are fine. My bank account empty and my documents fine.

"But on a serious note, thank you"

She opened her arms.

"I know you don't do hugs but this last time."

I just walked into her arms and she squeezed the shit outta me.

"let go, you're squeezing me."

"Sorry, le wena mma o mosesane."

"back of my weight bitch."

"And I'm going to miss you. You are really going."

"yep. See you and we'll talk"

I dragged my stuff out and a lot of people were looking at me. I hate being the centre of attention. Its like they knew that I have been expelled in this school of theirs.

Tears were so close, my dreams are crushed and I'm leaving the fucking country to just go work as a maid to this posh family in Australia? way to go Sethunya.

But its a frsh start plus they don't know me. Who knows I might take online courses. I feel like a failure. I failed to make my one and only dream come true.

I hailed a cab and asked it to take me to the airport.

When I got to the airport I smiled faintly. I'm leaving my country. With no degree. No family and just this annoying human being who has helped me immensely in my time of need.

My flight will be here in an hour or so so I had time.

I went to the bathroom to just compose myself. I looked at myself in the mirror.

I had inherited that female's nose and small ears. Eyes I don't know. They look hazel but have specks of green in them when you look closely. Maybe they hated me because I was different from their children. The ones they "loved"

I splashed cold water on my face and I headed back to the waiting room.

I waited and waited till I had to check in my luggage and all.

When they were done I was searched and then I boarded the flight. It wasn't going straight to Australia.

It was heading to Johannesburg first then I will board a second flight that side then finally head to Australia.

My life itself if honestly a joke.

It took about four hours and I slept the whole flight. I didn't want to scare myself the whole flight because I was in a piece of metal a thousand kilometres

above the ground.

And if it were to crush and burn what would become of me?

.

She called the frenchman.

"Its done sir.She boarded the flight and she's far away from these troubles."

The frenchman smiled at the end of his line.

"merci S-Sei"(Thank you S-Sei)

the frenchman couldn't pronounce the name and it was hard for him.He loved the fact that she knew his native tongue though.Made talking easier

She was one of the best and she helped in saving his daughter.One who didn't know of his existence at all.He watched from the sidelines all her life and she was a strong young woman.

"Son un le plaisir"(Its a pleasure)

She had hoped she did good by her friend and her father.

She was to protect her and she was not really a student of the University to begin with, just that she does have a way with computers and infiltrated the system to make it look like she was student. Now she has to make her way to Australia. This moving about was her life.

She sighed as she started to pack her stuff.

.

LIKE

COMMENT

SHARE

[04/13, 00:52] Lynne: 08

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The private jet made a turn as the hail storm was getting much worse.

"My Romano we have to take another route, the storm is making it difficult, we might land tomorrow afternoon"

Alessandro just glared at the intercom and as if the

pilot could feel his glare he kept quiet. Mr Romano was not a man known for his patience and you don't ever step on his toes.

"Porca miseria!" (Dammit!) He muttered under his breath.

He had an important meeting and he could not afford to be late and he will be damned if he shows up late. Mr Romano is never late. The devil is never late.

He got busy on his Macbook as his secretary emailed all the important things he was going to need. He knew his empire was running smoothly, no one would dare slack in his absence unless they had a death wish.

If his grandfather could see the man he was now, he built an empire from nothing and he had only himself to hold accountable.

The Romano Empire. His.

His devilish smile ghosted on his pink lips.

.

My flight in Johannesburg was delayed cause of the hailstorm in Australia. So I have to wait for an hour or so till it stops.

I didn't know that it's almost winter in Australia. I haven't even seen snow in my whole life now I'm going to see it? That's awesome.

I used the airport wifi and I researched on the country. I had the address saved of the place I'm going to work at and I hope my 300 dollars is enough for the night in a motel or something before heading to the place the next day.

I'm no longer going to be a doctor? That's wow!

Someone decided to frame me for arson and the school expelled me.

Life just has a way of bringing you down. Me Sethunya Angel Mogorosi going to work as a maid, the life the universe has subjected me to.

I waited and waited and waited. It was almost dark at night at the airport. God! I'm going to sleep here? You've got to be kidding me.

I rubbed my eyes as I yawned. This is so uncomfortable and I don't want to waste money on a hotel because I need it and those are my last cents.

I closed my eyes as my body shut down.

.

The jet landed in the Johannesburg. The hail storm was getting worse and the weather wasn't very welcoming in Australia.

He had asked his personal assistant to book him into a hotel for the night.

The driver was waiting and he just greeted Alessandro and he nodded. He was not much of a talker too.

He might be ruthless and devilish but he does not talk much and that's what made his empire prosper. He was everything in the business world and his smug self knew.

Alessandro Michelangelo Romano was a household name in the business world. Upon his arrival at the

hotel the receptionist was a bit dazed at his sight. He was exuding an aura of dominance and wealth. Alessandro couldn't be bothered with women really. Those creatures were conniving and do anything in their power to get what they wanted.

They had claws longer than pitchforks if they wanted their way and he could see the idea forming in the receptionist's head. Useless. Utterly useless.

His guard walked with him to the elevator with some of his luggage as he started to unbutton his suit jacket.

When he got to the hotel room he dismissed him.

He just unbuttoned the dress shirt and ran his hands through his hair.

"Cazzo!" (fuck) He muttered yet another curse.

He couldn't be late for the meeting and it was all because of a fucking hail storm. Unbelievable.

He was sure we wasn't going to get a good night's rest tonight that's for sure.

.

My bones cracked as I stretched.

"God! My back hurts. Ouch!" I said.

That's for sleeping in the hotel on an uncomfortable bench.

I need a massage, no wait. I need a hot bath to ease these aching muscles.

I made my way to the restroom where I just splashed cold water on to my face to wake up from my haze.

I'll never sleep on an airport bench and I must stink. Oh God!

I walked out and I tried flattening the creases on my black shirt as I fixed my jeans and tied my shoelaces.

I popped in a mint and I hoped to God that it will neutralise my breath.

I applied vaseline on my lips and tied my braids into a bun. I hate it when my hair gets in the way of everything.

I took my glasses out and I looked ok. Not like

someone who slept in a damn airport. I spritzed some of my citrusy body mist. That will do for now.

I headed back to the waiting room and I waited for an hour till my flight was called. I was flying economic. I don't have the money to fly first class.

Finally I'm going.

.

As Alessandro walked inside the airport he caught a whiff of a citrus smell. It was unusual and oddly nice.

Everyone was looking at the young man as he made his way to his private jet alongside his guards.

It was rare for normal people to catch a glimpse of the Italian Devil himself and God knew his reputation doesn't do enough justice to his features. He looked like a fallen angel and yet again the devil is a fallen angel.

.

Have a great weekend guys.

.

LIKE

COMMENT

SHARE

MENTION

[04/13, 00:53] Lynne: 09

.

ANGEL

The plane landed at the Sydney airport and all I could say was wow!

The snow looked magical, it looked like something out of a movie but I quickly crushed that thought down. I came here to work and even though as a maid it's something and maybe after two years I might have saved something that will be enough to allow to finish studying medicine right? at least be a GP if I could not afford to specialise.

I called Seithati and her phone was off.

She is probably busy with school and I'm distracting her. She needs a future and besides she helped me

get the job via the internet so I'm very grateful and though I have a weird way of showing it I am.

I just checked in and I waited for my luggage to be checked. I need to apply for a visa or something.

After my baggage was cleared I just walked outside the airport and it was a bit chilly but at least I'm wearing a hoodie, jeans and some sneakers. That should count as winter wear. So I'll be spending Christmas here? wow! Besides I've been spending my Christmases alone so what would kill me if I spent it in a foreign country.

I hailed a taxi.

"The nearest inn please."

The driver smiled and I kept my grimace. I'm not chatty.

He stopped at an inn and I paid and got out. Inns are not that expensive right?

I crossed my fingers and hoped they weren't.

I walked inside and it was warm and comfortable.

The lady just smiled.

"Its not everyday we get guests,especially in winter."

She was forward but friendly.I could deal with that for a night.

"Hi,I would like to make a booking,for anight.How much is that?"

She smiled at me.

"\$250."

I thanked the heavens.

"It includes dinner and breakfast in the morning Miss?"

"Oh Miss Mogorosi but I get that must be tough to pronounce,Ms Angel will do."

"Is that a translation?"

I chuckled a bit.

"My second name,you wouldn't want to know the translation of my last name."

"are you from a different country?"

I nodded and she went to escort me to a room.It

looked cozy and homely.

I thanked her and as soon as she left I locked the door and stripped bare.

I soaked myself in the warm water. I needed that.

I decided to send Seithati a message via facebook to tell her that I've arrived and I was at some inn. Tomorrow I would be heading to the place and hopefully they will hire me.

.

SEITHATI

I got her message and I had just arrived in Australia myself. I headed to the place where I would be staying at for the whole duration of my stay in Sydney Australia.

I mean her father can't keep himself hidden forever. I get that the family has skeletons hidden in their closets and Sethunya is one closed off girl. I'm a year older than her and here I am protecting her. I like her a lot though and it was easy since I'm local and from her country, not entirely but whatever.

When I arrived I just put my suitcase down and called the frenchman.I prefer to call him that.

He answered on the third ring.

"Sir,I've arrived in Aussie and your daughter has arrived too."

He was silent at the other side of the line and I waited.

"Thank you so much.You don't know how it means to me that she's safe.I don't know how they got a wind of the information but thank you."

"Pleasure is all mine.I have to go Sir."

He said his goodbyes and cut the line.I sighed.

.

KATLO

Her father called.

"Papa."She could feel his anger from the other end and she didn't know what caused his sudden anger.

"I couldn't find the girl."

Katlo's eyes widened as she thought about Sethunya's whereabouts.

"I honestly do not know, she was chased out of the school like two days ago or something. I honestly have no idea about her whereabouts. If I may ask why are you desperately looking for her? she is not that important."

Her father tried to remain calm at the end of the line, it was no use losing his temper with his daughter who managed to grant his wishes. Besides she was too young to understand how everything happened in the business world. People played dirty all the time as long as your hands didn't touch the dirt you were good.

He sighed as he changed the topic and asked about his daughter's wellbeing.

She answered with enthusiasm and he guesses that the distraction will stop her impending questions.

All he knew was that her daughter's former classmate was the key to something he has long wanted and he didn't know where to start looking

for the young girl.

Katlo was beaming after her phone call with her dad. She loved. Yep! She loved him.

.

DEVIL

The boardroom was quiet as everyone looked at Mr Romano.

"I'll be expecting a better presentation first thing tomorrow morning, you are all dismissed."

The tone spoke finality as all of the workers all but ran towards the door before they could lose their jobs. He was the boss and him travelling all the way from Italy to Australia just for them to mess the presentation was just as bad as talking back to him.

Alessandro was annoyed, he came here for them to not to their jobs right? He silently cursed under his breath as he got ready for yet another meeting

.

LIKE

COMMENT

SHARE

MENTION

[04/13, 00:53] Lynne: 10

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ANGEL

I knocked on the fancy door. The estate itself was huge and wow!

I hope they are still hiring.

I was dressed decently in dark jeans and a sweater. I wore a beanie since it was cold.

I brought my CV along too in case they might hire me on the spot.

The door opened and it looked like it was a maid judging from the attire.

"Grace who's at the door?" A voice came from the inside. It was ok.

"A woman mam, I don't know her"

"let her in."

The maid whom I assume is Grace let me inside and directed me to some place.

I saw a woman who was wearing glasses and in front of her laptop. I forgot mine and they have only two months to go till they expire so if. A big IF I get the job I'll make new prescription glasses.

She looked up from her laptop and smiled.

"Hi. I don't know if I know you young lady?"

She asked with a question in her eyes.

"Morning mam, I'm one of the candidates who showed interest in working here."

"Oh! Please take a seat then."

I sat down and she smiled.

"I'm Mrs Lombardi."

The way she said her name with an accent and I assumed she was not Australian.

"I'm Angel Mrs, I came here for the job offer of being part of the help."

"Of course, can I see your documents? I know people can send fake documents via the internet so can I?"

I handed the documents to her and she quietly looked at them.

"Wow! I must say from your documents, you have great references and I assume you're not from these parts?"

"Yes mam."

She nodded and continued looking through the documents.

"Can I get back to you tomorrow morning Angel?"

"of course Mrs. Take your time. Have a good day."

I stood up and left. I guess I will be owing the small inn and I'll repay if I get the job.

I decided to walk back to the inn. No point on wasting money besides I have nothing to do for the whole day. The woman was easy going.

I passed by a fancy looking restaurant. I looked at it wistfully.

Its just one of those places I'll never get the luxury of walking inside.I have to save money for school.After two years maybe I might continue studying medicine here in Australia.Thats a good idea.They don't know what happened back in Botswana and its better that in my CV I didn't even include information about my BGCSE results because wow!I passed very well.I also didn't include the fact that I was studying medicine.That would've raised suspicions.

I just continued walking and I saw an icecream truck.One of the few things I can afford.

I bought a cone and sat by a nearby bench.

I took my phone out and saw that Seithati was active.

She had responded to my message.

I told her that I saw the place and the kind lady will get to me tomorrow.

She just said she was happy I'm getting my life in order and all that.

She promised to visit during christmas time and maybe spend christmas with me.

She is too kind.

I put my phone on my lap and watched the snow flakes drop down. This is what a white christmas is all about.

Once I finished my icecream cone I continued my trek to the inn.

.

DEVIL

Alessandro watched from the window in his Australia office. He noticed a lady. Women have never been of interest to him. For the longest time he wanted to stay away from the species.

But this one looked forlon. Not that he was interested but she was different.

She didn't even look up.

She just was there. There was something about her but he didn't see her face. Probably one of the millions of women in this city who were just

minding their own business.

His personal phone rang.

"Alessandro speaking."

There was silence at the end of the line before there was shouting.

He moved the phone away from his ear.

"You're in the city and you didn't come to visit? We raised you better than that Michelangelo, you better than that mio figlio!" (my son)

Alessandro just kept quiet. His aunt was just a different breed of Italian.

"Buon pomeriggio." (Good afternoon)

Was all he said since she didn't even bother with greeting him.

"Just that me and your uncle miss you Sandro."

He just kept quiet.

"I'll come over tomorrow. Felice?" (happy?)

The woman at the end of the line sighed. He was

always this withdrawn even when growing up. That monster really fucked up his whole childhood.

"Si, Sandro. See you tomorrow and don't be late. Ti amo mio figlio." (I love you my son)

Alessandro just nodded before he said his goodbyes and hung up.

He went back to the paperwork before his meeting around 3.

He was only in Australia for a week and he was planning on making it a fruitful week. There was no time to play. Work was everything.

His secretary whom arrived this morning from Italy walked in.

"Sir can I bring you lunch?"

He raised his hand as a way to decline the offer.

She walked out and he resumed his busy duties.

.

LIKE

COMMENT

SHARE

[04/13, 00:53] Lynne: 11

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ANGEL

Well the good news is that the lady did get to me by the end of the day. She said I'm hired.

That's the best news I've ever had in a while. I texted Seithati the news and she was happy. The holidays are fast approaching and I walked out of the inn. People had already started with the decorations. I never celebrated Christmas really. To me it was a time of heartache and sorrow to be honest. I sighed as I walked back inside and headed to my room. I took a long bath and got dressed in warm pyjamas before I slept. Tomorrow is D-day.

.

"Everything is packed. I didn't leave a single thing in this room."

I muttered to myself as I dragged my luggage out of the place.

The woman who had been kind enough to let me stay an extra night without paying smiled.

"thank you for your kindness Miss.I really appreciate it and I'll come pay by month end?"

She waved her hand.

"nonsense.You are a sweet child,don't let the blues get to you.Consider it a christmas gift of some sort.You don't have to pay sweetie.Goodluck with your journey."

I flashed a sweet smile.

"Thank you once again Miss."

"Now go,you have to go to work.Bye!"

I walked out with my luggage and I hailed a cab.This is the last of my money and I won't see money till the New Year presumably.I gave the cab driver the address of Mrs Lombardi's home.

I arrived and I was still awed by this spectacular mansion.I've never seen anything like this really.

The gate opened and she was at the door.

"Si, she came and good morning Angel."

She looked happy.

"morning mam, where should I put the bags?"

"Grace will show the servants quarters."

She called Grace who came when she was called.

"Grace show her to the quarters then give her, her uniform please."

"of course mam."

I followed Grace and well she led me to a cozy cottage at the back.

"If I may ask what your name?"

"Angel."

"Angel, you don't talk a lot do you?"

I shook my head.

"Well let me inform you of something, there are only 3 live in maids which are me, you and Reneè. She has other help which aren't live in. We prepare the dishes and clean the house, the gardener comes

ocassionally to tend the flowers and well thats it.Madam cooks sometimes and well the cottage is fully stocked with food though sometimes madame asks us to join them at the table and eat.Madam hates thieves and well she has three kids.Okay two kids really the third is the youngest and is her nephew."

I nodded.The woman seems nice.

"Madam is not Australian as you noticed the slight accent."

That I did and Grace sure talks a lot.

"She's Italian and so am I."

"oh."

She nodded as she opened the door and showed me my room.

"this is where you'll be staying cara,get comfortable."

She left the room and it was pretty nice.These people are rich thats for sure.I decided to unpack later and I waited for Grace to bring the uniform.

She knocked and brought it in.

It wasn't short so it was good.

I changed into it and I tied my braids into a bun and wore my glasses. I have poor eyesight though I wasn't wearing them for the interview yesterday.

I walked out and Grace gaped.

"You're gorgeous. Wow!"

I'm never given compliments except by that annoying friend of mine.

"thank you, I guess."

She smiled and we walked out. Seems I'm yet to meet Reneè and the rest of the house staff.

Mrs Lombardi introduced everyone to me and they seemed like welcoming people.

"Now get to work and Grace can you help me plan the meal?"

"Sì mam"

They walked off to the kitchen and I started to clean the bedrooms downstairs. They weren't that

dirty,just needed some dusting and mopping.

When I was done,I cleaned the bathrooms too.I wasn't going to be deemed lazy on my first day of work.I've come too far to just mess everything up and go back to Botswana.

After hours of labour I went back to the lounge where I found Mrs Lombardi busy on her laptop.She must be working from home.

"Anything you would like me to do Mrs?"

"Such a sweet child.Its okay.J ust get cleaned up and you can come serve dinner later?"

"yes mam."

.

As Angel left Mrs Lombardi started getting formulating ideas in her head.She smiled to herself as she envisioned her plan actually working.

She was such a genius.

.

ANGEL

I went back to the cottage and I saw a gorgeous girl. She looked at me and smiled. Whats it with people smiling at me.

"Hi,you must be Angel."

"hi"

"and you're cute."

She gushed.I almost rolled my eyes.

"I'm Reneè and its a pleasure to meet you."

She gave me her hand I shook it.I'm not used to this much attention.

"Well,I'll see you bye!"

She walked off to another direction and I went to the room I assigned.Mrs Lombardi said get comfortable right?

I had a shower in the joint bathroom which is so nice.This place is really nice.

After that I wore my blue skinny jeans ad a yellow sweater and sneakers.

I don't know what get comfortable really means so if its not this I'll change.

I retied my hair into a bun and wore my glasses.Okay.

It means that Grace is the one making dinner,maybe she's making Italian dishes.

.

LIKE

COMMENT

SHARE

[04/13, 00:53] Lynne: 12

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ANGEL

I walked out of the room and well Reneè was wearing a dress and it was nice and looked expensive.

"Are you sure that you're okay in that?"

"If I may ask,is it a dinner of some sorts?"

"of course, Mrs Lombardi regards us as family really. Besides her son is coming for dinner"

Grace walked in this figure hugging black dress.

"You know which son Reneè"

Reneè shrugged

"I was hoping Matteo would come, he is the nice and I like him"

Grace rolled her eyes as she laughed.

"I have no interest in the boys, their cousins are hot. Have you seen those dudes in Italy at the sea? Cazzo! I swear you might just orgasm looking at them. The good genes that run in the Lombardi blood."

They laughed and I was lost and I'm not really that social.

"Angel, don't fret. Don't worry yourself about us, we are crazy. These men look good and you'll pick up the little Italian that runs in this house."

I nodded at Grace's words and we left the little cottage and headed to the the main house

The girls led me to the dining room and Grace started to set the the table and I decided to help her.

"I'll teach you how to set these things but thank you. Pass me the flowers, they should be the centerpiece. Apparently the Orchids are nice flowers."

I nodded. In minutes Grace was done and Renee started to come with the plates.

Apparently the dishes are Italian and I'm just going to eat to seem polite. I don't even know what I'll be eating. Ga o tla tse se swaa le ting ya ko motseng o tla reng.

Mrs Lombardi walked in and she was smiling.

"Girls. Thank you and Angel meet the head of the house, Mr Lombardi."

"Pleasure to meet you sir."

The serious looking man nodded and everyone sat down.

Grace asked me to go help her come with the dishes.

I did and at least no one commented about my outfit.

Hushed tones could be heard from the dining room and then the door opened.

"I'm guessing that's him, let's make this quick."

We brought the dishes and well I sat down next to Renee.

"Oh Sandro dear meet Angel"

Why would he need to meet me though?

I focused on the food.

"Angel dear, meet my son Sandro."

I looked up and Goddamn!

I blinked a few times before I smiled.

"Nice to meet you sir."

I said and I looked at my plate. No male has ever elicited such a response from me by just looking at them. And that's not a good sign. Never a good sign. I don't do boys. Never dated and not starting now.

"So Sandro what's been happening mio figlio?"

Mr Lombardi quizzed the young man

"Nothing much really. Just work"

I nearly choked on my food. I quickly drank water. I've never heard such a dominating voice before. And all in one night. I guess I have to pick up some Italian.

"Any prospect of marriage Sandro?"

I focused entirely on my food.

"No, not really interested."

"But you have built an Empire, all for what? For it to be inherited by no one or distant family? You need a wife and family. Just live life mio figlio"

"I'm not interested. Can we close this discussion please?"

"Sì"

Me and Grace collected the plates and headed to the kitchen.

"You see that guy seating on that chair over there?"

She pointed at Sandro.

"He is cold, calculating and the damnest best man in the business. A ruthless devil. His aunt and uncle try. They really do but I don't know who's gonna bring the devil back from his hell."

I shrugged. People have their reasons for being closed off. And not everyone shares their inner scars and at times their innermost demons haunt them in the middle of the night and in the morning they pretend as if they are normal.

We brought some dessert and wine.

I excused myself. I can't eat. I'm full and I need fresh air.

.

DEVIL

My aunt and uncle being them wanted to talk about marriage. I don't want to settle down.

My eyes followed the tiny girl who joined my aunt's servants. She looked different and unlike everyone else she wore jeans. I mean in Italia it is deemed

inappropriate to wear such at dinners unless well you're a rule breaker.

She's different.

"Mi scusi"(Excuse me)

I stood up and headed outside.I never do this but I'm intrigued.

She is a mystery and thats when I smelt the citrusy and fruity mist I smelt at the airport.

.

Mrs Lombardi exchanged looks with her husband as she smiled.Things are not going as planned but close.Hopefully she'll at least have a grandchild by the end of next year since this year was ending.

.

DEVIL

I found the girl sitting by the bench by the garden.

I sat next to her and she nearly jumped.

"Sorry sir,I need to go back inside."

"Don't leave on my account."

She sat down and looked at the sky.

"Are you from here?"

She shook her head and remained silent. Normally women throw themselves at me since they know my status but she is different. She doesn't even know me. And that's refreshing for someone to not know me and treat me like a normal person but then she treats me like her boss.

"Alessandro"

She looked up with confusion etched on her beautiful face. Cazzo! when did I start calling women beautiful.

She smiled a little.

"Angel Mr Alessandro, nice to know you."

"likewise Angel."

.

LIKE

COMMENT

[04/13, 00:54] Lynne: 13

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ANGEL

Alessandro was nice so it won't kill me to be nice just this once.

"So how are you finding Australia cara?"

"Its beautiful.I've never had a white Christmas before so its different"

Cara.I need to find out what that means.He nodded and the snowflakes started to fall.

He didn't smile and I wondered how he would look if he smiled?He is already one hell of a specimen with his sombre expression but how gorgeous would he look if he smiled?God!I need to get my thoughts in order.

He stood up and offered his hand for me to take.I did and it warm and big.It engulfed my whole hand.

.

Everyone watched the encounter from the

window. They looked so cute together. Mrs Lombardi and her husband wore big smiles while Reneè winked at Grace as they stopped themselves from giggling.

Grace had a hunch that something good was going to happen. She is never wrong.

They saw the two approach the door and they scrambled to their seats and Mr Lombardi wore his serious expression.

"So Reneè how's your mom dearie?" Mrs Lombardi asked.

"Well she is doing well and expecting me to be home this Christmas. I'll give her your regards mam"

Mrs Lombardi nodded as the door opened.

It was Sandro and he walked inside with his usual expression. One they had come to know and hate at the same time.

"Grace so this Christmas we're heading to Italia"

Grace nodded as she sipped her wine.

Angel walked inside a few minutes later, her face

looking all flushed because of the cold because she was shaking a bit. Mrs Lombardi nearly scoffed at her nephew for not having the slight gentlemaness to offer the cold lady his jacket to keep her warm. He is ruthless but he doesn't know a thing about women. She is going to do a lot of meddling then.

Angel sat down and Reneè almost burst out laughing because Angel and Sandro both wore serious expressions that showed no emotions at all. They would need to spy better to see what happens between these two.

.

ANGEL

Most of the people at the table looked jittery and happy for some reason unknown to me. I was out for a few minutes and now everyone is happy? That's weird.

She kept her hands on her lap but she should probably start eating the dessert.

She took her spoon and ate while keeping her head down.

.

Everyone noticed the way Sandro was watching Angel eat except for Angel of course. She was oblivious to everything happening.

Mrs Lombardi came to the conclusion that Sandro must be taken by the small beauty that graced their lives. Maybe she might be his saving grace.

Sandro snapped out of his reverie. He never ever does that. Something must be wrong with him today.

.

ANGEL

I sipped the wine and I deemed it better not to drink wine. It was nice but I don't drink that much. Alessandro walked off with Mr Lombardi. Alessandro. I wonder what that name means.

I sighed and helped Grace clear the table.

I guess I'll do my research on Italian.

"Angel lets get cleaning before heading back."

I nodded and she washed the dishes while Reneè made sure the dining room was spotless.

I helped here and there and well after an hour we were done.

"Clean. And we're done."

We said goodbye to everyone and we headed back to the cottage at the back.

Grace threw herself over the couch.

"Today was such an exhilarating day."

To me it wasn't.

"What does cara mean?"

The question came out unexpectedly and both Reneè and Grace widened their eyes.

Is it a bad word? but I remember Grace using it on me earlier today.

"Well, it seems you're picking up some Italian really fast Angel."

I nodded as I sat on the couch and Reneè changed channel.

"Cara means Dear.Its Italian."

Dear.Dear.Hmm.Interesting.Why use dear on someone as me?I'm not even like the supermodels in Italy.I squeezed my eyes shut.Why the hell am I comparing myself to Italian models now?I've never done boys and I'm not starting now.

"I think I'll call it a night guys.Bye."

"Bye bye sweetie"

I walked to my room and I closed the door.I changed into my pyjamas and I decided to call Seithati.

"She finally calls."

"Its been a long day Seithati"

"At least you remember how to pronounce my name."

"Mxm.Dilo wa di rata tlhe."

She laughed.

"Sarcastic are we?how's Aussie for you?"

"Surprisingly nice and weird."

"Weird how?"

"I work for an Italian family"

"Nice, do they have sons?"

"Calm down, they are nice to me and I think working here will be nice."

"At least you're adjusting. I want to visit for Christmas. I'm coming this Friday for you. Saturday we're going out."

"You really don't have to. You can spend Christmas with your family."

"ps sh! I'll see them during the New Year. I'm spending Christmas with you and I have a surprise for you."

"Really? I hate surprises though."

"You'll see what I have for you."

"ok, I have work tomorrow bye."

"bye."

I hung up and I closed my eyes. The dreams that haunt me every night were at bay and surprisingly I

felt a bit happy.I don't know why.I'm never really happy.Ever since what happened.They ruined my whole childhood and even now they don't care.

.

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[04/13, 00:54] Lynne: 14

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ANGEL

It was yet another day of hard labour.This house is gigantic and we clean it everyday.The pay is really good and its not like I can complain about it.

Around 3pm Mrs Lombardi said its okay.Our work for the day was over but Sandro was coming over.I don't know why I felt a bit of excitement at seeing him again.Probably because he's hot.Nothing more.

I went to the cottage and Reneè was slumped on the couch along with Grace.

"Tired! So tired!" Reneè whined.

These two are being overdramatic I swear and its almost comical.

I chuckled and Grace threw a pillow at me.

"This nymph looks like she has energy."

"I'm tired as you just that I hide it well. What are you guys eating?"

They widened their eyes. I'm still learning to be nice. Everyone is being nice to me and it won't hurt to be nice to other people.

"Whatever you make is fine cara, I'll have whatever." Grace said and Reneè seconded that.

I went to the kitchen and I was still in my maid uniform. I boiled the water and started to make three cups of hot chocolate. I also made do with the tinned stuff as I made some sandwiches. Whoever want heavy food will sort themselves out.

When I was done I took the food to the living room and I headed to my room.

I changes and wore sweatpants and a hoodie.

I walked out.

"must you always look good in everything?and thank you for the food.Its really nice."Grace said.She talks too much.

"Welcome Grace.And Reneè"

"I really like you.If I was lesbo I would be hitting on you."Reneè piped in.

They are crazy.Officially going to join Seithati in the loony bin.

We drank our hot chocolate in peace and quiet.The sandwiches were a nice snack.

We were disturbed by a door knock.

"I'm too lazy to go to the door.Angel."

I rolled my eyes.

I went to the door and I nearly stopped breathing.

"Hi Alessandro and why are you here?"

He kept a stoic expression on and I was lost.Why is he here?isn't he supposed to be at the main house?

"Who is it Angel?" Reneè screamed.

"No one important."

Reneè muttered an okay and I stepped outside as I closed the door.

He didn't answer my question. Boss or not.

"Will you answer my question?"

He rubbed the back of his neck as he looked at me.

"You'll talk once you've had your resolve. Bye stranger."

I said as I opened the door and walked inside the door. Successfully closing the door in his face. When did the rude Sethunya make an entrance? oh well. He was just there and I was enjoying my cup of cocoa.

.

Grace and Reneè almost laughed. They saw what happened as they peeped from the window. Man! This nymph was a feisty little thing. No one and I mean no one has ever had the guts to close the door in Alessandro Michelangelo Romani's face and they would even bet that his employees

didn't even dare. He was an unbearable little prick but Angel will fix him up or so they hoped.

.

ALESSANDRO

When I got back to the hotel I couldn't take my mind off the tiny girl. She didn't know who I was and I preferred to keep it that way.

I did one thing I had never done my entire life and I went back to my aunt's house.

Being me I didn't give her my reasons for why I was asking for Angel's whereabouts but she did help.

When she opened the door I froze. The devil. The confident son of the devil whom everyone is terrified of couldn't muster a single word in front of this tiny girl.

I zoned out and I rubbed the back of my neck. Why the hell did I come here. I was mentally insulting myself.

"You'll talk once you've had your resolve. Bye stranger." Her voice rang

When I was about to answer the door closed right in front of my face.

"Cazzo!"

I walked away. Next time I must be in control. I'm always in control of situations. I haven't done this sort of thing before. Never in my life and it's fairly new.

.

ANGEL

I won't lie and say my heart didn't skip a beat when I saw his handsome face at the doorstep.

The girls were now sitting up straight and watching some show on tv.

Why was he here? And... I have a lot of questions swarming my head right now and it's all because of one Italian guy who's too hot for his own freaking good. God!

I just drank my cocoa nonchalantly while watching whatever movie the two girls were focused on.

"So..." Reneè trailed off awkwardly.

"Where are you from Angel?"

I sighed. I knew this question would come but not this soon.

"Botswana."

"Botswana. Interesting."

And I had to laugh. The way they pronounced it was weird and funny.

"It's Bots-wana."

She read my lips and at least Grace tried. Renee was failing miserably.

"I've wanted to see the elephants. I heard that you are a diamond country?"

"Aah yes. One of the best producers of diamond in the world. All from our local ground. Plus we have the best wildlife. You should visit the Chobe and Maun for the wildlife. I promise you, you will not regret it."

"Sounds interesting." Grace replied.

I nodded. I love my country but I hate certain

humans in that country.

"But Angel?"

"yes Reneè"

"You look,I don't know.Different.Don't get me wrong,you're gorgeous but you.."

She sighed.

"Something about you."

.

LIKE

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[04/13, 00:54] Lynne: Its Alessandro Michelangelo Romano.I made a mistake on the last chapter,its Romano not Romani.

Excuse the error.I didn't edit the chapter.

[04/13, 00:54] Lynne: 15

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ANGEL

I shrugged. And she kept quiet.

"I think I'm going to get some fresh air."

They nodded and I went to change. I got dressed and made sure I was warm. I wore my black beanie and walked out of the premises. I just walked around the neighbourhood and saw a bench. There are always benches around yazi

I sat down and took out my headphones and listened to music.

.

SANDRO

I spotted the Angel and I followed her. I wore my gloves and coat. This time I left my driver in the car, she didn't see the car and I sat next to her. She didn't notice. She is gorgeous, no lie.

When she finally noticed she removed her headphones. I rarely listen to music

"Alessandro" The way my name rolled off her lips was definitely new or is it just that I'm intrigued by her.

"Angel."

She raised an eyebrow, no one has really given me a sassy attitude except Jelana. She and her mother are the same.

"Are you going to talk this time?"

"I wanted to say hi."

She rolled her eyes.

"Did you just roll your eyes at me?"

She rolled them again. The disrespect.

"Alessandro who are you to me again. I can roll them again if it irritates you."

I shut up. She definitely is not sweet.

"So you're going to sit next to me and not say a word? ok."

She put her headsets back on. This is hard. Cazzo! I've never done this before and this little nymph is proving herself to be difficult.

I sighed. This is hard. How do people do this?

"Angel?"

She removed her headsets.

"Yes Sandro?"

I sighed.

"Want to grab a cup of coffee?"

She thought about it and I saw the way her lips slightly parted and I resisted the urge to run my fingers on her lips. Now I'm acting like a teenager.

"Okay. Just cause you asked nicely."

I gave her my hand to help her stand up and she placed her tiny hand on top of it yet again. She is small.

.

ANGEL

Now I felt guilty. The guy was nice to me. Why do I always have to be rude to people. I bit my lip as the guilt started to wash over me.

"Sandro I...."

He looked at me. He was a rare specimen.

"Yes cara?"

My heart leaped out of my chest.

Saying sorry was never part of my vocabulary.

"I apologise for my rude behaviour. You're nice."

He smirked.

"Nice? I think you're mistaking me with somebody. I'm far from nice."

I rolled my eyes. He's nice. But I'll go with whatever he says.

We got to this tiny café and I felt like all eyes were on me. Am I wearing anything out of the ordinary?

I looked at Sandro and he pulled a chair for me oblivious to the looks we were getting.

The waitress came to our table and she had her cleavage out. I rolled my eyes. She was literally shoving herself at Sandro who actually paid no attention to her.

I nearly smirked till his deep voice interrupted my

thoughts.

"What are you having cara?"

"The coffee."

He nodded.

"Two coffees and muffins."

The waitress wrote down our order and I saw the disappointment etched on her face that Sandro didn't even spare her a second glance.

"Tell me about you."

I've never been asked this question before. Even Seithati never asked me. People are never really interested in me.

"I'm from Botswana."

He just nodded.

"Pronounce it Sandro."

He shrugged.

"I can't."

"Its Bots-wana"

He tried to and I erupted into laughter.

"You're no good. But that's where I'm from and you're Italian"

He nodded and the order came.

The coffee looked nice. I should come here often.

I took a sip and I saw from the corner of my eye that Alessandro was looking at me.

I picked a table napkin and hit him with it.

"What was that for?" He all but bellowed.

"Stop looking."

I saw him literally just giving me a dead stare.

"Don't look at me."

"How am I supposed to have coffee with you if I can't look at you?"

"Whatever Alessandro"

He is always so serious and never smiles.

"Why don't you smile?"

"What there to be happy about?"

That hit deep than it was supposed to. I always never smiled but people around me these days make me smile and I'm losing my resolve around them.

"Smile. Its good to smile." I said with a smile.

.

SANDRO

Her smile. She is unique.

We drank our coffee quietly and the silence wasn't awkward. It was anything but that.

I glanced at my watch. I have a meeting with the team in Italy in an hour via conference call.

"Are you done?"

"Mmh"

She sipped on the coffee on last time.

"They're good. We can go."

I got up and pulled her chair out. She looked at me and walked out first. Difficult I tell you.

She was walking towards my aunt's house.

"Thank you for coffee and muffins?"

She said as she stopped and adjusted her gloves.

"Welcome."

"okays.I have to get going.But thank you okay mr?"

She said as she stood on her toes and pecked my cheek.

"We'll meet someday and stop going to our doorstep and looking like a lost goat.Its creepy Sandro."

She said as she jogged to the house.Was that an insult?She sure knows how to bruise a man's ego.

I lightly touched my cheek.

I better head to the office for that call.

I walked to my car and instructed the driver to drop me off at the office.My stay here in Australia is about to come to an end.J ust have to get through tomorrow.

.

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[04/13, 00:55] Lynne: 16

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ANGEL

I walked back to the house. What I did back there was impulsive. He probably has been kissed by prettier girls.

When I got the cottage Reneè and Grace were still lazing on the couch.

"How was your walk?"

I shrugged.

"Nice, I guess."

"Met anyone in particular?"

I shook my head. Why are they interested anyway?

Grace called me to her. She was looking at her phone screen.

"Isn't this you?"

I looked at the picture.

"It is why?and why am I on the net?"

Grace rolled her eyes.

"Duh!you're with the most wanted bachelor on planet earth."

My phone rang and I answered it.

"You're thee girl.Mogurl you didn't tell me?"

Seithati's annoying voice rang on the other end of the line.

I moved the phone far from my ear.

"Bitch we'll talk later."

I hung up and used my phone and went on the net.The pictures of me and Sandro in that small cafè were splayed on the internet.How important is he?

She clicked a link and her eyes popped out.She was walking around with a billionaire.Not that she cares but her face is all over the net now.

She read the headlines of an online site, it read; 'Mysterious lady for the ruthless business man. Who is she?'

She didn't need this kind of exposure honestly.

She sat on the couch and Reneè patted her back.

"It will all blow up. They have nothing to do with their lives Angel"

That's hard, whatever goes on the net is hard to erase. Yes she was out with a guy she think she kind of liked. But she didn't need this. She came here for a fresh start.

.

SANDRO

His phone rang and it was his aunt.

"Buona sera"(good evening)

"Michelangelo you bet get your PR team to remove those pictures from the net. Reneè says the poor girl is distraught and get your Italian stubborn ass here and apologise to her."

"Minchia!"(shit!)

"And don't cuss at me Mr Romano,its your fault.Make it fast."

"Sì,capisco"(yes,I understand)

His aunt hung up and he used his sleek laptop and indeed there were pictures of him and Angel at that caffè.Can't people mind their own damn business.His ruthless self now has to apologise to the little Angel at his aunt's place.

.

Meanwhile Mrs Lombardi was all smiles.She didn't hire the paparazzi of course,she wanted her nephew to have a decent relationship.Or his very first one cause he has never been with a girl.That family fucked him up thats for sure.She sipped her hot cocoa while snuggled on the couch.Angel will be his saving grace.Maybe this will stop him from leaving Australia for a bit.Maybe.But he will be coming here and they will meet together.They are both sly,why didn't they tell her they were gonna go out for a drink?Sandro never lets her in on what he

does. She scoffed as she switched channels.

.

ANGEL

"Seithati, I honestly thought I was going out for coffee with a friend."

"Friend? I'm your only friend. He is more than a friend."

"Shut up! Bottom line is that my face is all over the media"

"Not entirely. It's just that I know you so well to recognize you anywhere"

"Gee! thanks. That makes me feel so much better."

"The sarcasm. But he's hot."

I rolled my eyes. We all know Sandro is a rare man.

My door opened.

"Seithati we'll talk again."

I hung up and Sandro stood by my doorway.

"I don't even wanna see your face right now."

"Cara,I didn't know that they would do that.I have my PR working on it."

"Still doesn't make it better.I hate publicity.I just don't want to be known."

He raised an eyebrow.

"And don't ask me why."

"You're different Cara."

"And everyone likes different right?"

I asked sarcastically.A ghost smile played on his lips before it disappeared the second it appeared.He sat on my bed.

"thats rude Mr Romano"

A frown settled on his face.

"I just found out myself so hey."

"And you still treat me like a normal person."

"Aren't you human Sandro?people are hard to understand.Money doesn't make anyone different though."

This time he smiled and he looked gorgeous I swear. His smile damn near took my breath away.

"Sorry for for the inconvenience cara. The pictures will be down by the end of the day."

"Sure. Now get up from my bed."

"you're bossy cara"

"whatever Sandro."

.

Grace and Reneè listened on from the other side of the door. He is really changing. All because of her. Reneè wistfully wished that Matteo would change his playboy ways but again who would love the help?

.

ANGEL

His eyes were grey. Why didn't I notice this before?

"You should get going Sandro."

"Kicking me out tesoro?"(treasure)

What does that word mean? This guy and Italian popping in every line he says.

"Yes! you have to work and apology accepted."

He stood up and rubbed the back of his neck. She remembered this from earlier today. He might become mute now.

She looked at him as he formulated the words in his mind. So what if he's rich? who cares? her ex-family is swimming in mola and money is their prime motive in life. She just wants to earn enough and go back to school.

"Can I have your numbers per favore?" (please)

"sure."

He handed her his phone and she punched it in and gave it back.

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[04/13, 00:55] Lynne: 17

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Bad bad butterflies in my chest,there's something I
gotta confess-Camila Cabello

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ANGEL

"And you should probably get going."

"You're seriously kicking me out cara?"

"Sandro,you have my numbers.We'll talk,Bye
stranger."

I escorted him to the door and I closed the door to
my bedroom.He is one handsome man.I sat down
on my bed.

.

In Botswana

At Katlo's house

Katlo's eyes nearly popped out when she saw that picture splayed all over the net. That girl looked very much like Sethunya. Could she be in

Australia? no. Very unlikely. Girl is poor and has no Pula to her name. She is probably in some shabby drinking spot trying to get money since she is kicked out of school. Sethunya cannot even afford expensive things so how can she afford a flight to Australia? And no man would look at that hideous girl. But one's got to admit Mr Romano is one untouchable man. Her father has been trying to do business with the young lad but hey, the process to get through to him is just hard. He is one hot, spicy untouchable son of a devil.

Maybe they should go to Italy this holiday. She might get him to change his mind. I mean she is the whole package.

"Dad!"

"upstairs Katlo."

She ran up the stairs and found him by the balcony.

"Daddy how about the whole family goes to Italy for holiday?"

"Ask your mother,if she agrees then its fine.We'll spend the holidays there."

she smiled as her father pecked her cheek and she went to find her mother.

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Somewhere in the prestigious estate of Phakalane,Gaborone,Botswana

"They say she no longer schools there Kagiso."

The man sighed.She wasn't his daughter so why was he supposed to care.

"And you're telling me this why Lauren?"

Lauren shut up.She grew a little conscience and it told her what she did was wrong.The poor girl suffered her whole life for her mother's sins.

She looked at the sparkly diamond ring on her finger.She wanted power and this marriage was

it. Kagiso offered her everything and he even loved her.

"Nevermind. Thought I would tell you just."

"I honestly don't care Lauren. Honestly."

She watched as Kagiso stood up and headed upstairs to their bedroom. It was her fault. And it had been too obvious that it's not his child. It was a mistake for crying out loud. She was young and a bit impulsive.

"I'm such a bad mother. I am such a bad person."

Lauren muttered to herself. Her youngest daughter Faith walked inside the kitchen to see her mother looking exhausted.

"mama o sharpo?"

"fine Faith. Go do your homework before dinner sweetheart."

Faith did as told and maybe she could help Junior with his homework. She knew she had four siblings but according to her elder sister Zelda she has another older sister. She didn't understand that

part. It was Zelda, Khaya, herself and Junior. She didn't know of any other sibling to be honest. But hey maybe Zelda is talking about a cousin or someone.

.

ANGEL

It's been a week since the picture saga and well. Somebody has been hitting me up every night and he might call anytime from now.

Christmas is near and Mrs Lombardi said we can get a Christmas holiday. She will be paying at the end of this week. Seithati is coming and I guess this time I'm content.

My phone rang.

"Angel speaking hello."

"Cara, you should stop that. It's annoying."

"Whatever Sandro. You're always so sad Mr."

"I'm not."

"Mmh, keep telling yourself that."

"How are you?"

"Good Sandro. And you're overworking in the office. You'll die young Mr Romano."

"The company won't run itself cara."

"You're a workaholic Sandro. It will give you a heartattack"

"don't worry about me cara."

I rolled my eyes. He's not a bad person. I guess. I feel some kind of way when he talks to me and funny thing is he hasn't made any advances at me. Guess we're just friends.

.

SANDRO

I can't get that tiny Angel out of my mind. I never lose focus but I find myself sometimes wishing I was in her company. She is so down to earth and I don't know.

I find myself calling her every night whilst I'm here in Italy. I honestly hated women from a distance. In fact most of them repulsed me because of how

manipulative they are.

She is unlike the rest. In fact the first night I called she was asking me why the hell I'm calling, that I'm disturbing her sleep and should go back to the hole I crawled from.

Imagine all of this from that small girl's mouth. She has such a smart mouth and I swear if I wasn't a gentleman she would have something to talk about.

Cazzo! Why do my thoughts always stray to her. I need to get my mind in order.

.

Alessandro continued with work as he typed on his laptop. Timothy, his assistant noticed a change in his boss ever since he came back from Australia. Must be that girl he was seen with. He's become a bit bearable and hell has cooled down significantly. Whatever that girl is doing to him its working and they have to thank her. He is changing and he doesn't even notice the change in him.

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[04/13, 00:55] Lynne: 18

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ANGEL

I woke up to a phonecall as I could hear Post Malone's Wow playing.

I answered in my groggy morning voice

"Angel,hello"

"Morning,I'm in Australia.Lets meet up"

I know that voice.Seithati.She has so much energy and its early morning.I have work.

"Hang up Seithati"

"Wake up.Its morning Sethunya"

"I have work"

"WAKE UP!!"She was screaming now and it was annoying

I hung up and switched my phone off.I threw it on the bed that I was yet to make after getting ready today.A grey eyed somebody kept me up lats night and I want to sleep.

When I was done I headed to the main house.Same routine each and everyday.

Clean the rooms then help Grace out at the kitchen.

"You look tired."

"Grace I am.Trust me.J ust a few more hours then we'll be done right?"

She nodded as she looked at me sympathetically.We got on with the work of the day.

I swear today time was not moving.It felt like I worked ten hours straight with no break in between.

When we finally got to the cottage I was half dead.I sat on the couch as Grace threw herself over and Reneè sat down gracefully.She looks fresh and not

tired.

"I wish I can go to Italia with you guys" Reneè started off

Grace wiggled her eyebrows

"To see the notorious Matteo?"

Reneè face flushed as she failed to maintain eye contact. She has a crush on him. That's cute. I don't have a crush do I? no, not really.

"But he wouldn't fall for someone like me anyways..." She trailed off in a sad tone.

The room fell silent as I saw it as my cue to leave

"I'm going to rest, guys. Goodnight"

I stifled a yawn

"You need it. You look horrible"

"Gee! thanks captain obvious"

My voice was laced with sarcasm and she rolled her eyes

"Bye Angel" They said at the same time and the two

goofballs waved at me saying bye as if we don't live in the same house. I got to my room and switched my phone on. So many missed calls from Seithati, I just sent a quick text saying we'll meet tomorrow. I placed the phone on the bedstand as I closed my eyes and fell into a much needed sleep.

.

SANDRO

I was in the boardroom and the presentation was mediocre.

"Get this done and I want a proper presentation by the end of the workday. Got it?"

The whole boardroom was silent.

"Am I clear people?" I hate repeating myself and they know it.

A chorus of "yes sirs" was heard across the room as I walked out. That was just a waste of my time. I have reports to look at and documents to sign and they wasted thirty minutes of my time? unbelievable.

I got to my office and a call came through.

"Whoever you are make an appointment with my secretary. Goodbye!"

I hung up and called Timothy who came scurrying like a mouse to my office.

"No calls come through my personal telephone unless I permit them. Why the hell did some anonymous person call?"

"scusami sir"

"I don't want apologies. I want answers. One mistake and you're gone got it?" His grey eyes startled the poor man as he didn't know which direction to move his green orbs to.

"Yes sir. It won't happen again."

"Now out of my sight. And call Lana on your way out."

.

Timothy dashed out of the hell office as fast as he could. He was wrong. The boss hasn't changed at all. He is silent and yet at the same time can make one shit their pants literally. He made sure to inform

Lana she was wanted in the office. Lana was their Head of Marketing and she was shaking in her boots questioning the safety of her job.

Today alone two people got fired and they were crying. Five almost got fired and Timothy himself almost got fired.

Mr Romano strived on perfection. No, he was perfection himself, a self made billionaire. Everyone respected him in Italy and worldwide. People worshipped the ground he walked in and the Italian girls knew better as thus stayed far far away from the young billionaire. To meet up with that sone of a devil is a task. Many take months to even set up an appointment with him but whatever he wants? he gets it at the flick of his fingers. Thats how powerful that man in.

Timothy just checked his boss's call log and took the number that called his boss.

He was responsible for the appointments. Only the important people get to meet the young billionaire.

He took his telephone and dialled the number that

almost got him fired today.

.

SANDRO

I contemplated calling her and in seconds my fingers had already hit the call button. Just when I was about to hang up I heard her soft voice

"Sandro"

"Cara"

I heard rustling and I started to unbutton my shirt as I headed upstairs to my bedroom.

"How was your day Mr Romano?"

"same old"

"don't keep me up till late or I swear the next time I see you I'll pinch you"

I smiled. That tiny human being pinch me? She could try.

"Threatening me cara? and should I be scared?"

"Be scared."

She is good to talk to. She is in the very least not shallow. Far from it. It's always refreshing talking to her. Most of the time we cover neutral base.

"Talk soon cara, bye."

"Bye, plus I need to sleep"

She hung up and I headed into the shower. The holidays are fast approaching. Worst days ever.

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LIKE

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MENTION

[04/13, 00:55] Lynne: 19

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ANGEL

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I was with Seithati in a small café. It was the very same one I was in with Sandro.

"Sethunya you didn't tell me about Mr Romano"

I rolled my eyes. That's the very first thing she wants to talk about?

"No how've you been? I'm good Seithati. Very good."

"The sarcasm. It was my next question and you've answered it. So the billionaire?"

"There is nothing going on. Just friends"

She wiggled her eyebrows.

"Don't give me that line Sethunya. Don't. O seka."

"Can we close the topic? How is the country without me?"

"Bots is boring without you around. Who can tolerate me other than you?"

"Because you're an annoying little prick."

"Your prick bitch."

We ordered something to eat as she updated me on

the latest gossip. I swear she could make it in life as a gossip columnist.

"Angel, well I have a surprise for you. I hope you won't freak out."

"I hate surprises Seithati. Just spit it out."

"Christmas Sethunya."

Our order came and I just sipped on the hot chocolate.

My phone rang and the name "Italian god" flashed the screen.

I picked it up as Seithati eyed me suspiciously.

"Sandro hi."

"Cara, are you still in town?"

"Yes. I officially live in Aussie, what's up?"

There was silence for a while and Seithati was still looking at me while sipping her drink.

"I have business in Australia, would you like to go out?"

Go out?

I just walked out of the café holding the phone.

"Are you asking me out on a date Mr Romano?"

My tone was full of mirth and I heard a deep chuckle.

"What if I am?"

"Well you have to do better than a phonecall Mr Romano."

"Angel so you're indirectly agreeing?"

"What if I might be agreeing?"

"Well, then it will be my pleasure to take you out Angel"

I smiled a bit.

"Then get on the first flight to Australia Mr, We'll talk later. Bye."

I hung up before he could respond and walked back in.

"Who was that?"

"Who was who?o rata ditaba Seithati.Lets eat."

"Hmm...."

I rolled my eyes as we finished and she paid.

"So where are you staying?"

"At some place in town,you said tomorrow till next year you'll be off?"

"yep."

She clapped her hands like a toddler.

"Yay!You can crash with me,we'll Netflix..."

"And chill.Okay.I have nowhere to be these holidays."

We walked out as she chattered away.I've got such a loudmouth as a friend but she is a good person.

She walked me to the house and she hugged me.

"Easy on the touching.Tomorrow Seithati."

"Bye,we have a lot to talk about and I haven't forgotten about Mr Billionaire wena mogurl.I will find out."

I facepalmed as the gate opened for me.

"Bye!"

I walked to the cottage and found Grace laying on the couch.

"I've known you for over week but I'll miss you."

I nodded as Reneè was busy in the kitchen.

"We have to have some wine. Last night till we meet the following year."

I shed off my coat as I sat on the couch.

"Bring the drinks Re"

Reneè brought wine and some flute glasses.

She poured the wine and handed each of us a glass.

"To us. May we find love and achieve our goals in 2020 ladies. Cheers"

We clinked our glasses as Grace's bubbly laughter erupted.

"Cheers." I said as we sipped our wine.

It seemed they all had everything planned

out.Maybe in Botswana I met the wrong people only to meet three right people.Make it four.

"I'm becoming so emotional."

Grace said as she wiped a fake tear and I just had to laugh.They looked at me with surprise.Its rare to find me laughing.The wine must be getting to my head.I swear.

"The dramatics Grace."

She smiled as she raised her glass and asked for a refill.

"Reneè if you don't mind me asking how old are you?"

"I'm 23 and Grace here is also 23.We know we are both older than you so your age Cara"

"21"

"That's young but welcome to the gang.You are just one of a kind.We'll be good friends I swear."Reneè said.

I smiled.I guess good people do exist on planet earth.

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At Phakalane Estate, Gaborone, Botswana

Lauren was busy with the Christmas decorations with the children.

"Faith pass me the lights."

Faith did as asked as Zelda was busy taking a live video for Facebook.

"Well hi, I'm Zelda and we're getting ready for Christmas. Everyone say hi to the camera."

They all waved as their father smiled at his children.

Kagiso picked Lauren and placed her on his shoulders as she squealed.

"Kagiso put me down. You might drop me."

"Not a chance babe."

"Euuw! Too much PDA. Mum!! Dad!!"

Junior screamed as he hid his eyes with his hands.

"That's my wife little man, not yours."

"Yoh!"

They laughed as their father put their mother down and they shared a kiss that had them screaming in disgust.

Lauren was happy but she couldn't help it but to feel guilty. Her other child though not her husband's was not there. She has no idea where she is but she'll hire a private investigator to find her. The least she can do is to apologise. She hid her guilt with a smile as she looked at Kagiso. She loved him so so much. Too much and she lost a daughter in the process. The things she did to her own daughter were not nice. One can even call her evil for doing that to her.

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[04/13, 00:56] Lynne: 20

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ANGEL

"hello"

There was silence at the end of the line. Must be a wrong number. I hung up as I packed my bags. Seithati said that I get to stay with her for the holidays in Australia. Her family is rich so no wonder they have a house in this country.

"I'm going to miss you." Grace said as she zipped up her bag. She has a lot of stuff by the way.

"Group hug guys." Reneè piped in.

I had no choice but to be ambushed by these two as they pulled me in for a hug.

"See everyone in January."

They finally pulled out as I went to zip my bags. I was just wearing a plain outfit. I'm not the kind of girl to wear dresses and skirts so Mr Romano will have to excuse me for showing up on a date with jeans.

Speaking of Mr Romano,he said he's coming to Australia tomorrow.

We went to the main house and said goodbye to Mrs Lombardi.They were heading to Italy.Christmas is in five days from now so they said they had preparations.

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In Italy

Katlo had done her research and now she was in the restaurant Mr Romano was in.This man was dark and mysterious.Just how she likes it.She loves a challenge.

By the Italy is gorgeous and her mother loved it.Her father was spoiling his wife rotten.

The waiter passed by her table and she noticed that Mr Romano was dining alone.No bodyguards present.Phoning his office failed dismally so she had to show up personally.

She reapplied her lipstick as she made sure she looked at her best.

She stood up and strutted over to his table.

She sat down as he quirked an eyebrow at her.

He didn't chase her away. That's a good sign.

"Hi, saw you dine alone and I thought why not join you since I'm dining alone too"

"Whoever you are, just get away from me."

He sneered. His voice was deep and manly.

"But I'm offering you company, you look lonely sir."

The man scoffed as he looked down on me.

"Then guess I'll leave. Gold diggers these days."

With that he stood up and signalled at his bodyguards who were surrounding the place.

I felt humiliated. No one has ever called me a goddigger before. I'm not after his money, my dad has money.

He walked out with his men and I sighed. That went wrong in so many ways. He is a hard nut to crack. He didn't even smile at me. It is true. He is a devil. A damn handsome one at that. I'll try next time.

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The bodyguards were given grief by their boss as they allowed an unknown woman come to his table without stopping her. They knew their boss didn't tolerate a lot of women. Hell, they've never seen him with a woman until of recent in Australia but other than that particular girl, he stayed far away from the species. The women he allowed were only close family.

They were wondered if he ever felt empty at times. He is successful but he doesn't have a wife plus he doesn't visit family that often too.

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SEITHATI

Angel was here at the place I was staying at. I hope she doesn't freak out at Christmas Eve. She deserves the truth. Even if it's half of it, she was listening to music and she was oblivious to what was happening around her.

I also don't know the truth but her father promised to introduce himself to her. He said he wants to form

a relationship with his daughter.

The daughter whom she herself knows that she has no family at all. Seems like shit happened and they ruined her childhood.

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At Phakalane Estate

Zelda scrolled her NewsFeed as she came across a familiar face on people you may know. Her sister. She sent a friend request and just hoped she had forgiven her parents for how they treated her.

She was older than her when she was born and had thought she was the cutest thing ever until her father started to tell her to stay away from her. They didn't give any reasons for that but eventually when she moved away she had never heard from her little sister again.

What is it that her father hated about her sister, she was such an innocent child honestly.

She sighed. Maybe she'll accept the request. Just maybe they can make things right.

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ANGEL

My phone rang as my heart skipped a beat.

"Mr Romano, to what do I owe the pleasure of this phonecall?"

"I just wanted to hear your voice cara."

"Should I be flattered?"

"It depends. How was your day?"

"Good. Spending Christmas with a friend. How was yours?"

"Exhausting. People don't do their jobs right."

"They'll do better next time."

"I hope so. Be ready by 8pm tomorrow"

"You're serious about coming here??"

"Yes cara, get ready by 8pm. I'll pick you up. I just send the address."

"Wow! Okay. Keep well Sandro."

"Alright Angel. Bye"

She hung up and held the phone to her chest. Maybe she should wear a dress. She has never been on a date before. Neve ever. This is completely new territory for.

"Seithati!"

"In the lounge."

She walked there and kept a sombre face on.

"What do girls wear on first dates?"

Seithati jumped up and down and Angel rolled her eyes. Maybe it was a bad idea to ask for her help.

"You're going on a date? oooh!"

she wiggled her eyebrows and her and she rolled her eyes yet again.

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[04/13, 00:56] Lynne: 21

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ANGEL

"Seithati are you sure I should be doing my nails?"

I asked as my hands were immersed in her weird mixture which she said is good for nails.

"Sethunya my darling flower trust me. I'm the expert here."

"Whatever you say."

"Then we have to wash off that face mask in a few minutes. We won't be doing makeup. Unfortunately."

Her smile dropped. I said no to the makeup. I don't wear makeup and I'm not starting now. I'd look weird

with the stuff.

"So we're ditching the glasses Sethunya?"

"No! I'm literally blind. We're not ditching the glasses thank you very much."

"You're no fine. Your eyes are gorgeous as they are."

"Still wearing my glasses."

"Time's up."

I took my hands out of the strange mixture and my hands felt weird. A good weird.

"lets go wash off that face mask then you're gonna take a nice bath. Lets see what we'll be working with in regards to clothing."

I rolled my eyes. There is still time.

My phone rang and she just picked it for me before placing it on my ear.

"Hello cara."

"Sandro hey, are you calling to cancel cause I would..."

"Angel calm down.I'm not cancelling.Wear something warm,we'll be out in the cold."

"what is that supposed to mean?"

"Exactly that cara,wear something warm and comfortable.But make sure you're able to shed it off easily."

"Shed it off?is there something you're planning after the date Mr Romano?"

"No,just wait and see cara.Bye."

He hung up and Seithati placed the phone on the table.

"Gatwe I should wear something warm and comfortable.Its going to be cold."

"I see.I'll see what to do.Wash off that face mask and get in the tub.You want a glass of wine?"

"I'm good."

"hokay!"

I headed to the bathroom and she had already ran the water for me.Seithati though.

I washed off the face mask and slipped in the bathtub. I've changed. I'm letting people in and I hope I don't regret. I pray I don't.

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At Phakalane

Lauren was by the garage talking to the private investigator via phonecall.

"I found her miss. Not that hard to track."

"okay, where is she?"

"In Australia."

Lauren closed her eyes as she wondered when and how she got there.

"What else did you find Pete?"

"Apparently she got kicked out of the school because she caused a fire."

"Oh God!"

They mean that fire that was all over the news. Her daughter caused it? And she fled the country?

"Thank you,I'll see what to do."

She hung up as she walked to the dining room.How was she going to reach out to her now?She will find a way.

She bumped into Zelda on her way to her bedroom.

Zelda looked at her mom as she sighed.She was only here for the holidays.She was going back to America two days after the New Year.

She headed to her room and sat down on her bed.She had to edit a video for her YouTube Channel.

But what if Angel hates them or has forgotten about them completely.She hasn't seen her sister in over 10 years.

She must be twenty now.She was older than her sister by 3 years since she was the first born and Khaya was also older than Sethunya by a year.

She bet Sethunya didn't know she has another sibling which is J unior.The baby of the family.

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ANGEL

"I'm going to wear that?that?"

Seithati shrugged.

"Take it or leave it. Warm and comfortable."

"It looks fancy. I can't wear that."

Seithati sighed. I want to be comfortable.

"So what do you suggest madame?"

"Jeans and a sweater."

"Eish!ke tlo dira jang ka wena?"(what am I going to do with you?)

"I'm wearing jeans Seithati."

"At least wear the top and the coat then. At least. You won't wear the skirt."

I rolled my eyes as I reluctantly agreed.

I wore my white high waisted denim with my sneakers and the white top Seithati chose. I wore a poloneck over it before I wore the black coat.

"Happy?"

"Very, you look absolutely gorgeous friend! I need to take pictures."

She took her phone as she started to take pictures.

"Yeela! don't just stand there. Pose for the camera. Give me your best baby girl. Work it for me!"

She was being dramatic and I laughed.

"That's it. Pretend I'm not taking pictures. Gorgeous! The camera loves you baby. Work. It."

I bet she took more than a hundred as we stopped taking pictures when the doorbell rang.

"You look perfect. The hair is good. You are good. Go enjoy yourself. Bye!"

She handed me my phone and pushed me out of the room.

I walked to the door and I saw him. He was so much alike a fallen angel.

"Hi."

"cara, sei bellissima" (dear, you are beautiful)

"I have no idea what that means but I'd like to think its a compliment."

"it is cara,shall we?"

He gave me his arm as I joined mine.

"We shall.Were are we going?"

"you'll see.And I see you took my advice.You look beautiful"

"Thank you Mr Romano."

He led me to his car to which he opened the door for me.The car is nice.

He was the one driving it.

"Angel,I would like to know what brought you here to Australia."

I sighed.I'm not going to tell him everything though.

"I needed a fresh start.To begin a new chapter."

"I see."

He turned at some curve before he sped straight ahead.

He brought the car to a stop.

"We're here."

"We are?"

he nodded.

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[04/13, 00:56] Lynne: 22

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ANGEL

He held my hand as he helped me get out of the car and I let him.

Thank goodness Seithati did what she did to my hands cause they are soft as fuck.

I observed my surroundings and this didn't look anything like a restaurant or a fancy place.

"Where are we?"

"An ice skating rink." Was his simple reply.

My eyes widened and I blinked several times. What? A first date at an ice skating rink? Creative but now I don't know how to do these English things.

I opened my mouth to respond and then closed it again.

I mentally scolded myself. It's just skating.

Which you know nothing about, my mind retorted.

"ok."

He raised an eyebrow. What was he expecting me to say?

"Ok? you don't like it? you seem a little shocked too judging from the expressions on your face. If you don't like we can go somewhere else?"

"No, no. It's fine."

I sighed as I clasped my hands together. Time to tell the Italian that I know nothing. Nothing.

"Well if we're being honest I don't know how to do

this. Like never done it before in my entire being."

Then his full blown laugh came into play. I observed how his eyes crinkled and his grey eyes lightened to a lighter shade as mirth was present in them. His pink lips revealed those pearly whites and his nose was slightly pink. Must be from the cold.

His laugh was soothing as I felt my heart flutter and I had to hold myself back from smiling too cause his laugh is wow!

"If that's what you're worried about cara, I'll hold your hand every step of the way."

He said as he tried to regain his composure.

"Your expressions are timeless. God!"

This time I rolled my eyes. Gee thanks.

"Thank you for your kindness good sir"

He could hear the sarcasm that laced my sentence and he plainly ignored it.

"If we will Angel."

He took my hand and led me inside the ice skating

arena now.

We walked inside and it was actually nice.

I noticed how the people's eyes widened and their mouths hung open when they saw Mr Billionaire walking in.

There was some whispers and I tuned them out as I focused on where Sandro was leading me since it was obvious that he was oblivious to all the attention he was getting.

He let my hand go and his eyes skimmed my whole body.

I glared at him and he ignored the nasty glare as his eyes continue to rake my body. If I didn't know any better I would have said he is eye raping me.

"Angel sit down, I'll be back"

With that he left me to my own devices which meant I had to sit down. I won't touch my phone. No phones during dates. That's what Seithati said.

I fidgeted with my hands. I hope I don't make a spectacle of myself tonight.

He came back with skates and he crouched before.

"The shoes.They need to come off."

His voice was demanding and I had no choice but to obey what he said.

I removed my sneakers and he held my foot.

"So tiny."

I rolled my eyes.Whatever.

He helped me put on the skates and they were a perfect fit.

I suspiciously looked at him over my shoulder as he wore his skates.

He helped me out of my coat and he shed his off too.

"And I guessed your shoe size."

"Hooray for your hypothesis."

He chuckled.

"You're something else.Come on."

He took my hand as he led me to the rink.

There was only three people on the ice and guess what my idiot untrained self did?

I slipped and landed right on the ice with my arse.

"Ouch!oww!"

The man who brought me here looked at me with amusement shining in his gorgeous eyes as he helped me up.

"Lets see what to do with that clumsiness. Yes cara?"

He held my waist and it was well a bit strange since no one has touched me that way before. And his big hand was holding more than half of my waist.

"Now follow my lead."

With that he glided through the ice while holding me tight. I wasn't actually skating if we're being honest here.

He was skating while holding inexperienced me. And well I tumbled onto the ice a few more times. I'm sure I'm going to bruise like nobody's business and my ass hurts so bad.

Sandro chuckled at my demise and I glared at him.

"Okay."

He held my waist from behind and he spoke.

"Drag your feet on the ice and you won't fall. I got you cara."

I did drag my feet and it worked. I slowly started to glide like he was doing and it was getting there.

He held me like that as I skated all around the rink more than thrice.

He let my waist go and I gave him the thumbs up.

I was getting it. The dare devil in my then thought about all the movies I've watched and why not imitate a thing. Or two.

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SANDRO

I was skating behind her at a steady pace. Then the little nymph attempted to do something a professional skater could do.

She watches too many moves.

She started to spin and it actually looked good as I was closely behind her.

She lost her footing and well I caught her before she could break an ankle.

Our eyes met and I noticed the green flecks that swirled in her hazel eyes. Thats unique.

Her lips were slightly open and her cheeks were tinged with pink.

Bello(beautiful)

I removed her hair from her face and her eyes started to dart around the room before the moved back to mine.

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[04/ 13, 00:56] Lynne: 23

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SANDRO

I helped her stand up straight and she couldn't maintain eye contact. Her cheeks were still pink from the blushing.

I smirked.

"Angel what you did was risky."

She laughed as she kept on pushing her hair back.

"It was hey."

With that she skated away.

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ANGEL

Deep breaths Sethunya. Hema (breath) girl! Okay. I chanted to myself as I skated away from him.

That was uhm. Okay.

He caught up to me and well we skated together but with not touching. I don't think I'll breathe if he does touch me this time.

"How are you enjoying the skating?"

"Its actually awesome."

At least I can formulate a full sentence.

"You'd want to come back again cara?"

"Definitely."

We glided the ice and I closed my eyes as I did.

I felt myself being picked up.

I opened my eyes and I was mid air.

I half squealed and half screamed.

"I'm going to die.Yoh!"

The deep chuckle behind me just added to my worries.We were on ice.

"Alessandro put me down.You are so evil.Put me down."

"No can do Angel."

He skated while holding me.

"Its no longer funny.Down Mr.Down."I said laughing a bit.

He put me down and he skated with me while

holding my waist.

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The two on the ice rink were oblivious to the people who took photos of them together.

A few shots and they had the perfect story. Who would've thought the Italian devil would bring his girlfriend to the ice rink? She is the first woman he has been seen in public with and well they had to ask themselves who is she?

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ANGEL

We were sitting at a warm cozy restaurant that was hidden from the city.

"Their food is good. So good."

"Glad you like it cara."

I twisted the spaghetti on my fork as I prepared to put the piece of heaven in my mouth.

I managed but the sauce smeared all over my mouth.

"Messy. But nice."

"Let me."

He took a napkin and used his hand to pull my face closer and he wiped my lips.

His thumb ran on my lips and I closed my eyes.

Why did I close my eyes. I opened them and blinked back as his eyes zoomed in on my lips.

This is getting a bit hot.

"So uhm..."

He looked at me.

"So?"

"do you have any siblings?"

"No."

He doesn't. He's lucky. I do. Okay I once did but not anymore. I don't even have family.

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SANDRO

I noticed the change as soon as she asked about siblings. Family is a touchy subject on my part and

I'm not ready to talk about family.

She zoned out and I saw sadness flash in her eyes before she masked it up with indifference and sighed.

She looked at me with a smile.

"Well this night has been eventful."

"Well you were a good sport."

"I enjoyed the date. I really did Sandro. Thank you."

"Welcome Angel."

we continued with our meal and when we were done we headed over to my car.

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"well I dropped you back home."

She looked at her watch and chuckled.

"At 11pm Mr Romano. What do you have to say for yourself?"

"That I took you out and you enjoyed it?"

"Cheesy Sandro. Very cheesy."

I got out of the car and opened the door for her.

I helped her out of the car. Her hands were very soft too.

"So this is it?"

She clasped her hands together as she looked at me.

"It was a wonderful night cara."

"It was. Thank you again."

She walked away and I was fighting my brain not to do this but my mind won.

"Angel. Wait. I forgot something."

She stopped in her tracks and I walked to where she was.

"Is it okay if I do this?"

She looked up at me as I brought her close.

Her face flushed and I smiled. She is so beautiful.

I ran my thumb on her soft lips and she just let me. Why do I feel this attraction to her? I've never

been attracted to a woman before. I don't know why.

I just decided against it. It's too soon.

I just kissed her on top of her head.

"Goodnight Angel."

She shuddered.

"Night Sandro."

I let her go and her face was still flushed.

She walked inside the house and I walked back to my car.

She is just....

I sighed. I drove to the hotel I was staying in. I have a meeting tomorrow morning.

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ANGEL

I closed the door and I slid down it. He almost kissed me. Technically he did. On my head but my heart just can't stop beating. I've never been kissed before though.

"Get a hold of yourself Angel."

I placed my hand on my heart. When did I develop feelings?

I breathed in and out and I stood up and walked to the bedroom. I guess Seithati was already asleep and I just changed into my pyjamas.

Today was so nice.

I closed my eyes as I prayed that my demons don't haunt me in the middle of the night. I had a good day and I don't want a nightmare to ruin it.

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At Phakalane, Gaborone, Botswana

Lauren was awake besides Kagiso who slept soundly. What happened kept on haunting her. She was just a little girl and they destroyed her. She just wanted her parents to love her. She must hate them right now because ever since she moved out at such a young age she never even attempted to communicate. Just cut all ties with everyone.

Tears stung her eyes as she forced herself not to

cry. She was such a bad mother and this guilt was eating her away slowly while her husband remained unaffected.

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[04/13, 00:57] Lynne: 24

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ANGEL

I woke up with a huge smile on my face. That Italian is now ruling my dreams. I headed to the bathroom

just to get all cleaned up.

When I got out of my room I was bombarded with questions.

"Sethunya and how was your first date?"

I kept a very serious face as I looked at Seithati.

"Okay."

Her jaw dropped as she looked at me.

"You're impossible. How can a date be okay? it should be romantic, touchy and maybe there should be a second date in tow. Is there a second date?"

A second date? he mentioned nothing about the prospects of one. Maybe he was bored?

"I don't know Seithati. Maybe or maybe not."

She nodded in understanding as she headed to the kitchen.

Christmas is in a few days and I shuddered. Never actually been a fan of the day.

"Can I fix you up something to eat?"

"Sure. Anything is fine."

I went back to the room and picked my phone. I opened the text and it was goodmorning one from the Italian god.

I smiled and replied him before I took my headphones and listened to music.

Seithati snapped me out of my musical trance when she told me breakfast was ready. We sat at the lounge and the chatterbox didn't close her mouth.

"Any plans for Christmas day?"

I shrugged. I've never actually done anything special on that day.

"Whatever you want to do. I don't know what people do on Christmas."

She wiggled her eyebrows.

"We celebrate birthdays."

"Its really unnecessary Seithati. Plus a waste of money."

"But you're finally being 21."

"And I don't want to celebrate."

She rolled her eyes at me. Seithati actually rolled her eyes at me.

"I didn't hear that so bitch we're gonna celebrate your twenty first which is on Christmas day."

I threw the remote at her.

"You're being abusive now. That hurt."

"No celebrations Seithati."

"Whatever you say and maybe your mans might make it special for you."

"Excuse me? I have no mans."

"Keep telling yourself that. You like that man."

I just shut up and ate my food in silence.

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SANDRO

The meetings went quite well and at least nobody got on my nerves.

The driver dropped me off at the hotel and I just

went to my hotel room to change.

After that I took the keys from the driver and drove over to Angel's place. It was well over seven and well I know she is not expecting me at all.

I knocked at her door.

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ANGEL

"Go apaya nna?" (Am I the one cooking?)

"Ee mma. O tla nna sets hwakga. O tla nyalwa ke mang o sa apeye?" (yes mam. You'll become lazy. Who'll marry you when you don't cook?)

I scoffed at her remark. I don't cook that well. Seeing that not most had time to teach me. I know how to clean though. I looked at the pots. What am I gonna do with them?

There was a door knock.

"Seithati!"

"Answer the door Sethunya mma."

I rolled my eyes and I went to the door.

When I opened it I was met with those stormy eyes.

"Hello cara"

"Hi Sandro."

I looked at him and this was a nice change from the clothes he wore on our date and from the times I've seen him.

He was in jeans. Like actual dark jeans and a dark blue turtleneck and coat.

I could see the muscles beneath the turtleneck besides I felt them when he held me.

"Cara are you okay?"

I snapped out of it and flashed him a nervous smile.

"Sorry. Uhm. come in?"

He walked in and I led him to the couch.

"Well I'm gonna go get something and I'll be back."

He nodded.

With that I half ran to Seithati's room.

"I need your help."

"Di go ts hubile dipits a?"(did the pots burn you?)

"fots ek! I have a guest and you of all people know how much of a terrible cook I am."

She laughed.

"Nyalo e go latetse mogurl. Ya go apaya. Read some recipe book or something. I'm not bailing you out. Go cook for him. Its a him akere?"(marriage found you girl. Go cook.)

"Fuck you."

She laughed even more and even rolled off her bed laughing.

"Fuck him instead. Girl bye. Bye bye"

I walked out of her room. This is infuriating.

Maybe I should order pizza.

I went to the lounge where Sandro was. Such a big man in the small three bed roomed house.

"Well I."

He looked at me with amusement. Is there anything funny.

"I hope I'm not disturbing."

I shook my head.

"No, no! not at all."

"And you look like you're at your wits end."

I looked at him and asked him to scoot over so I could sit next to him.

"Can I let you in on a secret?"

"Okay."

"Don't tell anyone."

"My lips are sealed."

I smiled.

"I can't cook."

He chuckled.

I hit his shoulder.

"It's not funny Mr Romano. Those pots waiting for me at the kitchen? they are a disaster waiting to blow up the whole damn house."

"Even toast?"

"I burnt the toast I made yesterday morning and well lets leave out all the other complications"

He chuckled.

"Cara you're something else."

"up for pizza then?I fear for all of your lives if I can touch those pots."

"Anything is fine then."

"Thank you.Excuse me for a second."

I went to Seithati's room.

"Go greet the guest.Maits eo mma.And we're having pizza."

her smile dropped.

"I really wanted to amuse myself with your poor cooking."

"It failed.I will order pizza and keep my guest company."

With that I walked out of her room to keep Sandro company.

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TBC

[04/13, 00:57] Lynne: 25

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There's just inches in between us, I want you to give
in-Camila Cabello

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ANGEL

The pizza order arrived and Seithati ended up
excusing herself from the room.

I know she has something to say. She will definitely
say it after Sandro leaves.

"So basically you're telling me you're twenty six?"

"Yes"

"thats old"

He chuckled.

"Cara you're making me out to be some old man"

"You are"

"says the twenty year old"

"Twenty one" I corrected.

"whatever floats your boat cara"

"and sorry for my cooking. Lack of experience at least the pizza was nice and I didn't subject you to my horrible cooking"

"Its okay"

He stood up and his eyes locked with mine. Those stormy greys of his.

I cleared my throat as he put on his coat.

I went to go get my coat and I joined him in the lounge.

"A walk?"

I agreed and he asked for my hand. I gave it to him

as we walked out of the door.

The night was quiet and the snowflakes were falling. It all looked like it was a movie.

We were both quiet. Well my thoughts weren't. I've never been with a man. I have way too many issues to burden someone's son and I just don't have the confidence I guess.

"Sandro what do you see in me?"

I blurted out as I broke the silence between us. We were holding hands and to other we might come off as a couple but honestly I had no idea what we are. Are we just friends or? I have never done this before.

"I see you. You are you Angel. You've never came off as fake or anything close. And you're very pretty Angel"

I felt my cheeks go warm. I felt like a fraud. I have a past and he's just so perfect. I mean he could have any girl he wants why the interest in me?

"You know I've never actually done this before"

I looked at him.

"I mean this "

He said as he raised our intertwined hands.

"I don't know why I can't seem to get you out of my mind. This is the closest I've ever been to pure honesty"

I nodded as we kept walking on the snow. We honestly didn't know where we were going but we kept on walking.

"I've never done this before too"

I said with a smile as I looked at him.

He just looked at me.

He is always so serious.

"And what do we call this?"

I said raising our interjoined hands.

"What do you want to call it Angel? tell me"

I closed my eyes for a second. This screams commitment. Am I ready for commitment?

"A relationship?"

This time he smiled as he looked at me. He should really smile often. His smile is just bedazzling.

"Then that's what this is cara."

He kissed my hand. For a man who says he's never done this he sure does it like a professional.

"Wait.."

We stopped walking and he looked at me as he held both my hands.

"Yes?"

"Hold on.."

He looked at me with a raised brow and that serious look of his.

"yes cara. Maybe we shouldn't deny what's happening. I don't know how many hours I've stewed over what I think of you"

"I'm..wow!"

"Speechless?"

This time he smirked and he looked hot doing it.

"I mean..uhm"

"Yes cara?"

"So we're basically an item?"

He chuckled.

"I don't know how these things work so I presume I have to ask you to be my chika?"

"you know mexican?aren't you supposed to be Italian?"

He shrugged.

"you picked that from the whole sentence?"

I shook my head as I laughed softly.

"sorry.I think thats how the movies say its supposed to be done?"

"you watch a lot of movies"

"so I've been told"

"We're doing this cara?"

"Give me a few seconds to breath and process this

whole thing"

He chuckled.

"As you wish"

I closed my eyes as I breathed in and out. I could still feel his warm hands on mine. He was rubbing my knuckles and it was soothing. In some kind of way.

"Shit! this is happening"

"And I don't think cussing suits that pretty little mouth of yours"

I shut up as his tone was dominant and demanding me to obey.

I opened my eyes.

"Better?"

I nodded.

"okay. We're dating as in together together?"

He nodded.

"oh shit!"

"Cara language"

"Sorry!"

I breathed in and out.

"You're not having a panic attack are you?"

I shook my head.

Its been years since I had one. So not one. Just pure shock. This Italian god of a man wants to court me? court is old fashioned. He wants to date me? a plain Motswana girl? Big!

"I'm good now"

He looked at me over. Once. Twice and the third time he pulled me flush against his chiseled body and I held onto his biceps. Whoa!

"Okay? with the idea?"

I nodded as he tipped my chin up using his thumb.

"Beautiful. Cazzo! So damn beautiful
preciosa"(precious)

he ran this thumb over my lips and then he ran his knuckles over my cheek.

Are butterflies real? Because I felt somersaults in my tummy and they were going wild.

"Can I do this?"

Whatever you say Sandro. I nodded my head, unaware of what he wants to do.

He brought his head down and looked into my eyes.

I closed my eyes and I felt the impact. Head first as his lips touched mine for the first time ever.

They were soft and I'm inexperienced.

He murmured against my lips.

"Follow my lead cara"

How do I follow his lead?

I slightly parted my lips and his tongue darted inside, probing and I responded. He tasted of coffee and mint. I could get used to this.

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TBC

[04/13, 00:57] Lynne: 26

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ANGEL

He murmured against my lips.

"Follow my lead cara"

How do I follow his lead?

I slightly parted my lips and his tongue darted inside, probing and I responded. He tasted of coffee and mint. I could get used to this. His tongue found solace with mine and I did what he did. It was dizzying and also special all at once.

He pulled back and looked at me. He ran his thumb over my lips once more. I was still in a daze from his kiss when he started speaking, his accent very heavy.

"Sweet"

I was still in his embrace and we pulled apart only to have him pull me to him and hold me by the waist.

"Let's get you home preciosa"

I just nodded but my fingers itched to trace my lips. I can still feel the lingering effects of his kiss.

We walked as silence hung thick in the air. We really a couple now? Australia has given me a lot of surprises.

When we arrived at the house, he hung his head low as he looked at me. He was a big man and I've never felt so small in my life though I was aware I was only five feet tall and also petite.

"I'll pick you up for breakfast preciosa"

His lips grazed my cheek and I think my skin flared as I felt hot all over. Such new reactions yet he was doing nothing one could term as sexual.

His soft lips found mine again as we shared a sizzling and toe curling kiss in front of the gate.

I used my hands to hold onto him for stability as he had bent low to accommodate my height. When he

broke the kiss I kept my eyes closed and I heard his low chuckle.

"You can open your eyes now cara"

I did and I was met with deep intense grey eyes staring right back at me.

He straightened up and he opened the gate for me as he led me inside the yard.

Now I feel all queasy around him and his display of affection. Who knew this was what was behind that cool unfazed exterior.

"Have a good night cara"

With that he dropped a kiss on my cheek and watched me.

"Uhm..."

"I'm waiting for you."

"Oh!" it then registered that he was waiting on me to get inside the house.

I opened the door and I nearly got a fright when Seithati nearly tripped over.

"And then?"

She looked guilty of something but I ignored her as I went to the window and saw his car drive off.

"Mind sharing?"

I looked at her.

"It's not that hard to see cara"

My eyes widened. Alessandro is the only one who calls me that.

"Seithati not now."

"So there is something. You guys were gone for too long. What happened?"

I sighed. She is not going to let this go is she?

"Keep this under wraps please."

"My lips are sealed"

She animatedly used her fingers to zip her lips and pretended to throw an invisible key. I'm stuck with her for a friend.

"I have a boyfriend" I said so fast. She looked at me

with question in her eyes.

"Speak slowly Sethunya.what was that?"

"I have a boyfriend"

I cringed when she squealed and I thought my ears might explode.

"She has a mans.I honestly wasn't going to take the 'we're just friends' bulls hit.My baby has a man interested in her.You're growing up so fast"

She faked tears and even wiped them.

"The dramatics Seithati."

Seithati rolled her eyes as she engulfed me in a hug that I didn't even initiate.

"You deserve happiness Angel and if that serious looking man can give it to you then sure go ahead"

"Wait...you're giving me your blessings?"

"Yes.I'm the only sister you have."

I winced.I actually have two but they are long forgotten right?I have no family now.

Seithati let go of me and she smiled at me.

I said goodnight to her as I headed to the room. I looked at myself in the mirror.

All I saw in the mirror was that little girl again. She was staring right back at me with tears brimming in her eyes.

"She deserves so much happiness regardless of her past and he can be it."

Using my sleeves I wiped the tears away and headed to the bathroom for a quick shower before I slid in bed.

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ALESSANDRO

Angel was captivating. I can't quit decipher what I feel for her but she's enthralling me and there has never been any female to capture my attention like she does. I don't know if there will be any female who will do that. What I did was impulsive and might be termed reckless as I always do things based on logic and with a clear head.

I watched from the terrace of the room at the moon that shine in the darkness of night. We'll see how this goes and I honestly don't trust myself not to do anything foolish because I've never done commitment and Angel is different. Literally her name suits her and I can't get her out of my mind. It's like she is stuck there because my very night thoughts revolve around that hazel and green eyed beauty.

But will my reputation push her away. I've never been a person who does well with communication.

I ran my hand through my hair. I've never done relationships before and if you could term a teenage infatuation at age 19 then that's how far my knowledge goes.

My phone rang and I walked back inside the room as I checked the caller id. A number I've never seen before flashed and it was from Italy.

"Mr Romano speaking."

It was surprising because a handful of people can contact me on my personal handset.

There was silence at the end of the line.

"Mio figlio"(my son)

My hand froze as I felt the blood in my veins start to run cold.

"Michelangelo"

I didn't respond. Thought I had done away with the old bastard.

"What can I do for you?"

Silence. He wanted to murder the figlio di puttana (son of a bitch)

"Can we talk?"

"I thought we talked it over years ago Salvatore and came to a mutual agreement that still stands, the only way we are ever going to talk Salvatore is when I'm cold and dead"

With that I hung up. Some bastards are going to pay for giving that old bastard my number. Always been the devil and always will be. That's not changing anytime soon.

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ANGEL

I looked at myself again. Do I look fine? I pulled the beanie the right way down before I removed it.

Seithati opened my bedroom door as she looked at me.

"You have somebody waiting for you in the lounge."

My heart hammered in my chest. He's here already?

I walked out and headed to the lounge where Sandro awaits for me. I actually have a whole six foot and something inch as my boyfriend?

I smiled when I saw him. He had that cold exterior on as he was on his phone.

"Hi"

He looked up from his phone and I saw the ice melt. Only a bit but that's ok. We all have reservations.

"Cara, morning."

He stood up and took long strides towards her.

Her cheeks tinged with pink as he held her waist. He dropped a featherweight kiss on her forehead.

"Ready cara?"

She nodded.

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The couple sat at a very expensive looking restaurant and all of a sudden Angel felt self conscious, the women who walked in and out were the model types and were strikingly gorgeous. And there she was sitting with the world's really most sought after bachelor who is technically not one currently. One who was also a billionaire and she was in cheap jeans and a sweater.

Alessandro noticed the nervous flicker of her hazel green eyes. He followed her gaze and he saw the source of her very quiet and detached mood. She felt she didn't fit in. There was a lot those eyes and that face showed than she was letting on.

"Angel is the food fine preciosa?"

She nodded as she put the fork down. She has never

felt so inadequate, maybe that's why her family thought she didn't fit in with their standards. She was always so meek looking and at times looked like a measly mouse. She pushed her plate back and abruptly stood up from her seat.

"Excuse me"

With that she dashed out of the restaurant. Sandro followed her and found her by the car trying to breathe.

He pulled her to his large frame as her height didn't even reach his broad shoulders.

"What is it?"

"I'm fine Sandro. You can let go"

He didn't let go and held her tightly.

"Something is wrong and you're not telling me. What is it?"

Angel sighed. She is not used to talking. She usually finds a way to get over it and moves on.

"It's childish Sandro. Its okay."

At least there were no tears and she was grateful for that.

Sandro tipped her chin over and removed her glasses.

"Angel and I wasn't negotiating"

His tone was final and Angel surrendered to it. This once.

"I just don't fit in that place. Look at me."

His eyes raked over her and Angel thought she saw desire pooling in those stormy eyes but it quickly dissipated as soon as it appeared and those grey eyes remained cold.

"You don't need to fit in cara and you're perfect. Should we change the place then?"

She was being childish.

"It's okay."

"You sure?"

She nodded as he pecked her lips and held her hand as they walked back inside the restaurant.

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Don't have a phone yet but I'm trying to work things out

[04/13, 00:57] Lynne: 27

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ANGEL

We sat in his car as he passed me my milkshake. It's been a great few days with Sandro and we've been spending a lot of time together and I got to discover that he absolutely hates animals and is allergic to dogs. I like cats though I'll never admit that to a lot of people. They are cute and some have the same colour as his eyes.

“What do you want to study?”

I smiled at him.

“Is that a trick question Mr Romano?”

“No preciosa”

“Medicine. I actually want to save enough to continue studying medicine.”

“I see. What made you love it?”

I shrugged. I had always wanted to be that Dr and I'm not ready to delve in to the real reason I decided to pursue that course. I looked at him and smiled again. Why do I always smile around this certain male specie

“I was fascinated by the human anatomy”

He raised an eyebrow and I chuckled.

“The human anatomy now? and what did you learn from that?”

His voice carried a hint of amusement. This guy.

“There a lot of parts to the human anatomy. Really interesting, especially the male anatomy don't you think Mr Romano?”

I said biting my lips and trying to gauge his

reaction. And I got it as I saw his tongue dart to moisten his lips and I think I saw a flame ignite in those stormy eyes before they were covered with indifference and they went steely again.

“Interesting indeed. Mind sharing what you learnt little Dr?”

When he said little Dr that was supposed to feel like an insult but surprisingly it didn't.

“You really want to know?”

He nodded his head as he focused all of his attention on me.

“Well nothing much really. Just that it usually takes time for a really hot blooded male specie to have his erection settle down”

I said innocently as I sipped on the milks hake I had in my hands. I'm waiting for the reaction or reply.

“And how long do you think it takes for a pure Italian man to keep it under control cause you do this to me cara”

That took me by surprise as I looked at him and the

fire that was in those grey orbs was raging and it was on full display for me to see.

I choked on my milkshake as my eyes saw the tent in his pants.

“Oh My God!!Sandro...”

I shrieked as he laughed and the milkshake dropped from my hands and I hid my eyes using my hands.

“My poor virgin eyes.God!”

I opened the car door and walked out with my other hand covering my eyes.

Once outside I removed my hand from my eyes.I breathed in as I moved from the car.

“My poor eyes.You weren’t supposed to see that!”

Then I felt myself being picked up and I shrieked yet again.

“Put me down!!”

He didn’t let up as he walked with me hauled over his shoulder.

“Mr Romano would you be kind as to put me

down?”

“No!its quite amusing to feel you squirm.”

I huffed and when he finally did put me down he held my waist.

“Your reaction was cute!”

My face started warming up.

“And you’re shy about the topic you bravely led?you’re something else cara”

He said as we walked back to the car.

“Sorry for the milks hake”

“It’a okay besides I need to tell you something”

When we got back inside the car he handed me his milkshake and I sipped on that one.

“I’m going back to Italy.”

“oh”

I shrugged my shoulders.Of course he was bound to go back there.He has a business to run and you’re just a maid to his family.

“Cara this changes nothing okay Preciosa?”

He said lifting my head with his thumb. I nodded as I averted my eyes from his. He sighed.

“Angel look at me when I’m talking to you.”

And when he uses that tone you have no choice but to obey.

“You were saying Alessandro?”

I asked in a sickly sweet voice and a sweet smile. He just looked at me exasperated.

“Angel..”

“What reaction were you expecting? That okay fine you’re going and rejoice over the fact that you might meet some Italian hot blonde who’s more of your taste and you’ll be bored with me overtime? and actually regret and be embarrassed of being seen with someone like me nevertheless this being long distance and poor me won’t know?”

After I said all that I looked at him as I saw the icy exterior build up again. Was that jealousy and an underlying accusation thrown his way? no that was

the truth. I reassured myself.

He started the car without saying a word and I buckled up my seatbelt as the car joined the road.

I looked out through the window because with tension that thick you wouldn't even want to be inside the car.

The car came to a screeching stop in front of the yard and I just undid the seatbelt with the intention of getting out of the car.

I had my hand on the handle.

“Don't Angel”

He was angry now. I've never been a fan of confrontations and dealing with angry people. That makes me crumble and my mouth tends to say things just so the person can stop being angry.

I let go of the door handle and I looked out the window.

“And is that what you think of yourself Angel?”

I kept quiet and didn't dare look at him.

“That you’re some new notch up on my belt?”

His English was thickly accented and I guessed that he usually speaks in Italian when he was angry and he was refraining from doing so because I wouldn’t understand a thing he says. I didn’t respond.

“Madonna Santa! Angel really?” (Good God)

He didn’t say anything more and we sat in the car without a word being uttered.

“I..”

I felt his eyes on me and I still didn’t dare lift my eyes to look at his eyes.

“I..I’m sorry”

That’s all I managed to say before there was silence.

“Tell me cara, is that how you really see yourself?”

How do I answer that?

“Because you see, whatever we have going on is still going to go on and you’re going to stop regarding yourself in that manner. Am I clear Angel?”

He wasn’t even asking me. He was telling me in that

tone of his that sounded brutally cold.

“Ditto Alessandro”

With that I opened the car door and walked out, I didn't even look back and he did nothing to stop me.

Him going back to Italy was not supposed to end up in a fight. It was inevitable and I blew things out of proportion. I actually started this fight and only a few days into our new relationship.

I passed Seithati by the kitchen as I grabbed a bottle of water and headed to my room.

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SEITHATI

Angel looked so out of it. She didn't even say hi or hello. She is not the type to talk much but this is a first seeing her like this.

My phone rang and I headed outside to answer the call.

“Sir.”

I talked to Angel's dad and he was planning on

coming in the evening on Christmas Day. I wonder how Angel is going to take it especially now that she is in a sour mood. The truth has a way of coming out and the sooner she knows the better and I don't really know how she might react but it is what it is.

I put my phone in my pocket as I headed back to the kitchen to make dinner. Angel is hopeless in this department really. I don't know much about her past but she also doesn't know mine and I hope it stays that way. Recalling past events is traumatic and that's why I never really try to do so, reason why its called a past. Because its behind you.

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After a few hours I headed to her room and knocked on the door.

“Sethunya wee! the food is ready. Please come eat.”

“I'm okay Seithati, thank you though. I'll be okay.”

Her voice sounded strained but in the few months of knowing Angel I have come to the conclusion that she keeps a lot of things to herself.

“Okay darling. The food will be in the oven if you want to eat something”

I walked away and headed to the kitchen.

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ALESSANDRO

I sat in my hotel room. Angel was really blowing things out of proportion. Damn it! I can't even focus on my work. I grabbed my car keys as I walked out of the room.

The woman who was inside the elevator with me kept on giving me these disgusting looks she thought were flirty. And Angel thinks I can cheat on her? Wow!

But being honest these few days and even before that I kept avoiding or let me say ignoring the fact that she often hints that she is insecure about herself. Often times its subtle and if you're not paying attention to detail you won't notice.

I walked out of the elevator as I walked through the foyer and to the parking lot. I have to sort all of this

out.

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[04/13, 00:58] Lynne: 28

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ALESSANDRO

I parked my car at her place and I knocked on the door. Her friends opened. I can't actually pronounce her name but I'll lean as time goes on.

“Hi, can I see Angel?”

She opened the door wider and gestured for me to come in.

“She has been in a sour mood ever since she came back.”

He mentally kicked himself in the gut. Angel must be distraught.

“She didn't even eat dinner.”

“Can I have her food?”

Seithati looked at me weirdly and I realized how wrong that sentence actually came out.

“I meant can I go give her the food?”

Seithati headed to the kitchen and took Angel’s plate and she gave it to me.

“Let me show you her room. Maybe she might open the door for you. If you’re lucky.”

She showed me her room and walked away.

“I knocked on the door.

“Seithati go away I’m not hungry for crying out loud”

Her voice sounded different.

I kept on knocking and there was silence. I knocked once more and I heard the door knob turn. She opened the door and saw me.

Her eyes weren’t puffy or red. She just looked exhausted.

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ANGEL

I saw his face as those grey eyes looked at me. I attempted to close the door but he used his strength to keep it open. He let himself inside and he came in with a plate of food.

I made sure I put everything away and I was in my long sleeved black vest.

“What brings you here Mr Romano?”

I know I was in the wrong and I will acknowledge my mistakes.

“Can we talk Angel?”

“sure”

He sat on the bed as he handed me the plate of food which I put aside. I sat on the rug and waited for him to speak.

“Just so we’re clear Angel I meant what I said earlier.”

I nodded. Acceptable. I sighed and breathed in.

“I started the fight and I apologize, it was childish of

me to assume that you will cheat on me and I'm sorry."

"Cara you don't have to feel threatened by anyone okay?"

I nodded yet again.

"Words Angel"

"okay. But its hard Sandro"

I stood up and he did too.

He held me from behind.

"If I wanted those Italian blonde girls you spoke of earlier then I wouldn't be here with you would I?"

"I guess not."

"So any thought of me being bored of you, regretting and being embarrassed of you, throw them all in the trash can okay?"

I nodded. He just held me like that and I leaned on his chest.

"I'm sorry though Sandro."

“It’s okay preciosa. Its okay. Couples fight every other day right?”

“I just preferred we don’t fight at all”

“okay”

“when are you leaving for Italy?”

“Tomorrow morning.”

“ok”

He just held me tight and it was nice if I have to admit it. A few moments later he was forcing food down my throat. Not literally but he can be very persuasive.

“I’m full Sandro geez!”

“Apparently you didn’t eat.”

Seithati!!!

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He held me in his strong arms. I’ve quite used to being around Sandro so much.

“We’ll still talk preciosa”

“Its not the same though”

I wiggled out of his embrace and stood on my toes to place a soft kiss on his lips.

“Bye Sandro.”

But the Italian didn't want to let it be did he?He just pulled me flush against his body and kissed the living daylights out of me.When we finally broke that kiss I was breathing so hard to regain all of my oxygen.

“Bye Angel.”

With that he let me go and headed to his car as I walked back inside the house.

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My phone rang.It was early morning and I still wanted.No.I needed my sleep.

“Hello”

“Preciosa”

That woke me up better than any alarm as I sat up straight.Yesterda he had left for Italy and well I was

okay with it.I guess.

“Happy 21st birthday cara”

In all honesty I never celebrated my birthday and I loathed the day but since he said happy birthday to me I might as well enjoy it.

“Thank you.Merry Christmas Sandro.”

He chuckled.

“Merry Christmas cara and happy birthday preciosa”

I was smiling at the end of the line.We talked over the phone for an hour before I said goodbye.

My door opened and in walked the drama queen.

“Happy birthday Angel,happy birthday Angel.Happy birthday dear cara.Happy birthday to you.You look like an Angel.Literally”

She has a very good singing voice and I just ahd to roll my eyes and laugh at that last part.

She walked out after singing.What was she up to now?

I got out of bed and headed to the bathroom. An hour later I was good and headed to the kitchen.

“Happy birthday Angel”

There was a cake on the island and it was nice.

“Thank you Seithati”

I feel special today and I’ve never felt special during my birthday because well no one ever acknowledged it. They all said Merry Christmas and no mention of my birthday.

“Let’s dig in and for my present to you we’re going shopping. Isn’t it that exciting like shoooooping!” I chuckled. Trust Seithati to get excited about buying clothes.

We ate the cake and when I got bored I threw a piece at her.

“You just didn’t”

I shrugged and continued eating when a piece hit me on my forehead.

“It’s on blind bitch.”

I laughed at her comment as I threw the cake at her. We ended up in a messy cake fight and I guess I'll be the one to clean that mess. My hair was a mess too.

Maybe I should get rid of the braids and go with my natural hair for sometime.

“Seithati can we pass by the salon first?”

She squealed.

“All on me. We're shopping, doing our nails, hair and getting massages. All for the birthday girl”

“Thank you so much but you don't have to spend so much on me.”

“I want to Angel, now lets clean all of this up and go take very much needed showers.”

I nodded as I got the mop.

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“You look absolutely gorgeous Sethunya”

“Thank you. Thank you for all of this”

Seithati smiled at me. It was a real struggle buying

some things because I didn't have a size. I'm that small.

"Please note that I'm not going to wear those dresses you bought"

She pouted at me as she looked at me. She looked so pretty with that new weave on her head. I don't do weaves but she looked absolutely stunning.

All I did was just a wash since my hair is natural and I asked the hair stylist to do a low bun and she even styled my edges.

"I bought them for you. Sometimes you need to go out for dinner with your man wearing one of those dresses. Especially the black one you tried on. You looked fire in that and since ekete o le mixed race nyana o ne o glowa"

"Whatever Seithati, let's head home. I'm exhausted and we need to make Christmas dinner"

She actually laughed at me.

"Wena le mang? Nyaa mma Sethunya o tla tshuba dipitsa mma. Tlogela. O seka wa tshwara le ha e le

sepe Sethunya”(You and who?No Sethunya you’ll burn the pots.Leave it.Don’t touch a thing Sethunya)

I scoffed as we hailed a taxi

[04/13, 00:58] Lynne: 29

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ANGEL

I put the bags in the bedroom.What a day.For the first time ever I actually enjoyed my birthday.

It was exhausting but nice.I then checked my phone and I had a missed call from Sandro.He must be with the family over there in Italy.I called him back.

“Cara”

“Hey”

“Did you enjoy your birthday?”

“It was actually nice babe,Really nice”

He chuckled at the end of the line.

“I’m glad you enjoyed your day.I have a surprise for you actually.”

He has a surprise for me? He shouldn't have.

"Call me after it arrives cara mia"

With that he hung up and I changed clothes as I slipped into my pyjamas.

"SEITHATI!"

"Kitchen but stay away from the pots."

I rolled my eyes and I found her busy cutting stuff. I sat on the chair and observed her busying herself. She does a lot for me.

"Seithati thank you. You do a whole lot for me"

"It's nothing. You deserve to be happy"

"You also deserve a dose of happiness. Maybe you have a secret man."

She froze momentarily before she continued cutting.

"I don't have one and I don't think one determines my happiness"

"I'm not saying you aren't happy but it would be nice for someone other than me to annoy you"

She rolled her eyes.

“You’re not annoying. I just reserved most of the time but beneath that shell I see a beautiful girl.”

I didn’t say anything. She continued what she was doing in silence till there was a door knock. I went to get the door.

“Is this Ms Angel Sethunya Mogorosi?”

The guy struggled with my Setswana name and surname but I nodded. That’s me alright.

“Please sign this off mam”

I signed. Okay.

He walked back to a car and came back holding a huge teddy bear, flowers and a box.

“Ms well this is yours”

I took the stuff and walked back inside holding them.

“Oh my gosh! is that a teddy bear and roses?”

I nodded as I sat on the couch. The teddy bear was huge and big and fluffy. I could definitely sleep

holding it. Maybe it might ward the nightmares.

It's cute. The roses well smelled nice. Might have to find a vase for them. I opened the note that was on the roses.

'Dear Angel

Happy birthday preciosa and well let's pretend I'm there to celebrate your birthday with you cara'

I chuckled at that part

'And I know you look beautiful. Well it's a note I asked the company to write so it won't include a lot of details. Open the box'

The note ended there. Might as well open the box.

I removed the wrapping and there was a tiny box inside along with a box of chocolates. I opened the small box first and there was a necklace. It was gorgeous and simple. I held it in my hand for some time.

I did the honours of wearing it. It was gorgeous. I called him.

"Thank you Sandro. You really didn't have to. Thank

you”

“welcome preciosa and you deserve it”

“The necklace is pretty”

“Like you”

Now he’s being cheesy. I really feel special now. We talked for some time before he had to go.

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“Why are we setting the table for three when there is only two of us?”

She kept quiet as I continued setting the table and she placed the pots on the table. She had really cooked up a feast. It smelt delicious. Maybe she has a guest and it’s not my place to be asking such questions.

A door knock was heard and Seithati rushed to go open the door while I was still setting some things.

It was an older man. Definitely foreign.

Seithati led the man to the table as he sat down. He looked harmless but wait what business does she

have with the older man?

She came to sit next to me.

“Let’s bless the food before us.”

She said a short prayer before we dug in the food was nice but the silence was deafening.

When I was done with my food Seithati stopped me from leaving the table.

“Angel please don’t get angry”

She said pleading. I nodded and sat down. Something was going on.

The man spoke for the first time since he arrived.

“Bonjour”

“Okay hello”

He sighed.

“I’m afraid you had to meet me this way especially on your birthday”

I kept my silence as I listened.

“I don’t know any other way to tell you this. It’s going

to be a shock to you and I deeply regret coming like this. I obviously should have made myself known years ago.”

He looked at me and his eyes were green. I recognize that shade of green. It looks like mine but mine are also hazel.

“Angel I’m Jean-Charles Carnier.”

“Okay Mr Carnier, nice to meet you.”

The Mr sighed once more. He didn’t look that old though, he must be in his early fifties and looked remarkably well.

“Angel what do you know of your parents?”

That took me by surprise. I won’t be surprised if I was pale as a ghost at the moment.

“I have no parents. The only guardian I had died when I was 18”

Seithati looked at me. It must be shocking. I never talk of my past because I would rather forget it and I shouldn’t be revealing details to this particular stranger.

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Seithati looked at Angel and Mr Carnier, the resemblance was there. She was on the firing line and if Angel does decide to blow up she will take her anger on her. She winced. But this had to be done.

“Very well Angel. But you know that’s not the truth”

Angel looked at Mr Carnier. What does he know about her life?

“Angel as I said before I apologise for not telling you this years ealier. I am your biological father”

Okay that was it. Angel stood up from the table.

“Sir I have no idea who you are or of your very existence till today. I have no parents and the ones I had are dead to me. They stopped existing ten years ago”

“Angel listen to me. I am your biological father and I have no idea what Lauren did.”

Angel froze. Not that wretched witch. Lauren does not deserve her tears once again.

She breathed so as to not break down in front of this delusional gentleman.

“I do not know of a Lauren Mr Carnier. I’m sorry. If you’ll excuse me”

With that Angel headed to her bedroom.

[04/13, 00:58] Lynne: 30

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ANGEL

The door opened and Seithati walked in.

"you knew didn't you?"

She kept quiet.

"And I thought I found a real friend but I was being deceived"

"Angel calm down, listen to what he has to say and then you can make up your mind."

"I have no fucking parents Seithati. Noe. I'm alone. They are dead to me"

I said with tears in my eyes

"Angel you have a father who is willing to be part of your life and you place him in the cold because of the past. I have no idea what the hell happened in your damned past but at least you have a parent. Some of us would do anything to bring back our parents from the dead. You hear me?? ANYTHING!"

I looked at her and she was crying.

"You know what Angel, you are just being difficult and stubborn. Some of us wish our parents would wake up from the dead and whatever that happened in the past would have never happened. Some of us have been through hell and back but we still yearn a parents' love. But its fine. Do whatever that pleases you Ice Princess"

With that she banged the door of my room and walked out and I cried. Am I wrong to feel like this? I have no parents. I shouldn't be crying. I shouldn't be feeling. The emotions are too much to deal with. I can't deal with so many emotions. I can't.

I opened the drawer and took out my lighter. I lit it

and brought it to my wrist as the fire burned the skin. I moved the lighter up my hand leaving burns and I could feel the emotions simmering down to the point where I couldn't feel a thing.

I wiped my tears and changed my shirt and wore my shoes.

I walked out of the room and headed to the dining room where Mr Carnier was seated.

"I'm willing to listen"

He sighed.

"I met Lauren almost 22 years ago. At that time we had an affair. I wasn't married but she told me she wasn't too. I loved her and I was just new to business and had come to handle my father's business. A young man of French nobility... She fell pregnant and told me the baby was nlt mine. She then went to tell me that she was engaged to be married to this astute business man and she loves him. I suspected that she was lying so I stayed in the country for another year. I passed her in town when she was holding you and I knew then I was

your father. Lauren forbade me from seeing you. Said I was going to ruin her marriage. I stayed away and I kept tabs on you from a distance. Until it seemed like you disappeared for almost nine years till I sent Seithati to look for you and she found you at the University. You were in danger as I presumed people knew you were my daughter but that presumption wasn't accurate"

I sighed. I didn't feel a thing.

"You have no idea what my childhood was like. It's something I don't want to talk about. So this is how you made contact?"

He nodded.

"I am married now and I have two other wonderful children. Younger than you as they are teenagers. Selena and Luc. Selena is 16 and Luc is 19. You also have a baby sibling on the way"

I nodded.

"Did you know that Lauren had two children before me?"

He nodded.

"I found out that particular detail after we ended the affair"

I nodded.

"You are really serious about me?"

"I want you as my daughter Angel. My wife already know and she has accepted. I'm willing to work on our daughter-father relationship even if its 21 years later. Thats if you're willing"

"Can I think about it? This is all too much for one day. But I do believe you about Lauren, she would do something like that"

"Thank you for listening to me"

He stood up and I walked him to the door. The tears found their way to my eyes as I closed the door, regardless of my resolve to remain numb. I have a father, she denied me my actual father and I had to survive the abuse her husband bestowed on me. This is all fucked up.

Seithati found me at the door.

"Angel you don't look so good."

She attempted to hold my wrist but I pulled it away. The burns are still fresh and I think I need more. I can't deal with too much emotion.

"I'm okay. I'll get over it and tomorrow I'll be fine. What did you mean that you wish you would bring your parents back from the dead?"

She looked at me with tears in her eyes. Seithati has never been like this. She is always cheery and all that fun stuff.

"I have a past Angel and it's not pretty."

"The least I can do is listen after I lashed at you when you're looking after my best interest. I'm usually never controlled by emotion. I'm sorry."

"Everyone gets angry and besides you thought you were alone in this world. You are certainly not."

I nodded as we sat on the sofa and I sat Indian style.

"It's a really depressing past. My parents died when I was nine. They were married when both families were against it. Can I bring wine?"

I nodded and she went to go get two flute glasses and a chilled wine bottle. I don't usually drink but if it will numb the feeling and emotions then I might as well drink the night away.

"Where was I?"

She said pouting the wine in the glasses and she handed me one.

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ANGEL

"No one knows about my past Angel"

I nodded. No one knows about mine too.

"Well dad's family came and took everything my parents left for me. The parents died in a car accident by the way. Uhm... then I was placed in an orphanage. Sucks I know. I wasn't Seithati at the time. Hell Seithati isn't even my real name. My real name according to the birth certificate is Amanda Jennifer Mosweu"

This piqued my interest.

"Why did you change it?"

"I was moved from foster home to foster home. Then I started staying with this nice family at the age of 11. They finally adopted me when I was 12. I actually liked them and was calling them mom and dad. They had no kids and I was suitable to the young couple. I was so naïve and trusting Angel"

I refilled her glass and mine as I listened.

"At 13 some men came to the house and guess what? they were child traffickers Angel. At fucking age 13 they sold me. It was their job apparently. To look for kids whom no one would miss. They bloody sold me to be a prostitute."

This time she was crying and I held her though she has more body weight than me. That's hell. I don't wish that for any child or even my worst enemy. No one has to go through that.

"They are monsters Seithati. They are monsters sweetheart. God will punish them, they will go to hell for their evil deeds"

"I was raped two months later and they then

deemed me worthy to sell my body for money. They got me addicted to cocaine and guess what? I was in the fucking streets of America at the time. They had moved me from Botswana. And since an addict would do anything to get their fix they used that to make me sleep with various men. I'm lucky I didn't contract HIV. God knows I would've hated myself more."

"It's okay. They aren't here anymore. They won't hurt you."

I was hushing her now and I now hate the people who did this to her. She is a wonderful girl. She must hate men at the moment and I don't blame her at all.

"They forced two abortions on me. two. And I was just a teenager."

This is just too much for a child to be going through.

"I'm sorry Seithati"

"And I lived like that for 4 years. We were always moved around the globe. Me and the other prostitutes my age who were forced into it. We were made to wear clothes that weren't suitable for

kids. And when they had enough of me they left me for dead in the slums of Paris. I think that's when your father saw me and he called for help. I was almost eighteen at the time."

Wow! He saved her. I now have massive respect for the man.

"I woke up according to the doctor six months later. I was in a coma and they had to perform emergency surgeries on my battered body. Apparently it's highly unlikely that I would carry a child because of the abortions. I hated your dad for saving me. He could have left me for dead and let me leave this cruel world."

"Don't say that. You are a ray of sunshine darling. Don't say that."

"I hated myself so much Sethunya. I attempted suicide more than 5 times and your dad and his wife saved me in France. They did. They took me to therapy and I was in a mental asylum for more than 8 months which is almost a year and I got out when I was almost twenty. That's when I decided to stop

feeling sorry for myself.I was enrolled in college.They have connection so no questions were asked."

"I'm sorry you had to go through that sweetheart.I'm so sorry."

She waved me off.

"I'm okay now.I'm studying IT in Australia,I had to write some preliminary test to be accepted but I'm a hard worker so I did very well.Anyway hence this house.The least I could do was look for you as your dad asked.I owe that man my life Angel.You have no idea how grateful I am for what he has done for me.He is a good man Angel"

"I see that now.I was a bit harsh right?"

She nodded as she wiped her tears.

"Guess that's why you have no boyfriend?"

She nodded.

"I'm sorry"

"Its life and it happens.We all have to move on Angel at one point"

"I feel as if I'm whining about nothing because what I went through is nothing like what you went through"

"Angel it depends on your emotional strength. Everything has the power to break you. Accept your dad in due time. It might not be now but give him a shot. You have nothing to lose really. And I know you're not ready to talk about your past. Don't force it. I guess seeing your dad want a relationship with you broke through me and I wanted to get the past off my chest. You are really the only friend I actually have"

"Thank you."

"Enough tears for one night. Lets finish this bottle and then some tequila"

"You're going to get me drunk Seithati. Should I call you that?"

She was thinking.

"I removed the name Amanda from my documents. Brings a lot of bad memories since it was used by my captors and adopted parents. My

parents liked Jennifer better and Seithati was the fake name in BW"

"Jennifer.Strange."

she waved her hand.

"I'm going to take the tequila and since its your birthday we might as well get drunk"

She headed to the kitchen and I made sure not to expose my hand.

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TO BE CONTINUED

[04/13, 00:59] Lynne: 32

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At Phakalane,Gaborone

Lauren sat down on the kitchen stool and looked at the calendar on her phone.

Yesterday was Sethunya's 21st, she must be a beautiful young woman.

Zelda walked into the kitchen and saw her mother's sullen face.

"She's very pretty now"

"Who are you talking about?"

Lauren looked up to see Zelda smiling.

"Sethunya, mama she is so pretty"

She took out her phone and showed her mother Sethunya's dp.

"She hasn't accepted my friend request yet but she is beautiful, look at her curly hair mom, she is so cute and all that"

Lauren nodded as tears welled in her eyes. The guilt weighed on her heavily. She helped destroy her own daughter.

"Mom whatever that happened she'll forgive you, she was always a sweet girl."

Lauren nodded. Kagiso stood by the door as his

daughter and wife were oblivious to his presence. He had overheard their conversation and he pushed back the memories of that little girl who had walked in his office and asked him why she doesn't call him daddy like other children. He closed his eyes as he tried not to think about it.

It's in the past and she is out of their lives as should be and everyone should accept that.

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ANGEL

I groaned as the headache hit hard. She got me drunk. I drank wine and tequila. God!!! My head hurts.

I got out of bed and went to the bathroom. I removed the tee as it was already sticking to my hand.

I winced as the pain hit but it's better than feeling stuff.

I used my right hand to turn the whower on.

I got undressed and got under the water and the burns stinged as the warm water came into contact with them.

"Ow!"

The pain is better than the overwhelming feelings.

When I was done I went to the cabinet and found a bandage so I wrapped it around my hand. Till it heals or till I need to burn the emotions down.

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ALESSANDRO

"Take the pictures down. I pay good money"

I hung up after talking to the PR specialist. The vultures won't even give her a break. I can deal with the press but I doubt she can deal with the media.

My phone rang.

"Mr Romano speaking"

"Sandro and you didn't tell me? your own aunt?"

"Tell you what?"

"That you're seeing Angel."

"I didn't know that my relationships were that interesting aunt"

She chuckled at the end of the line.

"Of course they are. Its the first relationship mio figlio and we have never heard you go out with a woman,so we are very much interested in this one."

"Okay.Is that all?"

"Don't let the media murder her."

"Will do."

I hung up and rubbed my jaw.We really are going to do this long distance relationship.

I called her and besides her voice is calming.

The phone rang three times before she answered.

"Hey,how are you?"

"I'm okay,how are you Angel?"

"Well hanging in there."

I frowned.Wasn't she happy yesterday in regards to her birthday.

"What do you mean preciosa?"

"To cut the long story short,I kind of met my

father.Its a long long story"

"I'm willing to listen if you have the time to tell me,besides I think you'll talk while I do some work."

"But you won't be listening Sandro,you'll be working and focused on that instead of what I'm saying."

"Are you whining angel?"

"I do not whine Mr Romano.But not now.Its too early and I'm trying to process it all"

"Okay.Are you fine though?"

she sighed and I could imagine that look on her face.

"Trying to be,when are you coming here again?"

"Miss me that much?"

she scoffed.

"You are getting way ahead of yourself.Yes of course I miss you."

"That's cute cara."

I smiled.

"I have to finish cleaning,we'll talk regardless of the time difference."

"Okay,goodmorning."

"Bye Sandro"

She hung up.

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ANGEL

I felt a bit better and he called me.I like him now.

"And you're smiling on your own now,is it that Italian man?"

"No."

"But it is him.Even if you won't tell me."

I glared at her.

"Shut up!!"

She headed to the kitchen.Having a lot of time on my hands is just annoying.I should this time be preparing to go back to school or studying for my exams or something of that sort.At least after the

first week of the New Year I'm going to work, that will keep my mind off school and stuff.

"So Angel you and your dad gonna work things out?"

"maybe. I need to process it. I mean another addition to my life and that includes his whole family. I mean what if they hate me? I'm a virtual stranger and..."

"You're a wonderful person Angel, they can't hate you without knowing you. Do your employers hate you?"

"no.."

"Does your boyfriend hate you?"

"No."

"Exactly angel, you're a great person. If your boyfriend hated you he would have not dated you."

I frowned. The term boyfriend does not fit him. It sounds childish to call Mr Romano boyfriend.

"Not boyfriend. Lover. He's my lover."

Jennifer smiled and nodded.

"Ok. Your lover then. Don't say stuff like that about yourself. You are lovable and cute."

"Whats it with you people and calling me cute. I'm not cute geez!"

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2 MONTHS LATER

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Next Chapter at 11pm tonight. Have a good evening.

[04/13, 00:59] Lynne: 33

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ANGEL

Reneè hugged me and and Grace stood by the door.

"You are seriously leaving?"

I sighed.

"I have to go to school,my father offered to pay and besides Dr Mogorosi is someone I've always wanted to be."

Reneè wiggled her eyebrows.

"Dr Romano is much better,don't you think Grace?"

"I totally agree and well I have good news to tell you before you leave."

Grace sat on the bed next to me and she smiled.

"Matteo asked me out last night."

Reneè squealed.

"Okay.Angel call us and don't forget to visit us."

"I'm still schooling in Australia guys.I'm not travelling or anything."

"Group hug,come one guys."

Grace insisted and we were squished together all touchy and stuff.

When the hug broke I smiled at them as I pushed my braids back. So Mr Carnier did take some of her documents to the local university and they did agree she is bright and can continue with her degree, without starting over. That was a relief and she was thankful for what he did.

"Let me go say bye to Mrs Lombardi"

I went to the main house and Mrs Lombardi was sitting with her son Matteo. He is younger than Sandro but anyway.

"Mrs Lombardi I just came to say bye. Thank you for hiring me and your kindness. Thank you so so much"

She smiled.

"And thank you for loving my nephew"

She hugged me.

"And she did change cousin Alessandro, he's not that that serious."

Matteo piped in.

"I'll tell him that."

"Don't mind him. Go well child and don't become a stranger."

She squeezed the life out of me and when she was done she flashed a bright smile.

"Guess this is bye, for now."

I walked out and went to the servants quarters to get my bags and all that. The girls hugged me one more last time.

So I have to go to school but my low profile will still be maintained.

My phone beeped with a message.

'I'll see you today. Just landed'

I smiled. He was in town after two whole months. This long distance thing is tiring and I see him sometimes because he has such a busy schedule.

I replied as I caught a cab and gave the driver my address.

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"J en,I'm back."

"kitchen Angel."

I walked to the kitchen and she was cooking up whatever she cooking.I can't cook at all.

"Lectures done?"

"Yep.For the day I'm done and I have assignments.The problem is I have a housemate who doesn't know how to cook.How will Ales sandro marry you ga o sa itse go apaya?"

I rolled my eyes and sat down on the kitchen stool.

"Whats cooking?"

"Chicken and rice."

I nodded and watched her cook,I don't think I should be near a stove.I will only be tempted to burn myself so I'll stay far away from that.

"Anything I should know about campus?"

"Stay away from those cocky quarterback boys.They think their the shit."

I shrugged.

"I will stay well out of their way, other than that?"

She stirred her pot.

"I know you'll attend lessons diligently and all I can say is good luck. You're gonna need it to graduate first in your class."

"Advice taken sis, are you cool in campus?"

She shook her head and I nodded. This is like my childhood all over again when I had to change schools and I was the new kid and they....

I sighed. I shouldn't think about it. They were just kids who were inconsiderate to other kids.

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At Phakalane, Gaborone

Lauren packed her bags, she had to ask for her forgiveness now. She had time to think about it and at least if Sethunya forgives her she will be okay. Zelda has gone back to the States and the rest of her kids were at school.

She had told Kagiso the day before that she was going to Australia and that ended in one huge fight when

he heard her reasons for doing so.

She left the car and went to catch a cab to take her to the airport. She has to do this, the guilt was too much and she couldn't let it kill her when Sethunya is just a flight away from her.

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SANDRO

I drove over to her place and I left the security detail back at the hotel I'm staying at.

I sent her a text and waited in the car. I saw the door open, it's been sometime since I've seen my Angel.

She opened the car door and got inside.

"You came"

That's the very first thing she said.

"Have I ever broken any promise to you?"

She shook her head.

"And what made you question that cara?"

She looked at me with those hazel green eyes of

hers.

"Nevermind.Its just me being childish.How long are you here for?And well I did tell you that I'm going to school tomorrow?like to finish my course in medicine and all that"

I smiled.She was blabbering and she never blabbers.She doesn't talk that much.

"you're blabbering Angel,whats up?"

She sighed.

"Am I really that boring?I feel like I have nothing interesting to say everytime we talk and well you're all that and I'm plain meek me."

"Are we back to doubting ourselves mio tesoro?"

"what does that mean?"

"My treasure."

"But there is really nothing interesting about me,you know this,I.."

I placed my finger on her lips.

"I don't want to fight cara with you,not today.You are

beautiful and if you want to talk about anything tell me ok?"

She nodded and I lifted her chin up as I brought my lips crashing onto hers.

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Have a blessed night

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[04/13, 00:59] Lynne: 34

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ANGEL

He broke the kiss and he held my chin between his fingers.

"I needed that"

I laughed.

"You came for that?"

He sat back on his seat and looked at me with a smile.

"Yes Angel. I missed you cara, you have no idea, knowing you're continents away from me."

"You can still travel every now and then Sandro then it won't be that hard"

He shook his head.

"Work dolcezza"(sweetness)

I nodded. He is busy man and that's why I doubt myself around him. I mean I know I'm plain but what is a hot man like man and a successful one at that doing with a nobody like me? That is what's making me seem like the insecure girlfriend and I bet it annoys him every time.

"You're beautiful."

I chuckled.

"You always say that Mr Romano. You didn't answer my question. How long will you be here for?"

"Two weeks at most. I think I need to spend more time with my woman."

I raised an eyebrow as I looked at him.

"I'm your woman now?"

"Of course dolcezza."

"And you always lose me when you speak Italian, it's sexy but you always lose me Sandro."

He shrugged.

"Learn the language cara, I can be your tutor too."

"No! No! No! A big no... you're too distracting."

He laughed.

We sat there in the car talking and catching up.

We got out of the car and he just held my hand as we walked around. There was no snow, just the clear night sky filled with stars.

"Do you think we'll last?"

He remained quiet as we walked but he didn't let go of my hand.

"Angel,I don't know cara.As I said the last time we took a walk around here,I've never been close to people and I've never done relationships so I don't know if what I'm doing is right or wrong."

I nodded.

"You...wait.I have to ask this question.It's been burning at the back of my mind."

"Ask away."

"Are you a virgin?"

He smirked as his grey eyes twinkled.

"No cara.Not a virgin"

That kind of broke my heart a bit.That there was a woman or women he slept with out there.Here I was,with zilch experience.

"When was the last time you had sex then?"

He shrugged as we continued walking.

"Five or six years ago.I had to focus on important things than a raging libido."

I stopped and he looked at me as confusion etched

his wonderful face.

"Why are we stopping now?"

"So you're not going to demand sex from me?"

He pulled me to him as his arms wrapped around my waist.

"Unless you offer yourself willingly to me then no. Its your choice cara. Its not like I'm going to lure you to my lair and force my will on you. I have so much self control. It must be your decision. And by the rate you're firing questions about my sex life you're pure right dolcezza?"

My face heated, I looked down and he chuckled lifting my chin up to look at my eyes.

"I hope I don't taint you my angel. You're special. I think I'm going to enjoy tasting you though."

I used my hands to cover my face. He's talking about him sleeping with me.

"Don't be shy now, you started firing questions about my non-existent sex life. Its only fair I do the same. But before you do decide to give yourself to

me..."

He paused as he bent and nibbled on my ear. He stopped and it was getting ticklish.

He whispered slowly, enunciating each word with his deep husky Italian accented voice.

"I'm an absolute beast in bed and I bite. A whole lot"

That kind of did weird things to me as my toes curled and I looked at the ground.

He straightened up and joined our hands together. We continued walking in silence as I tried to get my mind out of the gutter.

"How is your relationship with your father going?"

He asked breaking the tension between us.

"Ok actually. He said next week he's coming and we should hang out. Father-daughter bonding he said."

I said in a neutral tone.

"You sound as if you don't want that."

"We're trying to fix a relationship that didn't exist for the last 21 years and it's hard Sandro..."

"He is a good guy,business wise he's excellent but family wise I think you should give him a chance"

"I am,it takes time to trust new people Sandro.Its not that easy and I'm grateful for him offering to pay for me to continue my studies...I really am."

"But?"

"I don't know."

Sandro didn't comment further.

"You do remember you refused my offer to pay for your studies."

I rolled my eyes.

"I told you.I'm not with you for your money Sandro.I'm not materialistic,I think just attention will do."

He nodded.

"So I guess I better give the good doctor my attention for the next two weeks then..who knows.."

I giggled.

"Who knows what?"

His eyes twinkled mischievously.

"You know Angel. Let's head back, we have a busy day ahead of us tomorrow."

I was blank. What's going on tomorrow? My brain started to count days and that's when it hit.. That.. The couples day. I've never celebrated it in my life.

"So whatchu gonna do tomorrow then Mr Romano?"

"Curiosity killed the cat cara, you'll see."

We walked back as I kept asking questions which he answered with ease.

"Then goodnight Sandro."

He kissed my forehead.

"Night Angel."

He walked to his car and I got inside the house. This guy..

"Someone's happy.."

I nearly jumped. Jennifer!!

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[04/13, 01:00] Lynne: 35

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ANGEL

"You scared the hell out of me Jen"

She guffawed as she walked to her room. I rolled my eyes and I headed to the kitchen. He didn't bring me food so I might as well eat what Jen cooked.

I checked the microwave and I just took the plate and sat on the kitchen stool. I checked my Facebook and the most surprising thing was that Sandro was not on the platform like...

I came across Zelda in one of my requests.

I frowned. Maybe it's not her, I mean there are a

million Zeldas out there.

I clicked on the dp and blo and behold it was her.

I just accepted it for the sake of it because well it's not her fault her parents are just horrible human beings.

After eating I just washed the plate and switched off the lights before heading to my room.

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"No..I'm sorry...please...I'll never..."

Angel thrashed in her bed fighting unconsciously in her wicked dream. She was begging the man to not hurt her that she will not ask questions and be a good girl as he continuously kept on hitting her with the belt...

"NooI'm sorry"

Her hands held the sheet tightly as tears stained her cheeks reddening her face...

Jennifer awoke after hearing the noise and she trotted to Angel's room as the cries got louder and

louder.

She stood by the door before deciding to open it but unfortunately the door was locked. Jen cursed under her breath as she was hopeless to wake Angel from whatever nightmare is plaguing her.

She knocked on the door multiple of times in an attempt to try to wake her by the loud door knock.

Angel's nightmare was disrupted as she woke up and felt tears still fall down her cheeks.

"It was just a nightmare, they are not here's

She said to herself with a shaky voice as she heard the door knock.

"Angel it's me, open up"

She shook her head.

"I'm fine...I.. it's...j..just a b..b..bad dream"

Her voice gave her away as Jennifer still stood by the door.

"Angel open this door right now. Ke serious.."

Angel wiped her tears and she got up from the bed

as she tightly tied her robe and walked to the door. She closed her eyes as she turned the lock unlocking the door.

Jennifer hugged her as soon as she opened the door.

She knew Angel didn't like a lot of human contact but she needs it now.

"Are you okay? do you need some warm milk? Gosh you were crying and what happened"

Angel shook her head.

"I'm okay, it's all a bad dream. I'll be fine in the morning don't worry"

But the thing was that Jennifer was really worried.

Her friend didn't share a lot and she was never personal about a lot of things except maybe her current lover and her father but other than that she was a mystery to her.

"Are you sure, I c-"

Angel cut her off.

"I'm fine, you can let go now..."

Jennifer let go and looked at Angel. She was trying to do this all on her own when they are people who can help her through it all.

She walked away and Angel closed the door as she furiously fought the tears.

She hadn't had a nightmare in such a long time. Sandro doesn't need to know about her horrid past, he is the good thing in her life and she would rather cherish that.

She got to the bed and started at the bedside table. Should she?

She shook her head and got under cover.

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SANDRO

He looked at his cousin, he didn't want to ask for help and he has never done this before.

"Are you sure it will work?"

Matteo nodded as he handed Sandro the cap.

"Who knew you could be such a romantic cuz?"

Sandro cursed in Italian under his breathe as Matteo looked at him and stifled his laugh. His work was done.

"Make sure she doesn't recognize you, follow the script and don't mess this one up Alessandro"

Sandro just made sure his disguise was okay. He was following his advice only because he is clueless.

"Should we get contact lenses? I think blue will do" Matteo said giving Sandro the lenses.

Sandro begrudgingly took the lenses and he put the body things in his eyes.

Matteo clapped.

"Well done, I don't recognize you"

"Don't patronize me Matteo"

Matteo ignored that statement and Sandro looked at the things he bought.

"I have to deliver these"

Matteo helped him carry the dozen of flowers..

"She sure is lucky...Do this right"

Matteo said as Sandro got inside the rented truck and drove away.

Sandro called Angel.

"Preciosa.."He said immediately as she answered.

There was silence at the other end before she spoke and her voice was hoarse.

"Babe..goodmorning."

He frowned.

"You sound down,what's wrong?"

"I'm good,just have a sore throat."

Sandro didn't quite believe that,she was fine yesterday and they parted late at night so this must be an excuse of some sort.

"Well happy Valentines day dolcezza"

"That's so sweet,thank you.Happy Valentines day to you too Mr Romano."

He smiled a bit as he swerved to the right.

"Enjoy your day sweetness."

And he hung up.

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ANGEL

I looked like a mess and my eyes have dark bag. My braids were just urg...

It kind of hurt. Just a bit. Maybe a lot when he said enjoy your day and hung up. I sighed as I put the phone aside and tried to tie my braids into a bun.

I headed to the bathroom to wash my face and it didn't make much of a difference. This time it hit hard than it ever does. Maybe it was seeing Zelda's request and being reminded of those horrible human beings.

I walked to the kitchen and it was empty. She must still be asleep.

I filled the kettle and switched it on to make coffee and maybe I won't look like a ghost.

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The door bell rang as Angel was lost in thought. She tied her robe tighter around her tiny waist.

She went to answer the door.

She was met with a man, he looked to be from a delivery company but also not suited for that.

Sandro cleared his throat. How the hell was this supposed to work if she would recognize his voice.

He looked up as the baseball cap hid his eyes a bit.

He wanted to remain neutral but she looked distressed. She had eye bags and her eyes were puffy.

"Hi, may I help you sir?"

Angel asked with a frown, he looked so familiar. Maybe she is dreaming. This man has blue eyes and Sandro has grey eyes.

"I need you to sign for this package mam"

The voice. No.. she is eluding herself now.

She signed and she looked at him.

"If I may ask sir are you from around here?"

He shook his head and she kept quiet. What the hell prompted her to ask him the question besides.

Sandro whispered profanities under his breath as he walked to the truck. He got the few bouquets of flowers he bought for her..all different colors for her.

He noticed her surprise and the small smile on her lips and he had to stop himself from grinning like a retard.

"Wow!"

Angel said in astonishment. He bought all of these for her..but something about this delivery guy is so familiar but she can't outright ask him if he's related to her lover can she?

"Can I place them inside A-uhm Miss?"

She nodded and he placed them on the table.

He walked out of the house and he placed the three boxes on top of each other before he picked them and Angek made way for him to place them on the carpet.

"Shuu!Is it all?"

"No mam..."

Angel rubbed her hands together,this man sounded like Sandro it was starting to be creepy.She knew the Italian business man would have delivered his gifts himself if he had time but maybe he was stuck in a meeting somewhere in Australia..

Sandro felt a surge of pride that his cover wasn't blown and Matteo's stupid plan actually worked.But he was still concerned about Angel's wellbeing.He wanted to know what was wrong.

He picked the last small box.Maybe he should leave it.It is a bit much and she might decline it but maybe not.If she declines he will still keep it in case she wants it then.

He handed her the small box.

Angle smiled a bit.

"Thank you...."

"Michael.."He knew she was hinting at a name.

"Michael thank you,make sure the man who hired

you to do this tips you wellborn else I'm going to lecture him"

Sandro turned as he smiled. Job done till later...

"Of course mam. Thank you. I will relay the message"

He walked away to the truck and looked at her one last time before he drove away.

Angel closed the door and looked at the boxes which were wrapped with ribbons. And the flowers..they smelled sweet..

This day is going to be a nice one

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[04/13, 01:00] Lynne: 36

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ANGEL

I sat down on the couch and looked at the boxes and the flowers.

I checked the flowers first. They had cards inside with her sweet messages from Sandro.

I smiled. He is so sweet to me gosh.

I placed the last bouquet of roses aside as I looked at the small box. What was inside that box?

Jennifer walked in and she screamed.

"They bought you gifts, mara le lucky guys."

I smiled a bit while debating to myself whether or not I should open the small box.

"What's in those boxes then?"

I shrugged.

"I have no freaking idea and I won't see which one I should open first "

She sat down on the couch and took out her phone.

"What are you doing?"

"We're live on facebook bitch,open the things we need to see what your mans bought for you"

"Live?"

"Yes,carry on opening all those boxes..."

I pretended that the camera was not there and that I looked so horrible.

I closed my eyes as I opened the first box.Whats inside God!

"Give me a hint J en,what is inside the box?"

Jennifer squealed.

"Open your eyes,just open them"

I did and I dropped the box on the carpet.

"Oh my God!"

Tears made their way to my eyes as I fanned my face in shock.

"Oh...fuck...he..urg!"

Jennifer laughed as she was still taking her video.

"Go rekilwe eng Sethunya?tell us"

I fanned myself,he did not just...

I picked the box up and looked at its contents again.

This can't be real,it isn't real.Oh gosh.

"She's crying,what did he give you?"

I walked around the room.Oh gosh.He did.

I went to pick up the box once again.I saw a very small note.

'Its yours baby and its black'

My hand was on my mouth in shock.

I took out the keys and waved them in front of Jessica

"Nooo...what?oh you happy gurl"

Yep.He bought me a whole car.A whole car.

There was a knock at the door.

I went to get it and she was still filming.Jennifer.

I opened the door and it was that same delivery man who brought the gifts.

"I came to drop off the car mam"

My eyes widened. I don't know which car he bought but yoh!

I went outside and I held my heart. Fuckjng no! He did not....

"The girl is emotional guys, look at the car"

She moved her phone to the car before she stopped her shooting.

"A whole Ford Mustang...."

I was so emotional as I wiped my tears.

I saw the delivery guy swear under his breath and it seemed like it was in Italian.

I walked to the car and it was wrapped in a red bow and had this large note written here.

Gosh! he bought me a car.

I took my phone and dialled Sandro..

The phone rang and it was ringing in the direction of the delivery guy.

Maybe it's a coincidence. Sandro wasn't answering and he always answers when I call.

I tried again and it rang in the delivery man's direction.

I wiped my tears of happiness as I walked towards the delivery man.

I stood on my tippy toes and kissed his cheek.

"Thank you baby, I know it's you under that disguise"

I stood back as he blinked. This was the first time I saw various emotions on his face before he removed his cap and I saw the black hair I have come to love.

"You looked familiar, can I hug you now?"

He opened his arms for me and I just won for it.

I wrapped my arms around his torso.

"Thank you for the Ford, it's pretty. Though I can't drive I'll keep it since it's from you."

He ran his hand on my back.

"You love it cara?"

I nodded. He shouldn't have but he did.

"A lot....I haven't opened the other boxes but a whole Ford Mustang Sandro..". Tears made their way to my eyes again.

He chuckled.

"I thought it was a bit too much but I'm glad you like it dolcezza"

I hugged him tighter and he lifted my chin up.

"Why were you sad in the morning?"

I moved my head away and his arms were still tight around my small waist.

I really don't want to talk about it.

"It was nothing.."

He looked at me emotionless.

"It isn't nothing but I'll drop the subject for now. We'll revisit it again presioso"

I nodded as I placed my head back on his chest.

"What's in the other boxes Michael?"

I said raising an eyebrow.

"It is my second name you know cara, why don't run along and find out for yourself?"

I smiled.

"Michael...Mike..is it just Michael?"

"Michelangelo..."

I moved my head and giggled.

"You're sort of like named after an angel, like Angel Michael.."

"Yes, now go open the rest of your gifts.."

He said kissing my cheek.

"Why did you have to disguise though?"

He shrugged.

"It was all Matteo's idea, he said it was romantic and I don't know how to do romance"

"Well you do it very well for a person who doesn't know babe.."

He smiled. Maybe I am starting fall in love though I

don't know what that is even if it can hit me right in the face.

"Go and when you're happy you can come here outside and do much better than a hug.."

He was smirking.

I walked to the house and I saw Jennifer's knowing smile.

"Let's open the rest of the boxes wena girl"

I opened one shiny box and it had shoes

I blinked He bought heels for me and there was also a pair of red Jordan's...

Wow...

I checked the shoe size and it was exactly my size..

I opened the second box and there was a dress.

"You see Angel,I'm not the only one who wants to see you in a dress..he bought you a dress so you gonna wear it."

It had sleeves thank God,my burns aren't pretty and I don't want him to see them.

I opened the last box and it had chocolates and all sort of sweet things that I know I won't be eating alone.

I closed the boxes and walked to the door. He was standing by the new car with his hair shoved into that baseball cap.

I walked to him slowly and he smiled when he saw me.

"Happy cara?"

I nodded.

"But I didn't get you anything..."

"Being in my life is the only thing you can give me..."

I stood on my tippy toes as kissed his cheek as he chuckled.

"I wanted you to do better than that if you're happy"

I smiled shyly as I brought my lips to his and he decided to pick me up and place me on top of the car and got in between my legs.

"Amore mio...."

I don't know what that means but I hope it's something special.

His lips locked with mine in a slow sensual kiss that had me holding onto his shoulders for support.

His big hand was behind my neck and the other on my waist.

"Happy Valentine's day amore"

I nodded as he continued to kiss me fervently.

His lips slowly moved from my lips and he placed butterfly kisses on my neck before he sucked on it slowly.

I gasped.

"Isn't that going to leave a hickey?"

I think I felt him smirk against my neck.

"That's the aim amore.."

I closed my eyes and I tried not to laugh at his possessiveness.

"Those college boys need to know you're mine..."

This time I threw my head back and laughed.

"Stop being such a caveman..."

He looked so serious and I placed my hands on his chest.

"They won't get close to me Mr Romano,I will tell them that my lover is the big bad wolf"

He gave me a wolfish smile..

"More like the devil Angel.."

He makes me happy.

"Remove those blue contacts,I very much like your grey eyes Sandro"

He smiled looking at her.

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Meanwhile Jennifere read the comments under their live video.

Comment1:She is so lucky

The second commenter replied with hearts and hearts

There were so many love reactions and Jen smiled. Her friend was loved man.

She walked to the window and she saw how wide Angel smiled everytime she was with him.

If he hurts her she will kill him, even though he is known and famous.

She checked the comments again as more and more people commented. She smiled.

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Zelda saw the live video while she was in the States, she downloaded it and sent the video to her mother via Whats App.

Her mother replied via text.

Lauren: is that Sethunya

Zelda: yes, she is so pretty and happy mom.

Lauren: she is

Zelda put her phone aside as she continued studying. She was happy that her little sister was happy.

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Lauren wiped the tears that fell, she looked so happy. How could they have broken such a beautiful girl? Her mother had warned her that she will regret ever doing all those things to young Sethunya but she hadn't listened at all.

Now her mother is dead and she was the only one who knew Sethunya as she advanced into adulthood.

Her phone beeped with a message from Kagiso who was wishing her a happy Valentine's day.

She put her phone aside without responding to him. She had a lot of fires to put out.

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In University of Botswana, Gaborone

Kato scrolled down her social media as she saw the trending video.

She read the caption.

'Ford Mustang for Valentine's

She rolled her eyes. People love being dramatic.

She played the video and her eyes widened. It cannot be. Sethunya got a whole Ford as a Valentine's gift, there was no picture of the guy who bought it for her, where the hell was she anyways?

Kato felt jealous a bit, Sethunya was nothing and she gets cars. She is pauper and somebody buys her a car?

She seethed as she watched the video and her reaction. She was not even beautiful.

Urg!! She saved the video to go show her father so that he can find her for his own reasons.

Also maybe her Mercedes needs to be upgraded. A porsche maybe, one bought by her father. Who knows what Sethunya did to get that car cause no man would look at her twice.

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My apologies for disappearing

[04/13, 01:00] Lynne: The Devil's Angel

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ANGEL

"Now who is going to teach me how to drive?"

Sandro smiled as he kept his hands on my waist.

"You have the best twacher there is.Me"

I smiled.This man is so sweet and I don't know what I did for him to notice me.

"Monday I have school...."

"And today we have a date cara mia"

I blinked severak times.

"A date?"

He nodded still looking at me.

"That means I have to get reasy,is it one of those fancy restaurants?"

He kissed my cheek.

"Not telling Angel, its a surprise, wear something that will help you cool down."

I shook my head.

"That is not helping"

"I won't tell you where we are going?"

I sighed as my hand held onto his chest. He works out. I can feel the muscles under that overall.

"Let me go cara mia, see you later okay?"

I nodded and he picked me up from the car and placed me on my feet.

"So tiny amore.."

I giggled. Though I had no idea what amore meant. I need to study his language a bit.

He pecked my lips and he walked away. I was so happy guys.

I walked to the house and Jen was all smiles.

"And that was so romantic Angel, like o go rekets e koloi mogirl" (like he bought you a car girl)

I smiled.

"Ga ke its e go kgweets a,kana ke ka thula ka yone.."(I don't know how to drive,I might hit with it)

Jennifer laughed.

"Borrow us the Ford then,some of us have licenses"

"Bitch no...ka gana mma.Re kampa ra e baa hlemma"(no miss.We'd rather let it be.)

She just laughed and headed to the kitchen.

"Eat something Sethunya,you need energy"

I followed her to the kitchen.I am very useless in the kitchen so I just eat whatever she cooked or I get takeaways.

My phone rang and I rushed back to the lounge.

"Father hello..."

"Hello Angel,how are you this morningg child?"

I rolled my eyes.He likes calling me child though I am 21.

"Very good father,when did you say you're coming

here?"

"I won't tell you because you will find excuses not to meet up with me."

Dang.He caught on.

"Okay,just hit me with a surprise visit.Happy Valentine's day.."

He chuckled.

"I saw the video.."

Now my face flushed.Is this how awkward it feels when your father knows thatyou have a boyfriend and didn't tell him about your boyfriend?

"Father...."

"Don't father me young girl,we'll talk about it and I want to meet the lad who bought my daughter a Ford Mustang as if I can't afford one"

I laughed,I smelt jealousy.

"Father are you jealous?"

He cleared hia throat.

"Not at all,I can buy a much better car than that.."

I laughed..

"Riiiggghht.... jealousy doesn't look good on you Mr Carnier"

"Angel I am not jealous..."

I laughed aome more.

"Keep telling yourself that,I have to go.Will call you later bye..Greet the kids for me and Mrs Carnier.."

He chuckled.

"You are also a kid Angel"

"Bye father.."

I hung up before he can say some more things and I laughed to myself.What cavemen.

I headed to the kitchen and sat on the stool.

"What are we eating this wonderful morning"

Jennifer shook her head.

"Motho o happy.."

I rolled my eyes trying not to smile.Is this what it

feels to be actually happy?

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At University of Botswana, Gaborone

Katlo watched the video once more, Angelia not that pretty. How could she get a car. Maybe she would have gotten that from someone richer. I mean the Italian billionaire she met at Italy. She is a very attractive young lady and she had no idea why he refused her.

She still wanted him.

She called her father.

"Daddy?"

"Yes Katlo.."

"The girl you were looking for last year is in Australia."

Her father smiled at the end of the line. Time to continue with his plan to hurt someone.

"Thank you darling"

Katlo pouted. She wanted a new car.

"Daddy I want a new car,a Porsche"

"What ia wrong with your car?"

She rolled her eyes.Everything is wrong with the car.

"It is an old model and I need a new one."

Her father sighed at the end of the line.

"But you bought it last year sweetie..."

"I want a new one.."

With that Katlo hung up and Rochelle came to sit next to her.

"But that car...that girl was ypur roommate?"

Katlo didn't want to hear compliments regarding Sethunya.

"So she is in Australia now,nice..but a whole Ford Mustang.I bet the engine is nice.."

Rochelle sighed dreamily as Katlo fumed.Sethunya didn't deserve nice things.

"Rochelle shut the fuck up,ka tswa a ithekis a motho yoo.Ne a sena le ha e le sepe ha ne a le kwano"(she

must be selling herself, she didn't have a dime to her name whilst she was here)

Rochelle sensed the bitterness and rolled her eyes, Katlo had that tendency to hate everyone who did better than her.

"Katlo iketle pele, you have a nice car too mma."

Katlo wanted to scream.

"It's just nice, not gorgeous. I want a new one"

Rochelle stood up.

"Let me go, try to calm down. Sethunya hasn't offended you in anyway."

Katlo folded her arms as Rochelle walked away.

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At the Airport in Sydney, Australia

Lauren checked in her baggage. She just arrived and it was a long flight.

When she was done with clearing her stuff she

caught a cab to take her to the hotel then she can start her quest to look for Sethunya the following day. Just at least talk to her, even if she doesn't forgive her and her husband.

The cab driver dropped her off at the hotel and helped with her luggage.

She checked in at the hotel and was given her access card.

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ANGEL

I looked at myself in the mirror. Am I really this pretty?

I wore the sneakers and they looked good with the dress.

I sat on the bed and looked at my calves. The scar was faint but it was there. I just hope he doesn't notice it.

My hands were well covered with the sleeves. Wearing a dress feels weird and awkward.

I twirled in front of the mirror.

I walked out of the bedroom and Jennifer whistled.

"This is a mogul, look at that tiny waist.."

I covered my face with my hands.

"She's shy and she looks pretty, I would falk at your feet too. Aromat us Dr Romano, we are your eggs.."

I laughed.

"I am not married hau.."

She rolled her eyes laughing.

"Dr Romano sounds pretty good to me, you look stunning. Wear dresses more. I am so proud"

"The dramatics Jennifer."

"You are beautiful and don't let anyone tell you otherwise."

I smiled a bit as I sat down nervously. Will he like the change? Is it a bit too much?

I didn't even hear the door knock. All I felt were hands on my shoulders.

"Hey.."

I closed my eyes.Maybe he hates the change.

He walked around the couch and stood in front of me,he looked so alpha in that suit of his.

He helped me up on my feet.

"Bellissimo..amore?"(beautiful...love)

I didn't even understand a word.

"Angel you look beautiful."

"Thank you.."

"You always are beautiful,don't doubt that.."

I nodded as his fingers intertwined with mine.

"Hey,what wrong Angel?"

His big hand covered my cheek.

"I am fine,I look okay?"

"Yes...lets go.."

He led me out of the house and there was a whole limo outside.He spoils me a lot.

He opened the door for me and I got inside.

He then sat next to me and just placed my head on his chest.

I breathe in his scent. It was so masculine.

Then he will leave again after two weeks and I won't know when I will see him again.

The car started and he rubbed my back.

"Let's talk about this morning, what was wrong amore?"

I didn't want to tell him, he might see me differently.

"Angel?"

"Hmm.."

"I asked a question and I expect an answer."

I sighed.

"A nightmare, that was all it is."

"I have a feeling that is half the truth, amore look at me.."

He used his thumb to raise my chin up and I got lost in his grey orbs.

"Do you trust me?"

I nodded.

"Then talk to me cara,I am here for you.I don't expect to see perfection.I am not perfect too.I dont deserve you even but I am selfish enough to stilk want you.Talk to me.You always take caution not to talk about anything bothering you and its really starting to get annoying dolcezza,talk to me.."

He was so sincere in what he said but should I tell him?

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your admin is really trying to keep to schedule now.Last week was hectic with the career fair and all.

Have a great day readers

[04/13, 01:00] Lynne: The Devil's Angel

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ANGEL

I sighed.

"Maybe some other time, not now...it might ruin our date."

Sandro looked at me and didn't say a word.

"Is that okay Sandro?"

"Whatever you say Angel"

Guess he was not happy with my response then.

I just kept my head on his chest as silence engulfed us.

To be honest we are both clueless about each other's personal lives.

He also does not talk about family but I assume that may be so cause I know his family which is the Lombardis..

The limo was comfy and I just shook my head to not let any negative thoughts consume me.

When the car came to a halt Sandro got out first as I pulled my dress down slightly.

He opened the door for me and gave me his hand to take.

I took his hand and he helped me out.

"Wow!where are we,wait..the beach?"

He smiled a bit.

"Follow me cara"

He closed the door and took my hand as he led me towards the marquee which had fairy lights.I don't know this location but I have never been to the beach before.

When we got inside the marquee and it was gorgeous.

He pulled out a chair for me.

"Thank you."

I sat down and looked at him.

"Thank you for this,this has been a wonderful Valentine."

He chuckled.

"You deserve to be spoiled amore,so let me."

I nodded as he removed the lid from the serving dishes.

I am in trouble here.I don't know what was that.Aah!

He took my plate and served.

I looked at him but I had to ask.

"What is that Sandro?"

He chuckled.

"Chilled veal in tuna sauce.."

"Uh uh...ke eng gone moo..I won't eat it nna"(what is that..)

He laughed.

"Try it out first cara before you jump into conclusions"

I shook my head.It didn't look nice.I can't.

"For me then..its a starter and its an Italian dish.."

I breathed n and out.

He looked at me.He was amused.Glad I was a

source of entertainment.

"Open your mouth wide.."

I gave him a side eye as he used the fork to pick up whatever that dish was. The name is not even attractive.

I opened my mouth and he fed me a bite. No this is not for me. I wanted to puke. He gave me a napkin and I spit it out. When you're not used to fancy food this is what happened.

He laughed.

"Angel sweetie.."

"It's your fault you could've warned me. How do you eat this stuff...the aftertaste eww"

He laughed.

"So you hate our starter.."

"Anything else, tell me the main meal agrees with my taste buds?"

He chuckled as he handed me a glass of water. I drank it to get rid of the after taste.

"Roast leg of lamb with potatoes stuffed with goat cheese."

I nodded.

"That sounds fine..sorry I don't have sophisticated taste buds."

"You are yourself and that's all that matters.I bet some of the food you eat in Botswana I can't eat."

He said sheepishly.

I imagined Sandro eating pap and seswaa..and I burst out laughing.No..It looks so weird.This man,seswaa?pap?delele?tswii??ae no...

"Trust me I will force the food down your throat...it's nice"

He gave me a skeptical look.

"I don't trust you.."

"Please do,our indigenous food is awesome. "

He shook his head.

He served me the main meal.Laughing like this with Sandro is nice.

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At Phakalane, Gaborone

Kagiso switched off the lights in the kids rooms.

Lauren was not present and as such it was his duty to do what she normally does with the kids.

He tried calling her but her phone went directly to voicemail.

He sighed as he sat on the couch.

How did they get here? Was that decision the wrong one in regards to Sethunya.

He couldn't stomach the reality of taking care of someone's child. He ran his hands down his face as he started to think of Sethunya's stay with them when she was younger.

Was he harsh on her and took out his frustrations on her cause she was not his child?

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At Katlo's place

Katlo sat crosslegged on her bed as she searched for Sethunya's facebook account.

She saw it and sent a friend request.

She wanted to keep her closer to know what is happening.

She thoroughly looked at her profile picture and she scrunched her nose. There was nothing beautiful. Just cause she was mixed race doesn't mean beauty.

She snickered and threw her phone on the bed.

She typed on her laptop.

She saw pictures of the Italian billionaire. Alessandro Romano.

She followed the tabs and her heart constricted when she read that there are rumours of him having a girlfriend.

"Wow!and he refused me?"

She rolled her eyes. She won't rest till she finds the so called girlfriend. Why isn't she in the media if she is not pretty?

She has to stalk a rich billionaire whom she saw once but was well known.

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At the beach...

Sandro looked at her as her eyes twinkled. Happiness suited her.

She stopped laughing and looked at him.

"Ng ng..stop looking at me"

He squeezed her hands she smiled at him.

"You are very beautiful amore mio"

Angel frowned.

"What does that mean?"

"Research amore"

He stood and she did too.

"Remove the shoes and lets take a walk on the beach"

Angel bent down to take off her shoes and Sandro did something he never does, he took out his phone

and took a video of her..

When Angel was done she looked up and smiled.

"I am smiling for the camera...hey..Angel here.."

Sandro chuckled.

"Sandro watch this video when you're bored and lonely...your..what is that word...your amore.."

She laughed as she hid her face with her hands.

"Switch it off now.."

Sandro did and saved the video.He slipped his phone in his backpocket and he removed his shoes and folded his trousers.

He took a good look at Angel and smiled secretly to himself.She was perfect for him.

They held hands and they took a walk on the beach as the waves crashed and fell.The moonlight was all they had and music was the only thing unavailable.

"Sandro is this what the books and movies say love is?"

"I don't know, what do they say love is?"

She held tightly to his hand as they walked barefoot on the sand.

"I don't know love, in my head I thought love never loved me. You get me?"

Sandro kissed her hand.

"Surprisingly I do cara..."

"So I'm a mess, a big mess cause of my past. I'm a mess but I'm a mess you wanted."

She said softly as Sandro removed the ribbon holding her braids together.

He threw it away and her braids covered her face.

"Mr Romano, that was my favourite.."

She said laughing as she pushed the braids out of her face.

"This is surreal. I have a feeling this is all a dream and I will wake up and find myself in that place I was ten years ago.."

They stopped walking as Sandro pulled her closer.

She looked up at him with her wide green-hazel eyes. She felt like his eyes were reading all the chapters of her soul and there was nothing she could do about it.

"Sandro, you don't know my past but promise you won't run "

His whole hand covered her cheek and he saw the tears in her eyes.

"I promise amore."

She leaned into his hand.

"The storybooks say love is when you are so happy when you are around someone and you can tell them anything. The movies describe love as those butterflies that are always fluttering in one's tummy whenever that person is around, those secret smiles when you read their message or see them from a distance. That slowing heartbeat whenever the person is around. That is what the movies say love is but I have no idea. I don't know whether...whether..whether I have butterflies or its my anxiety taking hold of me. I don't want the butterflies

if they will turn to dust that covers my whole room.."

She paused and looked up at him, trying to gauge his reaction.

"Sandro, I do not know love but if by some way what we have is love then I will say this to you. I love you. Though I know literally nothing about you the very fact that you make me happy is assurance enough."

Sandro smiled as his chest became tight. The emotions this little lady was eliciting from him were those he swore were already dead and buried.

His throat was tight and he swallowed looking at her baring her soul to him.

He was the devil and he knew he could never let her go after this. He would keep her as his. She was sweet and she was right about one thing. She didn't know him. Only what he chose to reveal to her.

"Ti amo amore..." he said huskily as he used his thumb to wipe the tear that dropped down her cheek.

Angel looked at him. Those stormy eyes, they were like an ocean storm, dark, thunderous, terrifying, they crashed inside of him like the waves gone wild. High and dangerous.

That was when she knew he was fighting his emotions and those grey eyes revealed all.

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Have a good day readers

[04/13, 01:00] Lynne: The Devil's Angel

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They both stared into each other's eyes.

"Ti amo amore mio.." (I love you my love)

Angel didn't understand a thing he said but the sincerity in his eyes showed that it might be something sweet.

She dropped her head and he lifted it with his fingers.

"Angel look at me dolcezza.."

She did and there were tears in her eyes. Was this real? Was he real?

He held both of her hands in his huge ones.

"Thank you for trusting me with your heart.."

"It's a mess but it's all I have."

He kissed her forehead softly as a tear fell down her cheeks.

"Sandro I am so broken, I have a lot of secrets. They are all part of a past I swore never to speak of.."

Sandro just pulled her closer and she wrapped her hands around his torso as she placed her head on his chest. The tears wouldn't stop coming.

"It's okay Angel, I got you."

"Being strong is so hard especially doing it on your own for almost all your life"

He rubbed her back as her tears soaked his shirt.

"I understand cara,more than anyone.."

"I feel so weak right now,I don't want to depend on anyone cause I've always been on my own.."

Sandro just hushed her.

He picked her up as she nestled into him and he walks back to the marquee.

He sat on the chair holding her.

"Want to talk about it?"

She shook her head.

He just held her and that was all she needed from him.For him to hold her tightly maybe the demons that haunt her will flee for the night.

She closed her eyes listening to his steady heartbeat.

Sandro looked at her.She looked so vulnerable and she was strong at the same time.

"I'll do my best amore.."

He whispered in her ear as he noticed that she must be falling asleep.He smiled.He didn't deserve such

an angel in his life. She was too pure for him but he was not willing to let her go at all.

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Jennifer waited for Angel but she still wasn't back. She contemplated going to sleep and opening the door for her when she arrives.

As started switching off the lights there was a door knock.

She went to the door and saw Sandro carrying Angel in his arms.

"Hi, she fell asleep"

Jennifer smiled. If it was any other man they would have taken advantage of Angel.

"You know her room and thank you for bringing her home"

He nodded as he walked inside the house. Now to get her to bed and make her comfortable.

He walked to her room and pushed the door open with his foot.

He gently placed her on the bed.

He walked out as he unbuttoned his shirt buttons.

He headed to the lounge.

"I don't know what she wears to bed but I think she wouldn't be comfortable wearing that dress."

Jennifer nodded and headed to Sethunya's room.

She closed the door and held her hips while shaking her head.

"I have to get you dressed in comfortable clothes now..."

She walked to her wardrobe and found warm long sleeved pyjamas.

Most of her things were long sleeved. She noticed. They have to change that so she can show some skin.

Jen unzipped the dress and Sethunya moved a bit.

She slowly removed it from her shoulders and was about to remove her hands from the sleeves when she opened her eyes.

"Wh..who.."

"I have to gwt you out of this dress so byou can be comfortable sleeping."

Sethunya used her strength though she was feeling lethargic to move away from J en.

"I'll do it..(yawning)Its okay"

J en gave her a skeptical look and Angel juat placed her hand on her mouth as she yawned again.

"You'll manage?"

She nodded.

Jennifer walked out of the room and Angel slowly got undressed. All her mind could think of was how xlose Jennifer was to seeing her scars, burns and bruises.

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Short I know

Sorry that its almost four hours late, see you guys tomorrow

[04/13, 01:01] Lynne: The Devil's Angel

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Angel rubbed her eyes as she walked out of her room.

She saw Sandro sitting on the couch and she frowned. She thought she would find him gone but he was still there.

Sandro put his phone away when he saw Angel approaching. She was cute and tiny.

"Amore, you're awake?"

She nodded as she sat next to him and placed her head on his chest. It was buff, he must work out a lot.

She sighed contently as he rubbed circles on her back.

"How did Alessandro Michelangelo Romano become the man he is now?"

Angel asked as she lifted her head to look at him.

Sandro was neutral as he debated with himself how much of his past she should know.

"Well cara mia,I started out small while I was still in College.."

Angel nodded as she placed her hands on his chest.

"Was it hard?"

"Damn hard amore,no one could trust a teenager to do it."

"Okay but you made a success out of it,how do you cope with it all?"

He chuckled as he looked at his innocent angel.

"Dolcezza its a cruel world out there,sometimes we are not what we seem to the media.."

Angel thought a bit about his statement.

"I know its cruel,we all do things we are not so proud of and if the hands of time could turn back,I would gladly turn them"

"But we have to move amore,we have to move..and

accept things for what they are.."

Angel nodded slowly.

"You are so understanding,Sandro."

He chuckled as he pushed her braids back.

"Amore..."

"I am starting to get comfortable around you so much,must be the love thing"

This time Sandro laughed as she joined him too and laughed.

"I have never fallen in love before Sandro and if this bursting in my heart is love then I want it everyday..."

"I want you to be happy always amore mio,I am here for you.."

Angel smiled into his chest.She was so happy with this man.

Sandro checked his watch.He was expecting a call later on..

He looked at Angek who was comfortable on his

chest.

"Amore do you want me to tuck you in?"

Angel lifted her head and giggled.

"God no! I am not a baby Sandro, you have to go?"

He noticed the sadness in her tone and he felt like the villain.

He nodded and she stood up.

"Let me not keep you..."

He stood up and lifted her chin up. He baby kissed her.

"I love you amore, goodnight.."

Angel saw the truth in his eyes and she just nodded.

She was getting attached maybe because he genuinely loved her.

"Don't be sad cara, I'll be back tomorrow.."

He rubbed her chin softly and she just had to accept that gesture.

"Sleep tight alright?"

She nodded.

He let her go and walked to the door.

She watched him open it and walk out.

She sighed and went to lock the door, switching off the lights in the process.

She walked to her bedroom as she pulled her pyjama sleeves down.

She is scarred for life and these scars are those that will always remind her how weak she is to resort to self harm rather than talking or being strong.

Tears found their way to her eyes and she tried to blink them away.

She is happy. Sandro loves her and that is all she had to think about for the whole weekend before she starts school and actually has to interact with other human beings. She shuddered at the thought of talking to new people.

Angel breathed in and out as she opened her bedroom door.

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At Lauren's hotel

She switched on her phone as a dozen of messages came through from Kagiso.

She poured some wine in her glass, she didn't think she would be able to talk to him especially since he also played a role in Sethunya being moved and he even initiated it.

She sipped on the wine as she thought about what she will say to Sethunya once she meets her after ten full years. She is no longer a kid but a grown woman who grew without a mother nor a father but both were alive.

She put the wine glass down as she tried searching for Jean-Charles on the internet.

Its been years and she had to forget about him fathering Sethunya but now she deserves to know the truth.

She scrolled down as articles about the Frenchman filled the phone screen and she started reading carefully.

She saw his email and she just highlighted it and saved it on her phone.

She needed to ease her conscience on this matter and beg for her daughter's forgiveness.

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At Sandro's hotel room

He unbuttoned his shirt as he placed the phone between his neck and shoulder.

"Did you take care of it?"

The person at the other end of the line swallowed not knowing what he should convey.

"I asked a question and you know I am not a man with a lot of patience.."

Sandro held the phone and put it on loudspeaker as he placed it on the nightstand.

"I am waiting.."

He removed the shirt as he poured himself a glass of scotch.

"Si..sir..I..."

He hung up and the person who was at the other end called again and Sandro watched it ring.

He walked to the balcony and watched the moonlight shining upon the city.

How was he going to reveal the truth to that sweet angel?

He closed his eyes as his past flashed and he shook his head to erase the memories.

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The following morning

At Angel and Jennifer's house

Angel sat by the kitchen counter doing her research about the school she will be attending from.

Jennifer walked inside the kitchen and clapped her hands.

"Setshwakga se helets e, ne o emets e nna?" (the laziest person ever, were you waiting for me?)

Angel rolled her eyes.?

"You know I can't cook to save my life, gape maabane mma motho ne a njesa dikhenekhene"(yesterday he was feeding me sophisticated stuff)

Jennifer laughed as she opens the fridge to take out the eggs.

"Ga wa tlwaela"(you're not used it)

Angel smiled as she thought about the starter or was it an appetizer? whatever she spit out..

She is not used such stuff.

"Jen do you know how to make seswaa?"

Jennifer looked at her feigning shock..

"What kind of question is that? of course I do.."

Angel put her phone away as she looked at Jennifer and Jennifer realised her intentions.

"No Sethunya, ke mang o tla mponang ke gotsa mollo mo makgoeng?"(who will be looking at me making a fire amongst the whites?)

Angel sighed.

"It was worth a shot, akere ga ba na go re sepe ne
mma?" (they won't say anything though)

Jennifer shook her head.

"Do you know how to start a fire?"

She shook her head.

"My point exactly"

"I can do other things though Jen, don't discredit me
just yet.."

Jennifer laughed as she shook her head.

Angek looked happy and that forlorn look on her
face was gone.

Her lover really makes her happy.

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Unedited version

[04/13, 01:01] Lynne: The Devil's Angel

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Angel stood in front of the mirror with a white towel wrapped around her body.

She looked at her reflection which was staring right back at her.

Tears welled in her eyes as she saw the scars and burns that ran on both her hands.

She might be okay but she's not fine at all.

A tear dropped down her cheek as she started to see all her flaws.

She raised her hands and more tears filled her eyes. She did this to herself.

She sat on the bed as she pulled the towel a bit up.

The scars on her thighs were fading a bit but still viable..

She looked at her calves and she placed a hand on her mouth as the memories came back.

The whiplash she got...she sobbed silently.

The raised skin was all pink and it has always been a reminder of her horrible past.

She hated herself so much.

It never made her stronger, she was just a child and she needed love and protection.

All it ever did was bring problems and issues she isn't capable of dealing with.

She wiped her tears and walked to the wardrobe to get dressed.

The past cannot be changed. All she has to do is do what she has been doing, get over shit and move on without dealing with it because it's painful as hell.

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At Lauren's hotel room

She held a piece of paper that had a number scribbled on it. She wanted to call because apparently this particular person has information regarding her daughter's whereabouts.

She bit her lip as she typed in the number on her phone...she dialled the number and it was ringing.

She was hoping she would be in luck today.

The person picked up.

"Mrs Lombardi hello..."

Lauren remained silent as she tried to remember where she heard that surname.

"Hello...ciao..."

Lauren cleared her throat as she prepared to make her plea..

"Hi,Its Lauren.."

There was silence at the other end of the line and Lauren sighed.

"I don't know a Signorina Lauren,how can I help you?"

Lauren breathed in a sigh of relief as a bit of hope sparked in her heart.

"I uhm..I am looking for Sethunya Angel Mogorosi"

"That darling Angel,unfortunately she no longer works here.Thats all I can say Signorina.."

That was something.Lauren thanked her and hung up...

Now where to next, maybe she should search up the Lombardi surname??

Maybe later.

She grabbed her laptop and started typing an email to Jean-Charles. She was going to make everything right...

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At the Lombardis

Mrs Lombardi stared at her phone wondering what exactly that woman wanted..

She dialled Angel's number and waited for her to pick up.

When there was no answer she hung up and decided to call her later regarding this strange woman. The woman seemed to know Angel from the way she gave her full names.

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At Angel's place

She sat crosslegged on her bed as she opened her

past diaries.

She sighed as she started reading her first entry. It was after her grandmother had bought it for her when she was sent to live with her.

'23 February 2010

This is a new diary. She bought it for me. She said I should write how I feel....

I have been sent away by my parents... They said it's the best thing to do.. I miss my sister Zelda..'

She stopped reading as tears clouded her vision and she removed her glasses.

She rubbed her eyes in an attempt to stop the tears.

She was still a child. She understood but wanted to believe otherwise.

That she also had a happy ending like Cinderella but she quickly learnt that life is no fairytale.

She quickly paged through the diary and stopped at a particular entry..

The page was stained with blood. Her blood. A year

later from the first entry she was already slitting her wrists..

'30 March 2011

I found a razor in her room. She was not present.

The bullying is getting worse too and they had long stopped visiting....

It takes the pain away..its the only way..'

She blinked tears away but they fought to fall down her cheeks.

She was so young and its so hard to stop. Contrary to popular belief that self harm was going to make her fail she worked hard still depressed and self harming.

It had been her coping mechanism for years and people will never understand why she does that.

They might call her emo or satanic but she is just hurting so much that hurting herself is the only way to temporarily relieve her pain.

Seeing the razor blade cut across her flesh and seeing the blood ooze out gave her relief and no

one will be able to understand.

Her scars and burns are just a physical expression of the pain in her heart.

She closed the diary and wiped her tears but they wouldn't stop coming.

She half screamed with her face stuffed in her pillow as tears kept on coming.

"I hate me, I hate me..I ..."

She sobbed on her pillow as her heart skipped and she felt so heavy.

So much emotion.....it was too much to handle.No matter how much she convinces herself that she is happy she is not...

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Jennifer closed her novel as confusion etched on her face.Sethunya hasn't been out of her room ever since she left to go take a bath.

She walked to her bedroom and knocked on the door.

"Angel honey..o teng?"(are you there?)

Angel sniffed as she heard Jen's voice.

She didn't want any human contact,she just wanted to be left alone.

Her throat was tight and she didn't want to speak..

She closed her eyes as she hugged her pillow tightly and breathed in.

"Angel are you alright?o sharpo?"

"Ke sharpo.."Her voice croaked and Jennifer noticed.

"Can I come in?"

"No..no.."

Jennifer sighed sadly at the other side of the door and walked away.Angel will talk when she is good and ready...

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Next one loading.

Weekend marathon to make up for the missed chapters of the week so lets like,share and mention

[04/13, 01:01] Lynne: The Devil's Angel

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Sandro walked out of the shop holding his latest purchase.

He was not sure to wrap it up and he hasn't even called her today.

The few reporters lurking around saw him and snapped a few shots of him. Everyone wanted to know who was the Italian billionaire's love interest as he had been spotted with a woman a few months ago before the pictures were taken down.

He got inside his car as he dialled Angel's number. The phone rang unanswered and he just

gave up.He started the car and off he went to Angel's place.

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At Angel's place

Angel wiped her tears and headed to the bathroom.In her head she chanted 'don't so it' over and over again.

She splashed cold water on her face and faced her reflection in thw mirror.

Her eyes were red and puffy.Her face pink.

She didn't want to leave her room today.Jennifer will start asking questions that she won't be able to answer.

Sighing sadly she stripped her clothes and opened the medicine cabinet.Just to numb the pain for the day.

She took out a new razor blade and sat on the toilet seat.She breathed in and out.

Closing her eyes,she ran the razor blade on her scarred thigh and tears formed in her eyes.

She opened her eyes and she saw crimson.

Her heart's pain subsided as she cut some more..

Seeing the blood made her smile as she continued making deep cuts on her thighs.

Her endorphin levels raised and she knew this because well she was studying medicine.

She moved to her other thigh as she cut and blood flowed down her leg.

Meanwhile Sandro knocked at the front door.

Jennifer opened and let him in.

"Hi, is Angel around?"

He enquired. Jennifer sighed as she sat on the couch.

"She listens to you so maybe you can try getting her to open the door. I heard sobs earlier and she had said she was fine.."

Sandro frowned.

"Is her room locked?"

"Unfortunately yes plus it would be rude to try and break in"

Sandro nodded and took out his phone dialling her again.No answer yet again.What was really going on with Angel?

He had suspected that something is up but she never said a thing.J ust that her mood had been off.

"Is there a toolbox around?"

Jennifer thought for a moment.There should be one somewhere.

"Let me go check for one,guess it should be around here"

She left Sandro alone in thw lounge and he tried Angel's phone and it rang unanswared.What was going on.

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The bathroom tile was stained with red as Angel proceeded to use the razor on her wrist,cutting the thin flesh that had been worn overtime by continuous

cuts and burns. She had almost forgotten how addictive this could be sometimes.

She bit her lip as she made more cuts and blood dripped to the already bloodied white tile.

She used to do this alone and it's been months since she actually cut till she was satisfied.

She looked at the bloody razor blade and smiled yet again.

"I don't know how I thought I can still go clean when this makes me the happiest..."

She moved to her other wrist and continued cutting. Completely unaware of her phone. She had put it on silent for a reason...

Doctor or no doctor this was the therapy she needed every now and then. After this she will be just fine and continue with life normally.

She felt light headed but ignored it as she made deep lacerations on her wrist which in turn burst an artery.

Blood flowed rapidly and she closed her eyes with a

smile. She will be just fine. It usually happened once or twice or maybe a couple of times. She has been doing this thing for years and has never died. If she does die today, she dies.

Sandro groaned in frustration as he ran his fingers through his jetblack hair. Jennifer made her way to him with a toolbox in hand.

"We never use this so it was a task to actually find it.."

"It's fine.."

Jennifer handed Sandro the toolbox and he walked to Angel's room carrying it.

"Angel, cara.."

He knocked and there was no answer.

"She hasn't been out of her room?"

"No..she does this sometimes though. She likes her privacy and well she never invades mine so I feel I should give her the same respect.."

Sandro sighed. Should he really open this door? Maybe she was fine and she was asleep and they are just overreacting.

He knocked once more..

"Angel..amore.."

No response.

He looked at the toolbox contemplating whether to give his girlfriend space and just hope that she is fine.....

It was hard writing this one

And its not yet edited

[04/13, 01:02] Lynne: The Devil's Angel

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Sandro looked at the toolbox contemplating whether to give his girlfriend space.

He sighed as he knocked once more on the door.

"Angel love..."

There was no response and Jennifer looked at him worried. She noticed how he ran his hands through his hair and she blinked and looked to the side.

"Should we be doing this?"

He shrugged. He was not sure but he trusted his gut feeling.

He opened the toolbox and looked for something thin enough to go through the lock. He found the right tool and he started to pick the lock.

"I'll replace it.."

In a few minutes the door opened and Jennifer's heart pounded.

"I don't think we should be doing this.."

Sandro ignored her and walked in.

He looked around and she was not in the bedroom. Her bed was unmade and there was a book on the

bed.

He took a closer look and realised it was a diary. He shouldn't touch that.

Jennifer stood at the entrance. Not sure whether to go in. Angel might be angry cause she had said she is fine though in her heart of hearts she knew that was a lie but she wanted to give her the benefit of the doubt so that she can open up to her.

Sandro slowly walked to the bathroom and opened the door.

What he saw had his blood running cold. The hell?She..

"Merda!fuck..."

He just looked at her and the blood that stained the white tile. Dammit!He had told her that he is here for her whenever she wants to talk..

He just looked around the bathroom and saw a washcloth. He had to be calm about this and not overreact.

He was angry at her for being so stupid but at the

same time he could see the extent of her pain.

He wetted the washcloth and he bent down.

Her head was down and he used his two fingers to feel her pulse at the back of her neck. It was still there so she wasn't dead.

He took her hand and wiped the blood away. That was when he saw the scars and burns. He closed his eyes as he breathed in, this is hard.

Seeing the person you love at their lowest.

He just wiped the blood away, occasionally rinsing the washcloth.

When he was done he picked her up and walked into the bedroom where he found Jennifer.

Jennifer gasped when she noticed the blood stains on Sandro's shirt and Angel who was passed out, naked and in his arms.

"Wh..wh..what happened?"

He beckoned Jennifer to come closer.

Jennifer's eyes filled with tears as she saw the scars, the burns and the fresh cuts on her flesh.

"We need to take her to the hospital...she..sh..she's.."

She covered her mouth as she looked at the woman who was in his arms. If she knew she would have pushed harder to get her to talk.

"Can you find her gown for me?"

Jennifer dragged her feet to the wardrobe. Her feet suddenly felt heavy like lead. Angel..she was..

She went through Angel's clothes and she found a long fluffy gown.

She held it tightly as she watched Sandro gently place Angel on the bed. Tears fell down her cheeks as she bit her lower lip hard. She was trying not to break down.

Sandro looked at Jennifer and he could see she was clearly breaking down at seeing Angel like this.

He walked to her and gently held the gown so she

can let it go. Their fingers brushed and Jennifer quickly let go of the gown.

She swore she felt something but she shook her head as Sandro walked away holding Angel's gown.

Sandro didn't know what to say. Was everything going to be okay?

His angel was harbouring such scars and a lot of pain, she didn't even tell anyone about it.

He held her gently as he put on the gown on her scarred body.

They should probably take her to the hospital now.

"Is there a nearby clinic we can take her to?"

Jennifer just nodded her head as Sandro picked Angel up.

He looked at her pale face and pushed her hair back...

He walked out of the room...

Jennifer rubbed her eyes in an attempt to try and

stop the tears. She had to call her father since he was the only she knew. Angel never opened up about anything. She was not even sure if she should call this a suicide attempt.

She walked to the bathroom and just stood at the door. It was better not to enter the bathroom. And to think she wanted to convince Alessandro otherwise.

She walked out of the room and headed to the lounge. She grabbed her phone and the house keys and walked out the door.

She spotted Sandro placing Angel gently at the back and tears welled in her eyes. Why couldn't Angel see that she was loved? She was loved and everyone is always available for her.

She locked the door and walked to the car. His shirt was still stained with her friend's blood. He was also calm and she asked herself how?

How can he be so calm when she is freaking out about Angel.

He opened the door for her as he went to his side. She got in and she smelled the leather. Whoa! This was a nice car.

She put on her seatbelt as she stole a glance at him.

He rolled his sleeves and she closed her eyes. He is her friend's boyfriend...

She opened them and she looked straight ahead as she felt the engine start to roar.

Her heart started beating and she breathed in and out.

She turned her head and looked at Angel at the back. She looked so fragile and broken.

Angel. Angel was the reason she was here. She needs to remember that.

She faced her front and her eye caught the veins on his arm and she breathed in again.

"Can you give me directions to the hospital or clinic?? whichever is close, I'll cover the costs..."

Her heart sped up again...

"Uhhmm...just dri..drive straight ahead.."

He nodded as he kept his eyes on the road.

Angel needed to be fine.

"I know you are traumatised but she will be fine.."

Jennifer kept quiet. She hoped so and she just wanted them to arrive at the hospital.

She didn't know where the hell the feelings came from and she wanted distance between the two of them.

"Turn left and you'll see the sign"

Sandro swerved the car to the left and true to her word he saw the sign.

"Is she still breathing?" Jennifer asked.

"Yes,her pulse is faint but its there,some of the cuts were pretty deep hence she lost a lot of blood."

Jennifer leaned back on the car seat as she processed his words. Had she asked Angel to open up more and reassures her that she will always be

there for her, none of this would have happened.

She felt her shoulder being squeezed and she saw the grey eyes looking at her. She looked down. She wiped her tears.

"She will be fine, don't beat yourself up about it..."

His voice soothed her a bit and she felt a bit cold as he retracted his hand and focused on driving.

She mentally scolded herself for feeling something for her friend's man...

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At University Of Botswana, Gaborone

Rochelle walked out of class holding a few of her books. She saw Katlo sitting all alone and she turned.

She was not in the mood to hear Katlo bitch around talking about how other people don't deserve good things. That was envy at its best and if Katlo was not careful it was going to turn her into a witch. A bitter old witch.

Her phone rang and she answered without checking the caller i.d.

"Ro hello.."

"Rochelle are you busy?"

She could not believe her ears.

She checked the caller i.d and it was a number she didn't know.

"Kagiso fancy hearing you call me,I though you said I should stay away. Ke tla go thubela lelapa wara wara"(I'll destroy your home)

She heard him sigh at the other end.

"Rochelle wee,are you busy?"

Rochelle didn't want to be strung along by a married man who had long promised to leave his wife and kids for her but never did.

"Ke busy rra wee,calk your wife.."

She hung up ans sighed. She had moved on. She had cries for him. She had even done the

unthinkable for him so it was time to move on. This was 20motherfucking20 and girls don't date married men.

Breathing in she walks to the library. Books. That was all she had to focus on.

Her phone rang again and she groaned.

"Who is it now?"

She saw the caller i.d and clicked the green button quickly.

"Hello..whats up?"

"Ke mama.."(Its mom)

Rochelle just prayed there was nothing wrong.

"Whats wrong with mom Rafiwa?"

Her younger sister sobbed at the end of the line and her heart broke. She had sent P500 to try and cover the costs.

"Sh..she-she's sick again and..malome.."

Rochelle closed her eyes. She hoped it wasn't what she thought it was.

"How much do you guys need for medicines?"

"We need P500 and another P500 for food."

She didn't have money at the moment. Where was she going to get a thousand?

"Wa re malome o rileng?"(what were you saying about uncle?)

"He sai..said he can pay the costs abd fake care of us if I do small favours for him"

Rafiwa was in form 2 and she knew what small favours meant. Oh God!

"I'll come over by the weekend and see what to do..uhm..ke tla romela orange money in a few autwa Rafi?"(I'll send orange money in a few okay Rafi)

She sighed as she said goodbye.

She turned yet again to go find Katlo,she can help her maybe. Now she was going to sell her soul so that her family survives.

She dialled Kagiso.

"Kagiso hi,Rochelle here.."

There was silence.

"So you called back?"

She could hear the smugness in his voice and she winced....

The story of her life begins here....

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LIKE,COMMENT,SHARE,MENTION

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[04/13, 01:02] Lynne: The Devil's Angel

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At the hospital

Sandro stood by the reception as he signed the

patient admission forms for Angel.

The receptionist swallowed a bit as she looked at Sandro.

She could not believe she was seeing the billionaire face to face. And was the woman he came carrying his girlfriend? The one people have been trying to see or was the woman who was at the waiting room his girlfriend? She had no idea but she was oddly happy that she saw him nevertheless.

Sandro handed the receptionist the forms and she took them while she batted her eyelashes at him and licked her lips.

Sandro had been expecting this, almost all of the female species threw themselves at him.

He wished he came with his security to deal with all of this. He brought the woman he loves and here in front of him is one trying too hard to be sexy.

"Miss I think it will do the hospital a lot of good if you can stop trying to be sexy most especially to patients or those who need help. We are here because we are stressed and you are the worst kind

of distraction.."

He walked away as the receptionist opened and closed her mouth. Completely rendered speechless by his brass comment.

Jennifer saw Sandro approaching and her heart skipped a beat as she noticed his walk. He looked calm and she gazed at him as he stopped mid stride to further roll up his shirt and she she saw a tattoo.

She closed her eyes. She was not supposed to feel this way..Especially about him.

She was betraying her friend. The one who was broken and was lying unconacious on a hospital bed.

She took out her phone and dialled Angel's father. At least that will keep her occupied. She placed the phone between her shoulder and neck as she

rubbed her sweaty palms on her jeans.

The phone rang two times before he answered.

"Hello..Hope I am not disturbing.."

She started off and she saw Sandro sitting at the other bench a few feet away from her.

She breathed in a sigh of relief.At least she could now start to align her thoughts.

"What is it?"

She sighed.

"It's Angel,he is in hospital..."

There was a pause and Jennifer waited.

"What happened?"

"She is uhm..."

She paused and closed her eyes.How was she going to tell him his daughter is a self harmer??that she cuts and has burns on her body.

"She uhm...she was cutting"

Her heart slowed down as there was silence.She

wondered how he was going to take this one?

"Can...can you repeat that?"

"Angel self harms..I am sorry"

Another bout of silence hit and she waited.

"When did you find out?"

"He found her passed out and he brought her to hospital.I just accompanied him here..Found out today.."

"Who is he?"

I lightly tapped my forehead..

"Her boyfriend..I think you know him..You definitely know him"

"Who is he?"

Jennifer looked at Sandro who was busy on his phone and she held the phone with her hand.

"Mr Romano"

Jennifer said.She shouldn't even call her friend's boyfriend with his first name when she was already

developing feelings for him. Feelings she should be killing.

At the other end of the line, Jean-Charles' mouth dropped open. Jennifer has to be mistaken. Not him.

"Jennifer his full name...there are many Mr Romanos in this world"

He crossed his fingers hoping that it was an error or a different person.

"Alessandro Romano...that's her boyfriend.."

He blinked several times as he tried to wrap his mind around the fact that his daughter cuts herself and that she her boyfriend is none other than the devil's incarnate in Armani.

"Jennifer tell me you're joking, where would Angel meet such a high profiled man. He is a wealthy man and he does not even live in Australia"

His knuckles turned white as he gripped the chair a little to tight.

"They are together...I don't have the exact details

but I guess you should speak to her..though amid the Corona virus pandemic you will be able to leave the country but yah.."

Jean took deep breaths and he told Jennifer to update him once Angel wakes up.He wants to be updated.

He remembered something and called Jennifer.

"Hello,who is taking care of the hospital bills?"

"Oh that..Mr Romano is taking care of that.."

Jean said bye yet again and placed his phone on the table.

His wife walked inside the study holding a tray and frowned.He looked stressed and that was not good.

"What happened this time?Is it the stock market crashing?the pandemic?the kids safety?Amour talk to me"

Jean gave her a fade smile.Touched by her concern.

"It's Angel.."

His wife sat on the couch as she placed the tray

gently on the table. She poured coffee for him and she handed him the cup.

"What's wrong, I can't wait to meet her. She looks pretty too amou.."

"She is but you know that might be delayed.

She is in hoapital as we speak."

His wife's frown deepened as she gave her husband a quizzical look.

He rubbed his chin as he placed the mug down.

"She...she..she..I failed as her father Anne."

Anne stood up and crouched before her husband.

"What happened to Angel?"

"She cuts and she is now in hospital because of it.."

Anne rubbed his knee.

"Is she okay?"

He shook his head as Anne rubbed his knee.

"She never shares a lot with you..the father-daughter relationship won't happen overnight. As

you once told me that she spent her whole life without parents. Jean darling, it won't happen overnight. No one cuts for fun. I know that. I am a therapist and no one ever cuts for the fun of it. You haven't failed her, there are some unresolved issues.. Look at me"

She used her soft hands to lift his head up and she held his cheek.

"Amour, she will be okay. Okay? She will get through this, trust me.. okay?"

Jean-Charles nodded as she kept on rubbing his cheek.

"Is that all?"

Jean threw his head back as his blood boiled at the thought of his daughter with that soulless bastard.

Anne gave him a look and Jean just removed her hands from his cheek and held them.

"She has a boyfriend.."

This time Anne laughed. He was serious and he looked so much like the overprotective dad he is.

"And its normal for people her age to have boyfriends...."

"I am not against her dating..Well okay I am but I haven't been there for almost all her life so I just can't dictate her...She still doesn't trust me...the main problem here is who is the boyfriend...Dammit.."

"Who is he?"

"Alessandro motherfucking Romano"

Anne made an oh sound as she was left speechless and Jean-Charles was fuming at the thought of his daughter with that man.

He needed to calm down before giving him a piece of his mind.

"Is he..the one who bought her a car?"

Jean sadly nodded and Anne kept quiet.The man had quite a reputation.

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At University of Botswana,Gaborone

Rochelle walked towards Kato who was bust with selfies.

"Oh,you came.."

Rochelle had to stop herself from rolling her eyes.Katli has always been this rude.

"Yes..how was your day.."

Katlo waved her off as she put her phone down.

"Same old,unless I get a better car.."

Here she goes again.Always thinking of herself.How was she going to borrow money.

"Katlo,I need a huge favour..."

Katlo raised an eyebrow..

"Talk Rochelle.I don't have all day."

"Can I borrow like five thous and.."

"Ok."

Ok?"

Katlo took her phone and started typing.Rochelle's phone vibrated and she checked the message.Katlo

just ewallated her 6 grand..

"Done.."

She looked at Katlo who was looking at her waiting for her response.

"Uhm..wow..just like that?"

Katlo clicked her fingers smiling.

"J ust like that.I am not gonna sk what you need the money for.Be sure to payback the five thao...the extra one thousand is not part of the loan.Ke ska go sala morago mogirl for madi ame neh..I have to go..sharpo"(I don't want to follow you around for my money girl)

Katlo stood up and walked away.

Immediately Rochelle stood up and started to walk to where the ATM was.She needed to cash the money and send at least P1000.When she gets there,they are gonna buy more stuff.

She sighed.Relieved that things might be looking up.Her pbone rang and she picked up without taking notice of the caller id.

"Ro here.."

"I'm at the gate, make it fast and get your ass here.."

Her heart beat picked up as she realised that she was already in trouble. She just hoped that her karma won't be hit that hard.

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Apologies. Apologies dear readers

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At University Of Botswana Gaborone

Rochelle quickly walked till she got to the school gate.

She looked around and she spotted the car.

She walked to it while being cautious of not being

seen. She opened the door and got inside.

"Hi Rochelle.."

She refrained from rolling her eyes.

"Kagiso, what do you want?"

Kagiso smiled as he placed his hands on the steering wheel. Rochelle noticed that he still had his wedding band on and she swallowed a bit.

She once wanted this man to leave his wife for her. She was used to be delusional.

"I want you Rochelle"

Rochelle placed her hands on her lap and looked at her nails for a few seconds before she raised her head and looked at him.

Tears welled in her eyes as she remembered that day. He made her do something so terrible and she hasn't gotten over that even till this day.

"Is your wife present?"

Kagiso's smile faded when Rochelle mentioned his wife. Lauren was not here at the moment, she left to

go look for her bastard child..

He gripped the steering wheel as he forced himself not to think about her.

"Rochelle wee,I came here for you.If I wanted to be with my wife I would have been with her.."

He said 'my wife'Rochelle told herself.He was going to use her again the second time.Just a sex toy.

Was she willing to break this marriage the second time around?

"Nyaa..Kagiso I can't give you sex.You used to shower me with gifts and money but...."

She held the door handle as she attempted to open the door but Kagiso locked the doors quickly.

"Rochelle,I've changed.Stop thinking immaturityly dammit"

Rochelle let go of the door handle and she folded her arms.

"Remember that baby you forced me to abort...wa gakologelwa Kagiso...hewe hewe bolaa soo seo ke nyetswe...remember Kagiso?"(do you remember

Kagiso, the talks about you being married.."

"That is in the past Rochelle. Can't you learn to move on and forgive.

Rochelle looked at him with disbelief. What in the world was going on in his head?

"Forgive? forgive? Mister o nale bana, what if I won't be able to have kids? hee? o tla mo mpha ngwana wena.. mxm.. fuck you ebile. Bula lebati le rraets ho I have classes to attend ebile wa ntiya.. nxla" (mr you have kids, what if I won't be able to have kids? You will give me a child? mxm... fuck you even. Open the door Mr, I have classes to attend and you are really wasting my time)

Kagiso gave her a look that used to make her tremble. She'd rather deal with spoiled Katlo than to risk her heart and herself once again.

She just raised an eyebrow and looked him directly in the eye.

"Lebati Kagiso" (the door Kagiso)

Kagiso sighed exasperated. When did Rochelle grow

a spine and learn to speak to him this way?

He unlocked the car and Rochelle looked at him.

"You hurt me Kagiso, I was a naïve little girl who knew nothing but thanks for the wake up call. I had to learn things the hard way and that no Cinderella endings exist in this world. I just wanted you to apologise, at least show remorse for forcing me to abort but seems like you are still that same selfish man who thinks of no one but of himself... Hope you get what's coming to you. Karma is one motherfucking bitch Kagiso. Sharpo. Don't call me or anything. Le tla re bolaisa basadi ba lona." (You will get us in trouble with your wives)

She opened the car door and walked out.

She removed the little hand sanitizer in her bag as she squeezed the bottle.

She sighed. Kagiso gone Time to come up with a money making strategy.

She looked back and his car was still there. That chapter was closed now. No more married guys.

She called her sister who picked on the third ring.

"Rafi uhm,I will be sending one thousand for medicine.You'll use the change as transport money...and buying what you need Is the food still enough?"

"The food is still there but by the end of the week,there's a probability that there will be no food"

Rochelle sighed as she sat on a bench.

"Okay..I'm over ka the weekend okay?don't tell mama though.We'll talk about the issue ya uncle okay baby girl?"

"Okay Ro,thank you.The time I start earning money I'll help here at home..."

Rochelle chuckled as she said goodbye and hung up.

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At Francistown,Botswana

Rafiwa smiled.Her sister was such an angel She knew how much the student allowance was but she was still trying to send money home.

She put her phone in her pocket as she walked to her mother's room.

"Mama,I am going to buy medicine for you."

She held her chest as tears filled her eyes.

"Mama don't cry,I know I skipped school and I will catch up but who will take care of you?At the end of the day I still get B's and A's...I'll catch up.So Ro sent money via orange money I'm gonna cash up and head to the chemist"

She bent down and kissed her mother's cheek.

"Don't worry mama,we are with you every step of the way.They might have taken all of papa's assets but at least we have the house and you are still with us..."

She said as she squeezed her mother's hand.

She walked out of the room and went to change clothes.

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At the hospital,Sydney,Australia

Sandro opened his emails. This pandemic was already causing havoc and best thing to do was to close business at Italy since the cases of people who tested positive were rapidly rising.

A conference call will do maybe in a few hours once he was sure that Angel was okay.

The doctor made his way to him and Jennifer stood up on her feet and headed to where Sandro was.

"Dr, is everything okay?"

The doctor slipped his hands in his white coat as he looked at Sandro. A man like him at their hospital? It was no secret that he was known but....

"Mr Romano we managed to disinfect her cuts and she had a deep cut we had to stitch. Other than that she is okay. Just lost blood. Have you considered therapy for her sir?"

Jennifer quietly listened as Sandro just looked at the doc.

"Sì..we'll figure it out when she wakes up. When will she wake up doctor?"

The doctor looked at his watch.

"Anytime from now.."

"Okay.Thank you.Can we see her?"

"Follow me..."

Sandro quietly walked behind the doctor as Jennifer tried to chastise her mind.She should think of Angel.She was fine..

No more thoughts about Mr Romano.

Unedited.Have a good day

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At the hospital

They walked into the hospital room.Sandro looked at Angel whose hands were bandaged.She was so innocent and he knew for sure he was going to taint

all of that.

The doctor walked out and he just held her head.

He squeezed it tight and let go of her hand.

"Let me give you space.."

He told Jennifer as he walked out of the room.

Jennifer sighed and sat down.

"Sethunya why didn't you tell me?"

She sighed again as she looked at Angel who lay on the hospital bed.

"Angel kana you know that I have got you and I don't want to hurt you sis...I mean you are the little sister I never had..why didn't you just talk to us instead of bottling it all in?That was so dangerous and you could've...."

She stopped midsentence as tears made their way to her eyes and she wiped them away.

Meanwhile Sandro was busy making calls.He needed to shut down all operations as of now.The

Corona virus pandemic was serious. Most of his staff will work from home and it seemed that he will be in Australia longer than expected. At least he will be able to spend time with Angel and get her to talk. She can't keep cutting herself. That shit is addictive and it will destroy her slowly but surely.

He hung up and stood by the door of Angel's room.

Her friend was crying but yet again he doesn't know how to comfort a person so he just watched.

Jennifer felt eyes piercing her back and she turned only to find those gorgeous grey eyes looking at her. Her heartbeat picked up slightly and she looked down.

She is not hers. Dammit. She looked at Angel and she released a sigh. She shouldn't hurt Angel by falling for her man. She was not going to be that kind of friend that destroys her friend's relationship.

Angel is always so happy when she is around Alessandro and she won't ruin that. She will just have to find a way to deal with her blossoming

feelings towards this Italian god.

"I..uhm..yeah..you.."

Alessandro just nodded and Jennifer stopped talking.

She stood up and walked out, her fingers slightly brushed Alessandro's shirt and she just pretended not to feel anything.

Alessandro walked inside and looked at her.

He sat down and took her small hand in his. He gently kissed the back of her hand and rubbed it with his thumb.

"Whenever you want to talk amore mio I'm here. You don't have to die a slow death, I won't judge you precioso. Ti amo Angel."

He kissed her hand yet again and he gently placed her hand on the bed.

He rubbed his chin as he thought of how he was going to approach this matter once she wakes up.

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At Francistown, Botswana

Rafiwa walked inside the chemist and she joined the line. She took out her phone to make sure she buys the right medicines.

The people in the queue looked at her as she was a young student. Rafiwa almost rolled her eyes. They will never understand her circumstance so it's better she keeps quiet.

"Isn't she a child? She is supposed to be in school."

A lady with a curly wig said as she talked to her companion.

Her companion clapped her hands.

"Wa ba itse bananyana ba. She is most probably buying contraceptives. Ba rata morobalano gore.." (you know these kids. She is most probably buying contraceptives. They like sex)

Rafiwa this time rolled her eyes. Gossipers.

She scrolled down her facebook as she clicked on her favourite diary. The Story Hub By Tshepi. She absolutely loved that one and she couldn't sleep

without an insert.

She read chapter #6 of HIS.OWNED.ON LOCKDOWN and she was thoroughly enjoying that one.

She passed time by reading that insert and when she was done she was the next one to go buy medicines.

She showed the Chemist the list of medicines and also her mother's written note indicating that she should buy such medicines.

The Indian chemist gave her a plastic full of the drugs she needed and she headed to the till to go pay.

"Shouldn't you be in school?"

The cashier commented as she took the money from Rafiwa.

"No..have a nice day"

She took the medicines and put them in her bag as she walked out along with her cellphone. What else was she supposed to do?

She cashed the money,bought medicine...Ro was coming over this weekend.There was nothing she could do.The food?Maybe a litre of milk for soft porridge and the small change left she might save that.

She smiled to herself and walked ahead.

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At the hospital

Jennifer watched the video she had took of Angel on Valentine's day when she was so excited that her boyfriend had bought a car for her.

She wasn't going to destroy all of that.She had to make her feelongs for Alessandro disappear.One way or another.

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[04/13, 01:03] Lynne: The Devil's Angel

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At The Hospital

Angel woke up and tried moving her head but she felt a bit stiff and she placed it back down on the pillow.

She took in her surroundings and squeezed her eyes shut..

She must have passed out and they walked into her room...She opened her eyes and lifted her arm up and she saw the bandages around her wrist.

She looked at the other wrist and it was bandaged.She sighed.

She was going to be forced into therapy and she does not want that at all.

She just looked around the room and she closed her eyes.She does not want therapy.No therapy.She deals with her problems alone and she does not need any help from anyone.Basically they are gonna feed her anti depressants and mood

stabilizers plus meds for her anxiety. She knew the procedure and it will just have to skip her.

The door opened and she kept her eyes shut.

The strong scent that filled the room answered her question in regards to who is in her room.

"Amore.."

It was Sandro. He wasn't supposed to see her like this nor was he to find out this way. She was going to tell him eventually. And eventually meant maybe in a year or so. This was so messy now..

She just opened her eyes and she saw his ruffled hair and smiled a bit. He must've ran his hand through it plenty of times.

He was without his tie and his shirt was bloody. She noticed his strong arms and she saw tattoos. He has been hiding them well.

Alessandro saw Angel checking him out and he chuckled.

He just bent down and kissed her forehead.

"You're awake amore.."

She nodded and he sat down.

"Water?"

She nodded and he poured her some.

He helped her drink the water and when she was satisfied he placed the glass down.

"How are you feeling?"

She shrugged.

"Same old. Why am I here?"

Sandro looked at her and just rubbed her hand. He was not going to lose his temper with her.

"Angel focus on recovering first, you know why you're here."

Angel noticed the change in tone and she bit her lip.

She breathed in. She does not want to anger him.

"Babe do we have to talk about this?"

He raised an eyebrow and Angel sighed. She didn't want to talk.

"Angel...I don't want us to fight. Let's wait for the doctor to give us his analysis"

Angel closed her eyes. It seemed weird because he was still holding her hand and she knew she didn't want to talk.

The doctor walked in and Angel heard the door creak. That was when she opened her eyes. Sandro waited for the doctor to speak.

"Ms Angel, we assessed you and I have to ask you, are you suffering from any mental illnesses?"

Silence enveloped the whole room and Sandro looked at Angel, waiting for her to speak.

She just nodded and the doctor scribbled that down.

"Well, the I would recommend you attend therapy sessions but before that a psychologist would have to assess you, to know what we're working with here.."

Angel looked at the doctor. She didn't want any damned therapy.

"So when will she start therapy?"

Sandro asked. She could hear the concern laced with his baritone voice but she didn't want therapy. She will be fine. She was used to this.

"It depends on what the psychiatrist says, she might be a danger to herself judging at the lacerations all over her body and the burns we saw"

This time Angel rolled her eyes and Sandro gave her

a stern look which she just ignored. These people are talking about her as if she isn't in the room.

Jennifer saw the doctor walk out of Angel's room. She asked him if she was awake. He just nodded his head and kept on walking.

Jennifer took deep breaths and she dragged her feet to Angel's room. She leaned by the door frame and she saw Alessandro squeezing her hand. And for some reason she felt a bit hurt. She blinked a couple of times before she plastered a smile on her face.

"And you're awake. You had us worried.."

Angel let out a fake smile as she squeezed Sandro's hand.

"I am feeling better. Please tell me that you ate something, you look horrible"

Angel said trying to lighten the mood.

"We were worried. Don't ever pull such a stunt
Angel, your father is worried"

Angel's eyes widened to the size of saucers as she
swallowed. Her father knew? Now everyone will be
on her case.. This was just messed up.

She cleared her throat.

"I'm fine now, no need to worry."

Jennifer nodded.

"I'll leave and give you two privacy, I'll check up on
you later on."

Angel nodded as Jennifer walked out and looked at
Sandro.

He shrugged.

"You still have a lot of explaining to do amore,not now but just know you have a lot of explaining to do.."

"Aless...."

She tried to whine before he cut her off

"Don't Alessandro me Angel...This is serious and you've been just brushing off talking.Angel sweetness,I am always here for you..Have I given you a reason not to trust me?"

She pouted as she let go of his hand and folded her arms on her chest.

"Noo.."

"Whenever you want to talk,don't I make time for you?"

"You do.."

She replied softly. She sat up straight.

"Baby I can't hear you.."

"You make time for me.."

She said outloud Why was he guilt tripping her?

"And? Who said I was gonna judge you?"

She just looked at him. He was so damn serious. No smiles. That expressionless face of his and tears pricked her eyes.

"No one.."

She said as her lips quivered. Now she is the one who feels bad...

Alessandro looked at Angel and sighed.

"Angel are you crying?"

She shook her head, bit her lower lip and lowered her head.

Sandro stood up and he just lifted her head. He saw the tears and they rolled down her cheeks. He used his thumb to wipe them away.

"I'm sorry my love. I didn't mean to be harsh on you.. I'm sorry Angel.. Don't cry anymore.."

He wiped the tears that continued to fall down her cheeks.

"Amore.. I'm sorry."

It was his first time seeing her sensitive side.

"Amore.."

He saw the way her hazel green eyes looked at him. He should try to be more gentle next time.

"Babe, I'm sorry okay?"

She nodded and he kissed her forehead.

"You'll tell me when you're ready but whenever you feel like cutting or hurting yourself please tell me.."

She nodded and he sat down on the chair and held both of her hands.

Angel smiled a bit as he kissed her knuckles.

Jennifer sat in the waiting room, wondering when Alessandro was leaving her room so that she can talk to Angel.

She silently walked to Angel's room and she stood by the door frame.

"Amore..you're good now?"

His voice was smooth and a part of her wished he was saying that to her. She closed her eyes. Her traitorous heart was longing for something that is not hers.

Angel smiled at him and he chuckled. It was deep and manly. She quickly walked away. She cannot watch them together. She was noticing things about him she never noticed. How could she just think about her friend's man like this all in the span of a day?

She breathed in and out...she should try to act normal.He is not hers.

We'll start our marathon tomorrow,I know I haven't been posting this week hence our weekend marathon

Stay safe.Stay indoors.Be hygienic.We can fight this virus as long as we are in prayer and we follow government instructions.

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At the hospital

Sandro kissed Angel's forehead.

"I'll bring you something to eat okay?"

She nodded and watched him walk out of the

room. She smiled to herself. How in god's name did she get lucky with that guy?

Jennifer walked in minutes later and Angel sat up straight.

"Jennifer, you need to eat something, how long was I out?"

Jennifer smiled as she sat down.

"A few hours"

Angel nodded and Jennifer sighed.

"Sethunya, you do know we are always there for you.. you know that don't you?"

"I know Jennifer, I am not used to talking and don't lecture me. I just received an earful from Mr Romano about my behaviour.."

Angel said smiling a bit.

Jennifer smiled. Her feelings for Alessandro must die. That man makes Angel happy.

"So...how did father take the news? Not well I presume.."

"Yes. As expected. He was worried about you, still is. Girl we are all here for you, you should never feel alone and desolated to the point of wanting to die when we are around you.."

Angel just kept quiet. They won't understand. It was not as if she wanted to die.

If she wanted to die she would have been long dead by now and taken everyone out of their misery.

She was just dealing with her emotions the only

way she knew how.

"Moving on to much lighter news,going to school will be postponed"

"Let me guess COVID-19?"

"Yes,you will be stuck at home with me..."

J en said with a smile that lit up her whole face and Angel had no choice but to smile.It was contagious

"So brace yourself for many live videos."

"God no!Please don't force me.."

Angel said laughing and J ennifer shook her head.

"Videos Angel"

"Goosh!!"

She laughed as she forgot her problems for a little while.

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At Lauren's hotel

She paced around the room as she dialled Kagiso's number. It rang unanswered for the third time. She sighed as she hung up.

She called Zelda who answered immediately

"Mom hey..and yes I am safe. Washing my hands, staying indoors. Following government instructions"

Lauren chuckled.

"Okay.I just wanted to check up on you just to see how you doing?"

"I'm good mom,just talked to dad and he and the kids are fine."

Lauren smiled sadly.So he was ignoring her calls.

"Yes.I am In Aussie,looking for your sister.."

"Ooh..okay..when you do find her please do tell her that she is badly missed mom and please do resolve your issues"

Zelda said cheerfully and Lauren just blinked back tears.It was not such an easy task to ask for forgiveness from your own child.One you know is destroyed because of ypur malicious ways.

"Will do Zelda,goodbye for now."

"Bye mama.Love you.Kisses and hugs"

"Bye"

Zelda hung up and Lauren rubbed her temples.

She should forget about Kagiso for now and focus on looking for Angel.

Mrs Lombardi refused to give her Angels location so she will have to try and find her.

It meant more work but how will she find her?She will see but....

She checked her phone for the video Zelda had sent and she watched it...it showed the area.She will try to find out where that is and she will take it from there.

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At the hospital

Sandro walked in with a doggy bag and Jennifer shifted uncomfortably in her seat. Angel saw the change and she slightly raised an eyebrow. Sandro saw the raised eyebrow and she flashed a smile which he responded to with a chuckle and she smiled widely for him.

"Cara I think that's enough smiling for the day.."

"Don't ruin my mood, how is the food enough for both of us?"

He checked the bag and nodded.

"Thank you, you want something to eat?"

"No my love, I have a few phonecalls I have to make. Enjoy okay?"

Angel nodded and Sandro walked out.

"J en eat hun,energy.You haven't eaten since I landed in hospital.You need to eat.He brought enough for both of us and I'm hungry..."

Jennifer faked a smile.Her heart was still pounding what if Angel noticed the change when Sandro walked in?But she didn't.She could have said something.

"Okay so tell me what you told father...I need to be prepared.."

Angel said as she opened the takeaway box and took a bite of the drumstick.

"Well I told him you are in hospital cause of the cuts and all.."

Angel nodded as she chewed.

"He asked me whobis footing the bill..."

"Oh yah,who is paying?This is a private hospital kana Jennifer"

"Isn't it obvious?Angel think"

She took a bite of the chicken and that is when ot came back to her.Of course it's him.He is a fucking billionaire.

"Oh..okay..so what else?"

"I told him that it's your boyfriend and he asked for his name and I gave him the name..He asked me if I was sure and I said yes.."

Angel rolled her eyes.

"Ga o utwa a botsa bo o sure yaana,mo fora yole a bo a nale bothata"(once you hear him say that,that frenchman definitely has a problem)

Jennifer just shrugged as she broke the bread into half.

"That was all he said,he said I must callonce you're good."

"Okay..guess I have to prepare myself for another lecture.I just want to leave this place.."

"Sethunya.."

"What?I know what happens in hospital and all,I so don't want to be here as a patient.I never saw myself as a patient but as the one helping.."

You will make it if you just talk to us and all.."

Angel shrugged...

Okay we're on....let's get ready to find the chapters being posted. Even if you find some in the morning Early morning

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At the hospital

Sandro hung up and he walked inside the room. He smiled and Angel smiled more.

"The food was nice thanks."

"Anytime"

He sat at a chair that was far across the bed and Jennifer breathed a sigh of relief. The door opened and the doctor entered.

"Ms Angel, you are free to go and your session with a psychiatrist is booked for Monday morning at 8.."

"Thank you doctor"

Sandro said on her behalf and she had a feeling that she is going to attend that session whether she likes it or not.

The doctor walked out and Jennifer looked at Angel.

"Monday..No excuses"

"Why are you all ganging up on me?"

"Angel dolcezza you need to understand that we care okay?"

"Bu..."

"No buts. So we generally didn't bring extra clothes."

Angel's eyes widened and Jennifer laughed.

"So I'm leaving the hospital with this? This is literally skin thin and all.. Modimo.. Guys... Did you think this through?"

Sandri gave her a side smile and she just dropped her head. She was smiling like a motherfucking retard. He was way too perfect. It should be a crime for him to look that good and he is smiling more. He never used to smile and he is smiling more and he looks just soo yummy. Oh my God...

Jennifer stole a glance at Sandro while Angel's face was down and wow...

"I'll carry you" He said.

She was blushing. He just chortled. He needs to sign the forms again then he can take her home.

He walked out and when he closed the door Angel looked up.

Jennifer's heart broke, how can she want a man who is not hers? Angel is so happy when she is around him and she developed feelings for him.

"Huuuh...he's gone akere? What was I wearing? He saw me naked? Gosh!"

Angel hid her face with her hands and Jennifer chuckled nervously. Her feelings ate betraying her.

"Enough about that. I need to get ready though I have nothing to wear. Let me stand up"

Angel removed the blanket and she slowly got up and she saw the bandaged thighs. She sighed.

She walked to the bathroom where she found her gown. There was no change in clothes. She sat on

the toilet seat and she looked at her arms which were scarred. Sandro really loves all of this?

She smiled sadly and she walked to the sink and splashed some water on her face.

Sandro walked into Angel's room and Jennifer looked up.

"She is in the bathroom"

He nodded and sat down waiting for Angel.

Angel walked out. Sandro stood up and covered her with his jacket.

"We are ready to go now..."

"You're seriously going to carry me?"

"Yes amore"

He picked her up and Jennifer just looked at her phone.

She stood up and walked ahead of them.

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At Botswana, Francistown

Rafiwa's phone rang whilst she was on the taxi.

"Ro hey, I managed to buy the stuff"

"Okay love, make sure she takes the pills. I will be coming home okay?"

"Okay sis, bye"

Rafiwa hung up and directed the taxi to their house.

Life is about to get tougher, she seriously needs to go to school tomorrow.

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At Angel's place

Jennifer walked out of the car first and Sandro looked at Angel.

"Maybe she is just dealing with the fact that I am

still alive. Did something happen while I was out?"

"No amore, why do you say that?"

"Gut instincts I guess. Thank you."

"I am always here for you Angel, you know that."

"I now know..but..it's hard to talk or to let people in when you have been alone your whole life."

He just sighed and bent down to undo her seatbelt.

"Wha-what are you doing?"

Sandro picked her gently and placed her on his lap.

"Alessandro I am half naked"

He shrugged and he held her.

"Can I tell you something?"

"Sounds serious but sure..."

"Cara,I understand that being alone hurt you,I am not who I am.I am a very evil man and you Angel are my salvation.I told you once that I have never done this before and my level of selfishness does not allow me to let you go regardless of how bad I am...Now Angel look at me.."

Angel looked at him and not a single emotion was on display.His eyes seemed to have become more grey.

"I am here for you always.At the moment you might be my biggest weakness and I just want to be good for you but I am not perfect.You know this right?"

She slowly nodded He was scaring her now.

He sighed.

"I know the feeling of being alone and I am willing to listen. In my eyes you are the epitome of perfection and I handle you so delicately because believe it or not I do not want to taint your pure soul.."

"Bu.."

He placed his finger on her lips and she shut up.

"Listen to me, you are perfect. There is a lot you don't know about me Angel. But just know that regardless of whatever you find out, I won't let you go. Even if it means locking you up in my lair. I won't let you go.."

Her heart pounded as she took in his words. What was he saying exactly?

"I don't follow..."

He chuckled and kissed her forehead.

"You don't have to follow but I am not letting you
cara.."

"Okay"

Silence enveloped the car as she rested her head on
hia chest.

"I didn't know you had tattoos..I was surprised when
I saw them"

"Baby girl,you never asked..You like them?"

"They make you look badass"

"Badass now?That's new..."

"What do they usually say?"

He laughed as he held her.

"They don't know I have tattoos, I'm a business man cara."

"You're confusing me.. You are a bad man, a business man.. which one is which?"

"Both cara. I have history."

"We all have history Alessandro"

He kissed her forehead as he held her braids back.

"Do you know that you are beautiful tesoro mio"

"You've told me countless of times.. I have actually started believing it. Do you know that at first I used to believe I was not pretty and I was confident of the fact that guys don't hit on me?"

She said while laughing and he joined in.

"I am serious Sandro and that time at the Lombardi's when you showed up and talked to me first I was like..who is he?He wants to disturb my peace"

"Really,I was just being kind but you caught my eye and not everybody is able to do that"

"Mxm..ija..Urg and that time at the coffee shop.I swear I googled you after I saw my face splashed on the online news websites..And you didn't tell me who you were..could have warned me Nr Bigshot"

She punched his chest and he threw his back laughing.

"You'll hurt yourself cara,don't do that.You're not healed yet."

"I know..And the web had to tell me that you are Alessandro Romano,the Italian motherfucking billionaire"

"Slow down on the language cara,cussing doesn't suit that pretty face of yours.I told you that right?"

Angel nodded and looked at him.

"I am hyper and I don't know why but these moods come and go.But at the moment I am happy with you,like this.In your car."

She just slowly positioned herself so that she was straddling him.

"You are my happy place Sandro and I know I haven't opened up but please be patient with

me. Talking is hard. The only comfort I am able to tolerate is that of pain. And at times I don't feel a thing when I cut and burn my skin. Am I normal? I just know that I love you"

"Angel baby don't start shit you won't be able to finish" Sandro said as he breathed into her neck.

"I am not starting anything Mr Romano.."

She just grinded on him and he groaned. He was already getting hard and she won't do anything about it.

"Merda! Cazzo!..." (shit! fuck!)

He held her waist tightly and that stopped her movements.

"Merda.. porca miseria.. Angel don't start shit you can't finish. Cavolo!" (Shit.. dammit.. Angel don't start

shit you can't finish. Holy crap)

He enunciated each and every syllable and Angel nodded.

"Okay" She said as she innocently looked at him.

"Did you get this confidebt overnight because that is not the innocent Angel I know.."

Angel shrugged.

"Moods come and go."

Sandro chuckled.

"Now your moods left me hard and you're not gonna do anything about it.. You know that"

She giggled.

"Sorry.."

He gave her a wolfish grin and just pulled her closer.

"You should rest,I will check up on you tomorrow and we will talk Angel.We're still on that topic."

"Fine.We will talk.."

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A WEEK LATER

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At Angel's place

Angel sat crosslegged on her bed as she slowly removed the bandage on her thigh.

She smiled sadly as she saw the scars left. She ran her fingers on the scars and she just closed her eyes. She didn't know how long she was going to remain clean but she has to.

She has to be clean, she has to get better. The psychologist said an awful lot during her analysis.

She was forced to go by Mr Bossy himself and she was told what she always knew.

She was depressed, had anxiety and Borderline Personality Disorder hence the mood swings.

She sighed. Now she has to start taking pills. A whole bunch of them just to deal with her mental illnesses.

Her first session with the therapist was not all good. She wasn't responsive and that stressed Sandro when he spoke with the therapist.

How would an actual stranger understand her problems? That therapy thing will miss her.

And of course Sandro had told her to never lock her

bedroom door. She had wanted to debate that but just one look had her swallowing her words and agreeing meekly. Now everyone has free access to her room and that was annoying. She can't be free in her room. It's either Jen checks on her every 30 minutes to see if she is not cutting or burning her skin. And they want to force her to talk. It was too much. They were caring too much and it had started to annoy the hell out of her.

Why couldn't they let it slip and life goes on. There are serious things going on the world like COVID-19 and here they are making her the centre of their universes. Irritating.

Her bedroom door opened and in walked in Mr Rulemaker. She rolled her eyes. She was annoyed with him.

"I saw that eye roll Angel"

"Afternoon to you too Mr Romano, to what do I owe the pleasure of this magnificent visit on this sunny day?" She asked in a cheerful tone laced with sarcasm.

He raised an eyebrow as he sat on the bed. She scooted far from him and he chuckled.

"Why are you angry and that attitude Angel, drop it. Before I make you."

"I am perfectly fine. And what attitude?"

She asked as she removed the second bandage from her thigh.

Sandro mentally face palmed himself. He has a lot to deal with. What irked her this time?

"Angel.."

She kept quiet as she focused on her wrist and removed the bandage. The stitches were out. She smiled.

"Angel.."

This time her heart skipped and she looked at him. He was not smiling.

"Yes?"

"Come closer.."

She gave him a skeptical look but she moved closer. He just placed her head on his thigh.

"Talk to me Angel. And please help me God....don't

give your damn attitude please."

She sighed.

"Really want to know?"

"Yes amore, yes amore. This whole week you have been holding back. Its either you are giving me attitude and trust me you have tested my patience levels this week or you are just changing the subject. I want to know. How do we deal with this if you don't talk amore?"

He gently rubbed her thighs and it was soothing The way his fingers moved along her skin, like he knew each and every inch of her body. He was not repulsed by the scars and burns and that made her smile.

"I...I told you it's hard to talk about things that happened in the past, it left me with so many problems. BPD I admit that I must have had it as a child but the anxiety, depression and self harm?"

She sniffed as tears welled her eyes.

"Sandro, self harm has been my coping mechanism from a young age. A very young age. I started self harming way before I reached my teens."

"We're getting somewhere now.."

"I started at age 11, I was living with my grandmother. My par..the people who used to take care of me from infancy took me there when I was ten. By then I had to subject to the emotional and physical abuse that woman's husband inflicted on me..I."

Her lips trembled as she bit her lower lip and

Sandro rubbed her back.

"It's okay love,they won't hurt you"

She lifted her head and looked at him.

"They d-did-did a-and i-it still hurts like hell...y-you dddont uuunders tand.."

He watched her struggle to put that sentence together and he just pulled her to him.

"It haunts me..i-iii.."

"Sshh.."

She just stopped talking as her lips quivered and more tears fell down her cheeks.She was not going to wail.

She had wanted to keep the past buried.She is

feeling too much. She can't deal with the emotions. She needs to get them under control..

She just wiped her tears with her hands and she looked at Sandro who had concern etched on his handsome features.

He doesn't deserve her.

'I'm fine. I'm fine...'

She said that over and over again and Sandro looked at her.

"Baby come here.."

She shook her head as she stood up.

"I need the bathroom. I will be back."

Sandro slowly nodded. He watched her walk into the

bathroom.He didn't trust her.

Angel quietly went through the medicine cabinets.She saw her prescriptions and just kept on searching.

She found the razor blade and she slid down on the floor as she made the first cut on her upper arm.She felt the feelings dissolve.She didn't want the pain coming back.Combating pain with pain.Hurt with hurt.

Sandro didn't hear any water splash or the toilet flushing.

He quietly walked towards the bathroom.He listened and no sound.He held the door handle ready to walk in.

Angel was oblivious to the door opening as she continued with the cuts.

Sandro saw her on the bathroom floor and he just

kept his temper in check.

"You do know we talked about this?"

He said and Angel looked up to see him looking at her. She dropped her razor blade as tears filled her eyes.

Sandro crouched in front of her and lifted her head up.

"Amore, this is getting out of hand. We want you to heal and be better and you're taking us ten steps backwards.. What triggered this?"

She kept quiet and dropped her head.

"Angel answer me dammit!"

She nearly jumped but she forced herself to stay still.

"I..I..can't handle pain.I combat pain with pain.Hence the cutting or burns.When those negative feelings surface,I use this as a means to stop them.."

Sandro drew in a breath.

"Baby girl what did we talk about when you were in the hospital?"

"I said that I will tell you whenever I want to self harm..."

"Angel look at me when I'm talking to you.J ust don't piss me off because I am furious with you right

now.."

She swallowed and lifted her eyes till she was eye to eye with him. His orbs were a shade darker and his lips in a grim line. She noticed how his forehead had creased and the redness of his ears. She swallowed yet again.

"And did you talk?"

She shook her head.

"Words Angel. I need words."

"No"

"First of all you're stubborn, you refuse to talk to the therapist and we are looking out for your best

interests. Cazzo! Angel what the hell do you want us to do? You can't live like this.."

She just sadly looked at him.

"Angel amore, if being gentle does not work on you then I will have to be the bad guy.. stand up."

He stood up and just looked at Angel. She slowly stood up and she held onto the sink for balance.

Sandro walked towards the cabinets. Angel crossed her arms as she watched him shuffle through the cabinets.

He was taking out all the razor and lighters he found.

"Should have done this a week ago..." He muttered to himself.

He found the last one and just picked them up.

"Don't try anything Angel. I'm serious. If I have to force you to be better so be it.."

He walked out with the blades and lighters. Angel looked at him. It's over. She ruined the relationship.

Sandro walked to the kitchen where he found Jennifer cooking. Jennifer looked at his hands. She noticed the way his veins were visible and then she saw him with the razors and lighters.

She gasped softly and he turned his attention to her.

"Please make sure she stays away from sharp objects."

"Did she relapse?"

She asked as she placed the spoon down to look at him.

He ran his hand through his hair.

"Ask her. Your friend can be stubborn."

That was all he said and he just opened the trash can to throw in Angel's favourite means of harm.

He walked out of the kitchen shortly after that and Jen smiled. Her feelings were not that intense as they originally were. She will live. Yep she will live.

Angel watched him walk inside the bathroom. He took off his jacket and she saw the way the shirt clung to his muscles.

Sandro saw the fear in her eyes and shrugged. He unbuttoned the first two buttons of his shirt and he got busy with rolling up his shirt sleeves.

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing..."

He gave her a smile and Angel shook her head. He has never been like this with her. Was he going to beat her?

"He walked towards the medicine cabinet and she moved a few steps away from him. He chuckled and shook his head. She was already scared but she does shit behind his back.

He took out the first aid kit box and he sat on the toilet seat.

"Come here.."

Angel walked to him and he just placed the box down and placed her on his lap. He opened the box and took out the gloves, cotton wool and

disinfectant.

Angel gave him a look which he ignored.

He brought the cotton wool dipped in disinfectant on her skin and she screamed.

"It stings"

"It should. You know better. Sit still and please don't be loud. One would swear I am beating the hell out of you."

She had never seen this side of him and he was scaring her now

He cleaned up the blood and she just sat still as he did his thing.

"Done..Now look at me"

She looked up at him and he saw the tears in her eyes.

"Aah aah Angel quit the tears cara,you need to face the consequences of your actions so baby wipe those tears away.Now."

She hastily wiped her tears away an looked at him.More tears formed and she looked at him again.

"Now,why didn't you talk to me?"

I..."

"Baby the tears.Wipe them away.You wanted me to be tough on you.Now be a big girl and talk to me without the tears."

She used her fists to wipe them away.

"Talking is hard"

"Not that again. Angel look at me, you were doing just fine. You could've told me that thinking about it all causes you to self harm and we would have found a way around it.."

She dropped her head as tears filled her eyes. Why the hell was she crying again? Damn these moods. This kind of treatment from him hurts.

"Baby wasn't I comforting you?"

"You..w..w..were"

"So? Angel you love being stubborn don't you

preciosa?We are in this together Angel,it is no longer about you alone.If you hurt yourself that affects me too..Do you hear me?"

"Y-yes"

"Baby did I hit you?"

His voice was firm yet gentle and it just scared her more. How does he do that?

"N-no"

"Then stop crying babe,I am talking to you gently.I didn't raise my fists Angel.Did I?"

She shook her head.

"Good.Now from hereon what do we do when we

feel like hurting ourselves?"

"We talk."

"Excellent. Baby if you want to be treated like an insolent child I will do so. This is for you to get better..."

Angel sighed as she placed her head on his chest.

"Have you eaten? have you taken your pills yet?"

"Not yet."

"Should I bring you something to eat?"

"No I'm fine. I am a lot to deal with. I am a mess."

"A hot mess. A mess I wanted."

He said chuckling and she smiled a bit.

"Were we fighting?"

"No Angel. We were talking..."

She nodded and he pulled her close. She was fragile and if her own past can break her like this, what will be her reaction when she finds out more about him? They will cross that bridge when they get there. The main issue currently is for her to get better.

UNEDITED

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At Angel's place

Sandro looked at her curled up like a kitten. They were going to get through this.

His phone rang, he saw the caller id and answered.

"Romano speaking, make it fast"

The person at the other end of the line rubbed his sweaty hands on his jeans.

"Talk."

Sandro said as he slipped one hand into his pockets.

"We have a problem."

Alessandro sighed He thought they had everything under control in Italy. Regardless of working from

hine.He will be here in Australia till everything blows off and that means more time spent with Angel.

He wanted her to get better.

"What happened this time?I thought we had that deal secured."

"We do.We have it secured.The.."

"Deal with it before the end of today"

He hung up and slid his phone in his pocket.

He walked out of the room and he headed to the lounge.He saw Jennifer there.

"She hasn't taken her pills yet,make sure she eats.I'll come by later."

"Of course"

With that he walked out and Jennifer mentally gave herself a pat on the back. The feelings were slowly dissipating, she wasn't supposed to feel that way about her friend's man. Angel was going to hate her for it.

The good thing is that she still has feelings for men. Her traumatic experience didn't kill her feelings for the other gender. She sighed.

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At Lauren's hotel

Lauren went through her mail and she found Jean-Charles email.

She clicked on it.

'Dear Lauren

Yes. I long knew she was my daughter. You are too late. I found her last Christmas and she is a remarkably great child who by the looks of it has been through a lot. I blame you for that. She could have been happy with me in France but you decided to deny her, her real father. Hope you find what you're looking for in Australia.'

With that he ended the email and Lauren just took out the piece of paper in her handbag. This whole week she has done a lot of searching and she found the address. She had intentions to drop in today.

Maybe Jean-Charles is the one paying for the place or her boyfriend.

Unfortunately she has no say in Sethunya's life. She must've forgotten her by now and tears welled her eyes.

She had treated that little girl so bad all because she wanted to keep her marriage. Her marriage must've ended the moment she walked out the door

back at Botswana. Kagiso no longer takes her calls but currently he was not the main issue.

If she divorces maybe it will be for the best but she sacrificed a whole lot for that man.

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At Angel's place

Angel opened her eyes and she scanned the room. Sandro was gone.

She got up and just wore a sweater over her t-shirt. She will be fine.

She walked out of the room and headed to the kitchen where she found Jennifer.

"The food is ready. You should eat."

She nodded.

"Angel?"

"Huh?"

"Your dad said you should answer his calls. He is really worried about you Sethunya. Tlhemma se dire jalo (please don't do that)"

"Do what?"

Jennifer placed her hands on the island and looked at Angel.

"Push everyone out. We know you're hurting but geez...let us help you. Kana at the end we might place you in an asylum. And now how will you achieve your dreams? We want that doctor. We want that fighter back I want that rude ass girl who showed me attitude when I first met her back in Botswana"

Angel chuckled as she pushed her braids back.

"I hid it well neh..and kana I hated you."

Jennifer laughed.

"We want that spitball of fire back girl. So please work with us here Dr Romano"

Angel chuckled as she took her plate.

"We're not married. Slow down. I will try."

Jennifer smiled.

"You see, you just need to try. And please talk to your father, he said he really wanted to talk to you."

"Okay. Will call him later then"

Jennifer grinned and she followed Angel to the lounge.

She hoped she will do better and try to be better.

"So since we are stuck in tthe house we might as well be productive.."

Angel raised an eyebrow as she looked at Jennifer. She had a feeling that whatever they were gonna do to kill time was not a good thing.

"Sooo..."

"No Jennifer. Whatever it is, it is a no from me....No..Ka gana..(No)"

Jennifer just laughed. Oh Angel was soo gonna do this, she shouldn't be cooped up in her room all alone with her thoughts.

"Angel, you haven't heard my proposal.. calm down. It is nothing extreme."

"Ga ke go tshepe wena"(I don't trust you)

"I have a Tik Tok account, girl we're gonna do Tik Tok videos.."

"Hell to the nooo...that is social media."

"Helloo. I know Angel. Tik Tok starting from tomorrow. Do you know how to dance?"

Angel shrugged.

"Maybe. Maybe not. Who knows.."

Jennifer rolled her eyes.

"Stop being so cryptic, it's a yes or no question. Do you know how to sing then?"

Angel smiled.

"Maybe.."

"Sethunya bathong!! Aah. But we are doing a Tik Tok video tomorrow. Today we're learning the choreo.. whether you like it or not"

"Jennifer!!"

"You need to live a little... so you better know how to dance or learn today. I am already a professional..."

"Mxm fokk. Misplaced pride..."

Angel laughed and Jennifer smiled. Angel needed to keep busy to stop thinking too much. It is not good for her.

"After eating, you should take your pills."

"Okay." She sighed as she took the first spoonful.

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At Francistown, Botswana

Rochelle walked to Rafiwa's room. She looked so peaceful. Who could believe that this little girl was the one taking care of their mother while she was going to school.

She was sacrificing her future for her family and that will not go unnoticed. Rochelle smiled sadly as she walked to the kitchen to go prepare soft porridge for her mother.

Her phone beeped and she checked it.

Her student allowance reported into her account.

She called Katlo.

"Katlo hey, Ro here. Uhm can I jave the account number so that I can pay some of the money I owe, ke mo Francistown at the moment..."

Katlo sighed at the other end of the line.

"Wait first. There are more depressing issues than the money. "

Katlo sounded down and Rochelle frowned.

"What is it? what happened?"

"You know that Italian billionaire I told you about, the one who brushed me off the time the family went holidaying in Italy?"

Rochelle nodded. She remembered him alright and she saw his pictures. Father God! He was a fine specimen.

She didn't blame Katlo for crushing him. Ever since she had come back from her trip in Italy she has been curbing niggas left, right and center because she believes the man will realise that she is the woman of his dreams.

"I remember, what is it? He contacted you?"

"Noo.. you remember Sethunya's Valentine's gift. The car?"

"I remember, the car was gorgeous. She is one lucky girl"

"Rochelle!!" Katlo half screamed on the phone and Rochelle cringed.

"Askies Katlo,what is it?"

"I just found out that she is dating him...she is dating the man of my dreams..ke jetseng monyana yole(what did I do the girl?)"

Rochelle's mouth hung open. Wait.What?Hold up.Angel is dating that fine piece of meat.One of the rich men of this planet.The one who made it to Forbes list of entrepreneurs under 30.Damn.Such luck.Double damn.

She heard Katlo sobbing and she rolled her eyes.

"Kat,it's okay.There are better men out there,don't cry"

"No...he was supposed to be mine.He settled for

less. What did he see in that pauper? Ro I mean Sethunya? Mohumanegi yole (that poor girl)"

"Kat calm down, calm down and try to think logically"

"Yazin, I can't deal. Bye"

Katlo hung up and Rochell shrugged. She just clicked on her web browser. She needed to know how true was Katlo's statement.

Her eyes widened. Someone must have been bored during this quarantine season and leaked the photos.

She saw the ones when they were at an ice rink and it looked so romantic. She fanned herself. Sethunya gets all of that? He is rich and good looking. The whole damn package.

She continued scrolling and she read the article.They made such a cute couple.

She left the pots and headed to the sitting room and sat down on the couch.She needs to read this article with precision.

He is the one who bought her that car on Valentine's day.Oh My Word.Does Angel know who she is dating though?

This was juicy and as much as Katlo helped her with money,sometimes she needs to understand that things won't always go her way.

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At Angel's Place

Angel finally switched on her phone and she just saw the phonecalls from her father.She sighed.

She might call him later.She checked out her Facebook for the latest news.She must have missed out a whole lot this whole week.

What caught her eyes were the many links to an article. She clicked on one of the links and she dropped her phone.

Fuck!! She picked up her phone. Was that her face on the tabloids? Fuck!

She went perused through the article and now the whole world knew. She didn't want the criticism. The judging.

She dialled Sandro's number.

"Preciosa" His smooth voice said.

"And my face is all over the tabloids. Sandro.."

"Don't panic. I have always been asking Media houses to take down their articles. Baby listen to me.."

"I'm listening"

"It was bound to happen amore,I know that wherever I go,the paparazzi is still gonna snap pictures and I am not a social pers on you know that."

She sighed.

"I know that.So it is public knowledge that we are together but our relationship details are private?"

"Yes.Baby don't freak out.Have you eaten and taken your pills?"

"Yeah.did that.Gosh.This os overwhelming"

"I am sorry that these vultures had to do that to you, you look cute on the pictures though"

Angel giggled.

"Yea yea whatever Mr Romano....This is a change..Guess they will always want pictures of me."

Sandro sighed.

"I'll make sure that they don't bother you my love. Are you sure you're good?"

"Good. Perfect."

"Okay. I will come over later. Ti amo."

"Okay. Bye."

Angel hung up and she read all the other articles. People had crazy theories about her relationship with Sandro. They kept terming him as 'The Devil'

What was up with that?

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UNEDITED

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Other than reading how are you guys utilizing your time?

Me: other than writing, i make crazy videos on Tik Tok to pass time.

[04/13, 01:04] Lynne: The Devil's Angel

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At Angel's Place

Angel sighed after reading the articles. People will start snooping and she doesn't want people to know anything about her private life.

Meanwhile Jennifer went to get the door as a door knock disturbed her reading. Who could it be?

"Coming."

She unlocked the door and she looked at the woman.

"Hello mam, how may I be of assistance?"

Jen asked as she assessed the woman. She looked familiar.

"Oh hi, I was looking for Angel?"

Angel?She looked at the woman and her eyes scanned the woman's features.She looked a little bit like Angel.But much darker than her.The eye shape was similar.Maybe they are related.

"Uhm..let me call her for you,you must know her to show up here."

Jennifer said shrugging.She opened the door wider and led the woman inside the house.Lauren sat on the couch and Jennifer headed to Angel's room.

"Knock knock!"

"It's open. It's always open.."

Jennifer rolled her eyes and opened the door.

"You have a guest"

A guest?that piqued Angel's curiosity.A guest?she knows it is not Sandro,that one would just walk

inside the house as if he owns it.

"Ke mang?"(who is it?)

"Ga ke mo its'e, le nale setshwanonyana mme. A re wa go batla."(I don't know her, you and her have similar features. She says she's looking for you)

Angel furrowed her eyebrows. She was lost now.

"Okay, I'm coming. Tell her I'll be there in a few"

Jennifer nodded and walked out.

Angel got up and she wore her shoes. Who could be looking for her?

She walked out of her room and she zipped up her jacket.

Her heart pounded. Who could it be? That was all she

could ask herself.

She stopped midway as she saw the hair. Okay it was expensive.

The person was facing the front so she saw the hair.

She took two steps forward and she shook her head. She should just walk forward.

She won't satisfy her curiosity if she does not check the person out.

She kept on walking till she got to the lounge.

The woman turned and Angel's eyes widened before tears filled her eyes.

This cannot be. What is she doing here? She should be in the past where she belongs.

Angel just covered her mouth as the memory train hit her slowly.

Tears cascaded down her cheeks and the woman held back tears.

She has caused so much pain to this beautiful

young lady and she is just here to atone for her transgressions.

"No!!"

Angel screamed. She shook her head as her heart pounded.

This is all a dream.

Meanwhile Jennifer watched the scene while she was in the kitchen. The more she looked at the woman and Angel, the more similarities she found.

They must be related somehow but you will never know with Angel.

Lauren looked at Angel who was breaking down. She kept on shaking her head as if it was all a bad dream.

"Sethunya I.."

Angel shook her head.

"Woman I don't know. You are dead to me. This is all a dream.."

"Angel.."

"Don't you dare say my name. The fuck! Stay in the past mosadi. Ga ke go itse." (woman. I don't know you)

Lauren wiped the tear that fell down her cheek. She was denying her.

The wound cannot be healed or mended by just coming over.

Angel wiped her tears and tried to breath. She just stopped herself from thinking about cutting herself. She looked at Lauren.

"Miss, you are supposed to be dead. Die le wena. Just die. Keore le wena o gana go swa" (Miss, you are supposed to be dead. You should die. Just die. You don't want to die)

"Angel, I"

Angel just shook her head and looked at her with her red rimmed eyes.

"Ga ke go itse mma. I don't know you. O seka wa batla go impatelets a. Tswa mo go nna. Whoever deceived you that I know you was lying. I do not know you. At all...."

Lauren's heart broke into two. She was just ignoring her existence and she caused that. She was the one who made her that. She used to be sweet but the Sethunya in front of her was not sweet.

She was jagged, jaded and that sweet soul had

disappeared. It was all her fault

"Miss can you just go? You have caused enough commotion as it is. Ga ke itse gore o lelang o sa nkits e"(I don't know why you're crying whilst you don't know me)

"Angel..Sethunya...I am so sorry"

She pleaded with a breaking voice and Angel just gave her a chilly look.

She walked to the door and opened it.

"You are at a wrong house, I do not know you. Stop the harassment or else I will call the police. Mam can you leave this house please?"

Lauren was shook. She was cold you would not believe that she was crying a few minutes ago.

"I know.."

"Uh uh. Out. Whoever you are. Get the hell out. I am calling the police, this is getting out of hand. I do not know you geez. Its either you remember me from another life which I swear I never had or you are comparing me with someone I do not know..."

"Angel ple.."

Angel shook her head as she chuckled to herself. She was kidding right?

"Mosadi ka re out.. Out woman.. Sorry if you wasted your time here but get out."

Angek said calmly as she stood by the door waiting for Lauren to stand the fuck up and leave.

"I will come back when you are calm and we can talk."

Angel rolled her eyes and yawned. She will not waste her time on this woman.

"Are you done? I am waiting for you to leave whoever you are. Mxm. Kana batho ba rata go ipatelatsa batho" (mxm. People love forcing themselves on others)

Lauren had never been so shocked. She was stranger.

She did not know who that was because she was not sweet like her name. All she knew is that she had a hand in creating the person who was kicking her out of the house as if she was nothing. Just a stranger.

Angel watched Lauren pick her bag and stand upon her feet.

She shook her head with tears welled in her eyes and walked out.

Angel slammed the door the minute she was out in the porch and she was met with Jennifer's curious glaze.

"Go eng?"(what?)

Angel said in a bored tone.

"What is she to you?"

Jennifer asked. There must be something more.

Angel is not telling them a whole lot of things.

"Oh her? I don't know her. I have never seen her in my entire life. Happy? Good. Excuse me."

With that Angel walked to the room and she closed the door. She locked it.

She took her phone and decided to call.

She was not calm as she seemed. How did she find her?

Who told her?

What the hell did she want?

She could feel her chest closing in and she gasped for more air to breathe.

Not an anxiety attack.

She needs to breathe.

She walked to the window while holding her chest and opened it with one hand.

She aggressively sucked in the fresh air on an attempt to keep on breathing but that woman's face kept on plaguing her thoughts.

She tried to get her thoughts in order and she breathed in the fresh air.

She was better.

She walked to her bed and sat crosslegged on it.

She called Alessandro.

"Amore mio"

That made her blush as his thick Italian accent soothed her already messy feelings.

"Sandro. Are you busy?"

"At the moment, yes. What is it?"

"Uhm nothing. Just missing you and all." she said as she used her other hand to rub the scars on her thighs.

"That's a lie and you know it. Know what? I'll come over in an hour and we will talk okay?"

"Okay"

"Talk to you later amore"

With that he hung up and she bit her lip. She shouldn't do it. This time he might actually beat her ass so she will try other relaxibg techniques. Till he comes yeah.

She will be better. She is bigger than that witch.

Meanwhile Lauren placed her head on the steering wheel of the rented car.

She will try again. She needs to calm down.

She hasn't seen her in over ten years. It was probably shock talking.

She reassured herself as she lifted her head and started the car.

She will go back home once she has given her, her side of the story and asked for forgiveness.

This was going to be a difficult task, she will make it. She will make it.

UNEDITED

[04/13, 01:05] Lynne: The Devil's Angel

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53

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3 years ago

In Rome, Italy

"Is that him?" The brunette reporter said as she saw a man in a dark suit with shades being escorted by protocol.

"We are live from Romano Investments Corporation. The first time seeing the owner of the company that has grown rapidly in the past two

years.."

The smartly dressed lady said in front of the camera. This was big. Nobody knew the powerhouse behind behind the Empire.

They knew a voice they couldn't put a face to. Some even had theories that the owner was just an old soul who didn't want to be seen.

Some had conspiracy theories that it was owned by a demon. A devil.

It was a shock for a company to prosper and yet the owner was not known. Even the employees did not know their boss.

It had never been done before....

The cameras focused on the young man who walked out with the confidence of an Alpha male.

He slowly removed his shades and his cold grey eyes scanned the whole area.

The cameras flashed and his protocol shielded him from the reporters.

Some of the ladies who were reporting held their hearts. It was this young man. The one who can intimidate business men over the phone.

He raised his hand and the cameras stopped flashing.

Eerie silence followed for a minute as everyone's heartbeat slowed down for a minute.

Anticipation, excitement mixed with fear were the present feelings as they waited for the man to speak.

He placed the shades in his suit jacket before he

glanced at them.

"Buon Giorno."

His baritone voice filled the silence as his face displayed no emotions.

With that one word some felt the power in it. How does one become so successful? How old was he really?

The cameras started to flash and he raised his hand yet again. They stopped flashing as the reporters looked at him.

"This press conference is to formally open Romano Investments Corporation. The company that has been existing for the past two years. With that being said, the company is pleased to be part of the stable economy Italia."

He paused as some held voice recorders, recording the voice of such a young man who had the aura to control everyone with just his simple gestures. Was it the rumours before they had seen the face that allowed it to be so.

A young journalist raised her hand and the grey eyed man just gave her a look. She dropped her hand as her cheeks coloured pink.

This was embarrassing in front of such a crowd.

"I don't usually do introductions.. Be rest assured, this is a rare occasion. Alessandro Romano."

The young journalist's pending question was answered. How did he know she wanted to ask questions.

A man with a white poloneck raised a hand and

luckily for him,he accepted the question.

"Mr Romano,it is very bizarre for a man as young as yours to be heading such a company.Would you actually verify the rumours that you might have sold your soul to the devil to earn such riches?"

Sandro chuckled.Such a risky question.

He side smiled as his incisors showed.The only smile that the public has ever seen to date mind you.

"Good question.Maybe.Maybe not.You never know.One does not reveal what happens at night."

His tone sent shivers down other people's spines.This was broadcasted globally.This company was a powerhouse currently and everyone's curiosity to know the owner had them sitting in front of their tv screens biting their nails.Some mesmerised by the sound of his voice

while some were left oddly cold after he spoke.

Many had mixed emotions about him. There was something about him. Something cold and frightening. Something dark and primal that was laying low.

"Sir, how old are you?"

Alessandro gave him a blank look and the reporter glanced at his shoes.

"23"

Gasps were heard across. A mere 23 year old was the one instilling fear in all of them.

As shock covered their faces, a man at the back was wearing a black hoodie shook his head. 23 motherfucking years and he already has blood on his hands.

No this man must be an old soul in a young body.He knew him and knew not to mess or fuck up with him or else he is dead.

Shaking his head once more,he walked away.He was not to be messed with.

"This conference is over.Have a good day"

With that his protocol escorted him inside his office buildings.

The reporters were just astonished and silent for a minute before they started yapping and comparing notes.

Some checked their photos,were they were the right quality?

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Present day

He changed clothes. The problem was solved and he had a feeling that they were forgetting who was their boss.

Some people needed to know their place and the sooner they knew that, the better.

He walked out of the bedroom of the cottage he had recently moved in. Due to the social distancing and all, he had to go to the cottage he long bought but has never used until recently.

He passed by the mirror and smirked. His jet black hair slicked back.

He had somewhere to be right now.

He will deal with other matters after seeing Angel. He had to admit he had a soft spot for her. A weakness she was but he knew no one would touch her. If they did, there would be consequences...

And his biggest weakness needed his support currently...

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At Angel's place

"You're all out there,waiting..

To break my heart again,to break my heart different.

You're on wanting yet contemplating to break my heart again.Oh dear friend.."

Seithati paused as she placed her ear on the door.Was that Angel singing?

She listened as she hit the chorus perfectly.

She let out a soft gasp.How come she never sings?

She walked to her room.She has never sung before.Wait,there is a lot she doesn't know about Angel.

"Let's have a drink,let's have a drink

No,you sit right there,here's to you and me..

Let's take a shot,since you have been taking shots.

And allow me to serve you this breakup on the rocks.."

Angel sang along as the headsets were on full blast.

She must sound crusty.It has been years since she sang and she decided to sing to a breakup song,she chuckled mid chorus.

She continued singing.Maybe it was just trying to cope with emotions.But the song had her thinking.

What if her relationship isn't forever?Women rarely found their happily ever afters with their first lovers...

Her heart became heavy.No..

She shook her head and forced herself not to overthink things. She and Sandro were fine. A few mishaps here and there but otherwise fine.

Perfect even.

She sang along to the rest of the songs and as soon as it ended she shuffled her playlist and Ocean eyes started playing. Billie Eilish had that thing...

She sang along to that as it derailed her thoughts away from her problems.

Meanwhile Alessandro knocked at the front door.

Jennifer went to open the door for him.

He just nodded his head and headed to Angel's room.

He paused as he heard her singing. For the first time he was surprised. Shocked even. All along she could sing?

He tried to open the door but it was locked. She

locked the door after they talked about not locking doors. He knocked a few times before she finally opened the door.

She muttered an "uh oh"

She grinned at him as she held her phone in her other hand.

"I'm in trouble..right? Locking the door but I didn't do a single thing"

She said and she twirled in front of him.

"Perfectly fine babe..Not a single cut or burn.."

He let it go and walked in, closing the door and then locking it.

Angel raised an eyebrow.

"See who's locking the door now.."

"Just for privacy."

"What privacy Mr Romano?"

He chuckled. She was definitely one of a kind.

"Come here.."

He demanded in a gruff voice and she dragged her feet towards him.

He just held her waist and he gently kissed her neck.

Angel felt giddy, he can be sweet and firm with her and it always baffled her.

"I like your scent. It is you, unique. Citrusy. I recognize it from the time I came to Australia in December."

"It might have not been me"

He moved his head and tipped her head upwards.

"It was you, trust me"

Blood rushed to her cheeks as they took on a new shade of pink and he chuckled as he pecked her sweet lips.

He pecked them again but this time the small peck escalated into a full blown french kiss.

She was definitely his greatest weakness. She didn't know the power she had over him.

Angel's toes curled on the carpet as she placed her small hands on his wide chest.

Alessandro gently hoisted her up and she wrapped her legs around his torso.

He walked to the bed without breaking the kiss.

He laid down and he placed her on top of him.

She broke the kiss and pushed her braids back as she looked at those grey eyes.

She finally saw one emotion. Love. She smiled and she bent her head taking his lips in hers. She gently bit his lower lip as his hands were on her tiny waist.

She slowly gyrated on him and she felt his hard on.

Alessandro groaned. She knows what she is doing and she won't do shit about it.

Angel released a soft gasp as his hands moved to her small bottom..

She broke the kiss and moved her lips to his
kiss. Kissing it gently as he kneaded her bottom.
She stopped and looked at him before giggling.

"And yes Mr Romano, I won't do shit about your
erection"

He cursed silently in Italian and she giggled. She
was actually enjoying this. The little nymph.

"And how inconsiderate of you to not to. And
language. I don't like hearing you curse. Otherwise
next time I won't be reprimanding you this way"

She rolled her eyes and she just kissed the corner
of his lips.

"Then how will you be reprimanding me?"

Her voice was sultry and Sandro cursed out loud. Why did she have to do this to him?

Angel threw her head back and laughed.

"Look at you all hot and bothered. Mr Romano. Control"

"And you're testing my limits cara.."

"Am I?"

She thought she had the upper hand in this situation.

He just held her waist and turned them till she was underneath him.

"You were saying Angel?"

He asked with a smirk and she smiled.

"Hi."

He laughed and kissed her nose.

"Hi my love."

UNEDITED AND LATE.

APOLOGIES.

A DATE LATER ON TODAY.TRYING TO ADOPT
POSTING LONG CHAPTERS

[04/13, 01:05] Lynne: The Devil's Angel

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At Angel's place

Sandro balanced his weight on his upper arm and Angel looked at him.

"You look like a fallen angel, maybe that is why you're named after one."

"Don't make up theories cara"

She smiled.

"I am not, I am trying to make small talk here and get off.."

"No."

Angel rolled her eyes and he chuckled as he kissed her neck.

"Cara do you think you think I appreciated your

teasing?"

His lips left butterfly kisses on her neck and she arched her back.

His hands slipped under her jersey and he skimmed over her breasts.

She gasped softly. He has never done that before and well there was a first time for everything.

"Well.."

He said softly against her neck.

She closed her eyes.

When she closed her eyes, Sandro removed his hands. She was tempting. So tempting so he better not.

He got off her and she opened her eyes.

She sat up straight as she brought her knees to her chest.

"That was refreshing.."

She said finally and he chuckled.

"It was. One of these days, your teasing will come back and bite you"

"Well today is not one of those days.

He sat down and she was happy. If she was happy he was good.

Angel looked at him and smiled. She better tell him. Better now... She will get better.

"Uhm Sandro?"

"I'm listening amore.."

"Well...okay this is hard.."

When today's scene replayed in her head, tears quickly found their way to her eyes. She couldn't have been alive or been here. It was not possible. At all. Maybe she was dreaming

"Take your time cara...come here"

His stormy eyes focused on her as he stretched out his arms for her and she moved closed till her head was on his chest.

"Comfortable?"

She nodded.

"Why are you crying?"

"Today..uhm..something happened..Well the woman who has been haunting my dreams showed up"

She kept quiet and looked up at him.

He was stoic and she placed her head back on his chest,listening to his sturdy heartbeat.

"What did she do?"

"I don't want to tell a stranger my problems Sandro.No matter how much you guys push me,I can't..."

"Angel look at me"

She lifted her head and she looked at him.

"You can talk to me,we recommended a therapist because you won't talk to us and we don't want you to self destruct.."

She looked down and breathed in.

"Let me narrate it all to you..it's going to be hard but promise me to take me off therapy"

"Angel.."

She looked up at him.Pleading with with hom with her eyes.She didn't want to go to therapy...She didn't want therapy.

Sandro sighed.

"Okay.."

"Thank you."

She held on tight to him and sighed.

"Uhm..I grew up in a rich family.Like they were so so rich.At first,I loved my parents.."

She chuckled.

"I had parents.I had motherfucking parents....And I loved them.You know that child like love where you love everyone?I loved them"

Tears filled her eyes and she used her knuckles to wipe the tears.

"Well,I was oblivious to how I was treated.They treated me differently.I was lighter than the rest of their 'golden children'"

She took a deep breath and looked at him.

"I am so broken Sandro,I cannot be put back together.I cannot."

Her lips quivered and he rubbed her lower lips .

"I won't run.I will never run.Trust me."

She nodded.

"Fast forward to when I was around 7.The man who was introduced as my 'father's started to physically abuse me.For every single mistake a naïve 7 year old makes,I would be reprimanded with a slap.

As I said oblivion at its best,I was never allowed to call him father.Imagine and sometimes the woman who claimed to be a mother would encourage him to discipline me that way.I needed to learn the correct path."

She wiped away the tears...

"Uhhh..."She shook her head..She shook her head as she hid her face on his chest crying silently.

He rubbed her back gently,consoling her.

"He never loved me Sandro.I seeked his approval so tha...that I can be the good girl he wants.The woman encouraged him and worse she would call me stupid although I used to be top of my class at the time.That went on for two years.Then it got worse..."

She wailed on his chest and he silently tried to calm her down...she needed this crying jag and to let it all out.

"They started to target my weight.I am naturally skinny and well since my grades had dropped,I was the dumb head.At school yhe bullying was beyond

me,I was called skin and bones.Mind you it was a private school.They would shove me around and when I told them at home.They said I deserve it..

I deserve it. "

She looked at him with tears streaming down her face.

"I deserved the bullying,the abuse and the siblings?Those ones kept their mouths shut.They didn't even speak up for me...I hated it there...How can a nine year old deserve bullying.. oh wait..they said I was a failure,that I would never amount to anything..."

She paused as the sobs overtook her and she clenched and unclenched her hands on his sweater.

"Let it out amore...I am here.."

"I..just...I wanted love bu..I."

"Ssh..."

She just tried speaking as she cried but he shushed her.

She cried out for a good ten minutes as he rubbed her back.

She lifted her head up..

"This..is..is..it's embarrassing.."

He wiped her tears away with his thumb.He gently kissed her pink nose.

She looked flustered.Her face pink from the crying and her eyes red.

"It's not."

"I just want to offload it all, it just hurts and I long got used to cutting and burning my skin to escape the feelings."

"We are working on you to stop self harm, so if offloading it all works for you then I am here to listen..."

She smiled as she sniffed and he used his sleeves to wipe her nose.

She laughed softly as she moved his hand away.

"Sandro no.."

"Gattino..."

"What is that?"

"A kitten"

She smiled and moved closer to him and hugged him.

"Thank you Sandro. I love you so damn much. So damn much"

Tears filled her eyes again. She didn't want to lose this love. This love was good. It was alive. It kept her steady. He was her pillar.

"And I love you. You are the only woman I have ever loved with such ferocity Angel."

She didn't take note of the way his tone had turned slightly dangerous and dark. She held onto him.

"Feeling better now?"

She nodded as he kissed her cheek.

"Okay.I think I am ready to continue.."

"If you're fine,did you take your pills?"

She nodded.

"Okay..well..yoh.well...uhm still when I was nine there was the school play..I was the lead singer.I didn't like crowds but I knew how to sing.."

Sandro nodded.She had a voice that suited her name.

"They would always attend the shows and sports days for my other siblings.So this one time I told him that I would love it if he would attend the

play. That I was the lead."

She blinked back the tears as she moved back from him.

She rolled up her trackpants and showed Alessandro the faint line that was on her leg.

"I have to live with that scar as a reminder that I was beaten with a belt, for suggesting he come attend my show and..."

Her voice trailed and Sandro had to strain his ears to hear her next sentence.

"And to wanting to call him father. I... I wanted to call him daddy like the other kids"

To be continued

[04/13, 01:05] Lynne: The Devil's Angel

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At Angel's place

She broke down. That whipping was all it took to break her.

Sandro gently moved his hand over the raised faint pink line.

"It's okay amore. I am here.."

"I just wanted to call him dad..was that so wrong? Was it wrong for me to ask him to attend the play cause I was singing? And what hurts the most is that I never got to sing. I had an anxiety attack onstage and I had to be carried out by medical people. And guess what? The woman who bore me said I was a waste of space. That she wasted her time, she could have been with her kids who did not live off from seeking attention."

She said ad the tears fell freely and she didn't wipe them.

"She made me feel so so guilty...I thought something was wrong with me.I begged for love,I wanted it so so much but it was never reciprocated.How do you do that to a mere child?tell me how do you do that Sandro?Hoow?Hooow do you hurt a child?"

She was screaming as more tears rolled..

He just held her close.

"Tell me,how do you do that to a child?Hoow.."

Her screams faded into sobs as she had another crying jag.She still could not comprehend how does one do that?How the fuck does that to a child.

His voice ailed her sobs as he softly whispered in her ear and she calmed down.

He lifted her head up and wiped her tears away. She looked so tired out.

"It's okay. You have said enough my love, you need to rest."

She nodded. She could feel a migraine headache coming and she didn't want to deal with that too. She had a whole lot to say. They broke her into tiny pieces and she had the guts to come here and want to speak to her? She was dead to her.

Dead.

"Sandro.."

Her soft voice tore his heart apart and he looked

into her doe eyes. She was frightened.

"Yes amore.."

She shook her head and then looked at him. She wiped her tears.

"Don't leave me, just..."

Her lips quivered and she held tightly onto him.

She didn't want him to leave her. She didn't want to deal with the nightmares alone. Not today.

"I w..wan..want to feel safe. J ust don't go...please...I.."

"It's okay. I am not leaving..."

"I just want to feel okay again...I'm..I am so broken.I don't k-kno-know who I am anymore...There are days where I have hated myself to the point of wanting to die.I stopped doing what I loved which was singing,I...S..Sa...ndro"

He stopped her.She needed to rest.Business will have to wait.

"I am here Angel..I am not leaving anytime soon.."

"Th..th..thank you"

"You don't have to thank me,it's my duty amore."

She nodded as she held back tears and she held on to him so tight.She didn't want to let him go.She didn't want him to abandon her,she won't be able to deal with that.She already has the urge to stop the

feelings cause her heart is torn apart. It is bleeding and she wants to see blood.

She bit her lower lips so hard she tasted blood as the tears wetted his sweater.

"I..want..I want to cut so bad to make the pain go away..I.."

He rubbed her back as she cried. He held her tight as the sobs racked her to the extent that he thought her bones might crack. She couldn't stop crying.

She was purging it out.

Her body shook as she moved from him. She forced herself to get out of the bed.

"Make the feelings stop please,I want to feel numb.I don't want the feelings please...they are tearing me apart..."

Her hands shook as she attempted to pull her sleeves up in an effort to try and scratch herself to see blood.

Sandro caught on fast and swiftly held her hands up.She wanted to get free from his grip.

"Let me go,I want these feelings to stop.I.."

"And hurting yourself is not the way amore,listen to me..."

She stopped fighting and her hands went limp and he released the tight grip on her hands.He pulled her to him as her muffled cries filled the room and

he held her.

"I want to stop the feelings "

"Cry it out amore,I am here for you.I am always here.I want you to get better..."

She sniffled as her hands wrapped around his torso.

They stood like that for a few minutes before Sandro moved a step back.

He rubbed her cheek lovingly as he saw her red eyes.He used the back of his hand to feel her temperature.

She was exhausted and the crying had done a number on her.

"Let me take care of you.."

She was just too tired to argue and she slowly sat on the bed. He looked at her exhausted tiny body and the energy the crying had demanded from that body.

She closed her eyes as she placed her head on the pillow, her headache was starting and she wanted to sleep.

He got rid of the sweater and rolled the sleeves of the shirt he was wearing. Sandro walked into the bathroom and opened the tap. The water was hot enough for her to relax inside for some time.

He poured her bubble bath soap inside.

He walked out of the bathroom when he was done and she was sleeping soundly. He didn't want to wake her up but..

"Angel.."

He softly whispered her name.

Angel opened her eyes. She wasn't asleep but she wanted to.

He held her hand as she got out of bed and led her to the bathroom.

She looked at him and he chuckled.

"Enjoy, I will still be here if you need me"

He walked out closing the door on his way out.

She sighed and got undressed.

She slipped inside the water and closed her eyes as the citrus scent of her bubble bath filled the whole space.

Sandro unlocked her bedroom door and walked out.

He passed the empty lounge and headed to the kitchen.

She needed to eat something. Nothing heavy.

In a twenty minutes he had made her some oatmeal. With that he took the plate to her room.

He found her in her towel just sitting on the bed.

"Do you have any oils?"

She shook her head.

"I just have baby oil."

He placed the plate of food on the stand.

"It will do, lie on your stomach"

"Do I have yo?"

"Yes, you need to relax. Now do as I say"

She did and he found yhe baby oil she was talking about.

He squeezed some of it into his palm and he rubbed his hands together.

He gently rubbed it on her back. His hands skillfully glided over her shoulder bladed down to her spine.

She released a soft moan as he kneaded the knots.

Alessandro moved the towel down till it was below her waist.

He poured the oil on her back as his fingers treaded softly on the soft planes of her back.

Angel closed her eyes relishing the sensation.

"You're so tiny, you know that.."

"Uh...yep, right there.."

She moaned.

"I would have given you a full body massage but I think that this is enough"

He gently rubbed her back once more before he stopped.

"Get dressed and eat."

He kissed her shoulder gently before he left the

room.

Angel smiled.

She turned and pulled her towel up. She stood up and headed to her wardrobe to rummage through the clothes looking for her pyjamas.

When she was done, she checked her phone. Missed calls from her father. She has been avoiding him all week and she might as well call him.

She dialed his number and he answered immediately.

"I am good. Father. Out of hospital. Taking a whole bunch of pills for my own sanity.."

Jean-Charles listened to her nonchalant tone and shook his head. She has no idea how he genuinely

cares for her.

"Angel,we were worried about you.."

He paused for a bit and since he has been getting information in regards to her health from Jennifer,he was assured that she is recovering.

He sighed.

"I just wish you could open up to me.As your parent.."

"It takes time,people who are supposed to take care of you.Parents to be specific end up being their children's worst nightmares...We will see as time goes.I am fine.Recovering even."

"Okay..I.."

He didn't know how to broach the subject of her dating Alessandro.

The door opened and Alessandro walked in.

"Father,are you still there?"

"Yes....uhm..the media says you are seeing Mr Romano?"

"Yes..I am.Is there a problem?"

"Angel...this issue does not need a phonecall but you are too innocent for him."

"O-k-a-y,where is this heading exactly?"

Jean-Charles sighed.

"He is bad for you, you should run whilst you still have time."

"I think we're done here. Goodbye."

She hung up and rubbed her temples.

"Eat cara"

"Ok"

She sat cross legged on the bed as he handed her the plate.

Silence enveloped the whole room as she ate.

What did her father mean by saying she was too innocent for him? How is he bad? And why did the media portray him as the devil?

She had all these questions that only he can answer.

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A WEEK LATER

Angel drank her pills as prescribed and Mr Romano made good on the promise. She was no longer attending therapy.

Jennifer walked in and gave Angel a look.

"Still not making that tik tok with you..noo..."

"Angel please, this one video. It's just a minute short"

She shook her head.

"People will immediately recognize me from your video and then turn to stalk you so that they can stalk me cause I am dating a high profiles man."

Jennifer rolled her eyes.

"It is not about the people plus you need to do something fun.."

"No...Jen.no"

Jennifer looked at her pleading.

"That won't work on me.."

"It's just one..pretty please"

"Okay fine..J ust one..where is the challenge?"

Jennifer jumped up and down as she walked out and went to position her phone.

She started to move the couches to make space for dancing.

"I'm setting everything up.."

"I don't know how to dance though.."

Her phone rang and she answered it.

"Father.."

"Angel, can we talk? I hate it when we fight"

"We were not fighting, you just said something I didn't like and I had to take my time to process that."

"I see..I really want this to work."

Angel sighed as she leaned by the kitchen counter.

"Me too...Just that my experience with a father figure growing up was not a pleasant one but yes..."

"Thank you"

"Okay. Say hi to your wife and kids for me."

Jean-Charles said bye and she hung up.

Angel went to the lounge and Jennifer was already ready.

"I don't know how to dance.."

"Whatever Angel, we're watching a tutorial akere.ija!"

Angel chuckled as she put her phone down and got rid of her sweater. How was this #SavageChallenge supposed to go?

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"I'm burnt out"

Angel said as she slumped on the sofa and fanned herself with her hand. Dancing was not one of her best talents and swaying her hips at the end made her waist hurt. Oh God!

Her phone went off and it finally clicked. He's leaving and she needs to say bye to him.

She gave Jennifer a mean look before she dragged herself to the bedroom where she had a quick shower.

When she was all fresh in black jeans and a pink sweater, she tied her braids up and applied lip gloss. Not a dress. Too soon.

She walked out with her phone in hand.

"I am taking a cab to the airport and don't tell me about the car, I don't know how to drive that machine. Be back in a few"

Jennifer lazily nodded as she lay flat on the

couch. Why did she have to force them to dance, she was aching all over.

Angel decided to catch a taxi. She needed to see him off. She promised.

"Airport please"

"Of course mam"

She paid the taxi driver.

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At Sydney, Australia airport

Lauren sighed as she waited for her flight number to be called.

She had tried talking to Angel this week but all attempts were in vain. She hated her. Worse, she considered her dead.

She typed a long message to her husband and pressed send before switching off her phone.

She looked at her flight details and just say there thinking of her past. She did this child wrong on so many levels.

As she was seated, she saw Angel.

Maybe this was her chance.

"Angel.."

Angel paused. She heard her name being called or maybe it was a trick. She glanced at her watch. He hasn't arrived here yet. She still has time.

Meanwhile Lauren paced to where Angel was and she held her shoulder to catch her attention.

Angel shrugged her off and attempted to leave but Lauren held her hand.

"I know I hurt you so much..give me a chance to say what I have to say without causing a scene."

Angel pulled her hand away and gave her a cold look.

"I know you can never forgive me but I am so sorry Sethunya.I really am.I put you through hell and played a part in diminishing your self esteem.."

She blinked tears away as Angel folded her arms.She didn't want to cause a scene at a public airport.

"I am so sorry.I really hope one day you find it in

your heart to forgive me,I hurt you for my own selfish reasons...ones that seem so stupid and irrelevant at this time but used to make sense to me...I named you Sethunya cause to me you were my flower.Precious flower,pity I didn't help my precious flower to blossom and flourish but...my mother was a better mother to you than I ever was.I am deeply sorry.I apologise from the depth of my heart"

At the end of her long speech tears were streaming down her face and she sniffed.Angel remained unmoved by the tears and act of forgiveness.

She checked her watch and sighed.

"I am late and for the last time,I do not know you woman."

With that she walked away and that was the final

nail to the coffin. Angel was done with her. She apologised and she still did not acknowledge her.

Angel shook her head. She sat on one of the chair and she waited for Alessandro. She had to say goodbye.

Ten minutes passed and she was already impatient. He had to go. Not that she wanted him to go but he said it was important.

Sandro stood behind Angel as the whole airport went silent. People turned their attention to Alessandro. This man was respected worldwide.

"Urg. He couldn't even be on time for his own flight. Mxm" she muttered to herself.

"I certainly hope you're not talking about me cara"

Angel's heart raced. He is here? She turned, saw him and smiled.

"Showed up on time."

She stood up and hugged him.

"Hi.."

"Amore, you can let go now"

She did and looked up at him. Both forgetting that there was an audience watching.

"I am so gonna miss you but I just came here to say bye. Have a safe flight and I love you Mr Romano"

She stood on her tippy toes and kissed his cheek.

"We're in public,in case you have forgotten.Bye now"

She whispered softly in his ear and he chuckled.

"And you're my woman,so allow me.."

He tilted her head up and kissed her pink lips slowly.Their tongues doing their own slow dance as she memorized the touch of his lips on hers and how he makes her feel everyday.

He broke the kiss and bit her lower lip.

"Ti amo"

"Love you too"

She held his hand that had softly landed on her cheek and smiled.

"You're going to be late for that flight. You can go now Mr Romano."

He removed his hand and held both her hands while chuckling...

"I love you Angel."

"I love you too now by Mr.."

She laughed softly as she gave him one last kiss on the cheek and walked away from him with a smile plastered on her face.

Sandro chuckled looking down as he walked to where the private jet was with his security protocol following him.

Angel couldn't stop smiling. The journey had just begun for her and Sandro and she wanted to see where life would take them.

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THE END