

Pdf



CHAPTER 1

by Vaeny

772973948

"Proverbs 22:6

Train up a
child in the

way he should

go. And when he is old he will not depart from it."

This bible quote echoed in Chipo's ears as her mind jogged back memory lane to when she was a kid. Chipo grew up in a home that held tradition and culture in high esteem and blended it with Christian values. Being

the only child and a girl for that matter Chipo was on the strict watch of her parents. She was brought up in a way as though they were preparing her to get married to a King.

Chipo never had any other friends apart from those at church though she never had time to spend with them. Chipo was mostly found home with the mother being taught the ways of life as a woman.

"Chipo, don't ever admire how your friends your age spend there time. Wasting there time with boys. That can bring shame to this house. Don't ever mingle with boys until you're ready to be married. Stay away from stories that have to do with guys or any sex

related story." Chipo's mother would say.

Chipo grew up in a middle class settlement area and she would see how boys would play around and do all kind of stuffs. She would be watching from the window because going outside only brought trouble to her.

At an early age Chipo was groomed into becoming the perfect wife any man under the Sun would wish for. Moreover, she had this beauty that only King Solom would describe. A kind of beauty that would make even Kings to tilt their heads when she passes.

She was the perfect African woman. A

definition of elegance. Not only was she beautiful, Chipo was intelligent too. This made her succeed academically until she found herself at The Copperbelt University. It was at CBU where she met Richard.

Richard had come to visit he's cousin at CBU who happened to be cours mates with Chipo. Richard was a successful business man and Civil Engineer. He owned one of the biggest pharmaceutical comapny in the country and owned a number on construction companies.

Richard knew how to find his way with women. If he wasn't going through his academics then he would be reading and researching on how manipulate women. He was a master in the game. Richard had

made sure he gathered all the information he needed about Chipo. He knew what kind of person she was and in what kind of home she was raised in. It was simple for him to come up with a character that Chipo's parent's would render him the ideal man for there daughter.

A few months after Chipo had introduced Richard to her parents, there was a tragic road traffic accident that claimed the lives of both Chipo's parents. This was a trying moment for Chipo but Richard saw an opportunity for her to deep his roots in Chipo's soul.

Unknowingly Chipo gave in all she had in the relationship and a year later they got

married. Chipo had made one friend at CBU by the name of Diana. Diana and Chipo had gotten so close over the years, they became the best of friends. But the fact that Chipo grew up without experiencing such a thing as having a best friend, she was private when it came to her relationship that later birthed their marriage. Even times when her and Richard would have a fight Chipo would never disclose to Diana. She wore her 'Happy lady Mask' perfectly.

Years down their marriage things were bad for Chipo as her husband had turned into a complete stranger. Richard had lost all the respect for Chipo and some times he would beat her up in front of the maids. Richard had become more rich in a short

time and at first gave Chipu paradise. He would take her shopping to Dubai and vacation in Zanzibar. He would buy her expensive jewellery. She lived the first years of marriage as the happiest woman. But all that changed.

Years later it was Diana who was to wed. Chipu and the husband were invited as VVIP guest at the wedding.

"To love and to hold." The priest said.

"To love and to hold." Diana repeated, smiling at Rahim, her groom as if he was an angel sent from heaven and she had just seen him for the first time.

Rahim kept smiling back at her and they kept exchanging smiles as though they will never have the chance to do it again.

"For as long as we both shall leave." The priest said.

"For as long as we both shall live." The bride said after him, still smiling.

Chipso watched the new couple exchange vows and recalled how she had stood at this same altar and exchanged the same vows with her husband Richard.

"For as long as we both shall live..."

Those words were lovely but tricky. When you spend your married life with the person you said those words with and then realise afterwards that if you had seen it coming you wouldn't have said those words. Chipo felt like standing up from her seat, walking up to the bride who was her best friend and tell her to snap out of it! She had once been the kind of girl who dreamed of a happily ever after kind of marriage with kids running around you, and your husband telling you that you are the best thing that has ever happened to him. And when she met her husband three years ago at the age of eighteen, he was the most handsome man she had ever seen and he reeked of wealth though that never moved Chipo. It happened that there were some guests that

came from the ministry of higher education that wanted to address a number of issues to the students. Richard decided to follow his cousin as he was one of the speakers. Chipo was seated when Richard had approached her to ask if the seat beside her was empty and she had said no. Chipo could still replay the whole scene in her head even in her grave. They had started talking from there and exchanged numbers.

"Till death do us part..."

Chipo still thought of that world now and wished death would really take her away from the man she married. The beast she lived with. Her marriage was the kind every woman dreamed of. She had everything at

her beckon call...except one thing...Happiness.

Chipo smiled now and clapped along with the others as the groom moved to kiss the bride....Diana...her best friend who, unlike her had taken her time to found her soul mate.

Chipo was still yet to find her life much less to find love because right now her life was in shambles. She turned Richard. He looked like the most gentle man any woman can wish for as he clapped his hands and cheered the couple like he were a saint. His smile seemed like it had been painted...like a fake one.

They had all driven off to the reception and were entertaining themselves when someone came to her and asked if the seat beside her was empty. She looked at the one at her right, hoping that her husband had seen what just happened. But he was not there with her. He had probably gone to the toilet to ease himself or stepped out to answer a call or something. Then she turned to look up at the person who spoke. It wasn't until then, she saw that it was a man. A really handsome man. Chipo frowned.

'What was the problem with big men and empty seats?' Chipo thought as she recalled that it was the same way Richard had approached her.

"No. its empty." She said to him.

"Thanks you." He said with a beaming smile and sat beside her.

His Cologne passed through her nose like a flowery scent and she sniffed. She had a large description of him immediately. He was so light in complexion and didn't look more than twenty eight or thirty. She saw that from his well tailored suit, he was a master of money himself. And she looked down at the two big phones he carried as he was seriously busy with one, they were classy and the young man had swag. But she wasn't interested in handsome men

anymore. The one who married her and treated her like trash was enough for her to hate men. She turned to her drink and sipped absent mindedly. Then he looked up at her and smiled.

"Hi." He said to Chipi.

She looked at him and nodded without smiling, hoping to give him the wrong vibes but its either he didn't see it or he doesn't understand.

"Are you a friend to the bride or the groom?"
He enquired.

"Are you the receptionist?" Chipo asked coldly.

'My God, this man should not just come here and put me in trouble.' Chipo thought. Her husband was a gorilla himself.

The young man laughed and said, "Very funny."

Chipo hadn't intended for it to be funny so she frowned.

"I'm Paul Himwiinga. Or Kaluba, whichever suits you best." He said to Chipo.

Her head snapped in different electric sparks and she faced him.

"What do you want?" Chipo asked.

He raised his eyebrows. "Hey, relax. I'm just trying to make a conversation. I'm a friend to the groom." Paul replied.

"I'm a friend to the bride. She's my best friend from the university." Chipo said.

"Oh really? Are you still a student?" Paul enquired.

"No." Chipo responded coldly and turned to

her drink immediately.

Paul looked at her for a while then he turned to his phone.

She kept sipping her drink as if it was what she came there for. She had been rude but she couldn't help it.

'If he thinks he can talk his handsome face into my brains he better forget that, I've learnt my mistake from Richard.' She thought.

Richard came up and sat beside her. She smiled at him but he didn't smile back. She knew that it spelt trouble. She wondered what had happened now for him to change

so soon like this. Her heart started beating fast. Then the time came for the bride and the groom to dance.

Paul turned to Chip. "So, if you're a friend to the bride why didn't I see you at the engagement party last week?" He said and smirked.

Oh Lord Have Mercy! She turned to her husband and he was smoking fire.

She turned to Paul and forced a chuckle. "I didn't attend. I wasn't able to."

Last week she had been in the hospital

because her husband had beaten her to a pulp. So she couldn't go to her friend's party looking like an over ripe tomato.

Richard stood up and said it was time to leave, she stood up and walked with him without a side glance at the guy beside her who looked at her confused. She didn't even have the chance to say goodbye to her friend who had expected her to stay till the end of the wedding.

Chipso got into her husband's car and he drove home like a mad man and in silence. She knew better than to utter a word. When he got home and they'd stepped in, the whole house was quiet and the maids had all gone to bed.

Richard walked in to the middle of the room and turned to her.

Chipso looked startled at him. His face was hard and ugly. The handsome man was gone. The devil had surfaced.

"Honey what's..." Before she finishes talking her words were sent back into her mouth with the back of his hand and the force of his back handed slap hit her down to the floor and she hit her cheek on the hard cushion of the chair on her way down.

To Be Continued.

[2/6, 16:36] Mai August: WHO RAISED MY HUSBAND

CHAPTER 2

Chipo looked startled at Eichard as she tried to stand up. Richard was still looking down at her and he looked like one of those pictures in children bible stories she used to read as a child about Goliath. He was the Goliath she saw now. If she were a scientist she would have had a microscope to see that he was breathing fire through his nose. He didn't even look remorseful.

She stood up on her feet. It had been three years now and she knew she should be used to his beatings but it seemed to her that every new day he invented a new version of hitting her. And he always made sure she was badly disfigured.

"I knew I should have picked that call right there in the hall!". Richard's voice came out as loud as the judgemental trumpet she had been taught about in bible school as a child, the voice was loud enough to wake the dead.

" I leave you for a few minutes and you think you can flirt around with the next man you see?!" Richard snapped.

Chipo looked at Richard like she had seen a thief holding a gun. She began to shake her head but his big manly hands came crashing on her face again but this time it was the other cheek.

In her marriage, turning the other cheek when you were being slapped was not necessary because Richard would surely turn it for her with his hands. She staggered backwards and was thankful that she didn't hit her head on the glass table behind her. The fact that she hadn't lost her life during his beating sessions in their marriage was still beyond her. She stood up again.

"Richard, I swear I wasn't flirting with him. He just asked for a seat. Please don't do this." Chipso pleaded while crying.

Richard let out a wicked laugh. "Do you think I'm a fool? I saw how he was smiling at you when he asked you why you didn't go to Diana's party. You think I don't know

what's going on? Bloody pretender!"
Richard roared.

"No, you're wrong, I..." Before she could
making her statement Richard cut her in.

"I'm wrong?! Did you just say that I'm
wrong?" He thundered.

She swallowed hard and felt like slapping
herself instead of the next slap that landed
on her again. This one tore her bottom lip
and she tasted blood in her mouth.

"Richard, please. Hear me out. I swear I
don't know who that man is. I only met him

at the wedding and he was asking if the seat is empty." Chipo said in between sobs.

She was already crying but her tears has never moved him one bit. She wasn't surprised when he laughed at her again and started moving towards her. She reared backwards.

Richard grabbed Chipo and threw her on the couch and pounced on her and started using her as a punching lesson bag. She shouted and cried for him to stopped but he kept hitting her.

"You flirt! What are you hungry for that I haven't given to you?! Is it sex?! You want

sex, right?!" Richard thundered as he tore the red glittering designers evening gown he had bought her and yanked her legs open, struggling with his zipper he pulled out his big shaft and dug into her dry opening. She shouted for him to stop but he kept digging in and shouting back at her to shut up.

"Your husband isn't good enough for you right? You want another man! I'll show you how other men would treat you when you try to sleep with them." Richard said still pushing hard into her and hitting her to be calm.

*****LATER
THE SAME

NIGHT*****

Richard took a shower and retired to bed as though nothing had happened.

When Richard was asleep, Chipo went into the bathroom and sobbed silently. She sobbed so hard wishing her tears were blood. It wasn't the first time her own husband would force himself on her. It wasn't as though she used to deny him his conjugal rights. She couldn't understand as to why he used to act that way. She took a bath and nursed her bruised flower.

Chipo hadn't slept at all the entire night. Her body ached and her eyes were swollen from crying too long. She had taken pain killers

but they didn't help much.

Richard was sleeping peacefully on the bed and she turned to look at him. He looked like a saint in his sleep.

It was morning and her head pounded so much from lack of sleep. As she made her way to the bathroom. Chipo looked at her reflection in the mirror and tears rolled down her eyes. Her beautiful face was swollen and she had developed a black eye.

'All this for a stranger.' She thought.

Chipo should have been used to Richard

raping her unnecessarily but maybe the thought of her pain in their marriage kept making her feel weary. She had never been pregnant because the gynaecologist had said she was having womb issues. She didn't even know if it was his frequent beatings that had caused it because she knew that she had never indulged in any messy act with any other man apart from Richard and she had never had any abortions whatsoever. She started the shower and stepped into it to bath.

Despite being a graduate with a degree in Banking and Finance, Richard forbid her to work and made her resign from her previous job. He had opened up two big salons that boasted of a good clientele for

her and she was managing them successfully.

As she was bathing, her cell phone rang and she looked to see her mother was the one calling. No one even knew of her marital problems not even her relatives. Chipo was left in the care of her mum's young sister, Juliet. She inhaled and exhaled and picked up.

"Hello, Aunt Juliet." She said trying to sound jovial and happy.

"Chipo. How are you doing?" Her aunty enquired.

"I'm good. How are you and uncle?" She asked.

"Oh we're doing well." Her aunt was silent for a while. "Are you feeling alright, dear?"

"Yes, Aunty Juliet. I feel great." Chipo lied.

"Well, you don't sound great." Her aunty said sounding concerned.

"I just woke up, aunty. Maybe that's why am sounding like this?" Chipo said boldly.

"Okay. Well, how is your husband doing?" Her aunty asked.

"Oh, he's doing ver well thank you aunty. He's still asleep." Chipo replied.

"We've really missed you, you know. You don't even come to visit anymore as you used to." He aunty said.

She felt sorry for herself. She was supposed to visit her aunty who lived in the same city as her but she was unable to. Her husband wouldn't even let her.

"Aunty, I'm sorry. I know I should but I'll fond time to come, I promise." Chipo replied.

"Well, I was trying to call Richard but his phone is switched off. I wanted to thank him for the things he sent to us just now. He's a really great son in law." Her aunty said.

Chipo paused. "What things?"

"Oh, he didn't tell you? He sent someone to the house just this morning and he brought a lot provisions and he even sent in a huge amount of money to your uncle's account." Her aunty said.

Chipo closed her eyes in pain. Why was he like this? What kind of a man had she married that would beat her every time and

sent gifts to her parents and money just to take their attention away from her. She sighed.

"God bless him a hundred folds." Her aunty was still saying.

"Okay. I'll tell him you said thank you." Chipo said.

"Alright dear. Please do that and don't forget to come visit." Her aunty said.

"Yes, aunty. Bye.". She hung up and broke down in tears.

Richard was a beast!

*****A WHILE LATER
THAT SAME
DAY*****

Chipo was on her way to the salon when her phone rang again and she stopped her car by the side of the road to pick the call. It was her friend, Diana. she smiled and picked up.

" Hey, young Mrs. Someone." Chipo teased.

Diana laughed from the other side of the line. "Thank you. Old Mrs. Someone." Diana

teased back.

"How's it going? The honeymoon." Chipo enquired.

"It's going on okay, am enjoying, I can't complain." Diana replied and Diana laughed. She seemed happy from the way she spoke.

"I didn't see you yesterday after the party." Said Diana.

"Yeah...I uh...wasn't feeling too well. So Richard took me home." Chipo said, looking at herself on the rear view mirror to check her makeup which she used to hide the

black eye her husband had given her.

"Awwwn, so sweet. You know I'm happy that at least I'm married now. That way I can talk when others are talking about how sweet their husbands are. Richard really tried in taking you home. Are you feeling better now right?" Diana asked.

'Worst.' Chipso said within herself. "Never better Dee." She said out loud.

"I was really upset that you had gone without telling me, you know. But its okay. So what's up? Do we meet today?" Diana asked.

"No!" Chipo said hastily reminding herself that Diana mustn't see her in this sorry ass state.

"I will be having a big day today at the salon. You know its a Saturday. And you should stay at home with your husband. It's your honeymoon anyway. Unless you are tired of the exercise." Chipo teased.

Diana laughed. "Who says they get tired in times like these, you're joking my friend?" Diana said and they both laughed.

Chipo said her goodbye and hung up then sighed.

A lot of people had always carried their noses up at her whenever she passed by especially women who thought she was too proud that she married a very rich man and didn't want to mix up with people who weren't her caliber. And she had even heard one of them at the mall gossiping to her mate that she knew who Chipo was and she was one lucky woman who married the right husband.

"Just look at her attire. It smells money." The lady had said before and Chipo had only laughed within herself.

If only they knew. And so she would have said she wished she was in Diana' shoes now but experience taught her better. She

dropped her phone and started her car to reverse a bit and join the road nicely and continue her journey only for her car to halt as it bounced back after hitting something or someone. She quickly looked at the rear view mirror she had forgotten to look at earlier and discovered that she had hit someone's car.

"Holy Shit." She said to herself and put on her dark sunshades to step out of the car....

*****PAUL'
S POINT OF
VIEW*****

Paul was driving when he pulled by the side

of the road to pick a call. One of the brides at the wedding yesterday had managed to indulge him in a funny discussion and as weddings always ends with exchange of numbers he had taken her number. The call had pushed his memory back to the weird behaviour the other lady had given him. He didn't even know why he had taken that seat in the first place. But when he approached her asking if the seat was taken she had turned around to her right as if she was searching for the person that spoke. Like he was invisible. He knew he was tall and couldn't be missed out anywhere because he was attractive. Then she turned to him and said, no its empty.

When she had looked at him he was dumbfounded. He had never seen such beauty before in his life. The best part were

her eyes. He loved those eyes. He was as nervous as a little boy, just because of a lady that was completely human! And instead of showing off his nervousness he got himself busy with his cell phone not that there was anything of importance that distracted him other than the lady beside him. He was well aware of her picking up her glass of wine and sipping it. Then he felt awkward and thought he should start up a conversation but at that point he was at a loss of what to say. He had been with a lot of women before but none of them had gotten to him the way this one did and he didn't even know her! It wasn't until she had given him the first blow that he realised that she wasn't only beautiful but she was downright rude.

He had swallowed the insult taking it as a

joke, but the way she had spoken to him again, he had to withdraw. He didn't even know what had happened and the next thing he knew she stood up and followed the man beside her. Or was he her husband? He hadn't been able to forget that rude behavior ever since. He wasn't sure if it was the way she acted or her beauty itself, and her feel on top of it all. And he didn't even know her name!

He was still on the phone when the car parked in front of him reversed and hit his car. He paused and cut the call immediately in serious anger ready to unleashed it on whoever that fool was. He stepped out of the car.

"What the fuck!" He yelled as he grill and front light were broken.

The lady stepped out of the car and damn.....It's The rude lady....

To Be Continued.

[2/27, 16:51] Opharn: WHO RAISED MY HUSBAND

CHAPTER 3

Chipo stared shocked at the man who had just come out of the car. Was the beating she received from her husband still having effect on her or did she just hit the car of the same guy from the wedding. She couldn't even remember his name. It was as

if yesterday Richard slapped his name off her memory, because before she was slapped she could recall his name and last name. She looked around her for any sign of her husband or a car waiting somewhere with him inside, watching. When there was none, she investigated the damage she had caused and looked at the guy who stood before her.

'When my mother used to tell me to be nice to everyone, this is the reason why.' Chipo thought.

She always avoided these kinds of problems with people but she never knew how she became this careless. She was still at a loss of words. She tried to find the right

words to say to him and he was just staring at her, probably waiting for her to say something first and she knew that as the culprit you are meant to explain yourself.

"Oh my God!" Chipo started, hoping that was a good start, considering the fact that they didn't meet on a very good note and she was the one who caused it.

"I'm really sorry. I didn't know how I totally forgot to look behind me first. I was on phone...I'm really sorry." Chipo said.

She was still asking herself what kind of a lame excuse is that, when he looked up. He had been staring at his broken lights since

she was blabbing all that rubbish even herself knew that it made no sense at all.

Paul looked up. 'What kind of a lame excuse is that?' He asked himself.

When she had stepped out of that car, he had looked shocked at her as if he didn't expect to see her. And he had braced himself for any more harsh words because he knew it was her fault. But the lady that had given him a time bomb yesterday was the same one putting on a puppy face and apologizing to him with excuses of picking a call. He laughed within himself and turned his face down to pretend as if he was studying the broken head light and grill but he was actually laughing.

'This God is wonderful.' Paul thought. 'Who would have thought that rude lady here could apologize? I was also answering a phone call but my car didn't hit hers!' He pondered.

He looked up at her. Those eyes were shielded with dark sunglasses. But he could still see her beauty.

"Wow." He said. "I didn't know you had it in you." He said and she paused and looked at him.

"Excuse me?" She said.

"I mean the apology. I didn't know you had it in you. You know I was also answering a phone call when you hit me." Paul said.

"I just said I'm sorry. What do you want me to do to make it up to you? I can pay for the damages." Chipo said not wanting to spend more time talking to him.

Very good, he thought. He knew she would say that as a lady who had it all.

'Rude.' He said to himself as stepped closer to her, he wanted to know if she's married.

"Why? Using your husband's money?" Paul

asked said to her.

Pay back time. He saw her inhale in anger as if to digest the weight of his insult.

"I beg your pardon, mister." Chipo said.

'Who the hell does this lady think she is?' He thought.

"Am Paul." He corrected and she nodded.

"I don't know why you have to be rude, Paul. I just apologized. I can take care of the damages." Chipo said softly.

No he won't let this one slide like this. He needed her name and number regardless of the fact that she was married. She didn't look married. She looked like a single lady of maybe twenty one if he was right.

"Why dont you drop your number and I'll call you and tell you how much its worth after I must have thought about it." Paul suggested.

At first she stared at him. Then she laughed. "Oh, please Paul. I know that trick and its not working."

Another blow. But he smiled. "Okay, then. Well, you can put in a twenty thousand into

my account and we are settled." Paul said

"Twenty thousand? For ordinary headlight and grill?" Chipó asked in shock.

"Ordinary? If it was ordinary I won't be standing here with you. I was going to just brush off the issue and ride on. I have an appointment so be quick about it. You seem like the kind of lady who can afford more." Paul said looking at her up and down.

she inhaled and exhaled. He stepped in front of her almost at kissing level and stared her deep in the eyes. Her perfume was lovely and the smell on her hair too. He saw her swallow hard. He didn't even know

why he was still trying to get this lady's attention when he knew that she was married. He saw the difficult she had in making a move so he shrugged. He knew this was a childish play but somehow he enjoyed getting her angry if that was the only way he could get her attention. She didn't strike him as the kind of lady who would have too many friends.

He shrugged. "Or better still give me your number." He said.

Chipo couldn't believe the effect this guy had on her. When he stepped closer, she inhaled deeply as if she was trying to memorize the smell of his cologne. She saw him looking down at her lips, she

looked up at his. When he asked for her number, she could believe him.

Twenty thousand or her number. If she transferred that kind of amount to him, her husband would find out. And something in her...the devil's voice said give him the number. And she requested for his phone which he gave to her, and she typed her number and returned it to him. She didn't even wait for his reply and she walked back to her car and with a backward glance she drove off.

Chipso smiled at her friend who had come to visit her two days later. She didn't know why she felt so glad having her friend with her than actually having her husband with her.

And Diana looked better in just four days. Marriage was really doing her well. She smiled up at her whenever she said something about her husband and how wonderful a man he is. Again she reminded herself not to wish for such at all. The same way she had said "He is a wonderful husband." Chipo couldn't help it but remember that her husband was also once wonderful too. Not that she wished her friend any ill luck in marriage. In fact she would never wish her enemy any ill luck like hers.

"So, I was thinking about the mall. Are you going with me?" Diana asked.

"What do you want to do at the mall?" Chipo

asked back.

Diana shrugged. "Just to buy a little thing. I need new clothes. You know those sexy clothes that can confuse your husband. I need you to come with me since you've been there, you've been married for too long, so you'll know the ones that can pull his brains out." Diana said.

Chipo was laughing out loud. "Come on, Dee. Its not that hard to pick." Diana said.

"I know but I want you to be my eyes there. You can always tell the sexy ones from the nunish ones." Diana replied.

"Okay I'll come with you, but you know I have to come back early." Chipo responded.

"Yeah, I know. But this time I'm sure Richard will understand if you come home late. He loves you." Diana said.

Chipo looked up at her as if she didn't understand the word love. In fact she didn't understand that word. As of three Years ago, she had thought she knew the word only to be taught that she didn't know the meaning at all. If what her friend had was love, then what did she have or thought she had with Richard. She smiled ruefully at her friend.

They left for the mall at exactly 17:00 and being the kind of person Diana was, she always wasted time because she wanted the best thing to buy. They were hopping from one clothing store to the other, when Diana finally tried on a lingerie making sexy sounds as she showed Chipo the look on her.

Chipo laughed out loud and Diana finally picked the ones she wanted but as she was the shopping princess, had decided to buy more clothes for herself.

"Come on Dee. You have thousands of clothes." Chipo said.

"I need new ones. Come on. I won't take long, I promise." Diana said and Chipo looked at her wrist watch.

"That's what you said like two hours ago. Its 19:00 already." Chipo said

"Come on." Diana said and didn't even wait for Chipo to reply and she rushed to a rack where she saw something she liked and went in to try it on.

Chipo was making herself busy with feeling her eyes with the gowns she saw when she heard someone say behind her.

"Hello, lady."

She looked up with a start and nearly stepped on him while trying to turn around. His hands rested on her waist, trying to balance her and stop her from falling. She blinked from the shock as she saw Paul. He smiled at her with his hands still on her waist. The image would have passed for kissing lovers and so she gulped. She looked at him

"Hi." Chipso said and turned around to study the clothes. Not that she was really studying them. Her attention was fully on the man still standing close behind her.

"That dress won't look good on you." Paul said.

She stopped at first then moved forward and picked another one.

" That one won't look good either." He said again

She turned at him sharply and glared angrily at him. "What do you want?" She asked.

He smiled... "Easy. I didn't come to look for you princess." Paul said.

"Then, go." Chipso said while looking around

in case her alien of a husband materialised from somewhere. 'What kind of fate?' She thought.

"I'm here with my sister. She came to shop too. So I was wondering. I didn't get your name earlier." Paul said.

"You don't need it." Chipso replied.

He smirked. "Why? Are you a ghost?" Paul asked.

She looked at him, then smiled.

Today he was probably going to see an

angel in his dream tonight Paul thought. when she smiled. Why is it that ladies who rarely smiled had the most wonderful smile? He hadn't expected the statement to make her smile but she did smile. The rude lady smiled. He relaxed and smiled as well.

"So you do smile?" He said.

Oops. Wrong choice of words. the smile left as easily as it came. She turned around and picked another dress, trying out its texture. He wanted to understand this lady. Was she really this rude or what?

She kept herself busy with what she was doing as if he wasn't there and then he felt

the urge to hold her waist and kiss that smooth skin behind her exposed neck. Something with the way she spoke to him pulled him to her. She always acted tough around him like she had the power to slap him and he would do nothing about it. But then whenever she looked at him he saw something else in her eyes. Something akin to sadness...bitterness. But why would a woman this beautiful be sad.

She picked up a light pink dress.

"That looks perfect." Paul said and Chip turned sharply at him as if she was just finding out that he was still there.

"Jesus. What is your problem? What do you want?" Chipo thundered.

He shrugged. "Just your name." He said.

"That's very absurd for you to still be following me like this." Chipo replied.

He grinned. "What do you think I want? To get into your pants?" Said Paul.

Chipo gasped and pulled her fingers together into a tight fist, glaring angrily at him.

He chuckled.

"Get. Out.Of here." Chipo commanded.

"I just told you I came with my sister." He looked around him. "She's around here somewhere. I don't know." He continued to say as his eyes searched through the store.

"Get away from me. Now." Chipo angrily said and he stepped forwards and she moved backwards. She felt the clothe rack against her back and knew that if she stepped back again she could probably embarrass herself by falling on her butt.

Chipo could feel him moving closer to her and she moved back. What the hell was this guy looking for? Was he an agent from hell

to ruin her night.

"Stop.". She said.

" You know as much as I would love to kiss you right now, I still want your name." Paul said.

"Chipo." She didn't even know how the words came out of her mouth and he smiled.

"Chipo." He said as if in a whisper.

"Chipo!!!!!!!"

Someone shouted from behind her and she turned around and blanched.

"Richard.". She responded.

Paul was surprised the guy he had seen at the wedding that day. Chipo looked like she had seen the devil and Paul was confused. If this man was her husband then why was she looking at him like she would pee in her pants any minute? The man in question moved his eyes from him to Chipo wickedly like he would kill her right there and no one would do anything about it. He walked up to them and smiled. Paul looked at him.

Oh really. He thought. That smile was fake

and even a fool could see it. He saw his hands move to his wife's waist pulling her to him. She moved like a dummy. And if he could guess right, he knew her heart was beating.

" Hello." Richard said to Paul while smiling..

Chipo seemed to have practiced her composure because she forced a smile at Paul too.

That's your mask right? Paul thought.

"Honey, you remember the guy from the wedding, right?" Chipo said and Richard

smiled at her too. The both of them didn't know how silly they looked with this act.

"Paul. Meet my husband, Richard." Paul extended his hand for a shake and Richard grabbed it like a robot.

Diana found that chance to come into the picture.

" Oh, hello, Richy Rich." Diana said.

"I didn't know you were here too." Diana said as she looked at Paul and smiled.

"Paul, do you know Richard?" Diana asked.

Paul smiled. "No, I just met him now." He said.

"I was having a business meeting with someone at the restaurant close by when I saw my wife. I thought I should come in and pick her up." Richard said.

Diana smiled. "Awww. that's sweet of you. Chip and I were just shopping. But its okay if you want to leave with her." Diana said.

"No....No..." Chip could shout it out loud but her mouth remained sealed. She smiled up at Diana.

.

"Oh but Diana you wanted me to help you pick some clothes right?" Chipo said to her friend who laughed.

"Oh no. Since your husband is here I don't mind anymore." Diana said.

Paul saw Chipo give her friend a facial message but Diana was looking confused at her.

Richard spoke first. "Paul, Its good to meet you." He said and looked at his wife and smiled. "Sweetheart, can we leave now." He said and Chipo just looked at him like someone who had selective amnesia. As if

she couldn't even recall who he was any more. Richard didn't wait for her to reply and he led her to the exit.

Paul watched them. For someone who made everyone feel like she was the brave hearted and strong willed, to her husband she acted like a puppet. she was scared of him but yet she lived to show bravery. He felt sorry for her and yet he still felt that he liked her the more.

To Be Continued.

[2/27, 16:51] Opharn: WHO RAISED MY HUSBAND

CHAPTER 4

Paul turned to Diana. Chipo was smiling at the both of them as they exited.

With the way the Diana smiled Paul was certain she didn't understand what was going on in her friend's life at all.

"So, that's her husband?" Paul asked and Diana turned to him.

"Yes. Don't they look so cute together.?" Diana responded.

"Indeed." Paul murmured with his eyes still at the exit through which they had left.

Chipso entered into the car in silence. Part of her wanted to explain herself to Richard and the other part just felt like keeping her mouth shut and take whatever she got in a few minutes time. She sighed and closed her eyes resting her head on the headrest. "God, where are you?" She said within herself.

Diana didn't understand what was going on. If she did she would have covered up for her. She didn't blame the her. She was part of the people who smiled at her every time when she passes telling her that she married the best man any woman could wish for. How could she walk put of this marriage and hide her shame? She looked

sideways at Richard and she didn't even need the street lights to see that his face has hardened like a dried concrete as he drove by. She wasn't driving home with the sweet man who had taken her out of the mall. Somehow it still shocked her how he could be really sweet one minute and scary the next minute. As they pulled into the mansion she wished that there had been a heavy traffic jam on the way to delay them a little. But the traffic jam will only worsen his angry state because she would be the one receiving the doubled wrath of Richard.

Richard got out of the car and went in before Chip. She dragged her feet into the house and followed him upstairs to their bedroom. He went into the bathroom and

she stood there uncertain of what to do. Then she turned and pulled off her ear rings and necklaces. She placed them in the jewelry box. Time had passed when she had loved the gifts Richard bought for her. The expensive jewelries he brought home on every trip he went, telling her how he had thought of her when he saw the beautiful diamond or gold necklace or rings. At first when he had first hit her and came home the next day with the most beautiful necklace she had ever seen, she had smiled at him and kissed him and thanked him for making her feel so special. But she knew better now. Now she would trade all these expensive stuff for happiness and peace and love. She just wanted to know how it felt like to be loved by your husband. To go to bed one night with the knowledge that

you were going to bed with your husband not a monster who could just wake up one morning and decide that your life was no longer of any importance and take your life that minute. She would appreciate the feeling of having her own children running around her and her husband kissing her good night and giving her breakfast in bed. But all those were mere dreams and fantasies that would never come true. She turned away from her jewelry box and a hard pressure hit her so hard that she fell to the floor. How Richard always surprised her with his fists.

Whip! Whip! The pain Richard inflicted on her from the head of his belt was beyond death itself. It was excruciating. He slashed

her arm with the head of his belt and she winced.

"What were you doing with him again? Not flirting right?" Richard erupted.

Chipo wanted to speak but his iron belt ran across her face again giving her a deep cut on her cheek. She tasted blood from her cheek down her lips.

"Please." She said but the pain could not let her speak up. She shook again from the sharp pain that landed in her back. She knew that one would really cut her because she hadn't healed at all at the point where the last whip landed. She winced as tears

ran down her cheeks stinging the injury she had on her cheek.

"I...don't know what he was doing there...I.....only went with Diana to shop." Chipo managed to say in between sobs.

"You know how I hate lies! Liar! You bitch!" Richard said as he whipped her.

She cried. "God please take my life." She prayed as she swallowed hard on the pressure of his belt on her back. She stood up and shouted at him to stop.

"I'm not lying!" She snapped. "Its the truth,

Richard! I went with Diana. He only came with his sister." She shouted while crying out loud.

Richard looked at her as if in surprise that she would snap at him like that.

"Did you just shout at me?" Richard asked breathing fire and giving her a death look.

"Oh my God!" She thought and moved backwards.

When he charged for her, she ran out of the room and down the stairs in a rush to elude him, then she slipped and tumbled over.

Hopefully she didn't lose out balance as Richard grabbed her but out of fear she shook him in rage.

"How dare you raise your voice at me! Huh?! You bitch!" Richard slapped her hard. "You have the guts to cheat on me and lie about it!" He thundered.

She fell backwards and braved herself from falling as she held unto the railing of the stairs but she didn't hold on tight and she slipped and fell again. Richard didn't seem to have pity on her as she fell and fell. He still followed her down the stairs with his belt, hoping to hit her again when she got back on her feet.

By the time, Chipo was back on her feet again she reeked of blood like she had just survived a fatal accident. Her face and arms and back were covered in blood. She cried and begged him to spare her. But Richard's eyes were blood shot with rage. He raised his belt up again all the way to Pluto and brought it down with so much force but she dodged then fled the house.

Chipo didn't know where she was going but she hoped she found someone to help her before she fell into the wrong hands. She ran bare footed but her body was weak from too much flogging. she made her way to the main way and waved for cars that passed by to stop for her. Any body. Even a ritualist at that time was better than her

husband. It felt like eternity before a car drove past her and reversed. The jeep winded down its window and Chipo leaned weakly against the window sill. The driver looked at her and she looked back but her weakness was getting to her eyes she couldn't see clearly.

Paul was driving to his home after dropping his bed bug of a sister home at his mother's place. But his he kept thinking about Chipo and her husband. He was surprisingly worried for her. He chuckled at himself. How could he be worried about someone he didn't know much. Someone who seems to hate his presence. And yet someone who intrigued him more. The more he looked at her eyes the more he saw lots of secrets

and pain. His car drove past someone who was waving desperately and seemed to be having a big problem standing on her two feet. He blinked and was thinking that perhaps his mind was working tricks on him again because he was thinking of her. But as he halted the car and saw the lady lean weakly against the window sill, he blanched. She looked like she had been run over by a truck. Chipso! He screamed.

He saw her eyes close and open.

"Please...please...Help me." Chipso said breathlessly.

Paul rushed out of the car to the other side

where she stood to ask her what happened to her, but she crumbled in his arms.

Unconscious... like she had passed out...or was she dead?

*****THE
FOLLOWING DAY

Chipo opened her eyes and blinked turning her face away from the light above her.

"Am I in heaven already?" She said to herself.

The light was so bright that it nearly

blinded her. She winced. The pain was still there. Didn't they teach her in church then that when one was in heaven there was no pain? Then why the hell was she feeling like she had used her entire body to battle with a truck. Then she turned to the faint noise she heard at her right ear and saw someone in a white dress. A lady whose back was turned as if she was busy with something and Chipso couldn't see her face. She tried to move but she discovered that there was something in her hand. Then it occurred to her that she wasn't in heaven after all.

"Damn it! Why was it taking God too long to take my life?" She said to herself as she recalled what had happened last night. She knew she ran out of the mansion with

Richard calling her to stop at once.....No...he wasn't calling her, he was ordering her to stop. But how her weak legs had carried her that far to the main way, she was still at a loss. A car had stopped and that was all she could remember. She blinked.

She also heard voices calling into her to come back but it wasn't Richard's. It sounded familiar and there was only one person with that kind of strong willed voice....Paul.

When she finally work up the following morning, she wasn't sure if she had been dreaming it but she vividly remembered hearing the voice in echoes loud and bold

calling her name to come back.

The lady turned and looked at her, then she smiled. Was it her or did she have a striking resemblance with Paul? She wasn't the nurse because she was dressed in a very fancy outfit. She looked almost like Chipo's age mate..... And she was beautiful.

"Hello. You're finally awake. Thank God."
The lady who looked like Paul said and sat on the seat next to the bed.

Chipo looked around the ward. It was a very big, private ward.

" How long have I been here?" Chipo asked confused.

The lady shrugged, still smiling. "Just last night and this morning. How do you feel?" She enquired.

"Like I was run over by a truck." Chipo replied.

The lady chuckled and nodded. "You did look like you were run over by a truck when you were brought in here last night." The lady said.

Chipo looked at her. "Who brought me

here?" She holding her breath hoping it wasn't Richard as usual.

"Oh, my brother did. He said he saw you on the way and you almost died because you passed out. I'll call the doctor and tell him you're awake." The lady said made turned to leave to go call the docyor but Chipo called her back.

"Wait...who is your brother?" Chipo enquired.

"Paul? You don't know him? He said he knows you." The lady responded.

Paul was the one who had stopped for her?

Chipo pondered.

"And you are..?" Chipo asked.

"Luyando. Or Lulu, whichever suits you best." The lady said and turned and left the room.

Chipo tried to turn on her back and winced. Wrong idea...she felt like she had lain on needles on the bed then she remembered she had been beaten badly there. This wasn't the hospital she usually went to but she didn't know the owner of this one. She sighed and tried to get comfortable. The bed was comfortable enough but her body and arms gave her great discomfort. The

door opened and she expected to see the doctor but Paul walked in instead.

When Lulu had told Paul that Chipu was awake he made a sign of the cross as the Roman Catholic do, said a short prayer and sighed in relief. Paul hadn't been able to rest easily with the way she had slumped in his arms last night. He thought he had lost her. In fact he had nearly lost her when he found out that her pulse were weak and rushed into the car on a full speed, calling the hospital to get ready for him. But she was almost gone but he time he got there and they were trying to revive her.

For the first time in his life since his mother had nearly lost her life, Paul had never been this scared of losing anyone else. He had

thought that she had somehow gotten into an accident with her husband on their way from the mall last night but it wasn't until he had undressed her. He saw the marks on her light skin. They weren't hard to notice. The marks from various beatings. Her Husband had been beating her. He thought as much with the way he acted last night and the way she acted with him, that there was something going on that even Diana didn't know of.

"What kind of a man would raise his hands and beat his wife to the point of death?!" He thought to himself.

To Be Continued

[2/27, 16:51] Opharn: WHO RAISED MY HUSBAND

CHAPTER 5

The thought of having her beaten by that beast made his blood boil. He could never raise a hand on a woman regardless of who she is and what she is.

He stepped in and she looked at him. This was a beautiful lady who a devil like her husband was trying to damage. She was still staring at him and she lowered her gaze as if she was ashamed of what he thought of her. With his hands folded against his chest, he sat on the edge of the

bed and looked at her for a while.

"Hello, Chipo." Paul said. "How are you feeling today?"

Chipo sighed and nodded. "I'm fine. Just a little ache here and there." She gave him a weak smile.

That was smile number two. But the smile left again as fast as it came.

"Do you remember what happened to you last night?" Paul asked.

She looked at him and stared as if she was

trying to remember. "I...I....had an accident."
Chipo said.

Lies!

"An accident." Paul repeated. "What kind of
accident?" He enquired.

He knew the truth but he wanted her to
admit and trust him to say it to him.

"A...car.." Chipo replied.

"What the hell?!" Paul said within himself.

He lowered his gaze. "I see." He replied.

Chipo didn't know what else to tell him. She felt that he would believe what ever she told him since he wasn't the doctor anyway. He wouldn't know the truth. But when he lowered his gaze and murmured, she looked up at him. He knew she was lying. But how would he know that?

"There were marks on your body, Chipo." Paul said after a few seconds of silence between them.

She swallowed hard. She didn't need to be told. She could still feel the plasters at her back and on her cheek.

"It was an accident." Paul said.

"Thank you for bringing me here, Paul. I'll pay the bills." Chipo replied.

She heard him chuckle as he shook his head. "You always have a way of paying for everything don't you?" Paul asked.

Chipo looked up at him and wondered just what the hell he meant by that?!

There was a knock on the door and a tall and pretty looking nurse walked in.

"I'm sorry, doctor. Its time for the surgery."

The nurse said to Paul and Chipo looked confused.

She was wondering who the nurse was she referring to when she saw Paul nod.

"Is everything set?" Paul asked.

"Yes sir." The nurse said.

"Give me a few minutes." Paul said and the nurse nodded and slipped out the same way she had slipped in.

Paul stood up and looked at Chipo as if he was going to say something but was

hesitating. Then he turned and left the ward.

Chipo was still shocked at this new revelation. He was the doctor? Was he also the one who had attended to her? She remembered his voice calling her to come back. It was him! And she had just lied shamelessly about an accident!...

Paul came back six hours later probably after the surgery that nurse had announced.

Chipo was still shocked that Paul was even a doctor. He didn't even look like one and she was still ashamed of the lame lie she told him few hours ago. She knew now that if he hadn't believed her, then he had seen

the marks both old and new while she was unconscious. But Paul didn't come in alone, he came in with Lulu. They were in a conversation and he looked like the girl was boring her. He was in his white coat and had a fancy looking sphygmomanometer hanging around his neck. A nurse came in with him and this one was completely different from the last one.

"Lulu, I'm busy and you're disturbing me."
Paul said.

Lulu made a pouty face and looked at Paul.

"Please, paul. You know you can do it." Lulu said.

Paul looked at Lulu and she blinked like a doll and grinned. Chipo found herself smiling at them.

"Let's talk about this later. Okay?" Paul suggested.

"No. Right now. You will leave here late and drive all the way to your house and avoid me. Don't think that I don't know you Paul." Lulu said.

"Alright, then. I'll do it." Paul said.

Lulu smiled, planted a kiss on his lips and

left with a goodbye at Chipo.

Paul sighed and turned to her and stared at her.

"What?" Chipo asked Paul as he stepped forward.

"I don't know. You seem to be smiling better than before." Paul replied.

Chipo didn't pull back her smile. She nodded towards the door.

"She's a cute lady." Chipo said.

"Who? My sister? She's more like a bed bug." Paul said and took the folder from the nurse, studying it.

"She's your age Chipo . I'm sure you both can get along well. She's not hard to love. And she makes friends easily." Paul said while his eyes were still on the chart board.

"How old do you think I am?" Chipo asked.

He looked up at her and grinned. His smile was affecting her in ways she couldn't explain. Maybe because she was beginning to feel comfortable around him, or that she wanted him to forget about the shameless way she lied...she didn't know which one.

"I know you're twenty one Chipo." Paul replied.

She looked at him in surprise and he laughed.

"Relax, I haven't been stalking you. Diana told me last night." Paul said.

"Oh! Is it so?" Chipo said as Paul went back to the chart board.

He looked at the nurse. "She's awake and stable. I don't think there's any need for the drip. You can remove it and let her start

taking tablets." Paul said and the nurse nodded.

"Yes sir." She said.

Chipo looked at them as the nurse took the folder and left the ward.

Paul looked down at her and then settled at the chair beside her bed.

"You know you can sit on the bed. I won't bite." Chipo said and he grinned.

"I'm sure you won't. You don't look like one who would. But I'm in my coat which can be

harmful to you considering the fact that I have been walking around the hospital in it." Paul said.

She nodded. "Do you work as a staff here?" Chipo asked.

Paul just smiled. "You want to pay me?" He teased.

"I didn't mean it like that I just....I'm sorry about the way I lied earlier. I know I should have told you the truth but then I was just ashamed." Chipo said.

He stared at her for a while. "Ashamed of

what?" Paul asked.

"Of...my rudeness towards you. My meanness and my cold attitude." Chipo said.

Paul watched Chipo lower her gaze while she spoke and saw that this lady was ashamed of being weak in front of people. She was ashamed of being the one to attract pity to herself. The mask was gone. He could see the true Chipo. The one who built a hard wall around herself so people won't see how shaken she is inside. So people won't pity her...or laugh at her.

"Look at me when you talk to me Chipo."
Paul said and she shook her head without

looking at him.

"Chipo." Paul said in a whisper. But she heard it. "Come on. Look at me. Do it."

She slowly raised her gaze at him and he saw tears. Real tears! He had never imagined that she was the crying one.

"Good God! What had her husband done to her?" Paul said within himself.

Their gazes locked and she couldn't control her tears. His hand lifted and he gently gripped one of her hand resting on the bed.

"I'm sorry for breaking down like this Paul."
Chipo said in a broken voice. "Thank you for
saving my life."

"Diana doesn't know about it, right?" Paul
asked.

She shook her head. "No one knows about
it. Just you." Chipo said in between sobs.

"Why didn't you tell anyone?" Paul asked.

"I couldn't. I just couldn't do it." Chipo
replied.

"I thought at first that it was one of those

marriage issues but then it got worse. I didn't want to tell anyone because it was my fault. I rushed into it so fast. We got married in just a few months. I just couldn't wait any longer to be his wife. I was so in love....I couldn't wait. What do I tell them? That I finally realised that I should have waited? It sounds funny and they will all laugh their butts to the ground." Chipo explained in between sobbs

"Chipo, this is your life. You can't keep hiding and dying slowly. You don't even understand what happened to you last night. You were already gone. We had an xray on you and one of your ribs is fractured." Paul advised.

Chipo looked at him.

"Why did you have to carry this alone? He doesn't deserve to have you. If he keeps hitting you like this, he's a fool. You have to do something about it." Paul said.

"I can't. He's my husband. For better for worse. That's what we said at the altar." Chipo replied.

"So...for better for worse, huh? And he hits the worst into you and when you die, he'll take on the next lady and keep hitting her." Said Paul.

She sniffed. He saw her close her eyes as if trying to calm down. He moved forward.

"Chipo." Paul said and she looked up at him.

Damn! She looked so vulnerable, he wanted to kiss her there. He wanted to reassure her that she had a friend and ally in him. A confidant. But he noticed that she was still holding back. That's why she acted tough to everyone. Because she was scared of showing them what she was going through.

"Chipo." Paul said again.

But the words couldn't come out. He was

looking at those eyes. Those soulful brown eyes that showed him her heart. Her bleeding heart.

"You can't let him end your life like this Chipo. You have to do something before he does it for you."

"I can't kill him." Chipo said.

"Good God! Am not talking about that." Paul said within himself.

"That's not what I meant. I won't advice you to kill any one much less him." Paul said.

She stared at him again and lowered her gaze and he knew she was crying again.

"How could she have suffered this for three years?! Endured his molestations and beatings for three whole years and still be alive." The more Paul thought of it, the more he fell in love with this strong and extraordinary woman.

She kept crying and he gave her hand a light squeeze, leaning forward, he placed a light kiss on the top of her head. If she felt it that's unknown because she gave no sign.

To Be Continued.

[2/27, 16:51] Opharn: WHO RAISED MY

HUSBAND

CHAPTER 6

*****FOUR DAYS
LATER*****

"Why didn't you tell me all about it, Chipo?"
Diana said to Chipo at hospital.

Chipo lowered her gaze in shame.

"Look at you. You look like shit!" Diana said.

I'm sorry, Diana. I know I should have told

you but I just couldn't." Chipo replied.

"Chipo, I am your friend. We could have worked something out. I can't believe that bastard would raise his hands on you like this. And to think that you've been going through this for three years. Its too much Chipo. You could have died, I hope you know that." Diana said.

Chipo nodded. "But I didn't." She replied.

"You didn't because Paul happened to be there...No! Paul was actually passing by and what if he didn't see you? Or worse, what if he had not passed by at all?" Diana roared.

Chipo said nothing.

Diana was mad at Chipo for keeping quiet but with all her scolding, Diana actually made a point.

The thought of what if Paul had not seen her or passed that way at that time. She would have died there and no one would have known of how she died or who caused her death.

Paul had been nice enough to her and Chipo was beginning to wonder what she would do now. She didn't want to go back to her parents place just yet. She wanted Richard far from her for now. And he had been calling her persistently as if he expected her

to still be alive after the beating he gave her.

"Have you told Aunty J about all this?" Diana said and she looked sharply at Chipo.

"No. I don't want to tell them." Chipo replied.

"Chipo, you have to stop this. You can't keep it away from her. She's like your mother now, her and her husband are your parents now. And look where your silence has led you. You're still young. Too young to be traumatized about marriage." Diana advised.

"I'll tell them but I can't stay with them. I

need to find a place to stay. I don't want Richard to find me just yet." Chipo replied.

"Why don't you come over to the house. You can stay with us." Diana suggested.

Chipo thought over it and shook her head. "I can't. It's too easy for Richard to find me there. Besides I don't want to be a burden to you and Rahim." Chipo responded.

"Who says?" Diana asked her.

Chipo smiled. "With your honeymoon exercises Dee." She teased and Diana chuckled.

"You still find a way to be funny in this state?" Diana asked and chuckled again.

Chipo smiled. "I'm serious, Aliyah. I don't want to be a bother. And if he doesn't find me, he'll come there that you know very well Dee." Chipo said thoughtfully.

"Yeah, you're right. But where will you go? Will you lodge in a hotel?" Diana enquired.

Chipo shrugged.

But when she had said her plans of a hotel to Paul, he had kicked against it, saying

that she needed to be at a place where she can be on constant watch daily. Paul had a point in that too and he had offered to take her to his mother's place. She almost refused but then that was the only place Richard didn't know.

*****ONE

WEEK

LATER*****

Chipo had been with Paul's mother for days and she was recovering slowly and getting herself back. But she hadn't heard or seen Richard, apart from his persistent calls and text messages telling her how sorry he was and how he wanted her back to him.

Chipo stared at his last message for what seemed like an eternity. The man wasn't even sure if she was still alive or if he had killed her with his beatings and he still kept calling and texting her.

Paul came from time to time to check on her and visit. His mother wasn't a problem.

"Its a good thing, you're here,dear." Paul's mother had said, few days later when she had joined her in the kitchen.

The house was very big, almost like the one she lived in with Richard but the woman still made her meals herself. She looked

younger than a woman who would give birth to someone like Paul and Lulu.

Paul's mother smiled and said. "Am glad you are here because that young man I call son of mine rarely visited me. But now he comes here frequently like this is where he kept a secret bag of money that he doesn't want anyone to touch."

Chipu laughed and said. "I'm grateful that you're harboring me in your home, ma. I'm really grateful."

"Oh, don't be like that. Paul has taken in a lot of women into his own house but he has never brought one to me with earnest

pleading that I take good care of her like he did in your case. So I'm not uncomfortable. At least I can talk to someone. Lulu, that girl?" Paul's mother shook her head. "She's something else. She hardly stays at home and she always hangs around with friends."

The woman smiled. Chipo smiled back.

"This woman could have made great friends with my mother." Chipo thought as she fought back her tears.

Someone stepped into the kitchen and Xhipo looked up and smiled. Paul smiled back as he went to give his mother a kiss on the cheek.

"Oh, you came early, dear." Paul's mother said to him.

"We were about to start making dinner. Do you mind sticking around a little more?" She asked Paul.

Paul looked at his wristwatch.

"Don't you dare, son." His mother said to him.

Chipso knew he was only doing that to pull her legs and he smiled and then laughed. His mother laughed along with him.

This family was the best after her lost one.

Paul joined at the sink where Chipso was washing the cabbage. She smiled up at him.

They were nearly at kissing level and Chipso was very aware of his nearness and how his heart was beating. The truth was that she was beginning to like this guy. Paul had hinted to her of his feelings even if he knew that she was married but she knew that he wasn't going to court a married woman. He was just the kind of person who loves to be outspoken.

"Hey." Paul said and smiled.

Chipo returned the smile. "Hey." She said.

"How have you been?" Paul said and washed his hands too so he could take the cabbage from her.

Chipo laughed when he went for the knife.

"You don't want to do that." Chipo said to Paul.

Paul looked at her and grinned.

"Why? Afraid that I'll cut it better than you?" Paul teased her.

"No. I'm surprised because I know you can't cut it better than me." Chipo replied.

Paul gave Chipo a challenging look.

"Really? I can cook too. You'd be more surprised." Paul said with his lips curving into what Chipo deemed the smile of the century.

Chipo looked at his mother when he winked at her and the woman shifted her attention immediately to the cooking pot on the stove as if she didn't even know what was happening. As if she didn't know that Chipo had caught her smiling.

Chipo went closer to Paul and whispered.
"Stop it, your mum is here."

Paul looked at his mother and whispered back to Chipo, "Who says she isn't listening to us right now?"

He placed a quick kiss on her cheeks and laughed as she hit his arm, blushing. Her beauty was coming back again and she seemed to be glowing more than the first day they met.

"Oh, I forgot my phone upstairs. I'll be right back." Paul's mother said and left the kitchen with Paul smiling like a total fool as

she left.

Paul turned to Chipo.

"That's her way of saying I saw you both but carry on any way." Paul said and chuckled.

"You're impossible." Chipo said and collected the cabbage from him turning to cut it.

"So you can cook,huh? I swear, Paul. You are so full of surprises." Chipo said with her back to him.

She shook when she felt the heat of his

body so close behind her. When she tried to turn, he placed his hands on her waist and kept her back to him.

Paul brought his lips to her right ear.

"You'll be more than surprised to know that there are so many other things I can do." He whispered.

Paul's voice was seductive. Chipso almost lost herself. She paused what she was doing and turned her face to look at Paul. But his gaze went down to her lips.

Chipso swallowed hard.

Paul leaned forward and brushed his lips over hers. Chipo sighed.

She looked up at him and closed her eyes softly as she felt some strong connection. She's never been kissed or touched by any other man apart from Richard. And she thought she would never let any other man do that or better yet got close to her the way Paul did.

Paul's gaze was watching Chipo as if he expected her to start floating that minute. He moved to give her a real kiss but someone cleared her throat, bringing both of them back to planet earth.

Paul's mother passed a look to her son as she entered and he winked at her, and smirked.

But for Chipo, she focused on cutting the cabbage. But she wasn't really focusing, she trying to gain her composure and deal with the butterflies in her stomach.

To Be Continued.

#Note The main purpose of this story is to voice out on behalf of women like Chipo. To bring it to light that these things happen everyday in society either to our friends and family. Sometimes the one who laughs and

smiles a lot is the one who is in the deepest form of pain and depression. I appreciate the comments and the reactions from all of you dear reader but my appeal is that you share this story so that it reaches as many people as possible. In doing so, you and I will help in changing the future of our daughters who will be wives. We will help someone reconsider that not only the girl child deserves to start being groomed at an early age but the boy child too so that when he grows up, he makes a good husband for someone's daughter.

[2/27, 16:51] Opharn: WHO RAISED MY HUSBAND

CHAPTER 7

Chip was beginning to smile again. Paul had counted how many times she had smiled before him and her had made a calculation of twenty in just three weeks.

That was a good start for someone who hardly smiled at all. And her beauty was returning to normal again. The beast was still calling her and Paul knew that Chipo didn't pick any of his calls.

Days later Paul came over to visit again and met them about to have dinner again. He had joined the family and sat beside Chipo at the dining as he watched her laugh at something his mother said. She was becoming free with him and with his family like they were hers.

After that dinner Paul had followed her to her bedroom with his mother's eyes giving him the warning look.

"I went to Church today with your mother and Lulu." Chipo said to Paul when she stood at the balcony of her bedroom with him leaning against it, his arms folded on his chest. She smiled up at him.

"It was wonderful. Did you know that I haven't been to the church in three years?" Chipo confessed and chuckled.

"Funny because, Richard never allowed me to go. In fact he forbade me to go to church.

But I had a wonderful time today." Chipo said.

Her eyes were out in the dark of the night and she stared out in space, smiling.

Paul studied her for a while.

"I'm glad you had a great time." He said.

Chipo smiled up at Paul again.

"Smile number twenty one." Paul said in a low voice but Chipo heard and let out a shy laughter.

"So you will not stop counting huh?" She asked and Paul nodded his head and winked at her.

"Thank you Paul. Thank you so much for helping me." Chipo said after taking a deep breath.

"Its nothing." Paul replied And smiled down at her.

"And I didn't know that you are the owner of that big hospital. See why I said that you are so full of surprises?" Chipo said.

Paul laughed out loud. "Well, I'm not really

the owner. It belongs to my stepfather. He's dead though, Road Traffic Accident, so I'm the owner now." Paul said.

"I'm sorry." Chipo said.

Paul nodded, he was still studying her. Then she looked up at him.

"My parents died in a Road Traffic Accident too." Chipo said forcing back her tears.

"Both mum and dad. They were coming from Livingstone when they met their fate. The bus they were in hit into an incoming Ford Ranger and overturned." Chipo said

almost crying.

Paul looked at her confused.

"Where exactly did the accident happen? Which date?" Paul enquired looking puzzled.

"14th March, four years ago, at a curve in Zimba." Chipo replied.

Paul looked at her with a loss of words. He fought hard to hold back his manly tears but it was like trying to push a loaded goods train so his tears came out.

Chipo looked up to him and she saw his

tears as he blinked and looked away.

"What's wrong?" Chipo enquired as she used the back of her hand to wipe away her tears off her cheeks.

"My stepfather died on the 14th of March four years ago. He was driving a Ford Ranger on his way to Livingstone. When he got to Zimba, a Shalom bus field to negotiate a curve and collided with his car. He died on the spot." Paul said and sobbed silently.

Upon hearing that, Chipo got confused. She broke out and cried. Paul hugged her and they cried together for minutes.

When they stopped crying, they remained in the position they were in. Their bodies touched as they hugged each other in total silence. The only noise they heard is of their heartbeats and the sound of them breathing.

"Something tells me that you knew all along that I was going through hell with Richard. Why didn't you say anything? How did you know." Chip broke the silence.

Paul grinned. "Because I'm not stupid." He said and released her then turned and leaned his hands against the railing, facing the dark night.

"I knew Chipo. I always knew something was wrong with you. I don't know how but I just knew. And I was sure of it because I've been where you are. My mother suffered the same thing with her first husband. That's why she took a liking in you easily. Because you remind her of how she was able to leave the bastard called my father and meet my stepfather." Paul stated.

Chipo looked down at her hands resting on the railing. "Oh. It must have been hell for her." Chipo said.

"It was. She almost lost her life. Lulu is my stepsister. She was born after my mother

married my stepfather." Paul said.

Chipo smiled and said. "I'm glad that she was able to pull through. Paul! Your mother is a nice woman."

Paul smiled at her.

Chipo's phone rang again and she looked up at him.

"It's Richard." Chipo said when she saw who was calling.

Paul gave a wicked grin and snatched the phone from her.

Chipo gasped and raised her hands to get it back but Paul was much taller than she was.

"Paul. Stop. You can't pick the call." Chipo pleaded.

"I can give him something to dream about." Paul said grinning.

Chipo laughed. "Don't be ridiculous, Paul. Give me the phone." Chipo towered for it again and Paul held it away from her reach as she raised herself trying to match his height.

Paul bent down to look at her face but his lips accidentally caught her lips and as though it was a reflex act Paul's other hand gripped her waist and pulled Chipso closer to his body.

Chipso nearly fell backwards because she was caught off guard just that Paul's hand held her waist pulling her body to his and kissing her like never before.

When Paul was sure that she had calmed down and he heard her moan, he brought down the hand that held the phone which had stopped ringing and started again, using that hand to wrap around her completely. And they stood at the balcony like two secret lovers, kissing while Chipso's

phone rang and rang and kept ringing.

Diana stared at the unwanted visitor at her door. Richard stood there like a wet puppy looking at her. Then she smiled at him.

"I'll let him play the fool." Diana thought.

"Richard! Hello. How have you been?". Diana greeted him.

But Richard gave her that innocent smile

that could make a priest ask God for mercy on behalf of a murderer.

"I'm good, how are you?" Richard replied.

"Never been better." Diana said as she stood looking at him and he was looking back at her. Not that she didn't know what to do next but she just wanted to make Richard look like a fool for coming to her place.

"Oh, sorry. Come on in." Diana said when she was satisfied that she had made a fool of him.

Richard nodded like an idiot and stepped in with Diana staring at his back as if she had seen a vision about how he would die in her hands.

Diana husband stood at the end of the living room and he did best to hide his feelings.

Diana was trying so hard to but she just couldn't.

Richard sat himself down and both the couple stared at him as if they were expecting to see the mad man instead of the saint.

To Be Continued.

[2/27, 16:51] Opharn: WHO RAISED MY HUSBAND

CHAPTER 8

Rahim went to sit on the sofa, pulling his wife Diana with him and she complied.

Richard looked at them, then looked around as if he was looking for someone.

"Search for her all you want, fool." Diana said within herself.

Rahim smiled up at Richard and he smiled

back.

Since Rahim married Diana, she's been ever glowing. Rahim believed women were like edible plants. That you have to water them with love, cultivate them with care, watch over them and protect them like God does because if you do so, she will bare the best fruits that you will enjoy feeding on. He was what Diana would describe 'A Heavenly Husband'. Rahim was a successful business man. Having ventured into business at an early age awarded him in having a spot. Having moved from Grass to Grace or rather from rags to riches, Rahim was the most kind person and had a heart for people for he knew what it felt like to lack. He was blessed with a woman's care

and he never hesitated to show it.

*****THREE
YEARS AGO

Rahim and Diana met at the mall in Kitwe when he went to visit his family. He had gone to buy a few groceries for them. As he was making payments at the till, something prompted him to look at the entrance and there he saw the most beautiful girl he's ever seen. Something whispered into his soul saying, "She's the one. That's your wife. Now go and get her." Rahim left the till and exited the store but he didn't leave. He waited for her to come out.

After 30 minutes or so, he saw Diana coming out with some luggage. As he was

waiting, he was also trying to come up with a move on how to approach the girl. He thought he had made the perfect gameplay but when she got close he froze and he watched her pass by. He just smiled at her but she didn't see it.

Diana went to the Taxi rank but unfortunately there was no single taxi available. She was getting late for class.

When Rahim got to his car which was parked just an inch away from the Taxi rank, there she was, the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen. He quickly put the groceries in the car and starred at Diana.

"Excuse me miss." Rahim said after he saw

Diana panicking as she was nagging in a low tone while checking the time on her wrist watch.

"Hey, hi." Diana replied but didn't look at him.

"Which way are you going? You seem to be late." Rahim asked.

Diana didn't say anything. She just gave him that eye that said, "Hey, stop disturbing me, mind your business."

"I can drop you off, am not really that busy." Rahim said.

Diana checked her watch again and stomped her foot on the ground and nagged.

"Please, I'd really appreciate. Class is in 10 minutes, I really have to make it." She said.

Rahim walked to her, carried her groceries and led her to the car. He packed her groceries and opened the door for her.

Diana was impressed with his gentleman behaviour.

"Where's your school?" Rahim asked.

"CBU." She replied.

Just then her friend Chipu called to find out where she was.

"Am almost there, please carry my laptop bag, I'll meet you in class." Diana said and later cut the call.

Rahim was driving a little too fast so he didn't engage her in a conversation apart from asking her which School she was at and her name.

When they got to CBU, Diana directed him to her hostels. She quickly got off, picked

her groceries and rushed inside without even saying thank you.

Rahim knew better than to wait.

When Diana came out she was surprised to still see his car parked there.

"I thought you left." Diana said.

"I have to get you to class first." Rahim responded.

Diana walked to the car and entered.

Rahim drove her quickly to the lecture hall with her aid. She said her thanks and left.

When Rahim was driving back he kept scolding himself for not getting her number.

When Rahim got to his destination, while getting groceries from the car, he noticed an extra plastic bag that wasn't his. He checked the contents and there were sanitary pads and some pant liners.

"Wow, God of miracles." Rahim said to himself and put back the plastic in the car and went inside the house.

The following day, being a Saturday, Rahim started off as early as 9:00 going to CBU taking back the plastic. He dressed nicely and he made sure he was smelling good. He wanted to look more appealing when meeting his would be Queen.

When he got to CBU, he went and parked the car at the same spot he parked yesterday when dropping her. He got out of the car and stood in front leaning against it.

Slay queens would pass, some half naked, some making seductive moves but he wasn't moved, he was there for only one person and nothing was ever going to shift his focus. Some girls would be heard saying "ba Sponser..... ba sponser" But still he paid

no attention.

After what seemed like forever, Diana walked out with only a towel covering her up to her boobs. She saw Rahim and was a bit confused as she walked to him.

Rahim saw her and swallowed hard. He's heart began to race but he quickly gained some composure.

"So just coz he gave me a lift he should now start following me around. Why are men like this?" She said within herself

"Hey Dee, hi." Rahim said.

Apparently Diana loved it when someone called her Dee. So she gave out that beautiful smile and when Rahim saw it, he was completely gone. He'd even have gone down on one knee and ask her to marry him. But that was just too early.

"Hi you, how are you?" Diana replied.

"Am Rahim. Sorry I forgot to tell you my name yesterday" He said to her.

"Oh, Okay. Nice to meet you Rahim. And really thank you for yesterday." Diana said and just starred at him waiting for him to tell her why he came.

"You forgot something in my car, so I thought I should bring it as soon as possible." Rahim said.

"Oh, really? Thanks, I didn't even notice that I had left something." Diana said.

Rahim just smiled and got the plastic she left and handed it to her.

Diana was engulfed in embarrassment as she noticed she had left pads and pant liners.

"Thank you." Diana said shyly.

"I also got you chocolate, some snacks and I wanted to leave my flash drive with you, there are really good movies so that uh.....I thought since you...uh...maybe you....uh" Rahim said but other words left him.

Diana looked at him as he struggled to talk and she chuckled. "Wow, this guy is amazing." She thought.

It was like Rahim knew Diana. She was obsessed with chocolate. And whenever her monthly visitor would come, she loved being in bed, having some snacks while watching movies. She was even suppose to go around getting movies from her friends

but Rahim just got her a complete package.

"Wow, am speechless. Do you read people's minds! I mean, how did you come up with all this? Wow, you just don't know, you've made my weekend." She said.

They talked for almost an hour. They talked about a lot of things and even exchanged numbers when Rahim was leaving.

From that day they began talking and seeing each other. Rahim was to be in the Copperbelt for just 3 days but he ended up staying there for two weeks.

When he got to Lusaka, they continued communicating. They had connected so so much. They didn't even know when they fell in love or when they started dating.

Everything just fell into place naturally. So their anniversary they decided should be on the date they first met at the mall. They were the best of friends and three years later they got married.

*****BACK TO THE
PRESENT
DAY*****

"Richard, how have you been? Its been a while since the wedding." Rahim said.

Richard smiled. "Yes. It has. I've been good and you?" He responded.

Rahim shrugged and Diana forced a smile then Richard shifted in his seat.

"Um...I came to see Chipo." Richard said.

Both Rahim and Diana blinked at him.

"Chipo?" Diana spoke. "She's supposed to be with you isn't she?"

"Yes, but I haven't seen her in three if not four weeks now." Richard said and looked up at them. His facial expression to Diana

looked like one of those cartoons she used to watch as a kid.

"Why? What happened?" Rahim enquired with a straight face.

That's why Diana loved her husband. The man knew how to make one look like an idiot.

Richard looked down at his hands. "We had a little argument. And um.... she got upset and left the house. I've been calling her persistently but um..... she's not picking any of my calls or um.....replying any of my messages." He concluded.

Diana starred at her husband in shock. This man was a bloody liar! Chipo had been living with a beast!! Diana pondered.

"Wow." Rahim said. Either that he was surprised at the news or at the way Richard came out, trying to make it sound like a heart touching story.

Diana snapped her fingers as if she just remembered something. She looked up at her husband.

"Babe, that's the reason why I've been calling her and she hadn't been picking up. Oh my God. Are you sure she's okay?" Diana said looking at her Richard..

Diana then looked at her husband.

"Why don't you try her parents place?"
Rahim asked.

"She's not there either. They don't even
know where she is." Richard responded.

"This man is the devil himself!"!Diana
thought.

Chipo's parents were aware that she wasn't
with her husband but she didn't tell them
where she was.

"Oh my God." Rahim said. "We don't know where she is Richard. My wife has been worried sick about her best friend and she was about to come to your house to look for her."

Richard nodded and bowed his head. He said his thanks and left the house with Diana sniffing with rage at him.

"Why did you have to go out?" Paul asked Chipu from the other line of the phone.

Chipo smiled as she tried to put the groceries she bought into the car. She had borrowed his mother's car to go shopping for her.

"Relax Paul. She wanted to send the maid and I just had to take it up instead. I haven't been out in weeks and I'm becoming bored staying inside." Chipo said.

"Well, you can always have me keeping you company.". Paul teased her and she laughed.

"You are crazy." Said Chipo.

"I know, right?" Paul replied. "But am Chipo crazy, am only crazy about you." He said.

Chipo chuckled. "Are you at work?" Chipo asked, opening the driver's side to get in the car.

"Yea. I am." Paul responded.

"Okay." Chipo said.

She was about to get in the car when she saw Richard standing in front of her. She froze. She didn't even hear what Paul had said. Her hands became weak and the phone became a bit too heavy and it

dropped from her hands.....

To Be Continued

[2/27, 16:51] Opharn: WHO RAISED MY
HUSBAND

CHAPTER 9

Chipo picked the phone while looking at
Richard

"I'll call you back." She said to Paul trying to
sound calm.

"Is everything okay?" Paul said. He must
have sensed the tension in her voice even if

she tried to be calm.

"Yes. Everything is fine. I'll call you as soon as I get home." Chipo said.

"Okay, bye." Paul said to her and she hung up without replying.

Chipo stared back at Richard who stood in front of her but he was neither smiling nor angry. He looked like someone who had been given a death wish. Chipo was beginning to think she was the one who had just been given a death wish. She stared at Richard like she has never seen him before. Actually she has never seen him in three weeks, almost a month when she would

have been dead.

Diana had visited Chipo earlier and told her everything that had happened when Richard came looking for her at Diana's. Chipo had known it would come to that. She thanked God she never went to stay at her friend's place.

Richard stepped forward but Chipo remained where she was. Normally she would have moved back in fear.

"Hello, wife." Richard said.

Chipo knew that she had never ran away

from him before even with everything he had done to her and she was sure that after two days he had expected to see her back at the house regardless of what had happened. But he didn't have the pleasure of seeing her run back to her.

"I haven't seen you at the house lately. What happened?" Richard said.

"Are you kidding me?!" Chipso said writhing herself as she looked at him and walked to her car.

Paul chased after her, pulling her hard.

"Chipo, please. I want you back." Richard pleaded.

"Richard let go off me.". Chipo said not wanting to look at him.

" Chipo, please. Don't do this. I'm sorry about what happened. I don't know what came over me and I shouldn't have done that." Richard pleaded again.

Chipo looked up at him. "Really? Then after two days you'll repeat these same words to me. It's no longer a new thing to me because I already know those apology words by heart. Get your hands off me Richard before I scream for help." Chipo

said.

"Chipo, I promise to change. I will change, baby. Please don't do this to me. I need you back." Richard continued to bed.

"Richard, move!" Chipo snapped. She didn't want to look at his face because the psychotic guy seemed to know how to attract pity with the way he made a face. She kept her gaze to her car instead.

"Where do you stay? Where are you now?" Richard enquired softly.

"Get out Richard. Its none of your business."

Chipo pushed him away from her and quickly got into her car and zoomed off without heeding the voice of her husband to wait.

Chipo drove into Paul's mother's house and rested her head against the head rest to gain her composure back. The tiny tears that were forming at the corner of her eyes were brushed off by her handkerchief and she sighed and pulled herself back together.

*****LATE
R ON THE SAME
DAY*****

Paul joined them for dinner that night. But

he didn't sit beside Chipo, he took his position opposite her.

Chipo heard Lulu say something to everyone about how her day at school was today and how mean her lecturer was.

Paul made a big joke out of it and everyone laughed with Lulu shooting sharp gazes at him.

When Paul's eyes met Chipo's, he smiled and winked at her. She blushed pink and lowered her gaze smiling.

When Chipo raised her gaze at Paul's

mother, she was giving Paul a look which meant that she had seen them.

Paul lowered his head and laughed.

"Leave the young lady alone Paul." His mother said.

Paul grinned. "Oh, mum. But you know I'm not used to leaving beautiful young ladies alone." He replied and his mother chuckled.

While it was time to take the dirty dishes to the kitchen Chipso had helped Lulu do it but she could feel Paul's eyes on her, smiling at her.

Chipo heard foot steps in the kitchen while she was washing the dishes and knew whom it was even before she felt the brush of his strong hands on her from behind.

Paul's hands skidded down from her shoulders to her hands that were already soapy and in the sink. His hands went in there and enclosed her hands.

"Paul, what are you doing?" Chipo said but her voice was failing her.

"How did your day go?" Paul asked.

"It went well." Chipo said as she remembered the encounter with Richard but her memory played tricks with her when Paul's hands lifted her soapy hands up to her chest. She chuckled with her eyes closed.

"What are you doing?" Chipo said and she heard Paul chuckle.

"Showing you something." Paul said as his hands guided hers up to her neckline.

Then with her soapy hands Paul's hands went into her blouse to her breasts beneath her bra, rubbing gently against her nipples. The wetness of their soapy hands and the

way he rubbed against her breasts brought pleasure to her and a sigh escaped her.

Paul smiled. "You like that?" He asked her.

Chipo gasped and felt dizzy as she smiled and nodded. " Yes, I..." But she couldn't go on with her statement.

The voice and foot steps of Lulu interrupted them as his sister stepped in and she was on phone .But they had already stopped.

Lulu looked at both of them and she must have sensed a tension because Paul was grinning at her and Chipo was feeling shaky.

She put her hands in the sink smiling at Chipo.

"Its okay. I'll do it." Lulu said.

Chipo smiled and left the kitchen.

Lulu looked up at her brother.

"You're impossible." She said.

Paul just looked down at her little sister and laughed...

Chipo stepped into her bedroom and looked

behind her to see if Paul had followed her. But to her dismay he didn't. She wanted him to follow her. The crazy act in the kitchen earlier was something she had never experienced with anyone else before not even Richard.

"Richard!". She remembered their brief encounter. Nowadays the thought of him alone gave her the wrong vibes. She chided herself because she knew she shouldn't be acting like a sexually frustrated bitch but she was sexually frustrated and Paul wasn't helping. She knew of his feelings for her and she didn't push him away. She didn't know why she hasn't pushed him away. She's supposed to be married and faithful to her husband even if he was a beast. But

whenever Paul was around her, she lost herself to his nearness, his touch and his kisses. Even his voice was beginning to affect her and she had only known him for a month!

This wasn't right. She was still scared of rushing into anything that has to do with her feelings.

The door opened and she saw Paul walk in, but he was on the phone.

He looked up at her, walked up to her and took her hands in his as he was seriously in the conversation.

"Alright, I'm listening." Paul paused and played with her fingers absent mindedly.

"Is he calm now? What did you give him?" Paul paused again.

"Alright, keep him under watch. I'll be there in....say, thirty minutes." Paul played with Chipo's wrists still on the phone, he slid his hands to her waist.

"They want to see me? Why? Is there anything else apart from the pain?" He paused. "Okay. I'll be there soon." Paul hung up and pulled Chipo to himself, kissing her forehead. He looked into her eyes and smiled.

"Well, I'll be damned. I seem to be touching you too much these days. A married woman." Paul said to Chipo.

She smiled at him.

"Well, you haven't said you don't like it so I don't think I will stop." Paul said and watched her, expecting her to say something.

Chipo didn't know what to say. So she said the first thing that came to her mind.

"I don't want you to stop.". She told him and he grinned.

"Then I won't stop." He said.

"How was work today?" She asked and he shrugged.

"The usual. I have a patient waiting to see me now. I don't know why they want to see me. There are so many other doctors there. And the best ones at that.". Paul replied.

Chipso smirked. " Maybe its a young lady. And she wants to see you?" She said.

"Ah, so I'm that good looking." He smiled back. He studied her for a minute, brushing

off strands of massive weaving from her face.

Chipó wanted him to kiss her so badly that she stared at his lips.

Paul smiled. "What?" he said.

"Nothing.". She said and turned away from him.

"You know when you look at me like that it only makes me want you more." Paul said and chuckled.

"I must be the worst sinner to be this in love

with you." Paul said to Chipo and she turned again to look at him.

"What did you say?" Chipo said. Her heart was soaring right now that she wanted him to repeat what he just said to her but Paul only grinned.

"You seem like you have something to tell me. What is it?" Chipo chuckled. "Am I that transparent?"

"Of course you are. So transparent that I can see even your lovely nipples right now..." Paul said as he stepped closer to her and whispered. "And your lovely light skin... how smooth they are and how they

can respond fast to my touch."

Chipo could feel her heart rate increasing.

"Dear God." She thought. No wonder they said the road to hell was broad. She would gladly take that road even this once. She sighed and looked up at Paul but he looked impressed at what he just did to her.

"So, what's the problem?" Paul said immediately, changing the subject.

She cleared her throat as if the effect of his words had blocked her speech.

"I saw Richard today Paul." Chipo said.

Paul didn't seem to move an inch or make any sound so Chipso didn't know if he was calm or shocked at her words. He looked like he wasn't surprised and wanted her to continue.

"At the super market." She said.

"Are you afraid?" Paul asked.

She turned away from him and walked to the window. "I don't know Paul. I feel like he is following me. What if he finds this place? What if he comes here?" Diana said.

Paul walked up to her. "Do you want to go back with him?" He asked.

Chipo turned sharply at Paul. "No! Of course not. I'd rather die Paul." She said.

"Then you shouldn't be scared. Do what you should have done a long time ago." Paul said to her.

Chipo looked up at him and he stared back at her.

*****LATER WHEN
PAUL GOT TO THE
HOSPITAL*****

"You should be fit and strong in...six more months or so." Paul said to his patient who had surgery the day Chipu was admitted. An old man in his late sixties who had a kidney transplant. His young daughter stood behind her father and smiled. She was the same lady he had exchanged numbers with at Diana's wedding but hasn't been calling her much even though the lady called him from time to time. The old man smiled at Paul.

"Thank you, son." The old man said to Paul who smiled.

"Its nothing at all, sir." Paul responded.

"I hope you find a good wife for yourself."

The old man said and smiled up at his daughter then at Paul who was looking at both father and daughter, confused.

"What's with the matchmaking Papa?" Paul thought.

"She's a good one you know. And I won't object." Paul laughed and nodded. "Okay, I'll keep that in mind."

"Dad, that's enough." Filly said, not that she wasn't enjoying the discussion.

They both left his office with him smiling. He was just twenty eight for crying out loud. Filly has never hidden her ideas of having a relationship with Paul since the time they got talking after the wedding. In fact Paul was sure she had discussed this with her father, for him to make such remarks. And the man seemed like the kind who was very fond of his daughters especially Filly.

Paul's land phone rang and he picked it. His secretary's voice came in.

"Hello, doctor." She said.

"Yes? Is there any other patient?" Paul asked.

"No sir. But there is someone here to see you. A man." She said.

"Is he a patient?" Paul asked.

"No, doctor. He doesn't have a card here. But he said he has an appointment with you." She said.

Paul frowned. "He's not a patient and he has an appointment with me?" He asked.

"Yes, doctor." The lady said.

"What's his name?" He asked and the the

lady paused.

To Be Continued....

[2/27, 16:51] Opharn: WHO RAISED MY
HUSBAND

CHAPTER 10

#WARNING (EXPLICIT CONTENT)

He said his name is Mr. Richard sir." She responded.

Paul paused. "Richard." He repeated.

That name... He only knew one Richard.

"Alright. Let him in." Paul said and he hung up, waiting for his visitor. Some minutes later the door opened and he stepped in.

The Beast, Richard.

"Paul Himwiinga?" Richard called Paul out.

Paul nodded. "That's me." He said....

Paul stared at Richard like an animal watching his prey.

Richard stood there and said nothing.

Paul studied this man. Looking at him no one would believe that he was such a person. So calm.

"I'm sure you know who I am." Richard said and Paul smiled.

"Of course I know who u are. Please sit." Paul responded.

Richard took a seat.

"I came for business, Paul." Richard said.

"What kind of business?" Paul asked.

"I want my wife back. And I know you are aware of where she is...since you both seemed to be...very acquainted." Richard said looking at Paul directly in his eyes.

Paul understood what he meant by acquainted. With the way he picked his words carefully he knew the man was insinuating that he and Chipu were lovers. He still had the guts to accuse his own wife. Bastard!

"I want you to release her.". Richard demanded.

"You speak as if I kidnapped her." Paul replied.

"I could always say you did Paul." Richard said.

Paul was getting angry but he smiled at the man instead. If he was able to handle his own father, he could handle the piece of cake he thought.

"Tell me, Richard. How did your wife leave the house?" Said Paul while looking at Richard straight in his eyes.

Paul saw the discomfort in Richard's face

and smiled again.

"Well, shegot upset and left me." Richard responded.

"Liar!" Paul said withinhimself.

"Really? And you haven't seen her for weeks?" Paul asked.

"What are you saying? That I had something to do with it?" Richard asked.

"Oh, but I haven't said anything like that. Unless you know you had something to do with it." Said Paul.

Richard looked at him as if Paul could hit him.

Paul watched Richard beneath his thick lashes. Bring it on, he thought.

"Whatever happened should be between my wife and I. And I want my wife. Tell me where she is Paul." Richard said.

"What kind of arrogant man is this?" Paul thought as he leaned back in his chair and shrugged.

"I have no idea. If you want your wife back

then you should be able to know where she is." Paul responded.

"Well, I don't. And I know that you do. So tell me." Richard demanded.

"I already told you mister. I don't know where your wife is." Paul said.

Richard stared at Paul then banged his hand on the table in anger.

Paul looked at him, unmoved.

"Damn it! Paul tell me where she is." Vented Richard.

Paul gently leaned forward. "This is my office Richard. In case you forgot. I won't allow such display of madness here." He said to Richard.

"When I find out that she's with you, you'll be sorry." Richard stood up to leave but Paul wasn't going to let that threat slide.

"Richard." Paul called him out.

Richard looked at Paul.

"I'm not surprised your wife left you. If she could stay with you that long, then I feel so

sorry for her. You're just like the patients I see everyday. Sick." Paul said.

Richard stared at Paul for a while and walked out of the office.

Paul stared at the door he just left through and he knew that all won't be well for a few more days or perhaps from now on....

*****ONE
WEEK
LATER*****

Chioi hadn't seen Paul in a week and she was beginning to miss him badly. He called

from time to time but she knew all she wanted was just to see him. To hear him tease her as he used to. His mother had hinted about him being extremely busy and Chipso understood the life of a medical doctor especially one who owned two big hospitals that were very popular in the city.

Chipso hasn't stopped thinking about her last encounter with Richard and his visit to Paul. She occasionally looks behind her to be sure he wasn't following her around. But that night, the maid had knocked on her bedroom door and given her the most shocking news of her life.

"He said he's your cousin, ma." The maid said.

Chipo looked at her in total shock. "My cousin? What did he say his name is?" She asked.

"He didn't say, ma." The Maid responded.

Chipo stood and went out the door to the living room and stopped in her tracks in shock.

Richard! He was dressed in a white T-shirt and black jeans and he stood up and smiled at her when he saw her. She wanted to turn and face the maid in anger but then she remembered that the maid only delivered the message she was given. She inhaled and exhaled.

"Chipo. Hello." Richard said and she turned around and was heading up the stairs when she saw him run up to her, holding her hands and pleading with her to hear him out.

The maid passed by and gave them a look.

Chipo composed her self and went down the stairs to a seat in the living room.

Richard sat beside her.

"Chipo please forgive me. I'm sorry. I'm really sorry for what happened." Richard said and she said nothing. She only frowned

and stared ahead.

"Baby, I'm so sorry for doing that to you."
Richard said.

"Very good Richard." Chipo said to him.
"Your performance is very good. You're
sorry? I don't think so. I think you're good at
drawing sympathy to yourself. That's what I
think." Chipo lamented.

She was already thinking of how Richard
was able to find where she was.

"Chipo... baby, come on. Don't do this to me.
Don't leave me. Baby, I'll die if you leave me.

I know I acted bad to you..." Said Richard.

Chipo turned sharply at him and cut his speech. "Bad? Is that the right word for your madness? All those times you hit me and called me names and molested me, abused me....almost killed me...you call that bad? I would have died Richard. I was nearly gone. You really have some guts to even come and show your face here again after what you did to me." Chipo thundered.

"I'm sorry. I let my anger get the best of me. I was so jealous of seeing you with him..." Richard pleaded.

"You've always been jealous of seeing me

with everyone, Richard. That's a lame one you just gave." Chipo said.

He lowered his gaze and lifted it again to her. He took Chipo's hands in his and she snapped it away from him.

"Please don't push me away. I love you, baby. I really love you and I don't want to lose you." Richard said.

"You don't love me Richard. You love yourself and you've always loved yourself. No one else." Chipo responded.

Richard went down on his knees. "Chipo.

I'm so sorry. believe me. Please, Babe. Come back to me, please." He begged.

"You've over stayed your welcome Richard. Leave." Chipo ordered him.

"I can let you be with your friends again. I will give you what you want. Whatever you want. I'll try to be the best man you'll ever want. Even if I know you have your heart on someone else." Richard said.

Chipo looked at him, then stood up to leave.

Richard held her back. "Chipo, don't do this to me. Please don't leave me for someone

else. I'll die if you leave me. I'll take my life."
He begged.

Chipso closed her eyes and battled with her mind and her heart. She wanted to leave him and she also wanted to take him back. To go back with him. She knew that she wasn't ready to see him just yet. She knew that if she saw him she could mess up and run back to him. He still kept pleading with her and begging her to come back. She pulled all that was in her, the picture and voice of Paul invaded her thoughts. His words, smiles, and she pushed Richard away from her and rushed up the stairs without a backward glance. She got to her bedroom and shut the door, leaning against the door, she let tears run down her cheeks

as she slid down to the floor of her room. She needed Paul. She wanted to see him. She really wanted him to hold her right now. She waited and waited. When it felt like several hours had passed, she picked up her cellphone and was sure Richard had left. Then she went to tell the maids that she won't be home till the next day, she left the house and drove off.

*****LATER THE
SAME
DAY*****

Paul opened the door and was surprised to see Chipso standing at the door.

Chipo smiled up at him. And walked in when Paul stepped aside for her to pass. He hadn't seen her in a week. Not that he was avoiding her, he had missed her so badly that he found every chance to call her and know where she was or how she was doing. He was even worried about her that he started calling his sister, telling her to always keep her company and not leave her alone. His sister had complied at once.

Chipo looked around the big house and smiled at him when he closed the door.

"You have a beautiful home." She said.

He smiled and came close to her.

Chipso could feel her heart beating. When Paul stepped closer to her she could perceive the strong smell of his cologne and his refreshing smell of his bath soap. He had just had his bath.

He smiled at her. "Thanks." He said and led her to the sofa. "How did you know my house?" Paul asked.

She smiled and shrugged. "Lulu."

"Ah. Yes, the bed bug." Paul said and she laughed.

"What can I get you?" He asked her.

"Nothing." She replied.

"Well, I don't think that kind of refreshment exists." Paul teased her.

She laughed again. "I'm serious, Paul. I just haven't seen you in a while." She said.

He grinned "I always knew I am attractive. A lot of people have been trying to see me in a while." Paul said.

"Really? Don't give yourself too much importance." Chipso said and smiled.

"Oh but I know I am important. How are you doing today?". He asked.

She merely shrugged.

"You're becoming more beautiful than the last time I saw you." Paul said.

"Oh Paul. You really do know how to make a woman feel special. I know your wife will be thrilled to have you." Chipso said.

He grinned. "How do you know its not going to be you?" Paul said.

She stared at him when she understood the truth behind his words.

He stepped closer to her and brushed the back of his hand on her cheek. "I'm serious when I say you're beautiful Chip. Never doubt that. From within and on the outside, you're beautiful." Paul said.

She only looked at him. He leaned forward and gave her a feather like kiss. Her eyes closed and he pulled back to look at her, watching her sigh. He brought his hands to the back of her neck and pulled her forward for a long deep kiss. Chip sighed and moaned and leaned into him with her hands wrapping themselves around his neck. He pulled her down with him so she was lying

on him on the sofa and he was on his back with his hands around her waist holding her against him. Chipso could feel the pressure of his manhood.

He looked at her.

"Why did you want to see me?" Paul asked, gently pushing her hair aside so he could kiss her cheek and her neck.

"I don't know Paul. Richard came to the house today." She replied,

He looked at her. "I just couldn't...I wanted to see you Paul. I missed you so much." She

said.

Paul smiled. "You know I'm glad to hear that. I've been busy I couldn't find the time. Even though I missed you like crazy." He said.

Chipo was the one who leaned down to kiss him and this time it was deep and fierce and he pulled her so close as though he wanted to have all of her at once. She moaned and sighed and her hands went down his stomach, lifting his shirt so she could feel him. When she moved her hand down to his zipper, he pulled back.

"Wait...what are you doing Chipo?" He asked her.

She looked at him, panting hard. "I want you Paul. I want you so bad. Please." She said.

"Chipu stop. We can't...What happened with Richard today?" He asked.

"Nothing. He just wanted me to come back. But I don't want to. That's not it Paul. I just want you." She said.

He stared at her for a few seconds, then pulled her close and kissed her. She lifted herself, straddling him, and pulled off her blouse. He sat up to take off her bra, exposing her light smooth skin and her pink hard nipples which were already aroused.

He stared at them for a while and shook his head.

"I'll be damned. You look so beautiful..." He said within himself as he brought one full breast up to his lips and sucked her like a little baby.

Chipo's head fell back and her eyes fluttered shut. She arched her back and placed her hands on his head pulling him closer and encouraging him. "Damn, this felt like Paradise." She thought. She heard him moan and felt his tongue flick her nipples as if he was playing with them. He drew on her nipples lightly and let them bounce back. Then he looked up at her and used his tongue instead of his entire month,

teasing and rubbing the tip of her nipple. Chipo shivered and moaned, pleading with him to put his mouth on it. The torture was something she had never felt even with Richard. Something sweet and her whole body on fire.

"Paul..." Chipo said to him and he chuckled still playing with the tips of her nipples.

Paul lifted her bridal style and took her upstairs to his bedroom, fully and slowly he undressed her. She lay on the bed and watched him undress with his eyes locked on hers. Chipo was seeing the body of a man. A beautiful body. What he did to her downstairs was something she had never experienced before. Even Richard hadn't

given her such foreplay before.

Paul came down on her, kissing her as his hand travelled all the way down the triangle of her legs. He stopped to look at her and he smiled.

"You feel lovely here." Paul rubbed her in circles. She sighed.

"Yes...that's it. That's what I want to see. Wonder what will happen if I go deeper..." Paul dug into her with two fingers and started thrusting in and out, slowly.

"I love how you feel in there Chipopo." He

whispered to her. "I love everything about you."

Chipo was swimming in the ocean of fire. Her entire body was in different directions and she was confused. She hasn't experienced this kind of love making before. She had been hearing of foreplay but she hasn't experienced it with anyone. He increased his pace and Chipo couldn't take it anymore. When it seemed like her body would explode she shuddered violently. "Was that an orgasm? It felt great." She thought. Most time when Richard would have sex with her, he'll only do his thing and roll of her. But Paul was only using his hands and yet.....

He parted her leg wide for his touch and placed his mouth on her. Chipo looked down in shock but she couldn't speak as his tongue took her on every inch of her body. He sucked...rubbed...sucked and flicked his tongue in a swirling rhythm. He reached up and kissed her lips, then turned her over on her stomach. Chipo was confused until she felt his hands enter her again from behind. She was so wet, she moaned.

"Damn." Paul said. "I could drink all of you right now. You re so wet....Yes, that's it baby."

She felt another orgasm rising within her and she buried her face into the sheets to keep from shouting.

"That's it. Its okay, I'm with you, baby." Paul said.

"Paul, I can't..." She said in between moans.

"Yes, you can. Go ahead, sweetheart. Let go." Paul said.

She came again , surprisingly. He smiled to himself. But it didn't take long after he had placed intoxicating kisses on her neck, before he pushed into her from behind. Chipso wasn't sure she knew what he was doing and she tried to turn away from him, but he placed his finger on her clitoris and rubbed gently.

"Calm down. I'm only going to show you how much I treasure you." Paul said.

His strong whisper came into her ear and she relaxed. He moved deeper and deeper until she had taken all of him and he moved. Thrusting in and out of her with ease and patience...and love. His control snapped and he pulled out of her. He didn't want to come just yet until he was completely feeling her every muscle around him. He pressed her unto her back, spread her legs wider and plunged into her. Chipso sighed and wrapped her legs around his waist to hold him there. He drove in with strong and sure speed. Then he moved to her ear,.

"You have to come one more time Chipo."
Paul said.

"I'm tired. I don't think I...can." She said
breathlessly.

"I know you can. Come on, baby. I want you
to slide in with me. I want to feel you.
Okay?" Paul said.

Chipo was still doubting it with her eyes
closed when she felt his fingers slid down
again, manipulating her tired nerves. Then
the pleasure rose again and she tightened
around him. He in return increased his
speed and they both came. She shuddered
and he shuddered, pouring all of him into

her..body and soul...

To Be Continued...

[2/27, 16:51] Opharn: WHO RAISED MY
HUSBAND

CHAPTER 11

*****THE
FOLLOWING
DAY*****

Chipo stirred and stretched with her eyes opening after several blinks. She saw Paul looking down at her resting his head on his palm which was being supported by his

elbow. He was smiling down at her. Last night had been awesome to her. She smiled back. Chipo felt wonderful because even if he hadn't used protection she knew she couldn't get pregnant because the doctor had said so during her first year of marriage. And she was seriously looking for an excuse to leave Richard. Infidelity was the only way since death has refused to take her.

"Good morning." Chipo said and Paul bent and kissed her lips.

"Good morning. You sleep like an angel." Paul said and she laughed.

"Oh, please Paul." Chipo responded,

"I'm serious. I love the way you sleep."
Said Paul.

Chipo turned to face him. "So you've been watching me sleep?" She asked.

"I just happen to be an early riser." Paul said as he kissed her lips and she responded in a passionate one.

"I hope you're not too tired? I can't seem to get enough of you." Chipo said and Paul grinned then she laughed again.

"Of course not." He replied.

Paul's hands moved over her body, tantalizing her breasts at the same time. She moaned in his mouth and pulled him down to her body, opening her legs wide for him. Paul didn't object. He moved into her with a steady movement. His hands entwined with hers, lifting them up above her head and kissing her as he drove in, until they were both exhausted and panting hard.

Afterwards, he carried her bridal style to the bathroom, placing her into the large and wide bath tub. When he started the water he noticed her eyes on his body and he smiled.

"I'm glad you like it." Paul said and grinned.

Chipo blushed pink and tried to hide her smile. "How are you sure I'm admiring your body?" She said.

"Because I know you are." Paul said as he stepped in with her and started bathing her body.

Chipo didn't know if Paul was bathing her or seducing her because his hands moved slowly and seductively with his eyes on her face, inspecting her.

He moved his soapy hands to her breasts and was putting the lather on her but she was feeling the pleasure his hands imposed on her body. He lifted the sponge to her nipples and stroked in light feather like movements, watching her.

"I love the way your breasts respond to my touch." Paul said, smiling. "Like they've been waiting impatiently for it."

Chipo threw her head back against the tub and sighed and Paul chuckled.

"Let's see if this will bring the triangle between your legs back to life." Paul said and ran the sponge down, slowly down...to

her most sensitive place.

Chipo moaned and Paul let go of the sponge, placing either of her legs apart so they were spread like a woman birthing a child though the water was above Chipo to her neck, she still felt his fingers dig into her. She sighed and gasped at the same time.

"You like that?" Paul asked.

Chipo didn't respond. She only sighed.

"Tell me Chipo . What do you want? Do I go deeper?" Paul asked again.

Chipo sighed more as his hands swirled around her clitoris.

"I want you to tell me what you want." Paul said.

Chipo was trembling seriously and she wanted him to go into her but she couldn't find the voice to say so.

"Do you want to feel me inside you?" Paul asked.

She nodded and Paul chuckled.

"Say it." Paul request.

"Yes..." Chipo managed to say.

Paul's hands dug inside her and she gasped with pleasure. Pleasure washed over her when he used his thumb to caress her clitoris and dig his fingers into her at the same time.

"Do I go deeper?" He asked again and she nodded.

He dug in deeper ...and deeper....then faster till she was sliding into the bathe tub, he lifted her to the wall, drove furiously into her, crowding her with his body as her legs wrapped around him. He moved

fast...faster until they were both empty and over come with pleasure. She felt her muscles tighten around his penis which was still inside her, driving deeper with a pace she had never experienced before. Then she came. Few minutes later he filled her with his seed.

*****ONE MONTH
LATER*****j*****

Paul and Chipo were getting inseparable. They spent time together most times and she almost forgot that she was still married to Richard. And her husband was still persistent in coming and sending her flowers early in the morning, with romantic notes on them. He sent her messages of

how he loves her and wants her back with him. He was beginning to do those things that he did before she married him. Those things that made her head turn and ring church bells in her head before she said yes to his proposal of marriage. But this time the situation was different. This time, she was no longer in love with him any more. This time she wanted a divorce and she was certain of it.

Just the previous Richard came back with a bouquet of flowers and he had seen Paul there too. He looked at Paul like a mortal enemy but still stated his reason for coming. Same old story. But Chipso had told him clearly that she wasn't interested in the marriage. She wanted a divorce. Richard looked like death itself when he looked at her and begged her to stay with him.

But her mind was made up.

*****THREE

WEEKS

LATER*****

Paul sat in his office leaned behind his chair and was deep in thought. He was in love. No doubt that Chipso had stolen his heart completely. He hadn't touched her since the time he had made love to her endlessly.

That day had been the best day of his life.

Paul smiled at the memory of it and smiled at himself because he knew he was going mad with her. Chipso. A married woman. And he still couldn't take his mind off her no

matter how hard he tried. She compelled him most times...No.... She compelled him right from the time he set eyes on her at the wedding. She was an embodiment of beauty and bravery. A strong virtuous woman. He was still in deep thought when a knock was heard on his door, tearing his mind from Chipso immediately. He looked up.

"Come in." He said and the door opened to reveal two men in suits.

"Mr. Paul Himwiinga?" One of them asked.

Paul looked at them. Their faces would never ring a bell even if he were drunk and asleep.

"Yes, that's me." He responded.

"I am detective Ian and this is my colleague Machina. You are under arrest for the kidnap of Mrs. Chipu Manda."

Paul looked at them in shock.

"What?!" Paul exclaimed.

"You have very right to remain silent or else anything you do or say will be used against you in The Courts Of Laws." Ian said and nodded to his colleague Machina who went forward and seized Paul.

"What the hell are you talking about?" Paul asked....

Machina was about to cuff Paul but he refused saying he was complying, he was violent and he didn't want to cause alarm and lose clients who might think he's a criminal when in fact not.

"It's standard procedure sir, I have to put cuffs on you when executing an arrest, even when taking you to an interrogation room am suppose to do so. So please give me your hands peacefully. " Detective Machina said as Detective Ian agreed.

Paul stretched out his hands and the detective cuffed him then walked him out of the building. Luckily it was almost 19:00 and on that day there were no clients around.

As he was led out of the building, Paul told the secretary not to inform anyone of this and she nodded in approval but she still went ahead and informed Paul's mother. She told Paul's mother that some detectives from Woodlands Police have taken in her son on grounds that he kidnapped Chipso.

The detectives drove Paul to Woodlands Police station where they detained him waiting for further instructions from the

high offices.

*****THE
FOLLOWING
DAY*****

Chipo looked at Paul as he stood opposite her separated by thick steel bars of a dirty cell. He lowered his head facing the dirty floor of the smelly cell and raised it to look at her and smiled.

"How are you Princess?" Paul said.

Chipo sighed. She hasn't been okay ever since yesterday when she learnt of his

arrest. And she knew she was the cause of it. Paul's mother hadn't blinked a sleep at all last night and neither did Lulu, his sister. No one had slept at all.

"You're still trying to make a joke even in this state?" Chipo said and Paul shrugged.

"My mission babe. That's my mission for you. To make sure you are okay and safe, I don't mind going through this, I just want you to have peace and to be happy." Paul replied.

Tears rolled down Chipo's eyes as Paul looked at her and held her hands that he managed to pass through the thick steel

bars.

"Hey, don't cry. What's the matter? Where's that fire ball I fell in love with?" Paul said when she saw Chipu in tears.

"Stop it Paul. We both know who is behind this." Chipu vented.

"Ba boss ndiye ba Madame aba? Basiyeko ya volo. Madame nangu chi ten chabe. Tina basunga mushe ba Boss, taba pasa na pogona (Boss is this your madam? She should leave us money for cigarettes. Madame, even a K10 can do. We will keep him well. We have even given him a place to sleep.)" Vega the cell captain said.

Paul looked at Vega the cell captain and told him he that he will give him the said money later then he turned to Chipo who was still in tears.

"Its okay Chipo. I've already contacted Mr. Lukundo Sibande my lawyer, he is on the case and I've refused to say anything until I see my him." Paul said.

"Richard knows the truth Paul. He knows and he's doing this to spite the both of us. He wants me to come back. That's what he wants." Chipo said in tears.

"No. I won't allow you go back to that beast.

He can do whatever he pleases but you won't go back to him." Paul said and Chipo saw how adamant he was. But she knew better who her husband was.

*****LATER ON
THAT SAME
DAY*****

Chipo kicked the door opened and stepped in, glaring angrily at Richard.

Richard looked up at Chipo and smiled.
"Hello wife. Its a beautiful surprise to see you back home." He said while smiling.

"What kind of a man are you Richard?"

Chipo thundered.

Richard's smile faded. "I don't know what you mean." He said.

"You know what I'm talking about. Paul did nothing to you. Why are you acting like a child? Grow up for God's sake!" Chipo breathed fire.

"He did nothing to me? That idiot took what's mine and he had it coming coz I warned that mother fucker. He has what's mine and until he decides to release it, then I'll think of letting him go." Richard stated.

"What the hell are you talking about?" Chipo asked him shooting him with an angry eye.

"I know the truth Chipo. But even if he has a million dollars I will still fight for what's rightfully mine. You think I don't know of your affairs with him?" Richard vented.

"Don't be ridiculous Richard. Let him go. You know its a false accusation. He did nothing to you. All he ever did was help me. You should be thankful Richard, that time you beat the life out of me, he was the one who saved my life!" Chipo thundered and Richard lowered his gaze.

"In life one has to be careful what ever

foolish and childish act they make." Richard said and paused, look in at Chipo straight in her eyes. "That mother fucker dared me Chipo, he dared me."

Chipo laughed. "Dared you. Oh, Richard you can't do more than a dead rat can do to him if he was to dare you and you know it. Let him go before this all gets worse." Chipo advised.

"He has to let you go first!" Richard replied as he shot a wicked eye at Chipo and then he snapped. "You are my wife Chipo. Regardless of the fact that you have been sleeping with him even before you left me. You are still my wife. Till death, remember? Let him leave you alone first and I'll let him

go."

Chipo stared at Richard for a while. She wanted Paul to be free. She wanted him away from there. No one was to suffer for her own mistakes. She sighed.

"I'll let him out." Richard said.

Chipo looked up at him in surprise.

"But only on one condition." Richard said.

"What?" Chipo asked.

"You'll come back to me and we will start over again. Like a peaceful couple we should be. You won't talk to him or see him ever again. That's my condition, Chipo. Unless you still want him in jail." Replied Richard.

"You must be insane Richard. Its official. You're truly out of your mind. You know Paul can still get himself out of there in no time. They will find no evidence against him and if it gets to the court it's his word against yours because I will testify against you. So all your conditions are useless." Chipo vented.

Chipo turned to leave but Richard called her back. She paused.

"Don't try me Chipo. I can make this work out the way I want it and you know it. You know the kinds of connections I have, from State House to the Judges, even all the way down to the thugs in Chibolya, am all connected baby. Be careful what you say to me because I'm the one with the gun here and I can pull the trigger when ever and wherever I damn please." Richard warned.

She slowly turned to him and smiled at her.

"So what is it going to be? Him or you? The ball is in your court now wife" Richard said.

Chipo blinked and swallowed hard.

Richard was sitting on a bar stool at the bar in their house, sipping on his whiskey while watching her.

"Decide, Chip. Paul's connections can't outweigh mine. We can give it a try if you want" Richard said and shot an evil smile to Chip.

She closed her eyes and inhaled and exhaled. "Fine. Let him go." She said between her teeth. with her eyes still closed, she added. "I'll stay away from him."

Richard smiled..

To Be Continued.....

[2/27, 16:51] Opharn: WHO RAISED MY
HUSBAND

CHAPTER 12

*****TWO DAYS
LATER*****

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Aunt
Juliet asked two days later when Chip
went to visit.

Her Uncle, being a very hard to read man
had placed himself at one end of the living
room, reading a newspaper as if it was

none of his business. He had been the one to kick against the idea of Chipo's marriage to Richard because he didn't trust him from the start (That's the reason why Richard used to send him huge amounts of money in his account to win him over) Chipo looked up at her Uncle in shame. He was the reason she didn't visit them while she was staying with Paul.

Paul had been released already after that stupid deal she made with Richard a few days ago.

Chipo nodded and her Aunt sighed almost to the point of tears.

"I knew it. What kind of husband is this?"
Aunty Juliet said.

"When Richard had been coming and coming I should have known something wasn't right." Aunty Juliet said and looked at her husband who had turned the next page of the newspaper to read, unconcerned about the who ordeal.

"Honey, you're not saying anything. Do you want your niece to die?" She asked her husband.

Her husband looked up at her, then passed a look at Chipso who lowered her head to her hands.

"What do you want me to say? I said all I could say the day she insisted on marrying that excuse of a man. Look! Go to the store room and you will see lots of your husband's gifts which are almost getting spoiled, I've never touched them. Even the money he's been sending, I've never used even a single ngwe, it's this woman here who knows what she does with it. All for what? So he can keep destroying your life with our eyes closed by the gifts and money? I told you it wasn't right but what did you say? That she's our only niece and we were all she had so we should support her happiness." He said as he looked at Chipu.

"Are you happy now? What do you want me

to do? I will not be disgraced because of you Chipo." He said to Chipo.

Chipo was already crying and her Aunt turned to her husband in tears too.

"Uncle, please I'm sorry." Chipo said but he didn't burge. The man was hard to crack and Chipo knew that he was very angry with her. Perhaps that's one of the reasons she hasn't found happiness in her marriage.

"Uncle, I'm sorry." She said again.

"Don't do this honey. She's the only child of my late sister, our only niece, we are her

only parents. It was a mistake, people learn through mistakes, please just try to hear her out, please" Aunty Juliet pleaded to her husband.

He turned sharply at her. "My only niece will not bring me shame by leaving her husband's house." He said as he looked at Chipo.

"Go back to your husband's house Chipo. That's what is required of you now." He said.

Chipo sniffed and went down on her knees, holding the leg of her uncle.

"I know I erred. I should have listened to you. I have to do it for Paul. Please Uncle, I'm sorry." Chipo begged.

She knew how much her uncle loved her even with her stubborn attitude that she displayed sometimes. Her aunt gave her uncle a pleading look.

"I'm not asking you to take me into your home. I'm only asking you to forgive me uncle. Please I'm sorry." Chipo continued to beg.

His uncle sighed and looked up at the ceiling as if he was trying to get a direction from above then he looked down at his

niece and sighed again.

"I should have investigated this before you went into that marriage. God knows that I'm angry with that man for what he did to you. But what do you want to do now?" He asked looking at Chipo.

She sniffed and looked up at him. "I want a divorce." She said.

"Divorce? But that is against our faith? Unless he is dead or has been sleeping with other women. You were not raised like this. Have you forgotten your upbringing? Have you forsaken the words and ways of your mother?" He said shooting Chipo with a

serious look.

"Has he been sleeping with other women dear?" Aunty Juliet asked Chipo and she shook her head to disagree. Chipo was sure of Richard being faithful to the core in that aspect.

"And you have never been unfaithful to him, I'm sure of that." Her uncle said and Chipo looked down at her hands watching them with the side of her eyes. They both looked down at her in surprise. She said nothing.

"Chipo!".

They both chorused.

*****ONE WEEK

LATER*****

Chipso moved back in with Richard and truth of the matter is that she was unhappy. She even went about her salon business as usual.

Then one day, she was surprised when she saw Paul walk into her salon. She had missed him and she hasn't seen him ever since he was released. She had stopped picking his calls either. Not that she hasn't been dying to hear his voice but she couldn't do it. She looked up at him as he

entered her office that day and a part of her wanted to go to him and hug him, kiss him and tell him how much she missed him. He stood in front of her .

" Hey Chipo." Paul said.

She looked at him. He was looking more handsome than the last time she saw him. "God help me." She thought and smiled up at him.

Paul knew Chipo well enough to know that she had just given him a fake smile. He didn't know what was wrong with her these days and he wanted to find out why she has refused to pick any of his calls or reply to

any of his messages. But he just hoped it wasn't what he was thinking. He had almost gone crazy not seeing her at his mother's place when he went there because he was surprised she stopped calling, picking his calls and replying to his messages. He wanted to see her and hear her voice but the Chipo he always saw, the one who had a laughter of a four year old girl, the laughter that made you want to laugh with her....that Chipo wasn't the one he was seeing now. He was looking at the one who had put on the mask again. The one he had first met.

"How have you been Paul." Chipo asked.

Paul nodded. "Great. How are you doing?"
He said.

"I'm doing great too. I heard that you have been released. That's good to hear." Chipo said.

Paul watched her. She wasn't the kind to blab. What the hell was going on.

"Why haven't you been picking any of my calls? I was damn worried about you. Are you back with your parents?" Paul asked.

Chipo looked up at Paul and shook her head. She turned away from him, he was compelled to walk up to her and he did, placing his hands on her shoulder but surprisingly she pulled away from him.

"No, I'm not at my parent's. I am back with Richard." Chipo said and smiled.

Paul paused as he looked at her. He couldn't have heard right.

"What?" He asked and she sighed, raised a smile at him and nodded.

"Yes. I have decided to work it out with him. We have decided to start over again." Chipo replied.

She was blabbing again.

"Who decided? You or the both of you?"
Paul asked her in disbelief.

Chipo turned away from him. "We both decided Paul." She responded.

"No...No....Look at me when you talk to me Chipo." Paul said. He was used to looking at her eyes when she spoke. He could see through her that way. And she already knew it so she turned around and refused to face him.

Chipo was hiding her tears so she turned around. And Paul was no fool. He always loved to look at her eyes when she was talking to him so he could tell what she was

feeling. And she wasn't going to allow him to see through her. She kept her back turned to him and chuckled.

"Oh, please Paul. What's the use? We both knew it would come to this. You and I can never happen and you know it. I'm married. You knew that I am married before you came for me. I wanted to go back to my husband which I just did." Chipso said. She knew she was hurting him because she didn't hear anything from him so she pulled herself together and turned to face him. He looked straight into her eyes. Damn!.

"Chipso what are you doing? Do you want to kill yourself? Listen, I don't care if you decide to go back to your husband

afterwards even though I love you like crazy but I would have agreed if the man in question isn't a psychotic bastard like Richard. But, baby I want you to be happy. That's all I want. What the hell are you doing?" Paul said.

"He's my husband Paul. And I love him." Chipo said with so much certainty. She looked straight at him. "So I've decided to go back with him and work things out. And he has changed a lot. He's calmer now." She said.

Paul couldn't believe his ears. What did she think she was doing? Then it stuck him like a bolt of lightning. "Oh My God!" He looked at her. "Chipo... baby tell me the truth. Did

you make a deal with him? Is this all a part of the bargain you made with him?" Paul asked and Chipó inhaled and exhaled then smiled up at him.

Fake smile.

"Of course not." She replied.

She wasn't telling him the truth and he knew when she was lying.

"Chipó please don't lie to me. I know what I'm seeing and it's different from what you're saying.." Paul said.

"Can you please stop looking at my eyes?!"
Chipo snapped and turned around. "I
already told you. I don't love you Paul. I love
Richard! How else do you think I got
married to him without loving him?!" She
shouted and Paul looked at her.

There was something Paul was feeling right
now that was the fact that she was trying to
cover up something and the fact that he
was feeling a sharp pain in his chest right
now. Her words injured him.

"You know I'm not trying to turn you away
from your husband. No matter how much I
love you I still want you to be happy, baby.
And you can't blame me for falling head
over heels for you. You know that." Paul

said and left.

The next thing Chipso heard was the door shut. She broke into tears.

"I love you Paul." She said in tears.

*****LATER
THAT
DAY*****

That night Chipso couldn't sleep. She lay in bed trying to forget how her day had gone, trying to forget that she had just lost Paul completely but the more she tried the more she kept thinking about him. She was in

love with him. Richard had drained all the love she had for him with his fists and now Paul had replaced her husband in her heart. But how could she forget the man who had taught her how to love without a fault. She heard the door open and knew it was Richard. The room was dark but she knew he still saw her in bed with her back facing him. He must have thought she was asleep because he didn't say a word, he just went to the bathroom to shower. It was few minutes later before she heard him come out again and felt the depression of the bed with his weight on it..Memories of her love making with Paul came back to her and she closed her eyes. Then her eyes flew open when she felt Richard's hands on her shoulder and his lips on her bare skin. She felt irritated and she pushed him away from

her.

"What the hell are you doing Richard?"

Chipo said, sitting up to face him as she put on the light beside her bed.

Richard smiled at her. "Come on, baby. I've missed you badly. I want you, please." He said.

"Richard, I'm tired. I had a bad day at work and a hectic one too. I can't." Chipo said.

"Why can't you?" Richard asked as his face darkened with anger.

"But you never feel tired when he tries to get between your legs do you?" Richard thundered.

"Don't be impossible, Richard. You don't know that. I want to sleep." Chipo turned to lie down but Richard pulled her back to him. She looked at his face to see the same rage she had ran away from for two months as he pressed her on her back and mounted her as struggled with him.

"Richard! What are you doing? Stop!" She shouted.

"Don't you ever say no to me. You never say no when he touches you and he's not even

your Husband!" Riachard said with rage.

He placed her hands together above her head, pinning them with one of his hands as she struggled in vain. He slapped her face with the other hand and yanked her legs wide open to settle between them fumbling with his boxer shorts.

"Stop! Richard please!" She screamed.

"Don't you dare fight me, bitch!" Richard said as he drove into her dry and she screamed, trying to fight him back to no avail.

To Be Continued...

[2/27, 16:51] Opharn: WHO RAISED MY HUSBAND

CHAPTER 13

Chipo stood at the window with her arms folded against her chest staring out the window. She misses Paul like crazy. He had never raised his hands on her like this. And she was the one was deciding not to pick his calls. But she still missed him. Last night was like a nightmare to her. The thought of Richard's body inside hers irritated the life out of her. The way he was groaning and moaning on his own pleasure as he released inside her was like a

traumatic experience. Chipo felt like girl who had been raped. In fact she was a girl who had been raped several times by her own husband but this time around it was different, she felt dirty and was traumatized. She still heard the movements of Richard as he dressed up. He was going on a trip and she didn't even give a damn. He knew the real reason she was still with him and as the fool he was, he didn't mind at all.

"I'll only be gone for two days Chipo. Don't think you can use that to gallivant around the city with your lover." Richard said.

Chipo felt like hitting him. But she didn't move and she didn't turn around.

He walked up to her and tried to place a kiss on her lips but she turned her face away so his kiss landed on her cheek. He looked at her, sighed and lowered his face.

"I love you Chip. I really do love you and I don't want you to leave me. I don't mind the fact that you slept with mother fucker, I still want you with me." Richard said.

Chip didn't utter a word. She didn't move.

He sighed and turned to leave.

"I want a divorce Richard." Chip said

without looking at him.

Richard stopped on his tracks and turned to her. "What?" He asked.

"I said I want a divorce. I'm tired of this marriage." Chipo repeated her statement.

"So you can go back to him?! Impossible! I won't allow it! You are not going to leave me, you understand. Now if you think you can use this as a medium to sleep with him again, don't even try my wrath. Because if you do Chipo, I swear you'll be so sorry." Paul warned and with that he stormed out of the room.

Chipo stared into space and didn't move until she heard the sound of Richard's driver starting the car.

*****LATER
THAT
DAY*****

After Richard had gone, she felt empty and more alone. She was thinking about Paul and all that they did. She thought about him way too much she thought she was losing her mind. She then called Diana to come over.

"Chipo you have to file for a divorce." Diana said to Chipo and she sighed.

"I know Diana. I know." Chipo responded.

"I cant believe that idiot. So after all those baby faces he has been putting up, he still forced himself on you? It's rape, like it or not. A man shouldnt force sex on a woman even if she's his wife or not." Diana said in anger.

"Honestly I dont know what youre still doing with this excuse of a man. God knows that I would have given him poison a long time ago." Diana said.

Chipo smiled at her friend. "I'm sure you would." She said.

After a few seconds of silence between them, Diana went to the closet and pulled out a dress for Chipo. "Alright. Up with you, babe. Let's go."

Chipo looked at her. "Where to?" She asked.

"Where do you think we're going? To the hospital of course." Diana replied.

Chipo looked up at her friend who looked back at her in boldness after her funny and insane discovery. Chipo had begun frequent vomiting which forced her to an impromptu early morning communion with the toilet bowl whenever she woke up. And she was

beginning to think it was something she ate a few days back that wasn't so good with her system.

Diana sat beside her in bed and made a face after she saw that Chipo wasn't budging.

"Come on, let's go." Diana pulled on Chipo's sleeves.

"Diana. I've told you to stop bugging me. I know what I ate. Its probably the reason my system is flashing it out of my body." Chipo said.

"Probably. But you never can tell." Diana said.

"Please don't bring that scary discovered here. It's just some mere vomiting. It has happened a million times before." Chipo said.

"Okay but we still have to go. What if it's malaria or something then you can be treated." Diana shrugged as Chipo sighed and pulled herself from the bed to get dressed.

"I don't know why you bothered bringing me here Dee. Its useless, trust me." Chipo told her friend a few hours later after they had

seen one of Diana's doctors and were waiting for the result.

Diana shrugged. "Just so you don't freak out later, I told the doctor to carry out a pregnancy test on you."

Chipu looked at her and then started laughing. "But kwena Diana. Oh God, I didn't know you had such faith. Didn't I tell you that I can't get pregnant?" She said.

"The doctor said you had to do it so I told her to do it." Diana explained.

"Oh, please Diana. Don't be silly. That's not

even an expensive joke because its not a joke at all. You and I know that I can't get pregnant." Chipo said.

"Okay Chipo. Point taken but its already done. So all we'll have to do is wait and see if you're sick with malaria or not." Diana replied.

Few minutes later the doctor walked into the office where they sat waiting for her and she smiled up at Chipo..

"Your test results are ready dear. Its not malaria or anything, honey. You're five weeks pregnant." The doctor said with a smile and Diana turned a shocked look at

Chipo who was blinking severely at the doctor like she couldn't see clearly.

"What?" Chipo said and the sound of her voice surprised the doctor who was thinking that as a married woman, she should be happy.

Diana chuckled nervously. "Doctor, are you sure? Because, my friend here can't get pregnant. It's what her doctor has told her from day one." She said.

The doctor looked confused at them. "You can't get pregnant?" She asked looking at Chipo.

"Yes. My doctor told me that my womb was damaged." Chipo said.

"Honey, I don't know why your doctor said that to you. Your womb seems to be very fine and strong dear. And we don't make mistakes in test results because we always try to make the results twice so we get the real one and here's the both of them saying the same thing. And your ailment says exactly what your tests result says. You're 5 weeks pregnant." The Doctor explained.

Chipo's jaw dropped.

*******DAYS*******

LATER*****

Chipo hasn't been able to forget the look on Richard's face when she told him that she was pregnant the night he got back from work and they settled to have dinner. It was odd and she was confused because even though he hasn't been sexing her much like before, he didn't look as happy as a man who had just been informed of being a father to be. He was supposed to be glad but he merely looked at her, grumbled a reply and continued his dinner.

Chipo kept thinking about it as she dusted her bedroom the next day. When she pulled open Richard's part of his closet to arrange his clothes which the dry cleaner had just

delivered, a pile of papers fell to her feet. She placed the clothes on the bed and bent to pick them. All of them were doctor's reports. She picked them and was arranging them when she saw what they really were. She blanched and kept reading.

One stated that her husband...Richard bipolar.

"What?!" Chipso said out loud in shock.

"Bipolar!"

Another clearly stated that he had a low sperm count and therefore was unable to get a woman pregnant. Then the third one stated that she, his wife was fertile strong and had a strong womb.

She knew they had gone to the doctor during their first year of marriage after they had tried in vain to have children and she had been given a report from the family's doctor that said she could never have children because her womb was damaged. She quickly rushed to her closet and pulled out the file she received from the doctor. They were both from the same hospital and the same doctor had signed the four papers. She nearly fainted when the truth hit her.

Her husband could never get a woman pregnant which meant that she was fit to have children. The problem wasn't with her, but with Richard.

So, if he was at fault then the baby wasn't his....it was Paul's baby....and she had just told her husband that she was expecting Paul's baby!!!!!!

Chipo stopped what she was doing and got her phone to call her friend Diana to let her know about her latest discoveries.

"Holy shit!" Diana cursed from the other end of the phone. "Wait a second....you slept with

Paul? Chipo!"

"It just happened Dee. Will you blame me? I was sexually starved and he happened to be there and all the time we've been dying

for each other and we just couldn't find the time to...Look, he wanted it and I wanted it too. So, it just happened." Chipo explained.

Diana sighed. "Are you certain that he's the father." Diana enquired.

"Yes. I have the whole evidence here with me. Diana I don't know what to do. Richard already knows that I'm pregnant." Chipo said.

"And he knows that he couldn't have been responsible. Oh, dear God. What do you do now?" Diana asked.

"I don't know!" Chipo replied.

"Listen, have you told Paul?" Diana asked.

Chipo chuckled. "I haven't been picking any of his calls at all. So no." Chipo replied.

"You have to tell him Chipo." Diana advised.

"Are you kidding me? So both of them can kill themselves?" Chipo replied.

"Chipo, its not about that. He's responsible for this. He deserves to know. Tell him Chipo. It will be easy enough for you if he's backing you up. And it will be easy when

you finally state it as a reason for your divorce." Diana advised.

Chipo was calm. Her mind was working. She sighed.

"Calm down. Anxiety isn't good for a pregnant woman. At least that one, I know of." Diana said.

"Okay... okay. I'll tell him. But it has to be in person." Chipo said.

"And you know you can't give Richard the impression that you already know about his condition. Don't say a word, just act

neutral." Diana advised.

"I know. Okay...Alright." Chipo said and hung up. She tried to calm down. With shaky hands she put back all the papers, even when some fell of again because she was shaking. She tried to calm down and shut the closet as it was, went to bed and lay down, trying to get hold of herself.

It seemed like several hours had passed before she found her strength and picked her phone. The voice came after the third ring.

"Hello Chipo?" Paul's voice came in.

Chipo closed her eyes and sighed. She had really missed him.

"Hello." Paul said again when she didn't say anything.

"Paul. Hi." Chipo said and heard him sigh.

"How are you doing?". He asked.

"I'm fine. How are you?" Chipo replied.

"I'm great. I hope you're good Chipo. I've been worried about you and you haven't been picking any of my calls." Paul said complaining.

Chipo paused and sighed. "Yes, I'm fine."
She said.

"Okay." Responded Paul.

"Paul....I....we need to talk. I have to see
you." Chipo requested.

"Alright. Is everything okay?" Paul enquired.

"Yeah, everything is fine. There's
something...that just came up that I would
like to tell you ...in person." Chipo said.

"Okay. When?" Asked Paul.

"How about tonight? Are you busy?" Chipo replied.

"What time tonight?" Asked Paul.

"At 8." Chipo said.

"No, I'm not busy at all." Replied Paul.

"I'll come to your house." Chipo said.

"Good. I'll be expecting you." Said Paul.

"Yeah, bye." Chipo said.

"Chipo, wait....I love you." Paul said.

Chipo couldnt say anything. She pulled herself together and hung up.

"Paul loves me." She thought.

"I love you too Paul." Chipo said after she had hung up on him.

Few minutes later, the door opened and Richard stepped in to the room. He leaned against the wall and stared at her for a while.

Chipo turned and looked at him. His expression was unreadable and blank.

"How are you?" Richard said.

She shrugged. "Good."

"I ordered Chinese food just now. I wanted us to have a little....romantic dinner tonight. Are you up for it?" Richard asked.

Chipo looked at Richard in surprise. He ordered food for a romantic dinner? She couldn't believe it.

"To....Tonight? At what time?" Chipo asked.

"At the usual time. 8." Richard said.

Chipo had thought to skip dinner and lie about an appointment with Diana which she wanted to talk to Diana about just so she could run off to meet Paul. "Was this man listening to my conversation?." Chipo thought.

"Oh." Chipo said when she remembered the papers in his closet and she nodded. "Play cool Chipo, play cool." She said within herself.

"Sure. Its fine. I'm up for it." Chipo said and Richard nodded and left the room.

He didn't ask about the baby and she was beginning to wonder if he had something in mind.

The dinner was silent like they were having a Wake. She looked up at him and he looked up at her again.

Richard smiled and poured Chipso a glass of orange juice instead of wine.

"Thanks." She said to him.

"So, how was work today?" Richard asked.

"I didn't go today." Chipo replied.

Richard looked up at her. "Why?" He asked.

"Nothing. I just wanted to clean our room."
Chipo replied.

He looked sharply at her. "Our room? I
thought that chore was for the maids?"
Richard said.

"Yes but then, Mary wasn't feeling too well
to do it and Nina was busy with the kitchen.
I was just bored so I had to do it." Chipo
explained.

"Ah, I see." He sipped his wine. "So, how's the baby?" Richard asked.

Chipo's heart skipped and she shifted on her seat for composure. "Good." She replied and smiled up at him and downed her whole glass to calm herself and he was watching her.

"I wanted us to talk about our marriage." Richard said to her.

She looked up at him. Was he finally accepting the divorce??????????????

To Be Continued.....

[2/27, 16:52] Opharn: WHO RAISED MY
HUSBAND

Pre- FINAL

CHAPTER 14

"I want us to start over Chipo. I...have been giving it much thought today and I want to start afresh with you and the baby." Richard said.

"Oh. Why the sudden change Richard? You know I don't believe you." Said Chipo.

"I know and I deserve that for being cruel to

you. But I really want you back Chipo. I'm serious this time. I want to have a good family before the...child is born and I want to have it with you." Richard said.

Chipo swallowed another gulp of Juice. She looked at Richard.

"I can't divorce you Chipo. I can't lose you. Believe it or not, you are the best thing that has ever happened to me. And I want my wife back." Richard said.

Chipo looked down at her food." God, why?" She said within herself.

"I don't know, Richard ..." Chipo said.

"I'm not asking you to give me an answer now. Think about it." Richard said.

Chipo nodded. "I'll think about it." She said and Richard smiled.

Then Chipo started feeling dizzy and drowsy. She excused herself to go upstairs. She had barely gone half way up when she felt warm between her legs and she looked down and screamed in shock.

Richard ran up to her, asking what the problem was.

Blood!

Thick blood!

*****THE
FOLLOWING
DAY*****

Richard and Chipo returned home from the hospital. But Chipo was broken. She could still hear the voice of the doctor as he gave her the diagnosis.

"You had a miscarriage, dear. It seems like you had taken some strong abortion pills."
The doctor had told her.

Chipo felt like a dried vegetable as Richard helped her up to the bedroom. She sat on the bed staring into space as he put away her clothes which she had worn last night.

Abortion pills. She didn't even know how they looked like. How could she possibly take abortion pills when she had always wanted a baby.

"It was you Richard. Wasn't it?" Chipo said and he paused to look at her.

"What?" Richard said as though confused.

"Don't play innocent here. Because I am the Victim! Not You!" Chipo snapped.

"Hey, calm down. You're probably still in shock." Richard said.

Chipo chuckled and laughed. "Shock? That word is an understatement compared to what you've been putting me through. Don't pretend that you didn't put those pills my drink last night, because I know you did. Because you couldn't stand the fact that I got pregnant for someone else. And you can never get me pregnant." Chipo thundered.

Richard looked shocked at her. "How can

you..." He asked.

"No, Richard!" Chipo cut in. "How could you!?" She asked.

Richard said nothing.

"How could you be this wicked!" Chipo was screaming at him and she didn't care if he lost it and stabbed her right now. After all he was bipolar. "My baby. You killed my baby. What kind of a man are you?" Chipo shouted.

"You still have to ask me?!" Richard snapped back. "Yes I did it. What kind of a

man will feel happy to know that his wife got pregnant by someone else when he could never get her pregnant? I did it Chip! Did you stop to think of me or how I would feel deep down my heart while you were spreading your legs wide for him?!" Richard angrily said.

"You don't have a heart Richard so don't try to feel deprived here. If you had a heart you wouldn't have made me look like a barren woman just to cover your tracks. So I wouldn't know that it was you with the problem. If you had a heart you wouldn't have killed an unborn child pretending to want peace from me." Chip said with a frail voice.

"I want peace Chipo.. And I know that if you remained pregnant then you will use it against me in court and leave me. I had to do it. So, don't think that you can do anything to divorce me because I will never give it to you." Richard said.

Chipo screamed in rage and wept, crumbling to the ground.

"You will rot in hell Richard! I hate you! I hate you!! Oh God please help me.!!" Chipo wept and Richard merely left her there and walked out of the room.

*****LA
TER THAT SAME

DAY*****

Chipo was able to pull herself together after three more hours of crying. She hadn't seen Richard since then and he hadn't even stepped into the room ever since he left. She sniffed and took the last of the tissue to dry her already swollen eyes. She stood up in shaky legs and rushed out down the stairs.

Richard had been sitting at the bar, sipping a drink and he stood up when he saw Chipo come down with her keys, running to the door. He ran towards her.

"Don't you dare!" Chipo said to Richard

drawing out her hand to stop him.

Richard's eyes darted in shock to the small pocket knife Chipo had in her hand. He looked up at her. "Chipo where are you going? Don't tell me you're Leaving." He said.

"Get away from me, you devil. Before I do something I'll regret." Chipo screamed at him.

"I'm not scared of death Chipo. And I'm telling you if you leave me, I'll die. You know I'm not kidding. I don't have much to lose if you leave me." Richard said.

"Stay away from me!" Chipo snapped. "I swear Richard I'm going to kill you if you come closer." She said.

Richard watched tears roll down Chipo's eyes.

"If you think you're bipolar, I'm the one who's tripolar." Chipo said and Richard charged for her.

They both struggled on the floor and Chipo slashed Richard on the cheek with the pocket knife. He screamed in pain. Chipo found that as a chance to escape him. She ran off and tried opening her car but when she saw that it won't burge, perhaps

because she was desperate and scared, she dropped the keys and ran out of the fence. She made her way to the main way where she boarded a cab, gave him the address and pleaded with him to hurry before her husband got to her.

After some minutes, the taxi stopped halted at the gate and Chipso paid the driver.

"Keep the Change." Chipso said in a hurry to go inside. She pounded her fists at the gate repeatedly until the security opened and was smiling at her to welcome her but she pushed her way in to his surprise and rushed to the door. After persistently pressing the doorbell and knocking so hard her hands were almost bruised, the door

opened and she expected to see Paul. But she saw Filly instead. Filly smiled at Chipo and she stared back at her in shock. The young lady wasn't supposed to be in Paul's house at that hour and she wasn't supposed to be in one of Paul's shirts!

"Hi Chipo. Its been a while." Filly said. She obviously didn't know the situation right now because she was smiling at Chipo.

Chipo saw Paul appear behind Filly and he looked surprised to see her.

"Chipo. What's the matter?" Paul said but instead, Chipo turned and ran off.

Before she could get to the gate, the strong hands of Paul held her back and she turned around, hitting him hard with her fist and screaming like a mad woman.

"Hey, calm down." Paul said, holding her hands, looking surprised at her outburst.

"Don't tell me to calm down! What is Rahim's sister doing in your shirt?!" Chipu snapped.

"What the hell are you doing with her?! Answer me Paul!" Chipu yelled.

Paul was shocked. This wasn't the Chipu he

knew. She looked like a mad woman and he was beginning to wonder what had happened to her.

"Answer me!" Chipo snapped.

Paul saw her eyes. Pain. Deep pain. And she looked like she had been crying.

"Is she your girlfriend?!" Chipo screamed.

"What? No, she isn't. Listen, I met her on the way, calm down. Her car broke down and it was already late. So I brought her here. She just took my shirt to change hers. Nothing happened I swear." Paul explained but he

saw that Chipo wasn't buying it. "Chipo look at me.". He said and lifted her face to his. "Have I ever lied to you?" He asked.

After a while Chipo broke down in tears again. Crying and wailing. Paul held her close and consoled her but he was at a loss as to the reason she was crying. But he knew it had something to do with her husband.

"Paul, my life is over." Chipo said in between sobs.

"What? Don't say that." Paul said.

"I lost the baby Paul, I. I lost it." Chipo said in deep pain.

"What baby?" Paul asked in shock.

But Chipo kept crying louder against his chest. "Richard killed my baby. I hate him Paul." Chipo said.

"Calm down. It's okay." Paul was confused. What baby was she talking about? Had she been pregnant? But she couldn't have a child...

*****A WHILE
LATER*****

It seemed like an eternity before Chipo was able to calm down and Paul took her inside, she told him the story that had happened. Paul was devastated. His own baby. The bastard had gone too far. Filly had retired to the Guestroom and left the both of them alone.

Chipo felt like a deranged woman. "I was a fool Paul. I thought I could still love him but he doesn't deserve to be loved. He destroyed my dream of ever becoming a mother. Of having a child of my own someday. He made me feel like barren woman. He killed my baby." Chipo was crying again.

Paul brought her head to his lips and kissed it, placing back on his chest. "Its okay."

"I want a divorce Paul. I want to leave that bastard." Chipso said.

Paul sat up and made her face him. "It can still be done Chipso. Do you still have the evidence that you were pregnant?" Paul asked and Chipso nodded.

"Now I want you to think about this question very carefully before you answer me. Can you testify against him in court?" Paul asked.

Chipo stared at him. "What if the evidence aren't solid?" She asked.

"He hit you Chipo. He rapes you. And he killed your baby. Now can you do it?" Paul said.

"It's his word against mine Paul. I have no evidence that he has been hitting me." Chipo replied.

"Chipo, listen to me. You have to toughen up on this. He might try to frustrate this plan but I want you to be strong as you've always been. If he wants to testify against you I'll be the one to tell the story. I saw those marks Chipo and I know what I saw.

Diana has been with you for years she can say something." Paul said and Chipo nodded.

Paul stood up and went upstairs, came down with his laptop and opened it. He turned it to Chipo so she could see what he had. She stared at it and then looked at him.

"Paul." She was surprised.

"It was Lulu's idea. I thought it was stupid at first because you and I weren't talking much but she went ahead and took pictures of you in your beaten state. I wanted to show you but I was waiting for you to recover well before I did it." Paul said.

Chipo looked again. That was enough evidence. This was her lying unconscious almost dead with blood all over her and marks of beatings. She still had the scars although they were a bit faint.

"Now answer me Chipo. Will you testify against Richard in court?" Paul asked again.

Tears rolled down Chipo's eyes as she looked at Paul and nodded. "I'll do it. God help me but I'll do it."

Chipo jumped to Paul in a tight hug, crying and thanking him. Then she kissed him full on the mouth. Being a man, he didn't object.

He pulled her closer for more.

*****TWO

WEEKS

LATER*****

Trials began but the court case was hectic and it took days and almost weeks. Richard had been shocked when he was informed that he was to appear in court for a hearing. He had threatened Paul and Chipo to frustrate them and he had been doing it quit well, until a day came and Sombo, one of Chipo's Maids in the house had appeared at Paul's door to speak with Chipo. And the lady had offered to testify against her boss. She had been Chipo's maid for three years and she had been the one to treat her

wounds whenever she was beaten up so badly. Sombo had been the one to tell the court the whole story.

"She's my madam. I've worked for her for three years. I came in when she just married our Boss. And it didn't take long for him to start hitting her. Some times he used his belt on her. He even has a long whip in his bedroom which he uses on her every time. We always heard the voice of our Madame up in the bedroom where he beats her sometimes to a coma. But no one would do anything, we were all scared of losing our jobs so we kept quiet. Until I'd see him leave the house that's when I'd go up to her. She always had blood on her body. She's a strong lady. I'm surprised she

survived all this while coz she's suppose to be dead." Sombo spoke with tears in her eyes and her gaze fully on Chipo who smiled at her, giving her a silent thank you.

Sombo's testimony and the pictures were strong evidences against Richard. The divorce happened like a dream come true. Chipo was free.

Two weeks after the divorce, The news that circulated was that Richard had been found dead on his bathroom floor in a pool of his own blood. He had shot himself in the head. Chipo felt sorry for him though he had made her the benefactor of all his companies. She still wished he had stayed alive to see her carrying her baby.

Chipo's relationship with Paul improved and she got happier than ever. She didn't want to rush like she did with Richard so she it took her a year to finally say yes to Paul.

Chipo smiled with Paul beside her in the scan room when the doctor showed her the baby in her womb. She looked up at Paul and he looked happy and impressed. She was seven months gone. Two more months to be called a mother, she couldn't wait. She smiled at the screen, watching her son.

"Its okay, little one. I'm always here waiting for you." Chipo said to the screen and smiled up at Paul. He bent and took her lips

in his, kissing her hard while the female doctor grinned at them like an idiot.

Chipo had seen Richard as her weakness and so he did all those things to her and she couldn't fight back. But Paul was different. She was right when she said her mother would be great friends with Paul's mother. Both women just couldn't have had gotten enough of each other's company.

Chipo's life was finally in place. She had seen hell at a very young age. And she had also started her Paradise at a very young age too. She knew that if she had waited she wouldn't have seen hell and she probably wouldn't have met Paul earlier.

Chipso opened a blog two months after her divorce about broken women. She wrote two books on her life story which were already best selling. She went for shows and motivational talk on women affairs, because people wanted to hear her story. And her story had impacted a lot into the lives of billions of people. She wanted to pull a lot of women out of the pit they found themselves and encouraged others too.

Paul wasn't just her husband, he was her strength. And she did everything possible to be his strength as well. She trusted him, he would never hurt her. Even if he did, he never did it on purpose. Many people said there was a magic behind weddings and

she never believed until now. She had met her husband at a wedding.

Chipo smiled at herself two days after the scan as she stood at the balcony of her house with Paul and thought of the day they first met. Who would have known that he was an angel sent to help her and on that day she had hated him like crazy. She laughed within her. He was her angel...her Doctor.

The Final thoughts chapter is next

[2/27, 16:52] Opharn: WHO RAISED MY HUSBAND

FINAL THOUGHTS

#NOTE Ladies and gentlemen, in our society we have a lot of Richards and a lot of Pauls. Then we also have a lot of Chipos too. Richard and Paul were raised differently. That's why I started Chapter one with Proverbs 22:6 which says, "Train up a child in the way he should go. And when he is old he will not depart from it." Take pride in your children by training them into being the best people in society. That's your message to the future. Very few parents will focus on grooming a boy child, in society most parents focuses on the girl child the way it was the case between Richard and Chipo. Now here was Chipo's mum, spending her time and energy, sweating it to pour out her good principles, values and culture into her girl child when grooming so

that she makes a good wife, yet on the other side there was Richard's mother would just get him toys and let him play around so that when he grows up, he will think women are big boy toys. Just the other day I was thinking why Lobola prices have gone high. I was one person who never saw the sense in it but now I do. Parents put in a lot to raise a good woman in our time as it was in the past. But away with that coz it seems times have changed and the people too, many have have shunned away from their traditions and culture and only resort to it when one is about to get married. That's like sending a grade 7 to UNZA alto go and do Engineering. In the past even boys would be groomed. But now it's just toys and video games. Your children represent the principles and

values of you as a parent. That's why when a child does something wrong, the society points fingers at the parents and mocks them. When a child does something good, they applaud the parents. A child is either your shame or your pride, it's up to you what you make of your child. Children come into this world blank, all they come to know as they grow they learn, and the best teacher after life is you the parents. Raise sons that will make a good husbands for your fellow woman's daughter. Fathers want their daughters to find good husbands but won't mould their son into becoming a good husband for someone's daughter. Let's be fair. It looks simple and all but when we turn tables and focus on both the girl child and the boy child, we will have a future with zero abusive marriages, zero

extramarital affairs, zero divorces. It all starts now with us parents of today. My wish is that when am old almost losing sight, I want to wear my specs and see my great grand children enjoy what I advocate for today. I want your daughters to find men like Paul. I want your sons to find women like Chip. #Remember A CHILD IS A MESSAGE THAT YOU SEND INTO THE FUTURE. Let's send a good message into the future and make this world a better place. It starts with you.

THE END

HOPEFULLY YOU ENJOYED THIS BOOK

HAPPY READING LADIES