

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA

*Saga by
Anthony Kerry*

Grace falls in love with her shamba boy who goes by the name Ken. The relationship starts off innocently, but later turns into a dangerous adventure that keeps leading Ken into the unknown

Read this saga and the sagas that follows
MIRRORS ON THE WALL SAGA

With Ken playing different roles he never thought of

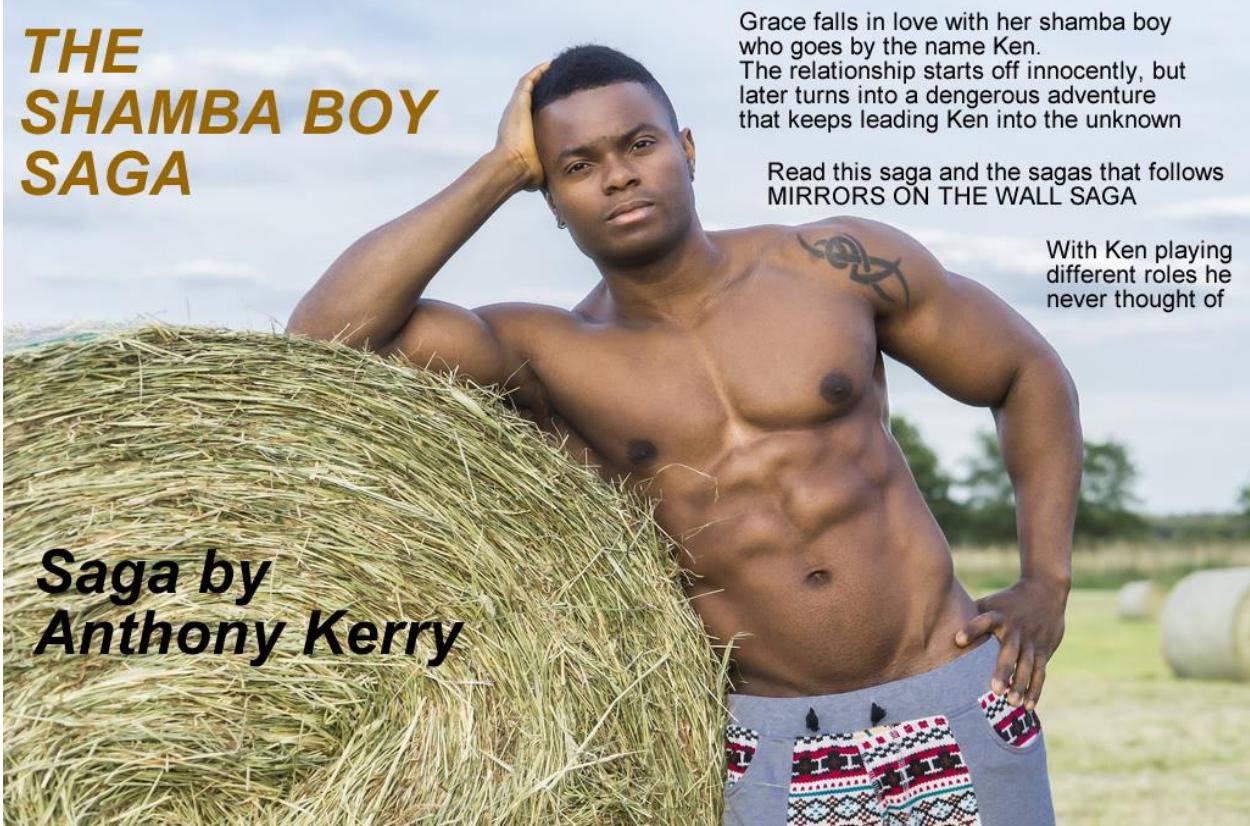


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****THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA:ONE****

I had always admired Ken, our resident Shamba boy. The man had a way better physique compared to that of my husband who was plump, with a huge pot belly and layers of fat hanging from his body while weighing almost 100 kg. it was always tiresome having sex with him. But Ken was muscular due to working hard in our farm, he would easily lift a 90 kg sack of cow feed and carry it to the store with much ease. He always wore a vest when working which made his bulging muscles even more pronounced as he walked around. Though not being the dark type as he was a little light skinned, he had a great complexion. The problem with Ken is he was uneducated and would barely speak English.

But whenever I saw him working in our shamba at our rural home, my heart would skip a bit wondering how it would feel to be in his powerful arms in an embrace or doing even some more erotic acts. This always made me feel guilty as I had never cheated on my husband since I got married to him for almost 10 years. But my husband had put on so much weight since we got married such that it got to a point I no longer fancied his physique. Trying to tell him to cut some weight was always frowned upon as he would keep telling me that the pride of an African man is his pot belly that showcased his hard work and how he eats properly, arguing that men who are settled and happy always end up with a pot belly and that having a pot belly is a sign of achievement and respect amongst men. But this ended up taking toll on our sex life as I even stopped admiring him. I dreaded seeing him naked.

But my husband was indeed a hard-working man with several business outlets in the county of Kiambu. He was respected even in our locality in clubs, churches and social joints he used to go. People thought we were the perfect couple but I was sexually starved and my husband was doing nothing to make it work. Him being the provider made him think that is enough for me and our 2 children we had gotten together since we got married.

The fatter my husband became, the more I began fantasizing about Ken. Some days I would watch him carrying something heavy with his muscles bulging and I would catch my breath for no apparent reason. But I was keeping my distance not to fall into temptations as I found my body wanting Ken from time to time until I hated myself. I even contemplated telling my husband to fire him but what reason would I give of dismissing him? He was a good worker by all means.

Sometimes I felt like it could be I had a problem since I never got satisfied sexually and my husband would get tired easily.

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However this all seemed to change when one day, when my husband had travelled to Uganda to meet a business partner I got home early and found Ken feeding the cows as usual. I had carried some goods in my car and some were heavy than I could lift comfortably. As I was trying to lift them, I hit a small stone and fell.

"Oh! Sorry Madam, you would have told me to assist you. Please let me assist you." Ken told me with his heavy Kikuyu accent.

"Oh! No, I am all right." I tried telling him but all the same he came over and lifted the sacks for me. He carried them with ease to the kitchen store since most were food items. I just stood there just watching at him doing what he does best wearing a tight T shirt. After he was done, I just found myself telling him, "Ken, thank you so much. Do you mind joining me for supper today?" I asked him.

He usually ate at his staff quarters so he got surprised when I suggested him to join me for supper.

"No, Madam, I am ok, I will just eat at my place." Ken tried saying but I insisted until he promised to finish his work and come over at the evening. My children had travelled to Nairobi to visit their aunt and so I was alone in the house, even our house girl was not around too as he had taken a one week off to visit her mum in Bungoma.

I prepared some supper and at around 8 pm, I sat at the table room expecting Ken to come. He sure did not fail to come. He came and knocked the front door.

"Oh! Please come in, have a seat." I told Ken.

"Thank you, Mama Kamau." Ken told me as he got in and sat. Ken was a jovial man so it was not difficult maintaining a conversation with him, even though I was feeling awkward and nervous since I had never really gotten to be with Ken alone in the house.

I kept asking Ken about his personal past. It is when I got to know his actual age, he was 24 years old. I felt even more guilty admiring him since being 35 years old I did not know whether it was right fantasizing about a man over a decade younger than me.

I however did not know how to break the ice and let him know what I was feeling for him. I did not want to come out as a cheap woman, or immoral for that matter and I did not know how he would react if I told him what I was feeling for him. We were watching some random movies and the weather outside was cold since it was drizzling outside.

"Ken, how do you manage to stay like that when it is so cold?" I asked him since he was wearing a T shirt only.

"I eat a lot of mutura and soap at Kanyara's place daily." He said.

"Just that?" I asked him. I wished I would gather more courage to let him know I really admired him.

He smiled, a simple smile that made me even weaker.

"Yes, Madam. If you eat healthy, you will be able to withstand cold weather." He said.

"You also have big arms and a nice physique. Do you work out?" I asked him.

He laughed a little, looked at his left arm and said, "I lift some stones that I made. My work needs me to be physically strong so I have to ensure I stay strong and healthy, otherwise, I might collapse under the workload here." He said.

"Do we give you a lot of work?" I asked him.

"Oh! No, I am all right with the work, I can manage it." He said.

Our dog barked outside severally. It was dark almost 10 pm.

"Why is he barking?" I asked.

"I don't know, let me go and check." Ken said standing up.

"Did you close the gate?" I asked him.

"Yes, I always lock it after 8 pm." Ken said.

Ken opened the door and went outside. The dogs came running after him. He asked them why they were barking as if he would get a response. He went around our expansive compound before coming back.

"There is nothing, just some mongoose, perhaps or a wild cat. They are many around here and they normally steal chicken." Ken said.

We sat watching the movie and just talking until it was around 11 pm.

Suddenly, Ken stood up and said, "Madam, I want to go to sleep. I want to be able to wake up tomorrow early in the morning to milk the cows."

I wished I had the courage to just let it out of my mouth what I was feeling. I had always seen it in movies and heard of women who openly told a man what she was feeling for him, but I never imagined it would be so difficult to let it out. I felt like there was a huge stone seated in my heart that I was unable to lift. I even wondered, how does a woman tell a man she wants him? How?

"Ken, we can stay for a while. I am not feeling like sleeping." I tried to talk him into making him stay a little more. I wanted to see if I would gather enough courage to tell him. But I kept wondering, what will Ken think of me? Is it even right for a woman of my social status sleeping with her shamba boy? Would I really bring myself to cheat on my husband with a shamba boy? A stream of questions formulated in my head.

"I shall come tomorrow and stay more, today I was tired. Tomorrow I shall plan myself not to get so tired and I shall come and watch more movies." Ken told me.

I thought perhaps I should let him go and wait for the following day.

>>>To be continued>>>

As narrated by Anthony Kerry.

****THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA:TWO****

That night I had an erotic dream such that when I woke up, I was completely wet and my entire body was pulsating with raw desire to have Ken in between my thighs making me feel ashamed of my own desires. I knew it was pure desire and nothing more even though it made me confused like I was falling in love once more like a teenage girl getting a crush with a handsome boy. The feeling made me feel like I was a teenage and aroused in me desires I had long thought were gone.

Even though Ken used to take a thermos of tea to his staff quarters, that morning he did not come for the tea at around 6 am. I was preparing to go to work around 7 am when he came and knocked.

"Oh! Good morning, Ken." I greeted him casually.

"Good morning, Madam." He answered with his deep voice that made my heart race.

"You did not come for your tea." I told him.

"I woke up late and had to rush to the milk collection center." He told me. I handed him his thermos. That morning he was wearing a thick sweater but had folded it in his arms and I could see his arms.

I gave him instructions on some work I wanted him to do before leaving for work.

I was working at a local branch of our Mavuno SACCO as an accountant.

I arrived at work at around 8:30 am, some minutes late. I was glad the boss had not yet arrived but I met my friend Celestine who had already arrived.

"Good morning, Grace. Wow! Today you look wonderful!" Celestine told me. I had worn a tight fitting brown mini dress. For some reason, I wanted to see if it will score some feelings to Ken and wanted to see if he will ogle at me more. My petite body seemed curvy under that little dress.

"Aw! Thank you!" I told Celestine.

"You seem like you have a date today..." Celestine complemented me further making me feel shy a bit.

"I wish I had, my husband is away, he is in Uganda." I told Celestine.

"Then you have just worn like this to feel good or are you trying to score someone?" She asked jokingly.

"Come to my office, I can tell you more." I told Celestine who followed me excitedly as if expecting some good news or juicy gossips.

"Ehe, tell me, what is new in your world?" Celestine asked me. I was so free with Celestine I did not waste time telling her what it was.

"My dear, it is my shamba boy. That young man is driving me crazy. Every time I am thinking about how I can get him. It is more than a month with my body burning with desire to have him. The boy is so handsome, masculine with nice physique makes me feel like he can really handle a woman nicely, but I just have no idea how to let him know. It is driving me crazy." I told Celestine.

She remained silent for a while.

"Please don't judge me, I am going through a lot and the lest I expect is for you to judge me..." I was telling Celestine when she cut me short.

"Oh! No, don't worry I am a woman, been married for 15 years. I understand you." She reassured me.

Awkward silence followed.

"So, what is your advice to me?" I asked Celestine.

"Would you wish me to tell you?" She asked sounding like a teacher. It scared me a little.

"Yes, tell me anything." I told her.

She took in a deep breath.

"Grace, I am an older woman compared to you. I have been in such a situation. I admired my husband's friend until I decided to get him. My husband was lousy in bed and did not care when I suggested for him to improve. So, I went ahead and seduced his best friend. But my case was different, the friend was within our social level so not much difficult. But, Grace, Shamba boy??!! Aren't you worried what that someone might know? Besides, he is too low for your class why can't you get a man of your class?" Celestine asked me.

I pulled my chair to sit facing Celestine.

"My dear, you cannot understand. Not like I want a full-blown affair, no. I just want to have sex with him, nothing more." I told her.

"But, imagine undressing for a younger man who is way below your class..." Celestine asked.

I thought for a while and started thinking perhaps I was fooling myself so much. But, I asked myself, isn't he a man like the other men? What makes him a lesser man, just working in the Shamba? It did not make sense.

"Celestine, all I want is that young man. Perhaps after getting him for one day my desires shall be quenched. I just want to hold him, to kiss his lips, to feel myself in his strong arms, perhaps for him to lift me with his strong arms." I told Celestine.

She laughed a little. "Oh! Yes, at least he will indeed lift you easily, you are petite unlike me who needs to join the gym soon and shed some kilos." Celestine, who was a woman with a huge bust told me.

"But you look nice with your figure!" I told Celestine, trying to change the topic.

"Really? Thank you! But weighing almost 100 kg is not cool. There are so many things I cannot enjoy like my man can no longer lift me in his arms no matter how much he tries. I miss the romance where he would swing me around like a movie star." Celestine told me. But that reminded me that was what I was also missing. My husband had gotten so fat and lazy he would not hold me anymore in the air hence making me desire for that young man.

"My husband has gotten so fat his banana is buried, he can no longer fuck me properly whenever he is on top of me his huge pot belly makes me tired, he sweats on top of me a lot like we are doing wrestling, it is disgusting." I told Celestine. She laughed.

"Come on! You can tell him to go to the gym and work out." Celestine told me.

"My man has a huge ego you would never tell him anything." I told Celestine.

"But then you think the young man will compensate for that? I mean, what if you get caught? What if he falls in love with you? What if you also fall in love with him? Think about this a lot. Most guys whose jobs are physical are so energetic, he will burn out the passion in you but remember you are a woman, when someone ignites the passionate fires in you, you will end up falling in love, no doubt about it. My affair nearly tore my marriage apart. Be careful." Celestine told me.

I laughed.

"All I want is sex, nothing more." I told Celestine who laughed at me so hard making me wonder whether I said something funny.

"You know, you have never had an affair. I can really tell. Let me tell you, we women pretend like sex does not matter, but trust me, once you get fantastic sex from a man, you will go crazy for him. You will always think about him. You will begin to resent your husband and might end up falling in love with your other man. Unlike men whose affairs are always so physical, women end up being emotional and wrecks everything." Celestine told me. She made me think of the possibilities of me falling in love with Ken.

"By the way, are you talking of the young man who came with you to the shops sometimes back to help you with packing some items in your car?" Celestine suddenly asked.

"Yes, that is him." I told Celestine. She smiled and remained silent for a while.

"Why did you ask?" I asked Celestine.

"Damn! All right if it is him. I liked his energy. That one will tear you apart he seems really energetic." Celestine said with a wink on her face.

"Come on! Did you admire him? Be honest..." I teased Celestine.

"Hmm, he is a Shamba boy..." Celestine said with a snide.

"Can't we see him as a man not just a shamba boy?" I asked Celestine.

"See what am telling you? You are now becoming defensive with him." Celestine told me and laughed.

"Not really, but I don't like defining men with their job. He has a dick for heaven's sake that is what makes him a man anyway..." I told Celestine with a smile on my face. She laughed.

"Anyway, sorry for that. But I think you had better gotten a man who ever if you are aver caught, there won't be too much of a shame. But imagine people getting to know you are screwing your Shamba boy? Think about that." Celestine told me.

"What was he, the man who you had an affair with?" I asked Celestine.

"He was a lecturer, in fact he was my lecturer when I was in college. So, we just got to hook up later when I got to know he was my husband's friend." Celestine told me.

"Was he good in bed?" I asked Celestine. That question seemed to catch her off guard.

"Well.....not as good as I had expected. In fact, he was average, more or less like my own husband. The good thing is, he was caring, loving, he was connecting well with my emotions and feelings. Whenever we

had a problem with my husband I would go to his place, cry on his shoulders, he would listen to everything I said and made me feel so appreciated. That is what made me fall for him, not sex per se." Celestine told me.

"No wonder you don't understand when I tell you am admiring my Shamba boy. Your affair was more emotional, for me my thing is just physical nothing more. I don't need to have him sorting my emotional problems but physical problems."

>>>To be continued>>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

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****THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: THREE****

In the evening, I cooked some nice fish and Ugali. I invited in Ken who came a bit earlier since he had planned his work well and finished early. My husband was still abroad so there was no chance I would get caught in case things got passionate.

I had cooked even some nice tea with tea masala.

So, we sat watching the movie not knowing how to let the cat out of the bag and let Ken know my desires.

"So, Ken how do you lift such heavy sacks, a while 90 kg? you must be so strong!" I told him trying to tease him along with words. He laughed a little.

"Madam, they are not 90 kg, they are 70 kg. I told you I do exercises to remain strong since my work is physically tasking and demanding." Ken told me.

"Oh! I had not noticed, all right." I told him.

"Ken, are you married?" I asked him.

"Oh! No. If I was married you would know." Ken told me.

"Do you have a girl friend?" I asked him.

"No, not at the moment. We broke up some months a go so am still single." Ken told me smiling.

I imagined what to tell him. I tried to rehearse words in my mind but no matter what I thought, I could not seem to bring out my thoughts clearly.

"Ken, were I to tell you a secret, would you let someone else know?" I suddenly asked him.

"No, madam. Trust me, no one would know. I am excellent with keeping secrets." Ken said with confidence.

"I have this secret I had always wanted to let you know." I told him and paused to gauge his reaction. I could see his eagerness.

"Tell me, no problem." Ken urged me.

"Ken, I don't know how you will take this, but I have always admired you. I have always wanted you. I want to hold you, to feel you, I want to be in your arms. I love you, Ken." I told him.

He instead laughed softly but did not answer me.

"What do you think of it, Ken? Can you be my secret lover?" I asked him.

"But, Madam, you are married. You have a husband." Ken told me.

That meant Ken was not as easy as I thought.

"True, I have a husband but I want you." I told him.

He remained silent.

"Ken, you are not talking to me." I told Ken.

"Because I really don't know what to say." Ken told me.

I knew the best leverage against a man is his physical desires and no man would resist a woman, at least not physically so I edged myself closer to where Ken was sitting. I made sure my thighs were exposed half way and I sat so close to him such that our thighs were touching.

I took his hand and placed it on my hand and he did not resist. I slowly began taking his hand to my thigh and he seemed like he was willing.

I placed my hand on his muscular thigh and began caressing it slowly. My heart was racing in anticipation. He just sat there smiling softly looking at the TV. He had finished eating his food and so we were just relaxing.

Slowly, I began caressing his arms under his sweater and I could not resist myself from appreciating his hard biceps under his sweater. I held myself onto him hanging by his shoulder such that my right boob touched his triceps. I took it that he was enjoying since he was not resisting and thus I began to caress his abdomen, his chest as he placed his hand on my thigh.

However, as I reached for his lower abdomen he held my hand firmly. I stopped caressing him.

"Madam, thanks for the good food. I want to go to sleep." Ken suddenly told me.

"I want us to stay a little longer." I told him.

"Thank you, Madam. But I beg to go." Ken told me slowly standing up. I stood up with him and held him by his waist. I had thought perhaps he would get aroused but it seemed like he was not since there as no bulge on his trouser.

"Stay with me, please..." I begged him. My body was burning with desire to have Ken inside me.

"I have to go." Ken said firmly.

"I want you to stay." I told him trying to sound firm too.

He looked at me in the eyes. "Madam, you are someone's wife. I cannot do this with you. I will get killed if master knows this." Ken suddenly told me.

I read that as he wanted but was afraid.

"My husband does not have to know we did it." I told Ken.

"Really? I know men who have gotten killed because of this, please let me go." Ken told me and pulled himself out of my embrace.

I tried rocking him into my chest but he gently pushed me away.

"Madam, I cannot do this, sorry." Ken told me politely.

I thought fast.

"Ken, I will increase your salary if you agree to be my secret lover." I told him.

"No, please. Thank you." Ken told me and began walking towards the door.

"Ken, do you know I can decide if you stay on this job or gets fired?" I tried to be firm. But Ken laughed.

"Madam, you really don't have to say that. Even before I came here, I was alive so leaving here won't make me dead. Good night." Ken told me and disappeared.

Immediately Ken went, I sat on the coach thinking what had just happened. How could Ken reject my advances? Wasn't he a man enough?

I slowly began to feel angry with a mixture of shame. I did not know how I would face Ken the following day after trying to seduce him and failing at it. I even thought of following him to his quarters but did not have the courage to do so.

My whole body was pulsating such that I was feeling hot despite the chilly weather of Limuru.

When I went to my bedroom, I was however feeling cold. I switched on the heater and lay there thinking. My husband had called and we talked for about 5 minutes.

I lay there fantasizing. I could not sleep. My body was really boiling until my clitoris was throbbing. I knew I had no choice than to masturbate so that my body would relax. I reached for my dildo, parted my legs as I lay facing the ceiling and began caressing my vulvas with it all the while thinking about Ken. I caressed my labia majora and clitoris. I smeared it with my vaginal lubrication so that it would be smooth to enable it to caress my clitoris well. I began tapping my clitoris with the dildo until I could hear myself moaning loudly as I parted my legs so wide apart.

Gently, I pushed the dildo inside my wet vagina until it was so deep I could feel it touching my cervix. I pushed it in and out rhythmically for some minutes, varying in speed and tempo until I could feel my vaginal walls begin to spasm in nearness to an orgasm. I continued until I felt a wave of passion sweep across my body. I raised my hips a bit upwards and felt like the dildo has gotten bigger inside my aroused vagina. I clenched it with a kegel and suddenly, I erupted. I could not control myself and began writhing in pleasure on my bed with my legs shaking, body trembling and vagina pulsating as vaginal creams spilled from deep within me and some fluids escaped from deep within me until I let out a soft cry.

My body completely relaxed such that I was able to go to sleep.

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The following day, I feigned sickness so that I could not go to work. I however was trying to see if I could spend some more time with Ken trying to see if he could change his mind.

"Good morning, Madam." Ken greeted me respectfully as usual in the morning when he came for his tea.

"Ken, I would wish you be addressing me using my name. Call me Grace, or Nduku my other name." I told him. His eyes suddenly lit.

"Madam, do you want to tell me you are a Kamba?" He asked me.

"Yes, you mean you never knew that?" I asked Ken.

"Imagine, I never suspected. You speak fluent Kikuyu!" Ken told me.

"But my husband is a Kikuyu." I told Ken.

"Oh! I knew that." Ken told me as a matter of fact.

"Aren't you going to work today?" Ken asked me.

"No, today I took an off so as I can do some of my personal work here." I told Ken.

I got busy doing some house hold chores and later some cleaning in the compound.

"Madam, I will cut those don't worry." Ken told me when he saw me pruning some hedges.

"No, let me just help you." I told Ken. He was as jovial as he was always, as if nothing really happened between us the previous evening. I even wore some gumboots and offered to help him clean up the cow shed as he fed them since we were doing zero grazing with 20 dairy cows, 6 bulls as our cattle. I marveled at how hardworking Ken must have been maintaining all those cows daily.

"Madam, careful, that cow has developed a habit of pushing people." Ken told me as he noticed I was too close to one of the bulls.

"Oh! I did not know." I told him moving out of its way. As we were working, I got talking to Ken and steered the conversation towards our previous night's incidence.

"I was afraid we might get caught. What if your husband comes home abruptly and finds us?" Ken asked.

"He shall be back next week. Even if he is to come before he must tell me. He never comes without informing." I reassured Ken.

We spoke a lot and Ken promised he shall come in the evening. I felt anxious as I felt that I had nearly convinced him that it was safe with me in the house.

The day progressed well as I also made some lunch, served Ken some as he continued with his work and I went to do some washing. All I wanted was evening to come fast so that I would see if Ken was indeed serious to come.

>>to be continued>>

As narrated by Dr. Love, Kerry.

****THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: FOUR****

When evening came I prepared some nice chapatis and beef stew. The anxiety in me was sky high as I anticipated for an evening of passion with my Shamba boy who seemed so promising. I even made sure to wear provocatively so that my curves would be so evident to try to see if I would win over Ken with physical appeal.

I was seated on the coach watching some nice bongo movies when I heard a soft knock at the door. My heart skipped a beat.

"Come in!" I said instinctively and held my breath to see who would come in. I did not even turn as I just wanted it to be a surprise to my psychology.

"Honey, I am home!" A voice so familiar to my memory talked sending chills down my spine as I turned to see who it was.

To my shock, it was my husband who had come home abruptly and announced unlike the days before. I however stood up and went to give him a hug.

"Welcome home, darling." I told my husband but my heart sank with the knowledge that had it passed a few minutes I probably would have been caught red handed.

"I am sorry I did not call you to tell you I am coming. It was so abrupt and we are on our way to Mombasa for another business meeting to meet some Asian partners who supply us with the merchandise. In fact, I just passed by, I will not even sleep home tonight. I would have gone to Mombasa directly but did not think it is right to just pass over without seeing you." My husband told me.

"Oh! That is nice. Then let me serve you supper right away." I told him.

I served him the food fast and we ate together while watching a movie. As we were eating and talking, there was someone calling him on his phone telling him not to be late. However, Ken did not come for supper as it was possible he did not want to come while my husband was there.

It was already dark, at around 9 pm when my husband left. I would have wished he slept over to take care of my horniness but did not as he was up chasing deals. I did not know whether to feel happy for that, or to just tell him how much I missed to be with him.

As soon as he left, I called Ken over his phone.

"Why didn't you join us for supper?" I asked Ken once he got inside the house.

He smiled and said, "I did not want to come when the master was here." He said. That is how he used to call my husband.

"He has travelled to Mombasa, probably will be back in 3 days' time." I told Ken.

Ken laughed a little.

"Sometimes people go home unexpected, so it is risky. Besides, Master has keys for the main gate and main door. Aren't you afraid you might get caught?" Ken asked and the manner he spoke I knew he was up to some of what I expected.

"He cannot come without telling me." I lied to Ken but for the first time I knew my husband can come without telling me and that was really unsettling to me. I even began to think what would happen if my husband caught me red handed having sex with our shamba boy. But I evaluated my feelings and knew I had reached a point of no return.

I served Ken his food and we ate talking about nothing in particular. At around 11 pm, I gathered the courage and went to sit on the coach next to him. He just looked at me and smiled. The house was warm due to the heater that was on.

"It is not cold in here." Ken noted.

"Yes, you can even remove your sweater and you will be comfortable." I told Ken who instinctively removed his sweater and inside he was wearing a tight brown T shirt. Immediately he removed it, I began to caress his arms. He turned to face me. He was bold that evening and it was working to my advantage.

I leaned forward and tried to kiss him but he backed off.

"Don't you want to kiss me?" I asked him.

"Madam, how can I drink someone else' saliva?" He asked.

"No! it is just kissing." I told him.

He however placed his hand on my left boob and that made me feel suddenly so aroused. We continued to caress and I reached for his trouser and began to unzip it. But Ken stopped me when I tried to reach for his pajama he stopped me. He did not want me to touch his penis.

"Ken, I just want you to fuck me, please." I told him gathering all the courage to tell him raw and direct. He looked at me as if surprised but did not react. He however reached for my tight-fitting skirt and unzipped it. He removed it and threw it to the floor. He then reached for my underpants and removed it slowly without really looking at my eyes. His movements were a little mechanical and I wished we would romance some more. I figured out he could be inexperienced or just naïve or both.

He then pulled me to lie on the long coach that we were on and he slowly lowered himself on top of me without taking off his clothes.

"Won't you remove the rest of my clothes or won't you remove your clothes?" I asked him.

"We can still do it like this." Ken said smiling faintly. He sure was not romantic at all. I even tried to touch his penis but he backed off a little not allowing me to even feel it at all leave alone to see it. He however wiggled himself a little bit on top of me and I knew he was removing his penis in preparation to penetrate me when suddenly my phone rang. He looked at me as if not sure if I will indeed want to pick it.

On looking at the screen, it was my husband calling.

I tensed as I picked it while Ken sat down with his legs crossed not wanting me to see his penis.

"Hello." I answered the phone. It was almost midnight.

"Hello, our journey has been postponed, I was thinking of sleeping over to the hotel but since I am not far, I feel I can still drive home. I thought you would be asleep but I wanted to tell you I am on my way." My husband said.

"It is ok, I am still watching a move, just come you shall go tomorrow." I told him. He hung up and I knew he was indeed on his way home.

"My husband is coming." I told Ken. The shock on his eyes you would have thought I had told him he is right at the door coming in.

He stood up fast and turned the other way to whisk his penis inside his trouser. He did not give me a chance to even see it. He then wore his sweater fast and wanted to go out through the back door.

"You can still go through the front door." I told him.

"No, let me go through the kitchen door." He told me and walked fast towards the back door.

I escorted him on his way out and he disappeared behind the house on his way to his sleeping servant quarters.

After he was gone, I thought for a while and imagined how risky whatever I was trying to do. I surely would have been caught twice in one day! I even thought I would just abandon the whole mission all together.

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When my husband finally came, he told me he was tired and just wanted to go to sleep. We went to bed together but I was still so horny from fantasizing about Ken. I tried to romance my husband to see if he would at least make love to me but no sooner had he settled on bed than he went to sleep immediately leaving me feeling like my body was about to explode anytime with intense desire. I even harbored thoughts of sneaking to Ken's place and get a good fuck and return to bed when my husband was sleeping but thought that was even riskier.

I had no choice than to put my hand in between my thighs, press my clitoris hard and go to sleep hoping that once sleep overtook me, I would cool down.

Ken lay on top of me on the coach and the house was dim. Without wasting time, he removed his hard penis and as fast as he could manage, he pushed it so hard inside me making me feel like he was tearing my vagina apart. He kept pushing it until I could not take it anymore and began to back off slowly.

"Ken, you are hurting me." I told him but he just kept going. He held me by my shoulders and pushed himself so deep into my vagina deeper than anyone had ever reached inside me. I felt like all my body was consummated by his massive penis. He began fucking me so hard giving me no chance to even lift my hips to adjust myself and be a little comfortable with his rhythm. He kept going like he was turbo charged for about 3 minutes and suddenly he formed a grotesque facial expression and I knew he was about to ejaculate inside me.

"Ken, withdraw please don't cum inside me!" I tried begging him but he did not even listen to me as he suddenly trembled so hard on top of me and I knew he had spilled everything inside me. Suddenly he withdrew and I could feel some semen spilling outside my vagina towards my anus.

In that short period, I felt like my vagina had been torn as if I was a virgin once more. I could not move for some time and I lay there motionless as Ken tucked his penis fast such that I did not even see it but I could tell his penis was bigger than the one I was used to. Suddenly, Ken moved me by my shoulders.

"Wake up!" He told me.

I suddenly woke up and found that I was having a dream. It was my husband telling me to wake up to prepare him to go to Mombasa. I felt a little ashamed that I could dream of another man with my husband lying just next to me.

I dragged myself out of bed at around 5 am and went to the kitchen to prepare some drinking chocolate for him.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

****THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: FIVE****

It did not take long to prepare my husband to leave as he was to leave very early to avoid being caught up in the traffic jam in the morning rush hour.

"Kiss me good bye." I told my husband on his way out.

"Oh! I am in a hurry." My husband told me as he stood on the door on his way out.

"All right, go well." I told him.

He got outside, got into his car and rolled on his way towards the gate. Ken opened the gate for him and closed behind him.

I went to work that morning feeling a little confused not sure of what I really wanted. When I met Celestine in the morning, she was quick to notice that I was not quiet all right.

"My husband is becoming colder each day. He is so busy with his work he no longer cares about my feelings." I told Celestine.

"That is what pushed me into having an affair. I was emotionally starved, I really wanted someone to talk to, to hold, to open up to, someone to comfort my feelings etc. I wish men would just understand that money is not everything in a relationship." Celestine told me.

"I wish he had more time with me, or at least the little time he has with me he gives me all his attention. When he comes home, he just buries himself in his laptop, only talks to me when making a request. Even sex he only has it with me when he gets an erection and that leaves me wanting." I told Celestine not sure if I was telling her too much.

Celestine looked at me for a whole. She seemed to be sizing up my hips for whatever reason. "A beautiful woman like you deserves some passion. Come on, let the old man look for money, you have someone to cater for that at least within your compound." Celestine told me and winked. She seemed to approve of my desire for my shamba boy for the first time. It made my heart skip a beat.

The day progressed on well with little work to do save for the balancing of the cash books, producing a financial report and sending it to the boss, the rest of the time I spent it on Facebook chatting with some friends randomly catching up with some gossips here and there. I was in this popular Facebook group where women talked openly about their affairs and it seemed like it was the order of the day. Some stories

were so juicy they seemed to fantasy or plain lies but they really made me curious until I began to comment on them just to see how the people will respond to them.

Most women did not seem bothered with the fact that they had affairs with their drivers, gym instructors, gym mates who they worked out with, watchmen and some even had more bizarre stores of having affairs with street boys! This seemed to give me courage with my desire for Ken who at least was not a street boy.

When evening came, I passed by the local shopping center to buy some few items and drove home slowly having some random thoughts. My husband had not called to tell me if he arrived to Mombasa safely but my phone which would give his location indicated that he was in Mombasa. I got home and found Ken cutting some grass for the cattle.

"Hi, Ken. "I greeted him as usual.

"Hi." He replied.

"Do you mind coming in the evening?" I asked him immediately I parked my car. He looked at me as if weighing his answer before saying yes and continuing with his work.

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When Ken came, it didn't take me long to see that he was eager and had gained some confidence owing to the fact that I had spent some time with him in the house alone in the few previous days. He even wore more decently unlike how he used to wear. He was also livelier that evening.

Immediately after supper, I surprised him with a question, "Ken, have you ever had an HIV test?" I asked him.

"What for? I am clean." He answered immediately with confidence.

"I want to test you." I told him.

He looked at me surprised.

"Why? I fear that test." He told me.

"I want to have you without a condom that is why I want to." I told him. His face lit up and I could see some anxiety in his expression.

"All right, if you insist." He told me.

It did not take long to test him since I had done it before I got married and I was so thrilled to see that he was HIV negative.

"Why don't you accept to kiss me?" I asked him. I pointed to him a scene in the movie we were watching where a couple were kissing.

He looked at me for a while and said, "Isn't it wrong to lick someone's saliva?"

It occurred to me he might have never really kissed someone.

"Have you ever kissed a girl?" I asked Ken.

"Hmm, no. Not that where the lips get together but I have." He told me. He sounded honest.

"Have you had sex before?" I asked him.

"He laughed a little." At my age, do you expect I had not had sex? I have." He told me. Made me a little jealous of the girl he had it with. But at least it gave me hope he would know what to do with me.

"I want to kiss you." I told him not sure how he would react. I felt a heat rush by just saying that.

He just looked at me smiling. I moved closer to him and began to get closer to his face with my face. He suddenly held me by my jawbone and pulled me towards him, planted an awkward kiss on my lips for a few seconds and released me immediately. I felt a sudden rush of desire all over my veins as I hoped he would do more but sensing that he was not comfortable with it, I just began to caress his chest just trying to make him feel comfortable with me. He also folded his arm around my waist as I lay on his broad chest caressing his hard abs and triceps. I was really enjoying the feeling of his hard muscles such that I did not realize he had began to unbutton my blouse.

Suddenly I felt his hand rest on my bra as he began to play with my boobs making me feel like a college girl who had just discovered that she has some feminine feeling hitherto she knew nothing of. The way Ken behaved with me made me feel like I was a school girl still exploring her bodily desires. It was a strange feeling which I could not remember feeling in a long time.

I began kissing his neck slowly and he responded by holding me even tighter. I then gently pushed him to lie on the long coach and I lay myself on top of his hard body lengthwise. It really melted me such that I let myself lay freely on top of him as he held me on his chest. He began caressing my bums under my skirt and slowly began to unzip it and within no time, I only had my underpants between my bums and his

hands. I also began to undress him and this time he did not resist as the previous day and slowly by slowly I undressed him.

"Can we switch off the lights?" He asked.

"Are you afraid to be naked in front of me?" I asked him. He looked at me sheepishly like a young boy. I could see naivety and some innocence in his eyes. He was not as experienced sexually.

"Yes, I am a little afraid, you know...." He cut short his sentence as he noticed my naked boobs facing him. I gasped as I beheld his surprised gaze like he really did not expect to see me like that. I had removed my own bra without his knowledge.

"All right, let me switch them off." I told him and stood up to go and switch off the lights so as he would be comfortable with me, at least I knew it would make it a little better.

It is when I turned to face him just before I switched off the lights that I got to saw his erect organ directly facing me as he began to lower his trousers and what I saw made me suddenly hold my breath, made my whole-body shiver and made my legs suddenly feel weak.

>>To be continued>>

As narrated by Anthony Kerry, Story teller.

Add me on FB to follow my stories.

****THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: SIX****

Ken had the biggest penis I have ever seen in a man, he wanted to hide it but as soon as he realized how shocked I was to see his penis, he just let it point forward towards me while very much erect. It was so straight and had big veins.

I slowly crossed the short distance that separated me and Ken as we both got fully naked. I could see him naked since the security lights outside were bright enough to illuminate inside the house. He had such a fantastic body with hard muscles. I held him close to my body and he was hot too probably due to raw desire. I slowly took my hand and wrapped his penis and lo! It had the thickness of a big Buganda banana and it was so hard. I began to caress it as Ken continued to caress my breasts. He at least knew how to caress the breasts in as much as he was not a fan of kissing.

We slowly lowered ourselves on our sofa seat the longest coach in the living room that had enough space for both of us as Ken positioned himself to come on top of me. My body was already shivering when I lay with my thighs apart not knowing whether it was desire or fear or both.

I was already wet and my vagina was throbbing with desire when Ken placed his massive penis on my labia ready to penetrate. Some sense of fear suddenly engulfed me and my muscles tensed such that I found myself holding his waist so as he would not come into me with much vigor. He held his penis with his hand and placed it in my vaginal orifice. Suddenly, he pushed it into my wet honey pot and some sharp pain pierced me to the core of my womanhood. It suddenly felt like someone had taken my virginity or torn my hymen once more. I figured out I had not anticipated how it would feel to have him penetrate me and he kept pushing himself inside me until I began to back off a little not sure if I really wanted him to penetrate fully. My vagina felt so full, so stretched such that I was gasping for breath as I felt his penis reach so deep into me such that it felt a little uncomfortable making me produce an “ouch!” sound while moaning. I held him by his waist to try to control his depth but he pushed again once more with so much force until I could not take it anymore and I found myself telling him, “Ken, you are hurting me, back off a little!”

He looked into my eyes and I could see animalistic raw desire. He just held himself inside me as I lay with my thighs so parted so wide, holding the fabric of the coach trying to arch my back to be comfortable with my head thrown backwards. There was a mixture of pain and pleasure, something I could not remember feeling in a long time making me remember the first few times I had sex with a man after losing my virginity.

I could not move myself under him. He then rose upwards suddenly and began to grind my pussy with so much force until I nearly screamed. I held my breath, dug my fingers at his muscular back while my muscles remained tensed as he grinded my pussy with his big hard penis that kept coming in and out of me with so much force I felt like my abdomen was being ripped apart. As my vaginal lubrication flowed, I began to get a little comfortable and began to enjoy such that I raised my legs and my hips such that our pelvic bones would meet properly.

Just as I was beginning to enjoy, he began to tremble on top of me and fucked me with so much force such that waves of ecstasy swept all over my body so suddenly and I thought I was about to reach an orgasm. Just as the orgasmic wave began to overwhelm me, Ken groaned so loud and I knew he had ejaculated inside of me. He immediately withdrew sending his semen spilling all the way to my asshole as he lay besides me. It was so sudden and so fast!

I tried to feel my labias and they felt sore and as if they were swollen from Ken's intense and short hard fuck. But my body was burning with raw desire since I had not gotten an orgasm and so I began to play with his flaccid penis until it got erect once more.

He mounted me again and got into my honey pot with so much enthusiasm I nearly told him to go slow. I could fill his massive penis filling me up so much like about to tear my pussy apart. Each time he would push it in, I would hold my breath and as he pulled out I would moan uncontrollably until after sometime I lost my control and began to have muscular spasms all over my body and tears began to flow from my eyes until I rolled my head to face left so as Ken would not see me crying. I could not really tell why I was crying but my pussy felt on fire as it suddenly clenched his penis so hard making me feel like there were fireworks inside me.

Suddenly, orgasmic waves began to sweep across my body and I arched my back, held Ken so tight with my hands and legs and suddenly exploded so hard such that I momentarily saw stars and heard tingling inside my head as if there were bells ringing deep inside my brains. I moaned softly for a prolonged moment and lay motionless as Ken finished second round on top of me and rolled over my side.

We lay there motionless and I began to feel like sleeping.

"Ken, I want to go to sleep." I suddenly told Ken.

"All right." He just answered and did not indicate whether he wanted to go or not.

"You may go to sleep, Ken." I told him.

He stood up slowly and dressed up. I looked at his penis and was surprised to see it so shrunken and wondered how such a small penis could have grown into a huge dick when erect.

As Ken was leaving, he looked at me and asked me, "Grace, are you ok?" This was the first time he was calling me by my name.

"Yes, I am ok. Just return the door I will come and lock it." I told Ken.

He patted my hand on his way out as if to tell me good bye or good night and went outside.

I lay there for a while and then stood up, went to the kitchen and took a glass of water. I then headed for the bathroom and as I was bathing, every time I touched my labias they felt like there were on fire, if not a little swollen. Ken had vigorously fucked me and he was rough, as if he was fucking a woman for the first time in a long time. Or perhaps it was due to his big penis. I even washed myself down there with some warm water. As I bathed, I kept wondering whether if my husband fucked me the following time he will find that my pussy had expanded and thought perhaps Ken had made my vaginal muscles a little loose. I could insert my 3 fingers freely unlike before and I felt so sore at the entrance of my pussy. But somehow, my whole body felt so relaxed such that it did not take much time to fall asleep as soon as I got on my bed.

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I must have slept so heavily such that I did not even hear my alarm in the morning and was woken up by sunshine illuminating right on my face through my curtain. I pulled myself out of bed and hurriedly prepared breakfast, got myself ready and left for work. As I was leaving, I noticed Ken had gone to fetch some hay and was not around as the wheelbarrow trail indicated he had left. But I was already feeling like meeting him in the evening once more for some more fuck.

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"Look at you! Why are you smiling?"

Celestine asked me noting that I was seeming jovial that morning.

"Follow me to my office, I will give you a story." I told Celestine who followed me laughing softly.

"Tell you what? I got my boy last night and oh! Girl! The boy has a huge gun below his belt, he drove me nuts I nearly lost myself!" I told Celestine.

"Come on! Don't make me wish to sample it too!" Celestine said jokingly.

"Oh! The boy is mine..." I told Celestine as if sounding protective.

She laughed.

"Your boy is in Mombasa, remember." Celestine told me jokingly.

"No, Ken is my boy, the other one is my man." I told Celestine who laughed at the statement.

"Ehe, tell me more..." Celestine urged me but as I was about to talk, our secretary knocked at the door.

"Come in, Annie." Annie was her name. She was a soft spoken, short light skinned girl and a little petite and always had a soft smile on her face.

"Madam, there is someone who wish to see you." Annie told me. I got curious to know who wanted to see me. I however went to our premises front office and behold Ken stood there waiting for me.

"Sorry, Madam. I tried to call and you were not picking so I came. I needed some money to buy some more cattle feed." He told me. It was when I suddenly remembered I did not carry my phone. I had completely forgotten it. It made me ask myself was Ken confusing me now or what?

"Oh! I forgot my phone. Please fetch it for me. I will give you the keys. It is in our bedroom at the left drawer of our bed. Please go and bring it for me." I told Ken.

"All right." He said as soon as I gave him the money and the keys.

"Can't imagine I forgot my phone." I told Celestine as soon as Ken left.

"The boy is getting into you. He has gotten more handsome, you know..." Celestine told me with a wink. She sounded like she also secretly admired Ken. I did not know why but my feeling was beginning to get protective towards Ken and I could not want him to have another woman, at least a woman I know.

Within no time Ken had gotten back and given me my phone. He used our farm bicycle so it was easy for him to go fast, and the bicycle used to help him to commute different places.

"By the way, Grace, do you know that most of these lowly men are not ugly? They are just broke but if they got enough money, they would all suddenly seem handsome. They would dress nicely, get nice haircut, apply some lotions and have smooth skin etc. and be handsome. Besides due to their hard labor most are naturally chiseled unlike our husbands who have bodies which seem like old women's bodies due to lack of exercises." Celestine told me.

"Hmm, I will experiment with Ken. I will start urging him to wear nicely and to take care of himself to see how much good he can look and feel." I told Grace.

"Try and you will see much difference. Remember, don't end up falling in love with him you will really complicate things." Celestine told me. The statement touched my heart. I knew I would afford to fool around with Ken but not to allow myself get carried away by the state of affairs. I had heard many women say there are no men who really confuses women more than broke men who are great in bed. Probably that was true owing to the fact that most broke men also happen to be stallions in bed. The nature of their jobs just makes them strong and which woman would not wish to be held by a strong man, to be hugged by a man with a chiseled chest, with nice biceps you can caress, with a nice masculine body that would make you feel like a young girl once more?

Celestine added, "We women are pretenders. We pretend that what matters in a man is money, but trust me, for a woman who already has her own money, money does not matter, but having a man who looks like a man really matters. I hate it when we undress and I see my man having love handles like a woman, having a pot belly like a pregnant woman, having round soft thighs like a woman, having a flabby chest like woman whose boobs are sagging due to old age, having folds all over the skin due to being fat. Yak! I hate fat men and nowadays fat men are all over. You go with a man, and when caressing him in bed you feel like you have a fellow woman in bed. This is why we sometimes go for young athletic men who will make us feel like women once more."

"Damn! Celestine!!" I found myself exclaiming out!

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: SEVEN

We continued discussing men in general while doing our various works in our personal laptops. Suddenly, something came into my mind.

"Celestine, have you ever been caught perhaps? By your husband..." I asked her.

She looked at me for a while.

"You won't believe me. I have never been caught. You have to be smart." She told me.

"So, how often did you use to...you know...." I asked not sure the words to use.

"Oh! I still do it. He even at times comes to visit when my husband is not around, we do it and he goes. Or I do visit him when his wife is not around and we do it and go. It is not a big deal. Sometimes I lie to my husband that I have gone to the market only to go at his place, get some and go home." Celestine revealed to me, much to my surprise.

"Damn! And do you go and have sex the same day with your husband?" I asked her.

"Oh! Yes, at least his dick is the same size with my husband's so he hardly notices anything." Celestine told me. This made me shudder knowing that Ken's dick was way larger than my husband's. Celestine looked at me as if reading my mind.

"Woe unto you if your secret lover's thing is bigger than your husband's, you will get caught. He will know that it has gotten bigger." Celestine told me like a joke.

"But the vagina is meant to be elastic! How now?" I asked her. She looked at me and laughed.

"Come on! That elasticity will obviously change if you get something bigger, not unless....." Celestine paused.

"What?" I asked her. She smiled.

"There is this gel you can use, it is called Femicare. After having sex with a man who has a large penis, just go apply it after washing out his semen. Apply it continuously for three days and trust me, your vaginal muscles will absorb it, remain tight as usual and no one will even know you got screwed by a big thing." Celestine told me.

"Are you sure of what you are telling me?" I asked her.

"Very much sure. Women been doing it for a long time and men are not wiser." Celestine told me sounding a little mischievous.

"Celestine, you knew all this and you have never told me as a friend?" I asked her.

"But how would I have told you and perhaps you are not interested?" Celestine asked defending herself.

"Well, I hope mine won't get bigger such that my husband will realize." I told Celestine and she just laughed.

"Let me tell you, my dear, most men just do not care about the size of the pussy as long as it is sweet, it gives him pleasure until he releases, trust me, that is all there is. Only a few tell the differences most will never know whether you fucked a donkey or a man!" Celestine told me.

"Wow! All right." I told her.

When evening came, I got home a little late, at around 7 pm since I had some items to buy at the market and when I got home, I found Ken relaxing close to the cow shed admiring the cows.

"They have really gotten fat, you must be feeding them nicely." I teased him.

"Oh! Yes, I make sure everything I do is thorough. Look at that bull, it was small just a few months but by now it is the largest in the shed." Ken told me with some pride of his hard work.

"Oh! Yes, I should negotiate with my hubby to increase your salary, you deserve a salary raise, you have been working really hard." I told him. He looked at me and smiled.

"Thank you." He said.

"Can we go in the house? It is cold out here and I need to keep warm." I told him and he followed me.

"You look tired, Grace. Seems today you over worked." Ken told me. Indeed, I was tired.

We got inside and I served both of us some coffee and we sat at the living room to enjoy our coffee. As we sat, my husband called and we talked for about 5 minutes and he told me he will be in Mombasa for about a week. As he was about to terminate the call I told him, "Please bring me a nice Dera when you come back. Those Swahili dresses, I want to feel like a Swahili woman." He laughed and promised to bring me one.

I left Ken at the living room as I went to prepare supper. I made Ugali with some vegetables and beans.

I looked at Ken seated confidently at the coach and since he was wearing just a T shirt, I began to admire his arms. His physique always melted my heart with desire and had a way of igniting passion from within me and I felt like I wanted him there and then.

So, I went and sat close to him. He seemed a little more confident with himself that day. We ate together just having some general talk before I began to ask more about his personal life.

"Why didn't you finish up to form four?" I asked him.

"My parents were poor and after incurring a lot of school fee balances, I simply stopped." He told me.

"Did you use to like learning?" I asked him.

"Hell no! I hated school. I used to fail in the subjects. I prefer something I am doing hands on. School work is not my thing." He told me.

"So, what do you wish to do with your life?" I asked him. The question seemed to catch him by surprise.

"I have no specific plans. I want to get some money and perhaps get married later, have a child or two, and just live on." He told me.

"Lucky is the girl who shall get married to you." I told him. Not sure if that was the right thing to say.

"Not really, most ladies nowadays are learned and want a man above them. Besides, with my work, I do not have much money and most women want men with money. So, I think it will be difficult getting a lady who will love me." Ken said and was smiling. In my mind, I figured out that if he gets a lady who knows what he was carrying in that trouser, perhaps the lady shall not care whether he has money or not. But I did not want to tell him that least he becomes too proud to suddenly but I really wanted to have it once more that day.

"Ken, there are ladies who do not care if you have money or not, as long as they get your love." I told him as if encouraging him. He laughed a little.

There was a sudden gush of wind that blew the curtain at the door and I told Ken to lock the door.

"I think it is going to rain tonight, it is rather cold outside." Ken told me.

After having our supper, I sat close to him and began to caress him. Slowly by slowly, I unzipped his trousers and got his erect penis out. It really towered above his trousers and I enjoyed caressing it and it seemed even Ken was enjoying it. I could tell he had bathed since he had some soap scent on him. As I

caressed his penis, he caressed my breasts until he undid the bra such that my breasts were bare in his hands.

I began to kiss his chest under his T shirt and slowly went lower, my aim was to suck his penis but as soon as I touched it with my tongue, he held my head and pushed me away gently. He looked at my eyes as if not sure of what I was doing.

"You will enjoy it." I told him.

"But madam, isn't it dirty to...." He stopped talking when he noticed at how I was looking at him. I figured out he probably had never had someone suck his penis. I began to caress it and slowly, I kissed him until I began to kiss its shaft. He began to groan with his deep voice silently really arousing me. I began to caress it with my tongue from its base to the tip taking time to run my tongue to the left, right, under his shaft up and down avoiding its glans.

I looked at his face and behold he was closing his eyes. I could tell he was feeling a lot of pleasure based on how he was breathing holding his breath from time to time, adjusting his hips so that his penis would look upward more and how he would caress my hair, my neck and my head as I was giving him the kisses.

Suddenly, I placed my lips on his glans. That must have been so overwhelming to him and it seemed to send a sudden thunderbolt of pleasure in him such that he suddenly moaned loudly and before I knew it, his penis was spilling his semen with so much force such that some of it squarely landed on my eyes as I backed off fast to avoid being soiled by them. Some hit hair too and the rest spilled all over his trousers as he got some spasms and trembled all over his body and kept rocking his head from left to right with his eyes tightly closed. His face had a grotesque expression that made me want to laugh but I knew if I laughed he might feel embarrassed so I just held myself from laughing. But it sure made a spectacle watching him totally lose control over himself by such a simple act.

"Oh! My, my, my.... I am dying!" He suddenly said before rolling over as if trying to hide his spilled seeds. I took a handkerchief I had with me and began to clean him up his spillage before he took it from me and wiped himself clean.

"I have never felt this way, sorry I have made you dirty, I" HE began talking to me but I touched his lips and told him, "Shhhh, it is ok."

But I could see he was a little embarrassed due to his lack of self-control.

"Did it feel nice?" I asked him.

"Yes, it really felt nice!" he told me smiling.

I dared him. "Are you able to do that to me?" I asked him.

"Do what?" He asked with a flat tone looking into my eyes.

I felt my heart race.

"As in, do like what I have done to you..." I stopped talking when I noticed at how serious he was.

"NEVER! That hole where urine comes out through, where monthly blood comes out through, which is so close to where human waste comes out through...me take my mouth there??! Not under the sun. I cannot, pthoooooooo!" He imitated the voice of disgust as if throwing up and I could tell for real that was something that he could not do at all, at least not that day.

"But we get cleaned up...." I was trying to explain to him when he looked at me and said, "That thing is never clean, even if washed with JIK it still would remain dirty..., that thing is like a sewage!" He was fucking serious!

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: EIGHT

I did not know what to tell him or whether to feel offended.

"All right, not a must." I told him and he breathed a sigh of relief. I however suddenly lost interest in sex but just lay there on the coach while we watched a movie together talking about various issues.

At almost midnight, Ken excused himself to go to sleep and since I was also feeling sleepy, I also immediately went to bed as soon as he left.

=====

"Yesterday I tried to introduce my boy to cunnilingus and he was so disgusted." I told Celestine when we met the following day at work.

"The boy is still naïve, take him slowly with time he will be a real man." Celestine told me.

"But I sucked him until he spilled everything!" I told Celestine. She looked at me for a while and laughed very hard.

"You are a bad girl." Celestine told me and laughed even more.

"Imagine he said that my thing is a sewage!" I told Celestine.

"Well, if you get a man who can take his mouth down there, consider yourself lucky, most women will never know the joy of having a smooth tongue and soft lips running over their private garden of love." Celestine told me. It is when I remembered I had stayed with it for some years, though my husband used to do it to me, he eventually stopped for whatever reasons. Besides, he never used to seem like he liked it since he would do for just a few seconds and proceed with penetration. Only one of my exes used to give it to me full blown until I would cry due to pleasure.

"Hey, what are you thinking? You are lost..." Celestine brought me back to reality so suddenly.

"Oh! Nothing, I just miss it." I told her.

"You already miss your boy?" Celestine asked.

"No, I miss some mouth job, that is all." I told Celestine.

"Take him slowly, he will catch up. Don't force him or he will hate you." Celestine told me.

"I will promise him a reward should he do it to me nicely." I told Celestine.

"Not necessary, just make him want it. Be creative and see how it goes. Just be cautious." Celestine told me.

Soon after, Celestine went to her office and left me at my office doing some work. The day's weather was warm with some intermittent clouds that made the weather so conducive. I did my work with a smile, for whatever reasons, I was feeling happy and contented as if I had accomplished something. At least I was sure I would not get pregnant since I was in some type of family planning. Pregnancy was the last thing in my mind.

=====

When I got home in the evening I found Ken playing with our dogs. He had completed his work and it seemed he was enjoying running with our dogs. I stood there looking at him as he had not seen me come in but as soon as he saw me, he stopped and the dogs ran after me. I had sneaked into the compound slowly since I had not gone to work with my car that day so I was on foot.

"Good evening, Madam Grace." Ken casually greeted me.

"Good evening, Ken. Seems you had a good day. I can see you are even done with your work." I told him and he just smiled with some satisfaction.

I did some chores in the evening including some laundry. As usual, Ken joined me in the evening for supper but that particular day we did not try to get intimate.

However, Ken kept teasing me with words.

"Master must be very lucky to have a lady like you." Ken told me as we were eating.

"Why?" I asked.

"You are beautiful, you are hardworking, and you are not a gossiper like the rest of the women in the village." Ken told me.

"Would you like to marry a lady who is like me?" I asked Ken.

"Oh! Yes. If I get a younger woman who has your characters I will marry her." Ken told me.

"You should get married, you are now a grown up enough to have a wife and family." I told Ken.

"Problem is money, I do not have enough to sustain a family." Ken told me. We were paying him Kshs 7,000 per month and it seemed like that was what he meant was not enough.

"I will negotiate with my husband to increase your salary." I told Ken. He was so happy with it.

=====

After a few days, my husband returned and he arrived at around 8 pm in the evening having driven all the way.

"Welcome home, Darling." I greeted him as soon as he settled in the house. I gave him some hot chocolate to drink.

"I am glad to be home. How is everyone?" My husband asked.

"We are all fine." I told him.

"Have you brought for me the Dera that I sent you?" I asked him.

"Oh! I forgot. But you should be happy at least I came back alive. Dera is not important." He said.

"All right." I told him.

"The deal went on nicely, we have secured some business deals in South Africa and I will go to South Africa within a week or 2." My husband told me.

My heart sank a bit. My husband was always travelling leaving me lonely in the house and it did not seem to bother him that much.

"I wish I would go with you." I told him.

"No, you must remain here to take care of the home. Besides, if you feel like you are getting tired, you can hire a house maid to be helping you." He told me. To him money was never an issue.

"All right." I told him but I had no intention of hiring a maid.

"Is it Ken who trimmed the flowers outside? I noticed they are smartly trimmed on my way into the house." My husband said.

"Yes, he did, nowadays he is so hard working." I told my husband.

"Oh! Yes, I like him a lot. We never had a good farm hand man like Ken." My husband said. When the word good was said, my heart skipped a beat since I knew how far that goodness extended after my husband went to Mombasa.

"I think it would be wise to motivate him, like increase his salary. He has been with us for sometime now." I told my husband.

"No, the money we are paying him is enough." My husband said firmly. I knew better not to insist.

When we went to sleep, I tried to caress my husband just to have him close to me since he was tired but he told me he just wanted to sleep as he was tired. I let him sleep.

I however was feeling so horny that night to an extent I was feeling uncomfortable. I looked at my husband soundly sleeping. My whole body was feeling hot and tingly to an extent I could not fall asleep. I thought of masturbating but I knew it never really satisfied me.

That is when an outrageous idea came over me. I woke up and went outside wearing a night dress. I top toed to Ken's sleeping quarters and knocked. Ken opened but was so surprised to see me there. As soon as he opened, I just got inside.

"Are you surprised to see me here at this time?" I asked him.

He looked outside quickly and turned to face me.

"Madam, you will get me into trouble, please get out. What if Baba boy finds us here?" He sounded scared.

I smiled trying to put him at ease.

I stood up and went to touch him but he quickly backed off.

"Please go!" He pleaded once more.

"Just one and I will go, we can do it quickly, please, Ken. I am unable to sleep." I told him trying to plead with him.

"Madam, this is madness now! If Baba boy finds you here I am dead. He will surely kill me. Why do you want to put me into trouble? Please go now, GO!" He talked firmly. I however threw myself onto him such that my nipples pressed his body hard. He was only wearing a short and a vest.

I was so determined to have a quickie with him.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

**SAGA BY ANTHONY KERRY
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THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: NINE

But Ken completely refused to be convinced until I had to go back. When I got to my bedroom my husband was still snoring. But it suddenly dawned on me what I was about to do and the risks involved and it really made me so afraid I did not get to sleep immediately.

Sure enough, I risked being caught. I may have thought my husband was asleep, but what if he suddenly woke up?

=====

"You have to hire a permanent maid unlike Nekesa who only comes during day time." My husband told me immediately I woke up.

"Why? I was not interested in hiring a maid, besides the children are in boarding school and we only need her when the children are around." I told My husband.

"You are over working, working during day time then coming in the evening to continue with house hold chores." My husband told me. He was making sense.

"All right, we can get to talk to Nekesa and see if she will accept the deal." I told my husband.

"And by the way where had you gone yesterday night? I briefly woke up and found you not in bed." My husband asked me. I felt like some electric current had passed down my spine until I felt sudden weakness. So, I thought he had not known I had gone outside?

"I heard the dogs barking so I went outside to see what was wrong." I told him.

"You would have left Ken to check since he always checks or you would have woken me up." He told me.

"I thought you are too tired after the journey." I told him.

Oh! Yea. I was too damn tired. I have a lot of work to do today, let me get prepared." My husband said as he noticed it was almost 8 am.

After he wore his shoes, suddenly his shoe lace got untied. He tried to bend so as to tie it but could not since he had gotten a bigger pot belly.

"Let me tie for you." I told him. He stood up upright and let me tie for him his shoe.

"You mean I have gotten this big until I cannot bend properly?" He asked jokingly.

"Yes, you should do more physical exercises or join a gym to cut some weight." I told him.

"When will I get that time? There is no time for that." He told me.

"No, you can make time. At least one hour of your day is enough." I told him.

"Have you begun to compare me with some other men?" He suddenly asked. Whenever I brought to him the issue of losing weight he always got defensive.

"But my dear, when I we got married you were not this big." I tried to tell him not wanting to sound offensive. He was only 5 feet and 6 inches tall yet he weighed a whole 112 kg yet when we got married he weighed nearly half of that. Even though I had gained some weight, I was always ranging between 55 kg and 60 kg. I always walked to work whenever I was not in a hurry to see if I could maintain that weight since I hated being fat. But my husband did not care much of it.

"You should be happy you have a husband; some women do not have even that husband to keep bothering. Besides, what matters is that we love each other." He barked at me. I wish he knew how much I detested having sex with him since he always left me feeling tired instead of satisfied.

I just kept quiet since I did not want to get drawn into another argument.

=====

Time moved fast and our children returned and thus our part time house girl also returned. So I wanted to negotiate with her if she would agree to be staying with us but she completely refused saying she had other projects she was doing during the times she was not with us and so she opted to go and let us hire a full time maid.

During one of our tea breaks at work, I decided to ask my friend some advice on how to get a nice maid.

"Just make sure not to get a beautiful maid, otherwise she will be a co-wife soon. These men are not to be trusted more so when they have beautiful women around. Make sure to hire a thin lady, men are easily attracted to ladies with rounded hips. Also avoid yellow types otherwise she will soon outdo you with beauty and be sure your husband will start seducing her." Celestine told me.

"Or Ken will start fucking her." I said jokingly.

"But that is not a problem, he is just an employee, or you are not becoming protective of him?" Celestine asked me.

"No, just that I think if they get close he could compromise his job or stop wanting me." I said. Celestine just laughed at me.

"All right, get a maid who is not attractive, for the sake of the two men in your compound. Attractive maids have the capacity to destroy a marriage, be careful. You should have retained that Luhya lady most Luhya ladies are naturally ugly with no sexual appeal." Celestine told me.

"Damn! I keep telling you to stop being tribal!" I told Celestine but he laughed at me.

"Come on! Am being honest with you. Taita ladies are known for being brown, Luo ladies are known for having well rounded buttocks, Kikuyu ladies are known for having pretty faces, Kambas ladies are known for their sexual attractiveness and nice hips, Swahili ladies are known for being extremely polite and thus winning men with a lot of ease, Luhya ladies are known for being ugly and not attractive, I can go on and on..." Celestine told me.

"All right, I have heard you." I told Celestine.

"I know of a friend of mine in Coast, I will tell him to find for you a Giriama house girl. Giriamas are known to be very obedient, not so attractive and naïve too; at least she will not be a threat to you or to your 2 boys at home." Celestine said like a joke but she meant my husband and Ken.

That evening, I discussed with my husband about where I wanted to get a live-in maid and he was ok with it so long as she would be hard working.

=====

After a few days, the girl from Coast by the name Mercy Mapenzi reported to our home. Apparently, she was so good at picking up directions such that she was just directed by Celestine and came straight to our place. In itself, that was amazing.

She was a short lady, not as dark as I thought she would be if at all Celestine's advice was to go by in fact she was brown but looked emaciated. She was also soft spoken and did not know how to speak English at all but was fluent in Swahili.

"So where do you come from?" I asked her as I introduced her to her work that evening.

"I am from a village called Watamu, in Malindi." She told me.

"How do you find this place?" I asked her.

"It is too cold I feel like I will get pneumonia." She said with a smile.

"You will get used to." I told her.

Apparently, as I had expected, she did not know how to cook most of the foods that we liked but I volunteered to teach her how to cook.

"I have heard so many stories about Coast, that there are jinis. Is it true?" Ken asked Mercy as we both relaxed in the evening having our supper. We had told Ken to come over so that we can have dinner together all of us as a family.

"Come on! Ken, those are all tales, nothing of the sort." My husband told Ken.

"Baba, it is true. There are Jinis at Coast, some are good jinis but some are bad. Depending on your faith you might see them or not." Mercy told us. That scared me a little.

"Have you ever seen a jini?" Ken asked Mercy.

"No, you cannot see them but you just see what they do. They harm people." Mercy told us.

"People see innocent cats and assume they are jinis." My husband said.

"I am disliking this conversation you are scaring me now." I told them. Mercy just smiled and told me, "Sorry."

Suddenly, we heard a blood curling scream coming from our children's bedroom. Our first-born daughter screamed making all of us freeze momentarily not knowing what to do. Even my husband just sat there as if not sure what to do.

It was Ken who reacted fast and headed towards their bedroom charged like a rhino about to fight. My husband followed close behind him. He got into their bedroom since the door was not locked and switched on the lights before suddenly assuming a fighting stance ready to hit anyone or anything that could be inside that bedroom. He had folded his fist making his hands look like those of a boxer. My two children were coiled close to the wall seemingly so scared.

"What is it?" My husband asked.

"I saw a devil staring at me!" My daughter said. I nearly fell down with fear.

"A what??!" My husband asked. By that time, Ken was already looking under the bed to see if there was something under it.

"The devil came suddenly, lifted my blanket and stared at me!" our daughter said with a lot of fear in her. I nearly pissed myself in my pants.

"Jesus Christ!" I found myself saying.

My husband looked inside their wardrobe but suddenly, Ken brought out something from under the bed. It was a scary dark brown mask like those worn in Halloween, so scary and it had white fangs protruding like those of a vampire in it like a jackal, so ugly it was such that it had red horns on it, and to make the matter worse, it was glowing in the dark!

"What is this? Where did it come from?" My husband asked suddenly taking the mask from Ken. I nearly ran out of that room were it not for being with the two men in the room. The mask was so damn scary merely looking at it made me shiver and shake with a lot of fear.

Suddenly, our son who was younger stood up and said, "Daddy, I am sorry. I am the one who wore the mask to scare Angela. Please don't beat me."

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

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THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: TEN

"That was so stupid of you!" My husband told the little boy.

=====

The following morning we woke up and planned to go to work and return a bit early to relax together as my husband wanted us to discuss some business proposal he had gotten.

But at around 5 pm, my husband called.

"Oh! Dear, I will be home late. I have got caught up in some meeting and might not make it on time." He told me. I headed straight home where I met Mercy preparing some supper. I offered to assist her but she told me she wanted to make it and I could gauge if she had made the supper to our taste. So instead I went to check on what Ken was doing. I found him feeding some calves but noticed his hand had some Elastoplast.

"What happened to you?" I asked pointing at his left hand.

"I slipped while cleaning up the sheds but as I was falling I held onto the wall and got hurt, nothing serious I will be all right." He said with a smile.

"All right, how was your day?" I asked him.

"My day was fine." He answered me.

As we were talking, suddenly my children came running. They were from playing with the neighbor's children.

"Oh! Good evening my little ones." I greeted them as they hugged me.

"Hi mum, hi uncle." They greeted Ken. They used to call him uncle.

"Didn't I tell you not to be jumping over that wheelbarrow like that? You will get hurt!" Ken told Jade my son.

"I told you I shall be stronger than you, this is why I can jump like that!" Jade teased Ken but Ken just laughed at the little boy.

"I can now even lift up my sister with ease." Jade said and suddenly wanted to lift his sister up before he got restrained by Ken.

"No, you cannot list Josephine, she is heavier than you." Ken told Jade.

"Go and play elsewhere, didn't I tell you that you should not play where adults are talking?" I told them and they both went away playing and trying to push each other.

"Naughty kids." I said.

"Active kids are the best, they bring life in a compound. I also will get married and get children possibly in 5 years' time." Ken said.

"Do you have someone in mind?" I asked him jokingly. He laughed.

"No, but I can as well marry Mercy the girl from Coast." He said jokingly. For whatever reason, that made my heart race a little.

"Do you admire her?" I asked Ken jokingly.

Ken avoided the question and tried to change the topic.

"Did Baba boy beat up Jade? I did not want him to beat the boy. The boy is young." Ken said.

"No, I pleaded with him not to." I told Ken.

Ken suddenly lifted up some hay bales to arrange them properly in the store and I could not fail to see how veiny his hands were. That ignited some desire for him and I wished we were alone.

"Let me assist you." I told him and tried to lift up the hay but it was heavy. Ken came over and assisted me to lift it but as I was overstepping some other items in the store, I slipped and fell backwards. I landed on top of some other hay stacks but at the same time, Ken slipped and almost fell on top of me. I felt a sudden heat rush seeing him hovering on me and I just wished he would simply let go his hand and land on me. I felt like hugging him. But as I was thinking he extended his hand to help me stand up. He whisked me with his hand and within no time I was up on my feet.

"Be careful, you might get hurt inside here." Ken told me.

"I told you to be arranging these things properly." I told him.

"I know my way inside here since I am the one who works here often." He was defensive.

"You shall get strong children." I told him.

"May be, may be not." He said without going into further details.

"Do you wish to get any more children?" Ken asked me.

"Oh! No! 2 are enough. With this economy it is not easy having a big family." I told him.

"But you are rich...not like us who earn nearly nothing." Ken said.

I could not argue with that since I also knew if my husband earned the much Ken earned we would miss a lot of basis needs. In fact, I felt like Ken would need a better job if he is to ever get a family.

I continued to help him arrange the store as we talked. It was dark outside but inside the store there was a light bulb.

"Thank you, madam, I need to lock the store." Ken told me after I finished doing what I was doing. I did not feel like going out without hugging him or holding him.

I suddenly held him.

"Ken, kiss me." I told him.

"What? I told you I don't like kissing and besides this is dangerous your children might see us and report you to master." Ken said.

"They are in the house." I told him. I looked straight into his eyes. He however bent to look outside as if to confirm that there was no one close by.

"All right." He said and without wasting time, he bent and planted an awkward kiss on my lips.

"No, kiss me better." I told him.

"How?" He asked.

"Let me show you." I told him.

I pulled his head towards me as I readied my lips to give him a kiss.

Just as I was about to plant a kiss on him, I suddenly heard my son's voice say, "I have seen you, I will come and report you to daddy."

My heart sank and I felt like I would get torn into two due to sudden fear.

"You see, you see what I am telling you?! You will get me into serious trouble." Ken told me and suddenly released me and headed for the door. As he rushed to the door, I saw Jade rush away laughing.

"My God! Has he seen us?" I found myself asking.

"Obvious! Why else would he say he has seen?" Ken said sounding angry.

I walked outside and headed towards my house with my heart beating so fast I could hear it. I sat in the coach for a while and called my son.

"Jade, come here." I called him.

He meekly came and sat close to me. I knew I had to try and bribe him not to tell his daddy anything.

"I will buy for you a small bicycle that you have been asking about. Remember it?" I asked him.

"Oh! Yes, I still remember it. Please buy for me tomorrow please." Jade urged.

"Don't buy for him alone, buy mine too!" His sister suddenly said.

"I will buy for you both, you are nice children." I told them.

I however could not find the right words to ask him what he saw and I just hopped he would be overexcited over getting a new bike as to forget it.

As I was about to ask him, my husband came in and both children rushed to welcome him.

They both sat close to their daddy I could not even get them to come to where I sat. I however just concentrated on the TV hoping that he will forget.

=====

Mercy served us food and as we sat at the dinning table eating, the children concentrated on how Mercy was eating.

"Auntie, why do you eat with your hands? Why not use a spoon?" Jade asked. Jade was very talkative little boy.

"We on coast are used to eating with our hands." Mercy told him.

"But it is dirty." Josephine said.

"No, you wash your hands and use them to eat. You can try." Mercy said smiling. The little girl looked at me.

"Mummy, can I wash my hands and eat with them?" She asked me.

"Yes, try." I told her. I was still hoping that Jade will forget.

Josephine got eating with her hands and she giggled all through while making a lot of droppings all over the table such that Jade began to laugh at her.

"Stop eating like a dog!" Jade told Josephine who was now sipping some soap from the plate.

Ken knocked and came in.

"Good evening Master." He greeted my husband.

"Oh! Good evening, please join us for supper." My husband told him and he sat down with us.

When Mercy went to serve Ken, suddenly Jade looked at Ken and smiled before looking at his daddy. I felt sudden fear engulf me. I silently held my breath. I wanted to call him and start sweet talking him when he suddenly told his father. "Daddy, can I tell you something..."

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

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THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: ELEVEN

I nearly choked with food while holding my breath. I felt suddenly hot and I knew this has to be a bad dream.

"Let me tell you in your ears." The little boy said and crossed to where their father was seated. He went to his daddy's ears and whispered something. Immediately he did so, my husband looked straight into my eyes and I knew I was finished. But he did not say anything but told the boy, "All right, go and sit down."

Ken hurriedly ate his food and left. I also pretended to help the house girl with her work of cleaning up when suddenly my husband told me to follow him to bedroom saying he had a word with me. I was tempted not to follow him.

I followed him silently.

=====

"Why do you look so tensed, have you done anything wrong?" My husband asked me, but I was surprised he was smiling while asking me so. Before I could even answer he, said, "I have been telling you to teach Josephine manners, do you know what Jade told me? He caught the little girl hiding behind the store with a small banana trying to insert it inside her vagina. Can you imagine that? This is not the first time she is trying to do so. Remember she is 13, she is getting into puberty. Very soon her hormones will go haywire and she might get spoiled. Find time to talk to her. I cannot talk woman issues to a small girl like her you are the best to talk to her. Do that before it is too late. What might happen if she gets to experiment with boys?" My husband was obviously angry but suppressing anger.

In as much as I was relieved that it had nothing to do with me, but I could not fail to see the fact that the little girl was growing up to be like me; a young woman with fiery sexual desires. I knew I had to talk to her before it was too late. In fact, it shocked me that she was trying to masturbate herself with a banana what if she ended up hurting herself?

"All right, my dear. I will find time." I said with my voice shaking with fear and relief.

"You better find time to! I can only talk issues with a boy not a girl. Do you imagine me discussing sex with a young girl? You are failing as a mother!" My husband said angrily. I felt insulted knowing that he totally failed as a sex mate long time ago.

"Forgive me, my husband. I will get time to talk to the young girl. Remember she is growing and probably experimenting with her delicate body." I said. My husband looked at me keenly before saying, "Find time to talk to her before she experiments with young boys! Besides, remember we cannot trust any man near her with her behaviors, including Ken! So, watch out for her moves."

The mention of the word Ken made me shiver. Not just because I had an affair with him, but I just could not imagine a man like him trying anything fishy with my little girl. But I knew I had to really talk with my daughter before it was too late.

To try to sooth and cool my husband, I went and sat close to him and began to caress him. It was not so appetizing caressing him due to his body fat but all I wanted was to cool him down. He turned and also began to kiss me. We continued kissing and suddenly he pushed me on the bed. He got on top of me but I was feeling his immense weight upon me such that I pushed him so as to roll over and we lie side by side.

Slowly, we got undressed with lights still on until we both were naked. On his chest you would think there were breasts. His penis was barely visible under his big belly, it looked tiny like that of a young boy. I held it and began to caress it until it began to get erect but to my dismay it could not get properly erect. But by that time, I was already so wet as my husband was stimulating my clitoris while sucking my breasts arousing me. It made me happy to know I still admired my husband.

Slowly he rolled on top of me and pushed himself into me. I moaned due to pleasure as I was so aroused. Slowly he pushed his penis into me and began to pump sending some spasms of pleasure all over me. Suddenly, he groaned and let himself to freely lie on top of me nearly crushing me with his weight. He trembled and before I knew, he had already withdrawn from me; he had literally ejaculated within seconds of penetrating me.

I felt so disappointed but did not tell him. I did not want to arouse his anger anymore.

He looked at me, kissed me and rolled over without saying good night. I lay there thinking of so many things but before I knew, my husband was fast asleep and snoring. I felt like he had just made me dirty. I went to bathroom and washed my private parts, wiped and went back to bedroom. I wore my night dress and wrapped myself with a lesso, then went to the table room where I found my children watching a soap opera.

When I got there, Jade was smiling but there was anxiety on Josephine's face. I wanted to talk to the little girl there and then since it was almost 10 pm.

"Josephine, please follow me to the kitchen." I told her. She followed me meekly like a sheep going to slaughter.

"Mercy, excuse us, I want to have a word with her." I told the house girl who slowly went to table room closing the kitchen door behind us.

I did not know where to begin.

"Josephine, I want you to realize that you are now a big girl, and there are some things I want to tell you, about yourself." I told her. She was so attentive as if she did nothing wrong during the day. She sat there with her legs crossed.

What followed was a one on one conversation, like woman to woman and I must admit, my daughter was so comfortable talking to me, she really trusted me. I knew if I approached the topic harshly, she might sulk. She even went ahead and told me she used to feel some strange feelings in her body that she really did not understand and they are the ones that led her to want to insert things in her vagina. I told her that was masturbation. I told her it was not right to do that since she might hurt herself but instead told her to always confide with me whenever she had something strange about herself or feelings she could not understand.

"Have you ever allowed a boy to touch you down there?" I asked her finally.

"No, I am afraid. I fear boys." She told me.

"If any boy attempts to touch you there, resist. Do not allow it. Or if anyone tries to touch your chest or down there, resist and if they try to force you, scream and run. All right?" I told her.

"All right." She said.

"Do you have something to tell me?" I asked her. She looked at me for sometime as if finding words to tell me.

"Mum, I used to hug uncle Ken. Is it ok to continue or should I stop hugging him?" She asked.

It suddenly dawned on me that I had somehow contradicted myself. I had made my children view all our workers as if they were one of us but my children knew so well they were not our relatives. I was in a dilemma on how to answer that question.

"It is just enough to greet him and respect him, not necessary to hug." I told her. I even told her she can hug fellow ladies but not men. Though she was a little confused on why not to hug men anymore. But I knew with her developing feminine feelings she must have been undergoing major changes in her existence. Cases were there of Shamba boys who would end up raping children in where they were working and I could not take chances.

After talking a little more, I told my daughter it was time to go to sleep. She stood up, came to where I was standing and gave me a hug. I felt like the greatest mum in this world for having shared such sensitive information to my daughter to an extent she now trusted me. I as I hugged her, I was keen to notice that her small breasts were taking shape, and she had grown big almost my height but still slim. I could also see her hips were getting bigger and more feminine. I even thought she was going to have larger hips than mine when she grew up.

=====

The following morning, my husband left earlier than usual since he told me he had a busy day. Before I left, I went to where Ken was standing and I could see how anxious he was. I smiled to put him at ease.

"Nothing of what you think, phew!" I told him.

"What do you mean? Did the little boy see us? Did he tell his father?" Ken asked. He even put the panga he was holding down.

"No, something else. Jade caught Josephine trying to insert a banana in her pussy." I told Ken.

"Wow! How now? Did she hurt herself?" Ken asked.

"No, but we resolved that. Don't worry. I nearly thought we got caught!" I told Ken. He smiled.

"But, we have to be careful, if we get caught I am going to run away from here for good. Besides, would not want to break your family. I cannot run with you." Ken told me. I did not know what he meant with he cannot run away with me but I did not bother asking. I could see Ken looking at my hips. I had worn a red mini skirt that day and a white blouse, and a black coat.

I teased him.

"What are you looking at?" I asked him.

"You are smart." He told me, picked his panga and turned to leave.

"Thank you." I told him. I wish he knew how hot I was feeling that morning owing to the fact that I did not get an orgasm the previous night. I looked at his tight trousers and saw some bulge. I called him.

"Ken, turn around, I want to look at you." I told him. He obeyed and turned but instead he smiled.

To my surprise, he had an erection that was pushing his trouser!

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry

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THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: TWELVE

Beholding his erection made me feel sudden wave of desire sweep across my body but knowing the risk involved in trying anything at the moment, I knew I had to resist my urges.

"Ken, have a good day, will see you later." I told him and turned to leave.

=====

"I nearly got caught by my son!" I told Celestine once we settled for our usual chit chats.

"Children are very observant you have to be careful. In fact, I would advise you not to try anything when the children are around." Celestine told me.

"But my husband is going to South Africa next week, my children are going back to boarding school and I will be alone with house girl and Ken." I told Celestine. She smiled.

"You shall have a lot of time alone there. But won't the maid be a problem perhaps? Is she the mouthy type? I know Coasterians for being mouthy!" Celestine said. I avoided answering that since I really never liked her tribal remarks.

"We shall see how it goes." I told her.

There was a lot going on in our company with its expansions and recruitment of new employees such that I did not have much time to gossip that day but got busy until I did not realize that it was time to go home.

"Hey, it is almost 6 pm, you need to go and rest." That was my boss telling me standing at the door.

"Wow, thank you. I did not realize it is this late." I told him. He left immediately and went to his car. I did not take much time but also packed and left.

I got home and found Ken talking with the house girl as she washed some dishes outside the house with Ken seated on an upside-down bucket. They seemed to be talking but immediately they saw me they stopped their conversation making me curious to know what they were talking about. Not really wanting to seem like an intruder into their conversation, I just greeted them and passed by. Immediately I got at home, my children came running to me and each gave me a hug.

I kept asking myself whether it could be possible that Ken was seducing Mercy or they were just being friendly. I even wondered why I was feeling jealous of the two.

====**

Time passed and fast and the time for my husband to leave for South Africa came. I was feeling anxious of being alone with Ken and housemaid as we had taken our children to their boarding school 2 days early.

My husband left his car at home as one of his friends offered to go with him up to Nairobi where they were to take a flight to Johannesburg.

That evening, he called.

"I am about to get into an areophane and won't be able to communicate until we arrive." He told me.

That evening, I did not bother with Ken as I just went to sleep. I wanted to be sure my husband arrives to South Africa least he comes back and catches me red handed.

The challenge however was how to handle the house girl least she would see anything and come to say to my husband. So, the following day I came home early and called Ken.

"Ken, master is not around. But how will you come into my bedroom without our maid seeing us?" I asked him.

"We shall wait until she is asleep." He told me.

"I hope she is a deep sleeper." I told Ken smiling.

After supper, I volunteered to assist Mercy with some work even telling her she was free to go to sleep early if she felt tired. She was so grateful of my gesture even saying that not many people can offer to help their workers. She did some cleaning up, had her supper and went to sleep.

I left the backdoor unlocked hoping that Ken will come in silently as we had planned. My anxiety knew no bounds.

At around 11 pm, Ken signaled me with his phone that he was about to come. I told him it was ok via text. I waited for what seemed like forever with my heart beating. I even peeked through the door to just be sure it would be him coming and no one else and to alert him in case our maid woke up.

At around 11:30 pm, I heard some movements in table room and thought that must be Ken coming. I waited for a while but went to sit on my bed. I continued to wait. When Ken did not seem to come into my bedroom, I texted him and he replied that he was coming. I did not bother asking him where he was as I knew he was perhaps buying his time.

Slowly, my bedroom door turned and Ken came in. I immediately rose to hug him and locked the door behind him.

"What took you so long?" I asked him.

"I wanted to be sure I was alone in the house. I was just being careful." Ken told me silently.

I was feeling so anxious such that I did not bother asking him much questions. I just went straight and tried to kiss him and this time, he did not resist. He kissed me back. I was happy to see he was willing to kiss me more and more. We continued kissing and romancing for sometime and slowly he pushed me on my bed.

He began to undress me slowly and silently as I also undressed him until we were both naked. I looked into his eyes and saw raw desire. He smiled and caressed my neck as we lay side to side. I reached for his groins to feel his hard penis and behold it was very hard and hot such that it made me shiver with sudden desire to have it deep inside me. He began to roll himself to come on top of me.

"Suck my breasts." I whispered to him. He just did as I told him and began to suck my breasts sending spasms of pleasure all over my body. I moaned silently and softly as Ken sucked my boobs slowly as if with some caution.

I caressed his balls while jerking his hard penis softly from left to right. I slowly pushed him to be under me and I got on top of him. He held me firmly under my buttocks as if supporting me as I sat on his muscular thighs.

I took hold of his penis and began to caress my vulvas with it, then to my labia majora making the tip of the penis wet with my fluids. I gave myself gentle slaps down there with his hard penis making me feel like moaning loudly.

He suddenly pulled me towards himself and before I knew it, he was pushing his penis into my already wet pussy. I could not resist myself and I gave out a prolonged soft moan as his penis opened me up going deeper and deeper until I felt it touching my cervix deep inside me. It felt so sweet that night!

I began to rock my hips rising up and down as he supported me with his hands. I was feeling so frenzied that night and my desire knew no bounds all I wanted was to ride his penis hard until I get a nice orgasm. I held myself on his shoulders as he helped me ride his penis. Suddenly, he held me by my shoulders and

pushed me so hard onto him. His penis hit my cervix so hard such that a sharp pain made me nearly scream.

"Gently, Ken, you are hurting me, be gentle!" I tried to plead with him but all the same he continued pulling and pushing me so hard with his powerful hands. He suddenly pushed me so hard onto his body until I felt like his pelvis was crushing my clitoris. I tried to gyrate my hips from left to right but by doing that he suddenly moaned loudly and I knew he was about to explode. But that also triggered me so hard such that I had to suddenly reach for my pillow and press my face against it so that my loud moaning would not be heard. I felt like screaming and felt so powerless. I began to tremble, shook so hard all over and before I knew it, a gush of fluids erupted from deep within me as goosebumps covered me all over. The last time I squirted, I could not recall but Ken made me squirt that night! It felt so sweet and nice. I held myself so hard onto his chest but he seemed surprised.

Soon after he ejaculated, he pushed me gently to his side and looked at me.

"Grace, have you urinated on the bed?" Ken asked. I just smiled.

"It is not urine. Sometimes when a woman feels more pleasure, some fluids comes out of her. Sometimes the fluids are so much you might think a woman has urinated." I tried to explain to him but he did not seem convinced.

My vagina was feeling a bit sore but I wanted to fuck him once more so I began to play with his soft penis until it began to grow once more. I took a soft cloth and wiped myself a little so that his semen would stop oozing from my vagina. He just looked at me and smiled when he saw me wiping myself.

I suddenly took his penis into my mouth and felt the taste of my own vaginal fluids on his penis. I did it so fast so that he would not resist and before he knew it, he was already moaning silently enjoying it. His penis was long enough I could hold it with both hands on its shaft and some little shaft remained over my hands. I was caressing and sucking it at the same time doing a bend over to do it as he caressed my buttocks. It felt so nice with him caressing my butt.

I then slowly got myself over him and positioned myself to ride him. I pressed my labias with his penis as if not wanting it to go inside but he sat and began to pull myself onto him.

I was about to let him penetrate me when I suddenly felt like I heard some movements on table room. I suddenly froze.

Ken looked at me.

"Did you lock the door?" I asked him.

"Yes, but..." He said as if unsure.

"But what?" I asked him. My desire suddenly evaporated.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: THIRTEEN

I did not want to over imagine as I walked slowly towards table room but Ken remained in the bedroom. The door was still locked. I switched on the lights, there was no sign of anyone in the house, which really puzzled me.

I looked at all door and they were still locked. I went to my bedroom door and motioned Ken to come out. He was already fully dressed. He tiptoed slowly and walked out as I locked the door behind him and went to sleep having made sure that every door was locked.

Ken agreed to kiss me, he was so nice at it. I caressed his hard-erect penis while admiring it. He also sucked my nipples too sending my desire to sky high. He then placed his penis on my labia majora and began to press sending spasms of pleasure all over my body. I pushed myself onto his hard muscles with my warm body. Slowly, I mounted Ken and began to pump up and down. He pushed himself so deep into my hot wet vagina making me hold my breath. He began to play with the tip of my clitoris making me feel like I would explode with pleasure. My eyes were closed as my senses felt the pleasure of a lifetime when suddenly my bedroom door opened and right at the entrance stood my husband still holding his safari briefcase!

I suddenly woke up to realize it was a dream, I was dreaming having been caught red handed by my husband. But the dream really troubled me as in the previous evening I had thought perhaps my husband had not travelled but had come back abruptly without warning me. I even looked at the door just to be sure I was alone in the bedroom. Looking at my watch it was around 5 am, I did not go back to sleep.

I could hear some movements in the kitchen but I knew it was my house girl preparing breakfast for us. I went to the kitchen and found her busy at work. When she saw me, she smiled and greeted me, "Shikamoo", a greeting by the Coastal people which depicts respect the elders.

"Marahabaa." I replied feeling awkward. She was so lively that morning and was working with a lot of energy and enthusiasm.

"You seem so fresh this morning." I told her.

"Yes, I slept soundly at night and woke up feeling fresh." She replied as she continued with her work.

I prepared myself and went to work.

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"Grace, it is dangerous fucking your lover in your house. You might get caught. Find another place."

Celestine advices me after I told her about the previous night scare.

"Then how will I be getting time to fuck him?" I asked her.

"Don't worry. Trust me. I will show you in the evening, just cooperate." Celestine told me and winked. I knew her as a schemer even at our work place.

Come that evening, Celestine told me to follow her with her car as we drove fast towards Kabete in Kiambu. We came to a gated compound where we were ushered in by a strikingly handsome young man who seemed of Indian origin.

We came to the living room. I was just following Celestine with so much trust like a little child. Inside we met 3 more ladies, 4 young men who I could clearly tell were in their twenties. They were smartly dressed.

"So, what is this place?" I asked Celestine after a few introductions.

"Grace, we women have to be wise. When we want to fuck with our secret lovers. We come with them here. We made arrangements and rented this bungalow. So when we come we come in the name of a business meeting or chama meeting in the evening or weekends but in reality we are coming with our young men. All you have to do is join us as a member, we shall give you the protocols. Then you will introduce Ken to this place. Teach him some manners so as he becomes refined, we do not want naïve men here. Teach him to dress nicely, how to be a gentleman not a bush boy that he is, then when you want to have him, he will be coming here, your work is to come and meet him here, get one executive room, have all the pleasure that you want and go home feeling like a winner. Your husband will never suspect anything." Celestine told me. I was awed by that arrangement and the sheer effort put by women to cheat on their husbands and never be caught.

After sometime we were joined by a middle-aged lady by the name Lillian Atieno.

"Good afternoon." She greeted me with a smile on her face. She was tall, with big broad hips that shook as she moved, chocolate colored and pretty face.

"Good afternoon." I replied back.

She looked at Celestine.

"So, this is our new member?" Lillian asked Celestine who replied, "yes."

My heart was beating as I was so anxious of whatever reasons took me there.

We later held what was being referred to as a business meeting but after sometime, Celestine excused us saying that we wished to go and come back later. I was however briefed on everything that was relevant to know.

=====

The challenge however remained how to convince Ken to be going there and above that, to teach her some mannerism that befitted going there. I could see the young men we met there were so refined, eating with forks and knives only, and behaved like real gentlemen. They wore nice business suits to convince anyone that whatever was going on there was a business meeting. I was even told some had real businesses going on while some were in campus. Celestine thought it would be a good idea to brief Ken and what was expected of him.

After I got home, I told Ken I wanted to discuss something with him.

"I want us to discuss some work with you." I told him.

"Madam, I told you that I need to replace the wheelbarrow, I need a new rake this one is worn out, also I needed some more groves..." Ken was telling me everything related to the shamba work but I cut him short.

"I know all that, I want us to discuss more." I told him. He looked at me and said, "Ok."

We sat at the table room together at around 8 pm. The house girl was at the kitchen doing some work. I wanted to go straight to the point.

"Ken, it is about me and you, not even your work. I want to be able to have you and get you without the risk of being caught. So, I have gotten a place where we can be meeting. However, it is under conditions." I briefed him.

"Aaah, we can be hiring a lodge, Karumaindo Bar has some nice lodges which goes for Kshs 200 per day, we can...." He was saying. I cut him short too.

"Not in lodgings, a nice place. I wanted to take you there tomorrow. But..." I stopped talking to see how attentive he was.

"But what?" He asked.

"The place demands that you wear some nice suits, look like a business person, refine some manners..." He cut me short.

"What do you mean manners?" Ken asked.

"I mean, like being able to eat with forks, like wazungus, speak English, etc." I said. At that point, Ken smiled.

"Grace, I barely know how to speak in Kiswahili, how do you expect me to speak in English?" Ken asked me sounding amused.

I briefed him some more and he agreed to go with me as long as I do not embarrass him for his lack of common knowledge on some middle-class lifestyle. He however was so willing to do anything that would not endanger him and so he welcomed that idea.

I told him the suit he shall wear as he had one suit which he never wore. I was eager to introduce him to the club.

=====

The following day, Ken finished his work early and came to join me at the shopping center wearing his suit. The suit seemed like it was smaller than him. He had large arms that fitted perfectly in the coat. His bulging biceps made him look like he was a wrestler wearing a business suit. I nearly laughed looking at him. He looked ridiculous.

We drove behind Celestine until we arrived to our destination. Once we arrived there, we got to the main sitting room where we sat there talking to some other women. It however made me feel uneasy noticing how the other ladies were looking at Ken, I even wondered whether he looked out of place or plain ridiculous.

Everyone else was speaking in impeccable English, including the young men. Everyone was so friendly.

"Hello, they call me Franklin, short form Frank. I am an accountant in EKNA SACCO which is in Kiambu. How about you please?" One of the young men was trying to ask Ken. Ken just stared back without saying anything. He looked at me then looked back at the man.

"Ken." He simply said and remained silent.

"Ken, nice to meet you. What do you do for a living?" The young man pressed on. I felt sudden anxiety not knowing what Ken will say.

"Farm manager." Ken said swiftly with a smile. I breathed a sign of relief knowing he could have said something more embarrassing. Ken looked at me and smiled, but I could tell he was not comfortable at all.

"Honey, may I meet you in private please." One lady called Frank, Frank told Ken, "Nice to meet you." And walked away.

After some minutes, Lillian came and told me to follow her.

"This are the rooms that we use for our other business. Feel free to pick any with your mate. Always leave the room tidy even though we have young girls who take care of that. Feel free to order anything from our bar or café, including foods." Lillian told me cordially.

"Thank you." I responded.

"Can I ask you a question?" Lillian asked and added, "And please don't feel offended."

"Ask please." I told her surveying the large room that we were in.

"What profession is your boy?" Lillian asked.

I felt a little embarrassed by the question, but I did not feel the urge to lie.

"He, is my shamba boy." I told her. She smiled at me.

"Shamba boys are known for their energy, but he has a lot to learn here. I noticed he is not as learned but that is none of my business. Enjoy yourself." Lillian told me. She was so friendly. I came to learn she was the one in charge of the bungalow.

Lillian took me around the facility too. It was really a women's affair place. Later she left me to go and join Ken at the living room. I found Ken talking with one of the other young men in low tone in Kikuyu. The

man excused himself and left me and Ken together alone in the coach. The other ladies including had also left with their young men including Celestine. It was apparent that Celestine also had a younger man too on top of her other guy.

"My dear, follow me." I told Ken who followed me to the dinning room. A young lady served us with some roasted chicken, vegetable salad, ugali and some passion juice.

"You are welcome." The young lady told us and left.

Ken was about to pick the chicken with his hands when I told him he should use the fork and knife.

"How?" He asked.

"Here, this is how you eat with fork and knife." I showed him some example. I took a fork, held the chicken meat and used the knife to cut a piece which I put in my mouth.

Ken held his fork too, dug deeply into his piece of chicken meat, thigh to be specific. He then began cut with the knife but pushed the knife too hard such that the smooth plate suddenly slid under his knife with so much force such that it moved swiftly across the table and landed on the tiled floor so hard such that it shattered into pieces.

The other ladies and their guys who were seated at various spots of the expansive dining area suddenly turned and looked towards the direction of where me and Ken were seated. I have never felt that embarrassed all my life all I wished is I would be able to just vanish in midair.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

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THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: FOURTEEN

I could see some ladies giggling there. Almost immediately, one of the restaurant patrons came and picked the pieces.

I could feel Ken was uncomfortable being there so I suggested we go to our room. We got inside and locked ourselves while Ken went and sat on the big king-sized bed.

"Is this where we shall be meeting?" Ken asked.

"Yes." I told him.

There was a big flat screen TV which I switched on and flipped the channels until I got a channel with some music. There was also a large bathroom with transparent door.

"Ken, I want us to bathe together." I suggested to him. He smiled and looked at me. I went to where he sat and slowly led him to stand up as I began to undress him. He followed my lead and we got undressed until we were both naked. His penis was still flaccid when we walked to the bathroom and began showering together.

"This place is so nice!" Ken said.

"Yes, we can enjoy ourselves here privately and safely." I told him. I wish he knew that we paid each one of us some membership fee of Kshs 25,000 per month as what is termed as maintenance fee. I knew if I told him that, he would suggest we find a cheaper place and I give him the rest. But all the same, I was still thinking of how to make him adapt to that life fast to avoid further embarrassments.

I began to caress his penis which remained limp for quiet some time before it began to get hard slowly. He too began to caress my body taking time to smear some soap on me. I could feel my desire going up as we did that.

"Will we do inside here?" He asked me.

"Why not?" I asked him.

"We might slip and fall; the floor is slippery." He meant the tiled bathroom floor.

"All right, let us go to the bed." I told him and we rinsed ourselves, walked slowly to the bed where we continued kissing each other. Suddenly he disengaged his mouth from mine and began to kiss my neck. It really felt nice since he had never kissed my neck. Slowly he began to suck my breasts pulling my nipples

with his lips. Then slowly he traced a line with his tongue along my abdomen making me have some wild passionate imaginations.

As if he was trying how it would go, he slowly traced his way with his tongue until the tip of his tongue rested on the tip of my clitoris sending spasms of pleasure all over my body until I found myself holding my breath, I really wished he would do more. He just licked the tip of my clitoris for some seconds before suddenly moving upwards to continue sucking my nipples.

The surroundings perhaps were so comfortable to inspire some adventure on him as he kept trying new things he had never done to me albeit a little awkwardly at times. I wanted to inspire him and so I told him to lie under me.

I began to suck his penis which got so hard. He was groaning softly as I also caressed his balls while teasing the tip of his penis with my tongue all the time. I was also feeling so lusty that evening. I could even feel like passion was flowing in my veins. I suddenly felt the urge to taste his cum and I continued to suck his hard penis with much more vigor.

He seemed to know he was about to ejaculate since he suddenly held my head about to yank me away from his penis but I pushed his hands away, held fast onto his penis and suddenly I felt some of his semen shoot into my tongue, I sucked harder and he went ahead and erupted so hard into my mouth until he trembled fiercely as to make the bed shake.

He suddenly looked at me and seemed disgusted. He completely never expected that. I smiled at him. I made as if to kiss him but he backed off fast away from me making me laugh.

But for whatever reasons, he pushed me under him and began to suck my clitoris with so much vigor making me completely lose control over myself. I began to moan so loudly while my legs just swayed from left to right at times folding his back. He sucked my clitoris for sometime and then slowly he ran his tongue over my labia minora while making his tongue so stiff making me feel ecstatic. He began to suck my labia majora while finger fucking me. Without warning his finger pushed my upper vaginal wall where the GSA was and I have never felt such pleasure all my life. I began to tremble, experienced rapid muscular spasms all over my body and I found myself screaming his name.

Without warning, a sudden gush of fluids escaped from deep under my body as I shook all over and totally lost control I found myself crying, writhing, my head rocking from left to right, throwing legs all over while

I totally washed his face with my orgasmic explosion. He seemed so surprised such that he backed off and just knelt there watching me lose control.

"KEN! KEN! KEN, I am dying, I am finished, oooh Ken!" I found myself saying.

Without a warning, he suddenly lunged forward and before I knew what he was up to, his hard penis was so deep in my wet vagina as he furiously fucked me to pieces! He kept rocking himself inside me, holding me by my hips literally making my buttocks float over the bed as he rocked himself so hard upon me until I was trembling with my breasts rocking back and forth over my chest. He then suddenly flipped me over such that I faced away from him. He entered me from behind and fucked me harder than I have ever been fucked. All noise I could here were our moans as he moaned loudly, and our bodies slapping each other as he rocked me so hard with his hands pulling and pushing me against himself.

He could have fucked me for about 20 minutes but it felt like he had been inside me forever when he suddenly slapped my butt, squeezed me so hard with his hands and trembled so hard and I knew he was cumming inside me. This triggered my orgasm and I found myself sprawling my legs all over the bed as orgasmic waves rocked me like a reed in a thunderstorm.

I held the pillow under me and screamed my lungs out so hard for a few seconds. Then I suddenly saw darkness.

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"Grace! Grace! Grace! You are scaring me, wake up!" That was Ken, who was shaking my shoulders hard.

I must have passed out due to pleasure. I was feeling so weak but so relaxed.

"What is the time?" I asked him.

"It is 10 pm. We need to go home." He told me.

"What?" I forced myself to sit on the bed.

"It is too late, let us go." Ken told me.

We each took turns to bathe in the bathroom and dressed up ready to leave.

I made the bed neatly as Ken dressed up.

Soon after, we went to the bungalow's restaurant and took some fruit juices and some cakes. There was no one else except the restaurant attendants.

Suddenly, we heard some commotion.

A rather furious young man came out screaming.

"Stupid whore! We agreed you are going to pay me tonight and all you are doing is telling me to keep sucking your cunt!" The young man said.

A middle-aged lady followed him.

"Stop shouting, you are shaming me, come back to the room we will agree." The lady said.

However, the young man got even more furious and slapped the woman so hard such that she fell backwards. Ken wanted to intervene but I told him not to. Suddenly some very muscular guys came and lifted up the young man like a sack of potatoes and disappeared with him outside as he continued to spew more insults.

"Time to go." I told Ken and we went to our car, reversed and within minutes we were out of there.

=====

"Does that mean some ladies pay to be fucked?" Ken asked. I smiled.

"Yes." I told him.

"But why?" He asked.

"Well, some women have money, even have great husbands like me but the only thing they are missing is great sex so they use their money to get what they are missing in their lives." I explained to him.

Ken looked at me.

"I don't think I can charge anyone to fuck her." He said.

"Neither would I pay." I told him. But I sure would have wanted to find ways to reward him for making me feel like a woman once more.

=====

We got home at around 11:30 pm. No sooner had I gotten into my bedroom than I fell deep asleep until I was woken up the following morning by our dogs barking outside at around 4 am. I heard some foot steps outside but looking through the window I could not see anyone or anything except hear our dogs barking.

I felt some fear. I picked my phone, tried to call Ken but his phone was off. But as long as the doors were locked, I felt a little secure.

=====

"You must have had a great time, I left you there." Celestine told me smiling.

"Sure. Celestine, you also have a young boy who services you?" I teasingly asked her.

"Oh! Yes. The old men have no energy, so I need a young man to make me feel like a school girl. Right now, my muscles are aching thanks to yesterday's fucking session. My boy is 22, still in college." Celestine told me.

"Damn! All right. Do you pay him?" I asked her.

"I just give him pocket money and that is all." Celestine told me. I did not bother asking how much that was.

"But sure thing, young men rocks!" I told Celestine as I remembered my previous night until I passed out.

"The tragedy of life, my dear.

Young men have energy, have time, but have no money to pamper women.

Middle aged men have energy, have money, but have no time to be with women.

Old men have money, have time but have no energy to fuck women.

Finding the balance is what is driving us this insane chasing after young boys. What a life?" Celestine told me as if lamenting.

"But I think the worst is, most women due to sexual awareness, confidence with their bodies and having settled, our libido shoots upwards in our thirties. I don't know why, but I feel hotter than I was when I was a younger woman." I told Celestine. She looked at me and laughed.

"What is funny?" I asked her.

"Isn't it about time the society accepted the fact that women admire younger men just as the same as men admire younger ladies?" Celestine said.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

**SAGA BY ANTHONY KERRY
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THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: FIVETEEN

"I never used to think a time shall come when I shall admire a man younger than me." I told Celestine.

"Then you have to accept it now." Celestine told me.

Time passed, days passed and weeks passed.

I continued to train Ken towards being a more presentable man at least to my peers. I even bought him 4 nice Italian suits to be wearing. Even though my husband never agreed to increase his salary, I opted to be paying him mid-month with my own money.

The tricky bit was to get time with him in the evening more so whenever my husband was around. I told him to tell my husband that he has gotten a membership in some club that trains people on how to feed cows as to yield more milk and that he has to create time to be attending the meetings in the evening, twice per week. Not to make it too obvious, I ensured that at times he is away from home and I am home. So, at times, Ken would just go in the evening and I did not care where to while I would be at home with house girl or with my husband too.

Ken even adopted new hair styles, began to wear nicely, applied perfumes on himself and that made him look even more handsome. It really enhanced his confidence with himself too. His mannerism also drastically changed.

This made me conclude one thing, some of these lowly people on the society are not dumb, they just lack opportunities since you would never think Ken would get that smart and attractive. But I began to feel too old for Ken such that I also joined a gym to be working out to remain in shape or to at least improve my self-image. I would attend in the evening 3 days per week to dance Zumba or do some aerobics and cardio exercises.

=====

"Nowadays you have really changed." My husband commented one evening after noting that I was getting more into shape.

"Yes, I told you I joined the gym. Why won't you join too?" I asked him.

"That is a waste of money, I am fit the way I am." He said with some pride caressing his pot belly. I wished he knew how much I wished he would lose some weight. I felt disgusted.

"Can't you see how much fat you have become?!" I asked him with annoyance in my voice.

He looked at me for some seconds.

"So, do you want me to look thin?" He asked.

"No. At least you become a little fit. My dear you are now around 110 kg. You are overweight. Do something. Being fat makes someone lazy, you can get diseases like blood pressure." I told him.

"Hey, Grace! Gym is for idlers. You have too much free time to waste it in the gym. Within that 2 hours of being in the gym jumping up and down, someone somewhere will have made a lot of money. Besides, some people are small because of the nature of their work. Look at someone like Ken our shamba boy. His work is physical all day that is why he is smaller than me. But my work is a lot of sitting. How will I be lean with my nature of work?" He asked me.

"Douglas my dear, can't you even see this has affected our sex life. We can no longer enjoy like before. Your weight is a hindrance. You have gotten too fat until your something is disappearing." I told him. I knew that would offend him but I wanted to see if anything would trigger him to going to the gym at least. I was even ashamed of walking with him on the road.

He suddenly gave me an angry stare that made me feel some fear.

"Idiot! Don't you also realize that your pussy has gotten bigger such that whenever I am inside I even wonder whether I am inside you. It is not my thing that is disappearing it is your hole getting larger." He said.

I felt my blood suddenly boil. We have had our arguments but this was getting worse. I felt seriously offended. I remained silent for a while. A lot of thoughts crossed my mind but one that dominated was, could it be perhaps that Ken's big penis has made my vagina bigger over time?

"All right, let us end this discussion." I told my husband. He stood up and walked away outside.

I went to the kitchen where Mercy was and found her busy scrubbing the floor. I looked at her and noticed that she had gotten larger hips since she came to work with us. However, she never wore any provocative clothes and that made me feel secure with her. Also, her respect was big for everyone.

"Hello, Madam. How may I help you?" She stood up to ask me.

"Ah, nothing. Was just passing by. I can see the kitchen is shining, good work." I told her.

"Thank you, Madam." She said and continued with her work.

I walked outside. I found my husband looking at our cattle. I did not bother going to where he was.

Ken was busy cutting some grass into small pieces and packing them inside large sacks to be used later. I wished my husband was not around and I would go to talk to Ken who normally took time to appreciate my body. He always made me feel like a woman.

=====

My husband's trip to Nigeria came and he travelled on a Friday evening. I took him with my car up to airport and then went back home. When I got home, Ken was not around.

"Where is Ken?" I asked Mercy.

"I don't know, he just told me he is going to the shop." Mercy told me.

I called Ken's number but he was not picking. So, I just kept myself busy that evening.

I slept early that night since I was feeling a little stressed and tired.

During the night, I however felt some movements outside. I woke up to look outside through the window but would not see anyone. Fear engulfed me and I did not come out of my bedroom. Suddenly, I heard commotion outside.

"Stop right there or I will kill you." That was Ken shouting at someone or something. I head steps like someone running. Ken was chasing someone outside the building.

I heard someone knock our gate hard, then, silence followed.

Ken then knocked on our main door and I went to open.

"What is going on?" I asked him.

"There was a man outside. I just came back and found him standing outside that window. "Ken pointed at the window where our house girl slept.

"Did you catch him?" I asked Ken.

"No, he ran away. He opened the gate so fast and ran away." Ken said.

"Why didn't our dogs chase after him?" I asked Ken. Suddenly, Ken looked puzzled. There was no sign of our dogs outside. Ken whistled to call our dogs but none responded. That was really strange.

"All right, you can go to sleep. Make sure the gate is locked." I told Ken as I began to go back to the house.

However, I did not sleep well until the following morning.

"Did you hear someone at your window at night?" I asked Mercy.

"No, I am a heavy sleeper." Mercy said.

"There was someone outside your window at night. Ken chased him away." I told Mercy.

"Damn! Did he steal anything?" Mercy asked.

"No, he was just peeping, nothing else." I told Mercy.

I ate my breakfast and went to work half day since it was on a Saturday.

I told Celestine of the man who broke into our compound at night.

"But at least you have dogs." Celestine said.

"Imagine none of our dogs was around that night, so strange. They all came in the morning." I told Celestine.

"Oh! When there is a female dog that wants males, all males go chasing after it. Not a wonder. You need to have a female dog in your compound." Celestine told me. It made sense.

"Today, are you going to our club?" I asked Celestine.

"Yes, today is on a weekend. I need more time with my boy. What about you?" Celestine asked.

"Yes, I already told Ken and we will go. I will pick him up at around 3 pm as we head there." I told Celestine.

=====

3 pm came and as we had agreed, I picked Ken at the shopping center. I drove towards the direction of our club.

"I wish I knew how to drive, I would assist you." Ken told me.

"I can teach you how to drive, it is not difficult." I told Ken.

"I would like to know." Ken said.

"All right, let us take that route without much cars and I will show you." I told Ken as I took some earth road which didn't have much cars.

I told Ken to take the wheel and follow my instructions. He was a good learner but I told him to be very slow so as we would not land in a ditch or cause some accident. The car was engaging smoothly since it had just been taken for servicing.

"Don't you know I could also become your personal driver?" Ken asked jokingly.

I laughed.

"No, baba boy would suspect us too fast. But I can be giving you to drive me to the club." I told him. He moved on slowly engaging a low gear so as to maintain some balance.

"it is not difficult to drive after all." Ken said picking speed.

"Hey, not so fast. Stop accelerating. Wait until you are used to." I told Ken who slowed down instantly. As he tried to engage another gear, the car suddenly stopped.

"Now what?" Ken asked.

"Let me take over from here." I told Ken.

I took the wheel, disengaged the gear after restarting the car and we proceeded towards our club. We got to the club at around 4 pm and we went straight to the restaurant to have something to eat. There were various ladies with their guys too. I could see some new faces. There were some music playing and I could see some ladies going to the dance floor to dance with their partners. Some ladies were too fat to dance with the younger guys and sometimes would leave the dance floor to go and sit while leaving the guys to dance alone.

"Ken, can you dance?" I asked him.

He smiled at me. "I am not good at dancing but can try." Ken said.

We got to the dance floor. Ken held me close and we began to sway to the rhythm of the songs. I was resting my head on his shoulders as we danced. We danced for about 20 minutes until I began to feel aroused and wanted Ken there and then.

I gently pulled Ken to go and sit down with me for a while before going on to our room.

While seated there, I noticed a certain lady keenly looking at me, for whatever reason. I did not pay much attention to her. She was in company of a tall, lanky young man.

Her face looked familiar but could not remember where I saw that face last. That did not bother me as after all, most ladies there were not in company of their husbands.

"That woman been looking at you since we came here." Ken told me.

"Well, maybe she knows me, but I cannot remember her." I told Ken.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

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THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: SIXTEEN

Suddenly, my phone buzzed with a text; it was from my neighbor.

"Ken, we have to go home right away." I told Ken who seemed surprised. But he did not question anything. I had told Mercy I would not be home up to around 9 pm.

We drove fast until we got close to my compound.

"Ken, I am packing my car a distance from home then I will tell you what to do." I told Ken.

"Why not pack it at Karumaindo Garage? It is safer there." Ken suggested. I heeded his suggestion.

We walked home and opened the gate silently. It was around 7 pm. There was some light from the kitchen but on going there, there was no one.

I unlocked the main door and walked into the dark house. I went silently up to Mercy's bedroom's door and stood there listening. I clearly heard a male voice inside who I could not tell who it was. Ken was at the table room. I stood there and waited.

I texted my neighbor.

"Are you saw a man enter my house?" I asked her over the text.

"I saw him, just enter into the house you will see I am not wrong." She replied.

I suddenly banged the door and shouted, "Open this door right away or I break it."

Immediately I said that, I heard some commotion inside, then silence followed. My neighbor had told me that she suspected that my maid was sneaking in a man into my house at night and whenever I was not around so I wanted to be sure of it.

When it got apparent that no one would be opening that door, I called Ken to come and help me break the door.

"Madam, please forgive me, I will open the door." Mercy said from inside the room. Slowly she opened the door and I got inside the room. I got the surprise of my life. The man inside was a young man, who was our neighbor sort of. His name was Ivan Njoroge.

"Ivan! But why?" I asked him. He was too ashamed to look at me. Mercy sat on the bed with her hands on her face.

Ken did not bother coming in the room he just sat at the table room, for whatever reasons.

"How long have you been doing this?" I asked not to any of the two in particular.

"So, you waited for me to go so that you can come behind my back to screw my house girl?" I asked the man who remained silent all along.

It was a funny sight all the same. I did not think Ivan, who was almost graduating with a BCOM would stoop that low to fuck a house girl, an illiterate house girl.

"Ivan, get out of my house right now!" I told the man who without hesitating stood up and headed towards the table room.

"Grace, that is the man I was chasing at night the other day." Ken told me.

"Are you sure?" I asked him.

"I am so sure!" Ken told me. That could only mean one thing, the man been sneaking into our house at night to fuck Mercy.

"But isn't that Ivan the son of Kang'ethe? I thought that night I did not see properly but today I just saw his face clearly." Ken said.

"I am surprised. Why would he lower his dignity that much as to fuck a maid yet he is about to graduate at a prestigious university? He could get a better girl there, a girl his class." I asked. Immediately I regretted asking that. I figured out for me too to fuck my shamba boy I was in similar situation but what was strange was how Ivan would be so daring as to come into our house at night to fuck our maid.

I began laughing.

"What is funny?" Ken asked.

"Forget it, let us eat some supper and watch some movies." I told Ken.

"Mercy! Come out, serve us with some chocolate drink please and something to eat." I told Mercy.

Mercy came out slowly, went to the kitchen. I followed her to the kitchen. She was not looking at me.

"Mercy, I will not hold this against you, but don't sneak men into my house again. Am I clear?" I asked her.

"Yes, Madam. It won't happen again." Mercy told me. I went back to the sitting room.

I figured out no wonder our dogs never barked whenever Ivan came sneaking at night, after all, they knew him properly!

=====

"Imagine it was Ivan sneaking into my house to screw our house girl. "I told Celestine when I met her the following day on Church.

"What? Couldn't he take her to his place at least. What a shame! Anyway, he is still young and hot blood." Celestine remarked.

"Anyway, she is a lady too, remember. At least she was not screwing my husband. Someone had told me she is fucking my husband and I thought it was him." I told Celestine.

"But your husband travelled." Celestine said.

"Yes, and he is coming in 2 days' time." I told Celestine.

"Make use of that time well." Celestine told me and winked. I knew what she meant.

Later in the afternoon, it was drizzling and I just sat there watching a movie at home. Mercy had gone to the market to buy some items and Ken was outside doing his usual job. I texted him to come. He came and we sat there. He was smelling some chicken feed.

"I want it right now." I told him. He looked at me surprised.

"What if...What if Mercy finds us?" He asked.

"She has gone to the market, she will be back in 2 hours since today is market day." I told Ken.

"No, I think the best is to go to our usual place." Ken protested but before he could say anything else, I was on top of him where he was seated. I caressed him while seated on him. I began to kiss him. He held me by my buttocks and pulled me hard towards him. I unzipped his trousers and brought out his semi erect penis which I caressed until it got very much erect.

I removed my underpants fast and threw it on the carpet before I positioned myself properly on top of him so that I would ride him. I was already wet with desire.

I held his penis and directed it onto my labia majora, caressed myself a little more with it, smeared it with my vaginal fluids and used it to stimulate my clitoris. Suddenly, I pushed it into my moist vagina and pushed myself hard onto him and with one swift move, all of it was inside me. I moaned with ecstasy. I began to move up and down as he helped me with his strong hands to ride him. I sat on him hard such that my clitoris was being pressed by his pubic bone and I could hear my orgasmic waves begin to sweep across my body and I knew an orgasm was imminent. I accelerated my tempo and rhythm on top of him to finish the quickie faster. Suddenly, I erupted so hard while on top of him until I lost my balance but luckily, he held me from falling down. I could see him trembling after a few seconds and he moaned; I knew he also ejaculated inside me.

That instant, I disengaged myself and some semen landed squarely on his trousers. He however smiled.

"Let me wipe it." I told him. I took my handkerchief and used it to clean him.

Within minutes, we had resumed to our normalcy as if nothing happened.

I was going about my duties, folding our clothes in our bedroom when suddenly Mercy knocked in my bedroom. I knew it was her since I had mastered how she used to knock softly. I opened slowly.

"Madam, I found this under the coach. I think it is yours." She told me. She was holding my underpants! I was shocked and equally ashamed.

"Thank you." I told her, took it from her and she went away. I was left wondering whether that was enough for her to suspect anything.

=====

My husband was to come back on Monday evening and he told me he would be coming with some business friends and one of his cousins so I should prepare some dinner for his friends and cousin. I knew I had to prepare them myself since I did not really trust Mercy would be a better cook. But Mercy was so kind as to offer to assist.

We began talking jokingly.

"So, Mercy, are you in love with Ivan?" I asked her.

"He told me he will marry me." Mercy said. I sensed confidence in her voice.

"But be careful not to get pregnant. Most of these young men will make you pregnant and disappear once you tell them." I told her.

"I am careful." She told me. She was sounding so mature than I had thought.

"So, you want to be married to a Kikuyu man?" I asked her.

"Yes. My friends used to tell me bad things about Kikuyu men. Like..." She paused.

"Like what? Tell me Mercy, we are talking woman to woman. Don't be afraid of telling me." I persuaded her. She smiled.

"But, Madam, don't think bad of me." She told me.

"I promise." I told her, I smiled to put her at ease.

"My friends used to tell me that Kikuyu men have small dicks and are weak in bed. But I am finding that to be a lie. Ivan is big and strong, he made me cry of pain the first day we did it." Mercy told me candidly and openly, with the trust of a little girl.

"Was it your first time? Was he your first boyfriend?" I asked her.

"No, he is my, hmm let me count...hmmm...he is my 36th boyfriend." Mercy said. I nearly exclaimed out loudly in shock. So, this girl has fucked a total of 36 men! Was she even sure of what she was talking about?!

"How old are you?" I asked Mercy.

"I am 21 years old." Mercy replied. I did not want to arouse suspicion in her as to think I was genuinely surprised.

"Do you use condom whenever you have sex?" I asked her.

"I don't know how to use them. I thought the men are the ones supposed to use them." Mercy said. She was so naïve about it.

Wasn't she afraid if getting HIV or something! This was crazy!

=====

After preparing supper we arranged everything in the dining room. My husband was near with his visitors.

At around 8 pm, Sunday evening, my husband arrived. He was accompanied by 5 men and I thought one of them could be his cousin he was talking about. After introductions it was apparent none was his cousin.

"I thought you said you were coming with one of your cousins too. Where is he?" I asked Douglas.

"She is on the way coming. She got held up somewhere but soon she will be here. I have come with some items, where is Ken to assist me to offload them?" My husband asked.

Mercy called Ken and together they went to offload some items from one of the cars.

"What are they?" I asked my husband after seeing how sealed they were.

"Don't worry, just some business items. I shall take them tomorrow to their destination." My husband told me. He did not want me to know, obviously. But based on how Ken was lifting them, they were not quite heavy.

We sat at the table room talking when suddenly my husband announced to the men, "Oh! She is here. She can make a good business partner remember, so play your cards nicely."

So, my husband stood up to go to welcome the lady, who was his cousin.

I was at the kitchen when my husband came back to the house. I could hear them talking excitedly.

I went to the table room to be with the visitor but immediately I saw the said lady who my husband was saying was her cousin, I closed my eyes, opened them to be sure I was seeing right.

"My dear, meet my cousin. Don't you remember her? She was at our wedding. Don't you remember her? My cousin from Australia? And right here is her husband." My husband told me.

The lady was none other than the lady who was keenly looking at me at our secret club in Kabete!

"Oh! Nice to meet you!" I told her after greeting her. Her name, as she reminded me, was Alicia Nyokabi.

"Nice to meet you too!" She said excitedly. I looked at her husband's face just to be sure if he was the man who I saw with at the club but he wasn't the one.

After some minutes, my husband told us to excuse them as they had some business they wanted to discuss. So, me and Alicia's husband went to the main living room and left the rest at the dining table. Before the business meeting commenced, Alicia excused herself. She motioned me to follow her outside.

After we got outside she looked at me in the eyes and smiled. "Please, I beseech you in the name of Gikuyu and Mumbi, do not tell Jackson where you saw me and with who. If he ever gets to know, he will kill me. Remember he is a KDF officer!" Alicia told me. I breathed a sigh of relief.

"Sure, you also saw me, but we can keep it between us." I reassured her. At least I was sure of her.

Alicia handed me her business card and we walked back into the house.

"I wanted her to show me cows, she has some nice cows, great farmer. I should borrow some tips from her." Alicia told Jackson. Jackson smiled and told her, "It is ok, but who will stay with them? You have a lot of work."

"I will hire a shamba boy." Alicia said, looked at me and smiled, and proceeded to the table where they had their meeting.

I remained with Jackson on the table room who began to tell me of his exploits as a KDF officer in various missions outside Kenya.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: SEVENTEEN

"What was the deal all about?" I asked my husband once the visitors had left. Alicia had also left with the sacks that came with them, they all got loaded in her car.

"I was actually given those sacks in Nigeria. They were sealed with instruction not to open. So, I also don't know what is in them but they keep telling me we can do business with them." My husband told me.

"Aren't you afraid they might be fishy deals? Be careful." I told my husband.

"Ah, provided there is money, who cares." He told me.

=====

We continued meeting at our usual club in the name of going for Chamas and whenever I was not going, I would let Ken have his free time so that my husband would not suspect it.

"By the way, Ken, where do you spend your time when we are not together at the club?" I asked Ken one evening, just out of curiosity.

"I just go to watch a movie at Vietnam video show, they have nice DJ Afro movies." Ken told me.

"I thought you have been doing some part time business." I told him. He looked at me.

"Why?" he asked me.

"You of late been buying for yourself nice clothes, shoes, you even bought for yourself a mountain bike." I told him.

"But you have been paying me mid-month, remember?" Ken said.

"Oh! Yea, I never thought that would really afford you all the items. Anyway, I was just curious. Nowadays young men sell even drugs to get money, don't get into such deals." I told him.

He laughed.

"No, I am honest." Ken told me.

=====

"Celestine, can I ask you something?" I asked Celestine, out of concern. She had been adding weight and she seemed moody most of the time.

"Yes, ask please." She said.

"You have been adding weight of late, and you seem mood less. Why?" I asked her.

"Just a few domestic issues, don't worry." She said trying to evade my question.

"Can't you trust me with your issues?" I asked her. She looked at me. She then looked at her watch.

"Well, I will tell you but in a more relaxed place, not here, we can go to a club or something." Celestine suggested.

"Why not just go to our club, at least two of us we can have a talk there. There is privacy and the place is comfortable at least." I suggested to Celestine.

"Just two of us, we won't go with our boys." Celestine said.

In the evening, we drove ourselves to our usual club.

"Oh! Welcome, nice to see you." One of the ushers welcomed us.

"Thank you. Can we use that section or is it reserved?" Celestine asked pointing at one table secluded for two, which was in its own enclosure sort of and guaranteed some good privacy.

"Tell me now, my dear." I urged Celestine.

Celestine went on to tell me how her husband been having a mistress who he had rented for a house in Ruiru, been paying for her all her bills, was educating her as she was doing her masters and now the man was literally staying at her place. The lady was around 30 years old as what Celestine told me, was a single mother of 1 child who her husband was also educating. But the worst part was, Celestine's husband was not taking care of them anymore leaving everything upon Celestine who felt she was so overwhelmed with the duties of sustaining her family of 4 children all in boarding school, paying all their bills etc.

"Look, here is her photo, I took it from my husband's phone." Celestine showed me the lady. She was a slim, medium height brown lady with protruding hips. Comparing her and Celestine I nearly concluded why the man really opted for her. But that was driving Celestine into neglecting herself and her self-image so much.

"I want to hire some thugs who will eliminate her for good, failure to I will just kill my husband." Celestine said. In my mind, I wondered, so Celestine was here busy cheating in her husband with some young men, but felt so offended when the husband cheated on her with a younger lady?

"Sweet heart, you don't have to kill any of the two, trust me. If I must be honest with you, am sure your husband would also get mad if she ever found what we do here. I think it is about time you sat with your husband and solved the whole quagmire. What if he also knows what you do here? Think along that line." I told Celestine. I thought it was too selfish of her to think if avenging herself yet she was equally guilty.

I even thought about it, what would I feel if I ever found my husband cheating on me? But I figured out that my husband pushed me into cheating in him since he could no longer satisfy my sexual urges. The whole thing looked so messy.

"But, when our husbands fail to give us orgasms where else do they expect we should get them?" Celestine asked.

I remained silent for a while.

"Would you ever have fucked your shamba boy if he was taking care of your physical needs?" Celestine asked me.

"Not at all, in fact if he ever gets better, I will perhaps stop fucking Ken." I told Celestine. I was honest but thinking about it, I knew I was so hooked up to Ken like I was falling in love with him. I really trusted him.

We talked a lot more and Celestine called out some waiter to bring for us some wine, chicken and Ugali.

"I feel hungry already, I need to drown my anger." Celestine said.

Wine was brought but I did not want to drink too much. I never drank more than enough whenever my husband was around for obvious reasons.

Celestine drowned one glass within 10 seconds!

"Easy, Celestine. Go slow. You are here to enjoy yourself not to kill yourself!" I told her. She just laughed and poured some more in her glass.

"But men are so stupid. Imagine all this and our husbands have never thought of it? They think we go to Chamas, they see us making progressive changes in our homes and think it is all about the money from Chamas. It is so easy to catch a cheating man, but never easy to catch a cheating woman." Celestine said. I could tell she was already becoming drunk. She was really talking and laughing.

"Have you fucked your boy and your husband same day?" I asked Celestine.

"Oh! Yes, provided I wash my pussy properly after we fuck here, in the evening it is as fresh as new, he will come, suck it, lick it and fuck it nicely too." Celestine said. That was rather crazy and shocking, I had never thought of fucking my husband same day with my lover.

"Personally, if I fuck my boy today, I shall fuck my husband 2 days from today. I feel guilty to fuck both same day. In fact, one time my husband tried to romance me after I fucked Ken, all my feelings were completely gone. He had to abandon it." I told Celestine.

"I used to be like that at the beginning. Guilt would consume me until all my feelings would bow. In fact, as long as I would fuck someone else, I would not have feelings left for my husband. At one time I thought he would suspect me. He even made remarks suggesting that I might be getting it elsewhere that was why I was unable to fuck him. I just had to find ways to kill my guilt so as to give him whenever he wanted." Celestine said and finished her 5th glass of wine while I was still at the second.

I thought within myself, with how big Ken was and how he really blew all my passion away during our secret moments, how on earth would I still have feelings for another dick? May be if it was smaller I would have some feelings left for another but Ken was like a dynamite, he would completely blow away my desire. The thought even began to arouse me.

"Celestine, I know what I am talking about. With Ken, I cannot go with another man once I am done with him. He is a stallion in bed." I told Celestine who was downing her 7th glass of wine and really getting drunk, I was worried she would not be able to drive herself home.

"Ah! I know your boy is a stallion in bed." Celestine said. It made me feel proud of him but the statement took some seconds to sink into my head and my pulse rate spiked suddenly. I looked at Celestine.

"You said you know? How do you know?" I asked Celestine. She looked at me and smiled.

"Oh! Don't worry, I can tell by how you praise him. Forget about it." She said.

"Waiter, add another bottle please!" Celestine said.

"Hey, are you going to drive yourself home?" I asked her.

"Yes, but if not able to, I have someone who I will call and will come and drive me back home." Celestine said.

The wine was making me have some funny thoughts and I wished Ken would be there with me to give me some joy. I took my phone and dialed his number. His phone was off.

"I am calling Ken, but his phone is off, where could he be?" I muttered on my own.

"Come on, we said we are not going to have our boys here today." Celestine said.

"Oh! Yes, I nearly forgot, forgive me." I told her.

Looking at my watch it was already some minutes to 8 pm. I called Ken again to tell him not to forget to feed double portion of the new bull which my husband bought since the bull was too big and ate like an elephant.

"Let us dance for a while and go home." I told Celestine.

We went to the dance floor but I could see Celestine was staggering a little. I pitied her. We began to dance solo at the dance floor, while some of the ladies were dancing with their guys. Despite Celestine being drunk she was really keeping pace with the music an indication that she still had her balance in control.

"You thought when am drunk I cannot stand? I can. In fact, I can still drive." She said.

"Indeed, I can see, but don't drink more please." I urged her.

"I am pressed, need to go to relieve myself." Celestine suddenly said and began walking towards washrooms. She took a considerable amount of time before coming back such that when she came back I asked her why she took that long.

"I was vomiting. But I am ok." She said. She did not look ok.

"Celestine, we are going home. Let me go and relieve myself too so that we can go. And please if you cannot drive yourself, tell me, I would rather take you home." I told Celestine.

"Don't worry, I am a big girl. I can take care of myself!" Celestine said and laughed it off.

I walked towards washrooms slowly, got there and relieved myself. I looked at the big bungalow and realized there were so many sections of the house that I did not know. Like I saw a corridor with an arrow, "VIP SUITES". I used to think ours were the best, executive suites.

I followed it since after all I knew it would go around and return to the bungalow restaurant. The place was so silent and really exquisite. I even thought the following time that is where I would bring Ken. While walking, I came across a brown very healthy cat which purred upon seeing me. I bent down to caress it a little. It caressed back against my leg as I stood up to continue walking. Just as I was about to go, one of the VIP SUITE's door opened at a corner, a little rounded such that whoever was coming out would not see me easily. Out came Lillian Atieno, the owner of the bungalow. She looked ahead but did not seem to see me, perhaps she never expected anyone at all.

Then out came a young man wearing some casual brown jeans, a tight white T shirt and some nice army boots. I looked keenly at the man and for a moment I thought I was dreaming or hallucinating. My heart nearly came out through my mouth the moment I saw the man clearly!

The young man got genuinely shocked when he saw me.

"Robert! Is this you?!" I asked the young man. Lillian just stared at me also surprised.

Lillian looked at Robert.

"Who is she to you?" Lillian asked Robert.

"She is my aunt; her husband and my dad are brothers." Robert explained candidly.

"So, what? Woman, mind your own business." Lillian said, took Robert's hand and walked away fast with him towards the main lounge of the bungalow.

=====

I however knew I could not dare to say anything since I had signed some membership forms and one of them was, whatever happened behind those walls should strictly remain behind those walls. But that meant I should be careful, it was proving to be a small world and being busted was easier than I thought.

I arrived home a little past 9 pm. My husband had not yet arrived but I knew he would arrive a little before midnight.

"Have you seen Ken?" I asked Mercy.

"Yes, he was here not long time ago." Mercy told me. As if Ken knew I was looking for him, he came.

"Ken, why did you switch off your phone?" I asked him. He looked at me for a few seconds.

"My phone got stolen. I was charging it at one Kinyozi and before I knew it was not there." Ken told me.

"Oh! I am sorry, be careful next time it is so easy to lose a phone nowadays." I told Ken.

I went to my bedroom where I had placed my handbag, fetched Kshs 12,000.

"Ken, get a new phone tomorrow." I told him.

"All this for a phone?" Ken asked.

"Yes, buy a smart phone stop using these mulika mwizi, be stylish too." I told him smiling.

"Thank you so much, God bless you." Ken told me.

"If unable to set it up, bring it to me tomorrow I shall help you set it up." I told Ken.

Since I was feeling tired and disoriented that day, I went to sleep early.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

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THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: EIGHTEEN

The following day, Lillian called an urgent meeting. I sensed it had something to do with our activities there.

When we got there, you would think she was reading the riot act.

"First of all, I wish to emphasize on the fact that what happens here remains here. I know some of us have husbands who love us so much and we would not want them to know our other lives." She continued to read out more rules of engagement on that place.

Finally, she said all men who comes there are also to be registered with the club for privacy sake.

"Failure to abide to the rules, you will be met with consequences which I am not going to tell anyone." She concluded.

Later, Lillian called me.

"I am sorry if I over reacted to you yesterday, I was generally pissed off." She told me.

"It is ok, I understand. I was just concerned." I told her.

"But if you tell me to leave the young man alone, I will." She told me, a statement I did not expect.

"Would you?" I asked her.

"Of course, yes. I have no problem getting a young man." She told me. However, I figured out that if she let go the young man, probably the young man would end up telling my husband.

"How often does he come here?" I asked Lillian.

"This was his first time, I can always tell him that you were here for other reasons not the obvious reasons." Lillian said.

"No, just let him know whatever he sees here must remain here. I got scared you know, he might tell my husband and things won't go down well." I told Lillian. She laughed.

"Deal, I will handle it. Meanwhile, feel free." She told me as she rose to go.

But I was still not comfortable, I just hoped things won't go against me.

=====

"Celestine, I hope you are ok now." I told Celestine on our way home. I was the one driving. She was not with her car that day.

"I am fine, I will just fuck life and live." She said.

"This Lillian lady. What else does she do for a living?" I asked Celestine.

"No one knows." Celestine told me.

We continued having a casual talk until we got home.

I dropped Celestine at her home gate and went my way.

"Welcome back, Madam." Mercy greeted me.

"Thank you, I am so hungry, what is ready?" I asked her.

"I have cooked some pilau today, I hope you will love it." Mercy said.

She served us Pilau with my husband who was already home at that time.

"I need to travel to Germany next week, will be there for 2 weeks." My husband announced.

"It is ok, as long as you are going for a business trip." I told him.

"But my money is held up somewhere, would you mind lending me Kshs 200,000?" My husband asked me. I laughed.

"Since when did I begin to lend you money?" I asked him.

"No, I will refund. It is urgent and I won't wait for my cheque to mature." He told me.

"No, don't worry, I will give it to you." I told him.

=====

The following day, I went to my club and took some soft loan of Kshs 200,000 which I gave my husband. They would also give us some quick loans so long as you pay within 6 months with 12% interest. I was beginning to like the CHAMA since it was evident it could bail you out in times of need.

"We are like sisters here, Grace." Lillian told me as she handed me the cash.

I gave my husband the money and he was so grateful of it.

Within 3 days, my husband travelled and I had all the time with Ken. However, I took my time not to be too obvious before going back to the club with Ken.

Come Friday, after work since our boss was not around I left at 4 pm. Celestine was not going that day and I told Ken to accompany me, of which he agreed. We drove to the club and arrived within one hour.

We took a private sitting place where we sat, and it was so comfortable that day having the place upgraded with new sets of coaches. We ordered some wine and got drinking sipping slowly.

"It is now 4 months since we got each other." I told Ken. He smiled.

"Time flies." He said.

"I really love how you make me feel." I told him.

"I also love you." Ken said. The statement made my heart skip a beat. Did he say he loved me or he was pulling my leg?

"Ken, I want you to be honest with me. Do you have another woman?" I asked Ken. He looked at me for a while.

"Yes, I have a girlfriend." He told me. I felt some jealousy like I wanted to own him.

"Does she make you happy?" I asked him smiling, pretending I was so comfortable with his answers.

"She is so nice." Ken said without talking into details.

"I know you know what I mean, as in sexually, how she is" I asked Ken.

Ken studied me for a while.

"Well, I can say she is sweet, but not as experienced as you. She is also a little shy and I have to keep convincing her to do some things." Ken said. I felt proud of myself at that.

"Do you love her?" I asked Ken.

"Yes, if all goes well, I will marry her." Ken said.

"How soon?" I asked him.

"Not too soon. I currently have not saved enough to enable me to have a family." Ken said.

"I want to open a food store at the market which you will be managing, you will be going there from time to time to oversee how it is being run, then you shall be getting a fraction of the profit." I told Ken.

"Wow, that is good news, make it soon. I really need money." Ken said. I wanted that to be like a reward to him since I knew it was easy for richer women to entice him with their money at the club. But Ken did not seem so keen with them.

I slowly went to seat on the same coach with him. He turned and gave me a kiss, caressed my jawline while using his other hand to hold my waist. He was making me feel so nice. Suddenly, he looked at the direction of the room that we had booked. That day we had taken a VIP room.

He pulled me to sit on his thighs and then stood up with me.

"Wow! Ken, I am heavy, put me down you will fall down with me." I protested. My heart began beating fast. I could see some ladies looking at us but Ken did not bother with them.

"I will carry you like a baby today." He said. I was still holding my handbag. A young waiter was looking at us giggling. I was already feeling some shyness.

We had downed one bottle of wine.

Ken slowly began walking carrying me towards our room. He was stronger than I thought. When he got there, he looked at me and told me, "Open the door."

I took out the key and unlocked the door still on his arms. He pushed the door with one of his knees and suddenly got inside the room with me. Slowly he carried me to the huge round bed that was inside and literally dropped me on the bed. He then turned and locked the door.

"Ken, what are you doing?" I asked him jokingly.

"Making you happy, sweet heart." He told me. The last time someone called me by that dear name was when I was still new in marriage.

Ken suddenly began kissing my neck while tickling me with his hands, I began laughing while rolling left to right as he kissed me further and tickled me further. He had shaved recently and his beards were still small thus they were really tickling me raising my goose bumps all over my body. Ken began to undress me and within no time I had no bra and blouse. He began sucking my boobs giving me some nice feeling. He then

began caressing my hips and slowly he took his hand towards my crotch. I was feeling extra wet and was wondering how possibly I had gotten aroused that fast.

Ken touched my wetness and suddenly looked at me, removed his hand and looked at it. To my horror, his hand was red, with blood! I had not realized I was beginning to menstruate. Immediately Ken saw that, he stood up, went to the bathroom and washed his hands leaving me on the bed just staring to the ceiling. He came back and just looked at me.

"Ken I am sorry, I did not know I was to get my periods. It has gotten irregular and I was not expecting it to begin today." I told him. He just remained silent.

"Ken, what is the matter?" I asked him.

"Nothing." He said and remained silent.

I stood up slowly and went to the bathroom. I bathed and put on a sanitary pad which I used to carry always in case of such emergencies.

"Let us go home." Ken said.

"Ken, are you angry with me?" I asked him.

"No, No. I am ok." He said, looked at me and added, "Just that I don't know what to say."

"Ken, sometimes we women our bodies disappoint us, please understand me." I pleaded with him.

"I have no problem with that, we read it long time ago in primary school." He told me.

I went slowly to where he was seated on the edge of the bed and held him, sitting besides him. He held me and embraced me.

"Ken, can't we just do it?" I asked him.

"When you are like this? No, it is not possible." He said. I knew better not to insist.

"All right, can we go home now?" I asked him.

"Yes." He said.

"Kiss me one more time, please." I told him. He smiled and gave me a long French kiss.

He then pulled me to lie on his chest for some minutes as if he was thinking something but was not talking, then slowly pushed me to stand up with him. I could see in his eyes raw desire but I knew he would never fuck me when I was on periods.

So, we walked outside the room. Ken took my hand and we walked all the way to my car.

"I did not see you paying." Ken told me.

"It will be recorded in my book, I shall pay later." I told him.

"Ah! All right." He said.

We drove back home slowly talking about nothing in particular. When we got past Limuru town, I asked him, "Does your girl live close to here?"

"Yes, why?" He asked.

"You can call her to come to visit you, she will help you out of this." I told him. I could see I had left him with burning desire as his eyes were red.

"Do you mean, she can come to my place?" Ken asked.

"Why not?" I asked him.

"All right." Ken agreed with some reluctance on his voice, I did not want to leave him with blue balls.

We got home at around 9 pm. I did not bother how Ken will call his girlfriend but I just went straight to my bedroom to change and wear another pad. I was feeling so disappointed with my own body. I felt like it had betrayed me.

=====

"Did your girl come?" I asked Ken the following morning when I greeted him upon seeing him.

"No, she told me she was busy and besides, she lives with her parents." Ken told me.

"Oh! I did not know she lived with her parents. I wish to meet her one day." I told Ken and winked at him.

He laughed a little.

"You will meet her soon." Ken told me.

"All right, good day, I want to do some work at the office before going to my errands." I told Ken.

"Good day too." He told me and walked away pushing a wheelbarrow he was holding.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

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THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: NINETEEN

"Wow! Look at you, where have you been all this time?" That was my longtime friend Nelly Nyokabi.

"I have been around, you are the one who went to far places." I told her as I greeted her.

"You have become so beautiful, wow! Seems your husband is really taking good care of you." Nelly told me. I wish she knew that my happiness was restored the moment I got involved with my Shamba boy.

"Come, let us talk over a cup of tea at the tea room." I told Nelly and we walked towards a certain café. We ordered and sat at one table.

"So, tell me, where have you been all this time?" I asked her.

"I got married, went to live in Nakuru but now I am back in the village." Nelly told me. She did not sound ok though.

"How is your husband so far?" I asked her. She gave me a blank look.

"It is a long story." She told me. I knew she would tell me anything since we were so close.

"Mind telling me?" I asked her.

"Remember I got married to a man 15 year older than me? That was a mistake I did. I don't remember the last time we had sex with him. His machine completely died. I did not want to cheat on him so I just opted to divorce him. Now I am back to single hood and perhaps searching." Nelly told me.

"Oh! So sorry. But my story is a little similar and a little different, my husband no longer gives me the way I want it, I however do not want to leave him so I got myself a guy who will be servicing me, you know..." I told her and winked.

"What if your husband ever gets to know?" Nelly asked.

"He will never know. Can I share with you something confidential?" I asked Nelly.

I went ahead and told her how I got involved with my Shamba boy, how I was introduced to a club in the name of Chama where we go for our secret deals and get some carnal pleasures and how we cover our tracks so that we can never be caught. I even told her the club offers financial assistance to someone in need, has membership fee and monthly contributions.

"Sounds interesting? I wish to know more." Nelly told me.

"I can take you there if you wish." I told her. She was willing to go.

"My dear, I am so sexually starved I feel like I can explode anytime." Nelly told me.

Since it was on a Sunday, I told her we can get into our car and I take her to the club.

We arrived at around 3 pm, introduced her to Lillian the manager of the bungalow who gave her all terms and conditions as well as benefits of being there. Since we did not intend to stay there for long, we went straight home to my place.

"Our men have gotten so useless nowadays, they think money is everything." Nelly told me.

"You should not have left, you would just have stayed with him, then get a man to be fulfilling your fantasies, that is all. Most men are too busy to even notice you are up to something. The busier he is, the better for you." I told Nelly.

"I cannot live with a useless dick. That is what took me to him. I came from a rich family, we had money, I had brothers and cousins but I needed more than just casual company, if you cannot fuck me well, I would rather leave." Nelly said with finality.

"All right, as for me, I will not leave my husband, I will just be smart." I told Nelly.

"The day he shall know, you shall be in real trouble. He might even kill your boy." Nelly said. I laughed.

"Then he will go to jail." I said.

"He might even kill you too! Don't joke with men, nothing hurts a man's ego than to know another man was inside his pussy." Nelly said and laughed.

We had a lengthy talk until past 8 pm when Nelly said she wanted to leave. She had rented a house at the outskirts of Limuru town.

"I will visit you one of these days, say hi to your kids." I told her as she left.

=====

The following few days I was so busy I did not get time to be with Ken but on Thursday evening, I called him and told him I wished to go with him to our club.

"I am sorry, Madam, it will not be possible." Ken told me over the phone.

"Why?" I asked him.

"I am meeting someone in the evening." He said. I wanted to know who it was.

"Who are you meeting?" I insisted to know.

"My girlfriend." He said without hesitating.

"Why can't you meet her some other time?" I asked him.

"She has postponed meeting me for all those days, today I must meet her since she is the one who told me to meet her." Ken said.

"Ken, cancel that appointment I want to go with you." I insisted.

"No, I will not, sorry. We can go tomorrow." Ken said.

I felt my pride wounded. How can a small girl be over me? How can she outdo me?

"Ken, meet me at the shopping center at 5 pm without fail." I told Ken and hang up.

However, 5 pm came and Ken did not show up.

"I told you no young man will leave a young lady over an older lady, get that into your mind. Besides, stop trying to control him, give him his freedom. After all, it is just a secret lover nothing more." Celestine told me after noting how disappointed I was.

"I will show him who is in control." I said as I left towards home at around 6 pm.

I got home and found Mercy alone.

"Is Ken around?" I asked her.

"No, he left with another girl about 1 hour ago." Mercy told me. I felt hurt.

So, I bought him a phone to be using with some other girls? I give him money to go eating with some other girls?

=====

Ken did not come back early, he came close to mid night and did not bother to come for supper.

The following morning, I went to the cow shed and found him preparing to feed the cows after milking them. I was feeling angry but immediately I saw him, I don't know why, my heart softened.

He stood up from where he was seated and smiled at me.

"Ken, you know that you disappointed me." I tried to sound harsh.

"Cool down, sweet heart, I am here now. I am all yours, tell me." Ken told me in some broken English that made me laugh instead.

"Stop speaking broken words, just speak the language that you know." I told him.

"Ndukamake kendo wakwa, ngoroini yakwa nowe tu, mwendwa...(Do not worry my lover, it is only you in my heart.)" Ken told me. I felt like hugging him there and then.

"Ken, you promised to introduce me to your girlfriend." I told him.

"She will come in the evening, you will know her." Ken told me. I felt some jealousy but did not wish to show. That meant Ken was not available in the evening.

"Wow, all right. She is much welcome." I told him. He continued with his work.

Suddenly, an idea came in my mind.

"Mercy! Come over please." I called Mercy.

She came immediately.

"I want you to go to the posho mill, take some maize in the store, 5 KG and go so that we can have some flour in the evening." I told her.

"Right away, Madam." She said politely and did as I just told her.

As soon as she went away, I told Ken to follow me to the main house. I knew the posho mill is far away and Mercy won't be back until after 2 hours.

"Grace, I don't think it is wise we do it in your bedroom. We can go to my bedroom." Ken told me.

I had never entered his house since he began working with us, but since I was really feeling like it, I told him it was all right.

We walked to his house, it was tidy than I expected. It had a little table room and a bedroom. It was a complete house on its own.

Seeing how well arranged it was, I thought perhaps his girl friend used to come more often to clean it for him.

Ken lead me slowly to his bedroom, switched on his woofer and some music got playing in his stereo. He laid my slowly on his bed and began to kiss me.

"Wait..." I told him.

"What?" He asked.

I took out my phone, called my boss and told him I will be a little late as I am held up by some issues, he told me it was ok so long as I arrive before mid-day. We resumed kissing immediately.

Ken continued to kiss me all over my neck while slowly undressing me, he reached for my bra and immediately he undid it, he began to suck my boobs making me moan silently. He kissed my abdomen and little by little he continued all the way to my pubis where he began to pull my underpants with his teeth sending spasms of anticipation all over me. He pulled them down with his teeth and dropped them on the floor.

Slowly by slowly, he began to kiss my thighs rising upwards until his lips rested on my clitoris. He sucked it gently for some seconds making me moan louder as he squeezed my nipples with his one hand. He began sucking my labia majora really making me feel crazy. I raised my legs in the air.

I thought of reciprocating and I pushed him, undressed him and slowly went for his already hard penis and began to suck it softly making him moan as he lay under me. I kissed his balls while caressing his inner thighs. I sucked his penis for sometime before rising to suck his nipples while caressing his shaft. Slowly, I went for his lips and we locked into a French kiss for some time. It felt like an adventure fucking at a new location such that it really made my desire rise so high I was nearly shaking.

"Ken, please..." I begged him to just enter me.

He suddenly turned me to be below him, took me by my waist, pulled me firmly towards him and he lowered himself over me. I felt his hard penis come into contact with my wet honey pot and before I knew it, he was pushing himself into me; I nearly screamed as his penis went deeper and deeper, I closed my eyes, held his arms tightly as I turned my head and raised my hips higher for him to enter deeper and deeper until I felt our pubic bones meet. I was already shaking with uncontrolled spasms as he began to rise and fall; I could feel each stroke of his hard penis as it pushed my vaginal walls so hard completely filling me up down there. I began to stroke my clitoris with one hand as he continued to fuck me, sometimes slowing down, sometimes going inside me so fast making me lose control over my movements.

He took one hand and squeezed my breasts so hard but it felt really nice. He squeezed my left nipple, at first it felt painful but I began to enjoy it as he twisted my nipple harder and harder.

"Yes, yes, fuck me, cum all over me, ooh yeah!" I found myself telling him making him so animated and enthusiastic at riding me hard and tough.

He turned me suddenly and continued to ride me from behind for some minutes before again changing position so that I was on top of him riding him vigorously and really enjoying myself. He supported me by my bums with his arms, taking time to knead my buttocks, spank my ass and squeeze my boobs with his hands.

I suddenly felt myself about to climax. I slowed down so that I can continue to ride him and the orgasmic wave slowed a little, I felt so fresh and rejuvenated as I began to pick speed riding him once more. He did not disappoint as he kept holding himself from exploding giving me ample time to ride his nice dick!

Suddenly, he began to raise his hips in rhythms to meet me riding him and I knew he was about to explode. I did not want to miss my orgasm so I also began to ride him harder and faster. I opened my eyes to look at his expression as he rode me. His expression made me chuckle and he opened his eyes to look at me, or rather face me but instead of looking into my eyes, he looked right behind me on his bed and his face turned pale like he had just seen a ghost.

"What is it?" I asked him. He did not talk, his mouth remained agape. I thought to myself, I must be so sweet as to make him react like this!

"KEN! KEN! OH MY GOD! Ken, is this why when I want to meet you sometimes you pretend to be busy, so you are screwing prostitutes all over yet you keep lying to me how you love me!" A female voice said behind us. I was so horrified to look behind. My desire suddenly nosedived and I wished the ground would open right there to swallow me.

Suddenly, the door behind me, his bedroom door got banged and I heard furious footsteps, and something got knocked so hard on his table room.

Ken pushed me away so suddenly such that I fell and landed on the floor. He quickly wrapped himself with a towel and ran out of the bedroom.

I heard a female voice shout.

"Ken, don't you dare talk to me anything! I don't want to ever see you again!" The lady said.

"No, wait! It is not what you think, wait my dear." Ken pleaded. I could not hear much since the woofer was too loud.

After a short while, Ken came back to the bedroom, looked at me and told me, "Is this what you wanted, huh! Now my girlfriend is gone!" He was almost shouting.

I did not respond but sat there silently. I did not know what to say or do under such circumstances. I kept wondering and asking myself, did we really close the door? Will the rumors spread that I am fucking my shamba boy? What next? I was too confused to think straight. I even thought of myself, I am so reckless I would have insisted that we go to my bedroom or to our club!

Ken slowly worn his clothes, looked at me once and left, not knowing where he was going. I also got dressed up and went to my bathroom and showered.

As I was leaving, Mercy came back with the flour.

"Have you seen Ken?" I asked Mercy on my way out.

"I have met him on the gate, he was on his way out when I came in. He seemed to be in a hurry." Mercy told me.

"All right, come and close the gate for me." I told Mercy.

As I drove to work, I was feeling so confused did not know what to do or to even think.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: TWENTY

In the confusion, I did not see the incoming trailer and within a split it was headed towards me head on! I had no choice than to hold my brakes so hard and just scream at the top of my voice as the huge trailer came towards me so fast!

=====

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" I heard loud noises.

"MADAM! MADAM! What is happening?" Someone was calling me out. I suddenly threw the blankets away and stood up. DAMN!

It was so shocking to realize that it was a nightmare! I sat on my bed.

"Madam, are you ok in there? I heard you screaming..."It was Mercy at the door.

"I am all right." I told her, stood up to open the door. It was still early in the morning. I reassured her I was all right, it was just a bad dream.

She looked at me, told me, "Sorry." And walked towards the kitchen as I walked and sat on my bed.

The whole dream seemed so real, I had never dreamt such a real like dream which I was totally feeling like it was happening. I even touched myself several times to confirm I was awake and not in the dream.

I began to recollect myself. I remembered being angry with Ken, coming home feeling so disappointed and going to sleep early without seeing Ken. I must have slept immediately as have such a vivid dream that completely carried me away I thought everything was happening literally. I even asked myself, could this be a premonition?

I dragged myself out of bed at around 7 am.

I went outside and to my surprise, met Ken at the exact point I saw him in the dream; preparing to feed the cows.

"Good morning, Ken." I greeted him.

"Good morning, Grace, how is your morning? Are you all right you seem so pale this morning." Ken remarked.

"I am ok, just had a bad dream." I told him.

"Hay has gotten a bit more expensive, I did not buy all the ones I needed yesterday." Ken informed me.

"All right, I will add you some more money to go and buy." I told him. I realized my voice was shaking as I was talking to him but I pretended it was due to the chilly morning weather.

I was so scared of the previous night dream such that I felt like I am replaying its scenes since it seemed so real, like how the premonition occurs in the movie FINAL DESTINATION.

As I was walking inside the kitchen, I realized Mercy wanted to go to the posho mill.

"Madam, it is better I go this early since I won't find a long queue." Mercy told me.

"All right, I am also preparing to go to work too." I told her. She took the maize, 5 kg and left.

After preparing myself, I went back to my bedroom and wanted to look for my phone charger so that I can go and charge it at my work place but would not find it at all. I looked in all places I could think of but could not see it. It was when I checked at the time and realized how much time I had wasted trying to locate the charger. It was almost 30 minutes past 8 am. I had to call my boss with the remaining charge and told him I would be late for work for a few minutes.

But what was bothering my mind was the previous night dream, perhaps it was making me confused.

I walked outside and found Ken cleaning up some hay residues outside the cattle feeds store.

"Hey, you are still around? I thought you already went for work, won't you be late." Ken asked me.

"Got late trying to search my phone charger, I don't know where I placed it. Or did I give it to you perhaps?"

I jokingly asked him but I knew that was not possible since our phones were different.

Just as Ken was about to answer me, I heard someone knock at our gate. Ken seemed startled.

"Did you have a visitor?" I asked him.

"Yes." He said with some hesitation.

Just as I was about to probe further, a young lady, slim, brown, medium height wearing a long blue dress and a black cardigan walked around the house. She seemed startled to see me there as if she did not expect to find me there, she stopped walking, faced me and greeted me, "Good morning."

I responded, "good morning." She extended her hand and greeted me. She then walked to where Ken was standing and greeted him too.

Then, both stood there awkwardly.

"Madam, her name is Sherry Njeri, she is the girl I was telling you about." Ken told me. I immediately knew that must be his girlfriend.

"Sherry, she is my boss." Ken said and looked at me.

"Oh! Nice to meet you, Madam." She said once more and looked at me. Based on how she was looking at Ken, I knew I had to leave them.

"Feel welcome. I have to leave you to rush to work. Mercy is not around but Ken you can welcome her in and serve her some tea." I told Ken.

I walked into the house slowly, took the car keys, reversed and Ken opened the gate for me and I drove myself to my work place still really wondering about the dream I had the previous night. I was scared.

That would mean one thing, if I tried anything with Ken that morning, Sherry his girlfriend would have caught us for sure.

What a dream!

=====

I however did not bother telling anyone about my dream. But it felt like a premonition or a warning dream and I vowed to myself that I had to be careful not to get caught.

The day progressed well but the dream haunted me the entire day.

When I got home in the evening, I found Mercy and Ken seated talking among themselves, I greeted them and passed; I did not want to interfere with their conversations.

In the evening when eating supper, I called Ken to keep me company in the table room.

"So that is your girlfriend? The girl who came here?" I asked Ken.

"Yes, she is. She was on her way to college so she passed through here to tell me good bye." Ken told me.

I diverted the topic.

"I have gotten a place at the shopping center where we shall be selling grains. I want you to be in charge of the shop. You shall be going there in the evening to collect daily sales, the records and be bringing them to me. I will employ someone to be selling there." I briefed Ken.

"It is ok, I will try my best." Ken said.

I noticed at how he was looking at my bosom as I was talking to him but did not bother at it.

I however really wished to know if he was practicing safe sex with his girl in this era of diseases but did not have the right words to ask him. I highly suspected they were sexually involved. But I was sure also Ken knew I was fucking my husband but did not seem to care.

We finished eating, watched one movie and I began to fall asleep at the coach.

"Madam, you look tired, why won't you go to sleep?" Mercy asked me while fetching our plates after we ate.

"I better go to sleep, good night everyone." I told them and walked slowly to my bedroom. I had already bathed so I just went straight to sleep, hoping that I won't have another nightmare or bad dream.

=====

A week later, my husband returned from Germany. He immediately gave me Kshs 200,000 and told me he was refunding the one who took from me. I just wanted to refund it to our club too immediately.

So, I drove on a Tuesday evening to the club alone and met Lilian.

"You did not come with your love today." She teased me once she saw me.

"Yes, I just wanted to bring the money I borrowed and go home." I told her.

"You can hang around and have some fun." Lilian tried to persuade me but I just went back straight home.

When I got home at around 8 pm, I found Ken and Douglas my husband engrossed in some conversation which they stopped immediately they saw me come in. It was Mercy who opened the gate for me and since there was music in the house, they did not hear me coming in. I was really eager to know what they were talking about.

"Ken is running the business well." My husband told me smiling.

I smiled, "Yes, he is a nice worker." I told my husband.

"I even think of increasing his salary to Kshs 12,000 per month." Douglas said.

"It is ok." I said. I felt happy for it, for whatever reasons.

"Tomorrow I am leaving very early since I am going to Eldoret and I am not sure if I shall come back same day." My husband said.

=====

The following morning when my husband left at 6 am, Ken came to me and told me she wanted to speak to me. She looked around to be sure no one was listening to us; we were standing at the water tank outside the main house. The weather was still misty.

"Grace, your husband was telling me to be spying on you, to tell him if you have another man. He just told me to monitor your movements." Ken informed me. I was surprised.

"So, does he suspect me?" I asked Ken.

"Obviously, he cannot ask me to do that if he does not." Ken said.

I smiled since the irony in it was, the very men he was giving the work to spy on me was the very man who was fucking me.

"Well, am sure you won't sell us out, won't you?" I asked Ken.

"Of course not, but that means we have to be careful. Besides, I don't know what he knows, or suspects. So, I want us to be more careful." Ken told me. He was sounding so mature.

"It is all right, we will behave." I told Ken jokingly. He laughed.

Talk of someone entrusting his sheep to a hyena!

The whole thing looked funny.

"At least he increased your salary, means he trusts you too." I told Ken. He smiled.

"I hope he also trusts that I cannot do anything with his wife, or to his wife. But on the other hand, that could end up being like a trap so we have to watch our moves. I don't want to die." Ken told me.

"I understand you, no one is going to kill you, the only person who will kill you is me, with pleasure." I told him jokingly. He laughed.

"He told me to be observing and report if I see another man coming here with you, the time you come home, etc." Ken said.

"Fine, do your work and report your findings." I told Ken and winked.

"Hey, I have to go, see you later." I told Ken and left immediately.

=====

"Celestine, imagine my husband requesting my house boy to be spying on me." I told my friend Celestine. She looked at me and laughed.

"Men are wonderful. So, he thinks he can spy on you? Who will tell him that women are never caught?" Celestine asked sounding funny.

"Of course, I do not intend to be caught." I told Celestine.

"He has completely missed the mark, he will never catch you. My husband even asked our house girl to be spying on me, can you believe that?" Celestine revealed to me.

"What if he thinks of hiring a private investigator?" I asked Celestine.

"That too is a possibility but don't give him a reason to. Continue being a good wife and you are safe. Don't be like men who leave all signs of cheating all over like dogs. Be smart." Celestine said.

"Celestine, do you believe in dreams, as in what is your opinion on dreams?" I asked her.

"Oh! Dreams, they are just paraphrased thoughts in our sleep, nothing about them is a big deal anyway. I tend to ignore my dreams." Celestine said and sounded like she was dismissing the whole topic.

Ken texted me asking if it was possible I lend him some Kshs 10,000 urgently.

"Catch up later, let me do some work." I told Celestine and walked to my office.

I went to my Mpesa and sent Ken the amount. Ken was beginning to take a special place on my heart, slowly by slowly. However, I knew I had to be keen not to end up falling in love.

However, the dream I had that looked so real was still haunting me, and it made me even fearful of suggesting anything with him, like I was feeling like I shall get caught or embarrassed in some way over my affair with Ken. Besides, Ken had a girl friend and I thought it would be too selfish to make his girl friend leave him. After all, I had my own husband.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry, Story teller.

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**SAGA BY ANTHONY KERRY
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THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: TWENTY-ONE

"Hey, are you aware we are going to have a staff party next week on Friday?" Celestine asked me.

"Oh! Yes. But then again, I we had a party too at our club." I told her.

"The club can wait, let us indulge with this for now." Celestine told me. It was surprising to see her opt for our party over the club's party.

"I thought you love the club so much?" I told her.

"Oh! No. The club to me is just a hideout, let me enjoy where I can freely." Celestine told me.

====***=====

Time passed so fast since we were so busy also inducting new employees in our organization. My children too had come for mid-term and they were really giving me company at home such that I did not have time for Ken. Besides, with my husband around, I could not really do much. Besides, Ken was busy with his work and the new shop he was managing too was picking up and he was responsible for it. At least he knew how to count money and read books of records thus it was easy for him.

Finally, Friday the day we were to go for the party arrived. I went home to change and wear for the party.

"Hey, today you are early home." Ken told me when he saw me at around 3 pm.

"Yes, we are preparing to go for a staff party. It is in the evening." I told him.

"Enjoy." He told me as I went to the house to freshen up.

I came out wearing some tight blue jeans, black high heels, bright blue blouse and a black sweater since I knew it was going to be cold in the evening. When Ken saw me, he smiled but did not say a word.

"Mercy, I will not take supper here to night so do not count me, however make sure the children eat on time, I will be back at around 9 pm." I told the house girl.

I also called my husband to let him know my where about just in case.

However, when I got to the party, I did not meet Celestine but I thought he was just late. So, I went and sat with some other colleagues and we continued talking about non-issues as roasted meat and some drinks were served.

"But I thought Celestine will be here on time, where did she go?" One of the ladies by the name Milka asked. Milka was our PR manager.

"I thought so too, I am calling her but unable to get a reply." I told Milka.

"All right, after all, she knows her way here since this is not the first time she came here." Milka said and we dismissed that as we continued to enjoy ourselves.

The evening rolled on easily and I did not really miss Celestine's company. We enjoyed the party.

Sudden wind blew and I could hear some thunder clash at a distant and I knew it might rain.

"Oh! I do not want to get caught in the rain, let me rush home." I told my colleagues.

=====

I arrived home at around 9:15 pm. It was already raining when I got home. I found my children asleep but my husband was not yet home.

Mercy served me some coffee to warm myself and within no time I was feeling sleepy and had to go to sleep.

=====

"Whose food is this in this hot dish?" I asked Mercy in the morning as I was going about the kitchen.

"Ken's food. He did not come for it yesterday evening." Mercy told me.

I went outside and found Ken feeding some calves.

"Hi, Ken, I can see you are early today." I greeted him.

"Yes, hello. I have to feed them, they are making noise." Ken told me pointing to the calves.

"You did not take your food yesterday." I told him.

"I got caught up in the rain, so I just came late and went to sleep. I am feeling hungry." Ken told me.

"All right, will you be available today in the evening? I want us to go somewhere." I told him.

He looked at me as if unsure of himself.

"I wanted to go somewhere, might not be available." Ken told me.

I did not insist since I did not wish to be seen as selfish.

That morning, I chose to walk to work since it was already sunny even after the heavy rain at night.

"Celestine, where were you? We waited for you and you did not come." I told her when I met her.

"I am sorry, didn't you get my message? My husband insisted we must go for our personal outing and I had to cancel that of yesterday." Celestine told me.

"Oh! Seems things are good if he can suggest an outing. Hope you enjoyed." I told her.

"Oh! Yes, I really did enjoy." Celestine even showed me a photo her husband. That ignited jealousy in me and I resolved I must force my husband to go out with me. It had been a while since we went out with my husband.

"I must tell Douglas to do this to me too!" I said. Celestine smiled and even winked at me.

"You really should, in fact you should try today. After all today is on a Saturday." Celestine told me.

I picked my phone and called my husband who picked my call almost immediately. I went outside to talk to him.

I was surprised when my husband accepted my proposal so fast. I told him I was the one to take him out so he should not worry himself, I shall pick a place. He agreed and even promised to pick me with his car so that we can go and have some fun in the evening.

"Wow! He has agreed." I told Celestine. She smiled.

I however called Ken and told him to proceed with his plans as I had gotten some other engagements for the evening.

=====

At around 3 pm, I met my husband at Limuru, at one stage already waiting for me. He was with another vehicle.

"Where did you get this prado?" I asked him. He smiled.

"I just exchanged with a friend, he took mine and I took his. Just to have a different feeling." Douglas told me smiling.

"Will you let me drive?" I asked him.

"You can, just be careful this machine is expensive would not want anything happening to it." My husband told me. I took the wheel and headed towards Kijabe.

"Hey, are there some nice places this side?" My husband asked me.

"There is a new hotel at fly over, nice and very serene." I told him.

"Hey, not so fast." My husband told me as I picked speed at the Nairobi Nakuru highway.

We arrived at 4 pm.

We were ushered in by very nice hotel hostesses. We went and sat at one secluded corner where there was guaranteed privacy. It is when I realized how much I had missed some private time with my man.

We ordered some drinks and roasted meat as we got discussing our own private lives as a couple which drifted from work, home affairs etc.

After getting satisfied, we stood up to have some little dance. His pot belly was really hindering me from embracing him as I would have wanted. He looked at himself and smiled.

"Time to shed this off." I told him while still holding him. He smiled.

"I will try. How does this come off? It is natural in me." He said.

"No, when we got married it was not there." I told him.

"I will see. But with my busy schedule I cannot afford to go to any gym." My husband said.

"Well, but you can get a fitness coach to mentor you on what to do at least." I urged him.

That day he was in some nice mood he was just listening to what I was telling him without getting angered as he usually did.

"How is the business progressing?" He asked.

"You worry a lot about money." I told him.

"I hope Ken is running it properly, you know these young men can really spoil money with girls." My husband said.

"I think he is responsible enough, I haven't seen any losses so far." I told My husband.

"By the way, this place is so built, they even have rooms." My husband noted.

"It is a recent hotel, a great investment if I must say." I told him.

My husband called one of the hosts, a short young man.

"What is your name?" He asked him while still holding me.

"Nyagoso." He said. We noticed he had a name tag and there was no need to ask his name.

"I want you to show us around here, if that is allowed." My husband said. I wondered why the sudden interest. As if he read my mind, he told me, "You know, I might think if bringing my family here for a whole weekend."

"Oh! Nice! That is why I love you." I told him. He caressed his tummy.

"All right, follow me." The young man told us.

We followed him meekly as he explained to us various points of the expansive hotel.

"This section is reserved for weddings, as you can see there is a big field here. People also hold big gathering here when need be. You can hire for a week or a day." Nyagoso told us.

"This side is for single board rooms, they have small beds." He told us taking us through the long winding corridor.

"What if I want to be with my wife, can't I take this one room, it seems big." Douglas said. I patted him jokingly at his arm.

"Oh! Come on, you can afford better." I told him. He laughed.

"Then this corridor over here we have executive rooms, they are self-contained fully furnished, they are like houses since you get two bedrooms in here, master bedroom and another bedroom, plus you can get your own staffs to cater for you during your stay if you are not willing to be eating at the restaurant." Nyagoso told us.

"Fantastic! This is what I want." My husband told me.

"We shall come here, isn't it?" I asked him.

"We shall plan." He said. I was getting really excited.

We continued walking.

"Then this section is for short visit stays like not more than 3 days, most people who come here mostly stay for just 1 day or few hours, for their own reasons. They are single units and double units. They are mostly for travelers." Nyagoso explained.

"Or for people who just want to have some good time away from prying eyes." My husband teased looking at me. That made my heart skip a beat knowing what I used to do behind his back. The rooms were perfect and even better furnished than the ones in our club, with a 24-inch plasma TV screens, telephones to call reception, and the view outside was just breath taking since it was overlooking rolling hills outside the big windows which were sparkling clean.

We went around and the host wanted us to just finish by going back using a shorter route through the major kitchen of the facility but my husband said he was not interested in seeing the kitchen so we just went back through the route we came by.

It was already some minutes past 6 pm.

As we were going through the long winding corridor, suddenly my husband stopped and looked behind large pillar.

"Stop!" He told me, making the young man also get surprised. I looked straight ahead to try to see what it was that he was keenly looking at, at the well-lit silent corridor.

One of the executive short stay rooms was open and I could see a woman. On looking keenly, it was Celestine. She was talking in low tone to someone who was still hidden from our view.

"You see? So, your friend is also among those women who do some secret things behind their husband's back? What is she doing here?" My husband asked.

"What if he is with his husband just as you plan to bring me here?" I asked, really hoping I was right. I did not wish Douglas to associate me with a friend whose ways were wayward.

Nyagoso smiled.

I was about to tell my husband to mind his own business, and that we should keep walking towards where we were seated when suddenly the door at the room fully opened. My husband's eyes got suddenly lit as we both saw, in full clear view, Celestine and Ken coming out of the room clearly smiling at each other while holding hands. Celestine was wearing a head gear like those Nigerian women clearly trying to

disguise herself but I knew it since I had seen her wearing it severally in our club; she never wore it anywhere else.

The look in my husband's eyes was that of pure surprise. As for me, my head went totally blank not knowing what to think or say. I even pinched myself to just be sure I was not dreaming.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

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THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: TWENTY-TWO

Ken saw us and froze. The look in Celestine's eyes was priceless.

"So, instead of being at the shop overseeing daily sales you are here messing with old women? And you, since when did you begin misleading my shamba boy?" Douglas asked. I did not want to even speak.

Ken remained silent.

"Ken, I hate stupidity, head to your work place straight away, and you prostitute, you had better known better, not to go about fucking young boys, your husband must know this." Douglas said.

But that did not seem to even move Celestine, she even smiled looked at my husband and told him, "Mind your own business. You have your wife to take care of, this is my life and I will do with it whatever I want." She said and immediately left in a huff without talking to anyone.

Ken slowly walked away. I knew if my husband told Celestine's husband then I am done. It was a catch 22 situation. I was however so angry with Celestine. Her reckless was proving to be too costly.

=====

While driving home, I could see my husband lost in some thoughts.

"My dear, I don't see the necessity of you telling Celestine's husband about it." I said not sure if that was the right thing to even say at that time.

"Why? Because she is your friend or what?" My husband asked.

"No, but I would rather her husband found about it himself." I told Douglas. He looked at me for some time.

"He must know. Such women do not deserve to even have a husband. Whores. When her husband is toiling to make money, she is busy giving her body to young men enough to be her children. What sort of madness is that?" My husband asked.

I sure knew if she is reported, she might report me too.

=====

The following day, however, nobody bothered with Ken and he continued with his work as usual. Personally, I avoided him all together. I was mad at him but I knew there was nothing I could tell him or do to him since my husband was around.

Come Monday morning, I arrived at work place but did not find Celestine there. She came later to work, came to my office and greeted me as if nothing happened. She was about to go and I called her.

"Celestine, I want to have a word with you." I told her. She sat down looking at me.

"Celestine, why would you do this to me?" I asked her.

"What did I do?" She asked.

"You know." I told her.

She looked at me for some seconds and smiled.

"Stop behaving like I slept with your husband!" She said suddenly. That pierced my heart.

"You know so well what you did is double crossing me." I told her.

She laughed.

"What is funny?" I asked her.

"Looks like the memo did not get you. Let me tell you, once you are in the club, you belong to a sisterhood that operates among us. Your boy is my boy, my boy is your boy. You can have mine if you wish." Celestine told me so boldly that it shocked me.

"What the hell are you talking about?" I asked her. She laughed even harder.

"Let me make you aware since you are too much into darkness." Celestine told me. That made me curious to know.

"Remember we said that even our boys will get registered formally? They are given rules of engagement which one of them states that they are available to any woman as long as the woman is willing to reward the boy. So, I just followed what is in the rules and besides, Ken is not wrong either. For your information, if you would really want to know, Ken been sleeping with Lillian too, the owner of the bungalow." Celestine told me in a rather casual manner. That hit me to the core!

"You must be crazy, do these people get tested for diseases? All this fucking is risky!" I asked.

"Oh! Yes, I wonder how you haven't even been told to get tested down there. We have a resident counsellor who comes for us regularly. Of late you have been too busy to get updates from our club." Celestine told me so casually.

I knew if that was the case, I would not win such a fight.

Later during the day, I called Ken and we met at the shopping center who clearly confirmed to me what Celestine was talking about.

"Why did you have to be secretive to me?" I asked him.

"But how would I have told you with your husband around?" Ken asked.

"Look, Ken, I want you to stop fucking those women." I told him.

"How? Unless you simply quit from that group." Ken told me. I figured out getting out might tempt someone to spill the beans and that would be ugly enough.

"I do not know how you will do it but you are mine, Ken. Stop all this madness what if you get infected?" I asked Ken.

Ken just looked at me.

"Madam, you are making my life so difficult." Ken suddenly told me.

"Ken, you are a man, behave like a man not like a school girl." I told him. He just looked at me without talking much about it.

"Those women are only using you." I told him.

He just remained silent. I knew it would be a matter of time and Ken will have fucked all women in that immoral club.

"All right, I will try to avoid them." Ken told me. I did not know why Ken was acting so naïve.

"What is pushing you to them? Is it money?" I asked him boldly.

Before he even answered I told him, "What if I be paying you whenever we fuck?" I asked him.

He just nodded. I felt it would have been money enticing him to those women. Some of them were so rich, way richer than me and I knew if it was money, I could not outdo them. I had to find other strategies to outdo them.

"How much did Celestine pay you?" I asked Ken.

He looked at me as if not sure what to say.

"Just tell me, do not hide anything from me." I urged him.

"She gave me 21k." Ken told me. I froze. All that money just to get laid? Never on earth would I give him all that. Where the hell was Celestine getting money from? I wondered.

"All right, I will add Kshs 5,000 onto your salary, but please stop fucking around, Ken it is dangerous for both of us." I urged Ken.

"I will stop. But Madam, I desperately need money. Remember I have a girl friend? She is from a poor background. Her parents are unable to pay her school fees. So, I promised her that I will pay for her so that we can have a good life after she is done with her education. That day when she came to me, she wanted some money so that she can be allowed to do her exams. I gave her all the money that I had. I have no means of income so I have to get the money whichever way and means." Ken told me. That really pushed me to think harder. That would mean Ken was so much willing to screw around with rich women in order to get money.

I suddenly changed the topic.

"Has Baba boy asked you anything?" I asked Ken.

"He just lectured me to stop fucking old women and concentrate on girls my age. He told me fucking old women will make me dumb." Ken told me. I nearly laughed.

"Do you think that makes you dumb?" I asked him. I motioned the waiter of the café we were in to add us some more coffee. Ken laughed.

"Of courses not!" He said.

"Ken, if you really must fuck around, please use a condom. You never know who else is fucking these women. Do not trust going to HIV test, some diseases like syphilis or gonorrhea and herps cannot be detected unless someone goes for further tests. So be careful, Ken. Would you want to infect your girl friend with any of them?" I asked him.

"No, I used to think HIV test is enough! Lo! You are scaring me now." Ken said.

I felt that I am putting some sense into him. But all the same, I felt betrayed by Celestine who took advantage of Ken so easily. Worse, she seemed completely unremorseful about it.

"How was your with Celestine?" I asked Ken.

He smiled but kept quiet.

"Answer me, don't be shy." I urged Ken. I wanted to know if Celestine was really a threat to me.

"Is she tight down there? Is she watery, is she nice in bed, is she a good kisser etc." I urged Ken to talk to me.

Ken smiled, "Do you really wish to know?" He asked me.

I nodded. Ken took a deep breath and said, "She was too tight, like a young girl. I did not expect that from such an old woman. She even cried when we were doing it, but she told me she enjoyed. She kept praising me. She even later said she is jealous of you and wish to have me more." Ken told me clearly and vividly. I felt hurt but did not want to show it. I just wanted to know more.

"And do you intend to fuck her again?" I asked Ken. Ken just looked at me for some time. I nodded as if urging him to talk.

"She promised to be paying me." Ken said. I knew that was an answer to mean as long as she will pay, Ken would continue fucking her. I felt completely short changed. Celestine was a real 'she devil' if that meant anything.

But I knew that the ladies must have known Ken was a stallion and now they wanted him by all means.

"What about Lillian?" I suddenly asked Ken. He pretended he did not know anything about her.

"Come on! I know you have fucked her too." I told him.

"How did you know?" He finally seemed to admit to fucking her.

"Was it for money too?" I asked him.

"Yes." Ken said.

"All this because of your girl friend who you are helping in her schooling?" I asked Ken.

"I love her." Ken said.

I could not imagine my man sleeping with women in order to finance my life in whatever way. It felt disgusting to say the least.

"What if she ever knows about it?" I asked Ken.

"She will never know. Besides, I lied to her I was doing some business that is why of late I have money. She does not know." Ken told me.

I looked at my watch and it was almost 7 pm. We had really talked a lot. I knew my husband would be home early so I told Ken to go home alone and I would drive home alone.

On my way home, I kept replaying the entire conversation and I even considered stopping fucking Ken all together too. But I was already so hooked up to him I did not know if I would easily shake him off. But I also knew I could not dismiss him easily since I would not be sure if he would get tempted to sell me out to my husband, who already trusted Ken to monitoring me. I was really in a dilemma.

But that meant those women, despite portraying themselves to the world as having very noble characters, had skeletons in the cupboard that if the world ever got to know would judge them harshly. It began to dawn to me that women would do anything to get good sex, including going for men who they would never wish to be seen with in public. It also meant no woman would resist a good dick. What a world?

=====

I arrived a little later than Ken. When I got home, I found Mercy hanging some clothes she had washed that evening, and among them included some Ken's trousers. I was not aware she was washing Ken's clothes since Ken used to wash his own clothes but it seemed she just began. It made me think of so many things.

"Good evening, Madam." She greeted me.

"Good evening," I replied.

My children who were still around for midterm rushed to greet me. My daughter took my handbag from me and took it to my bedroom.

"How was your day?" I asked them.

"We just played games in the house." Jade said sounding so excited.

I looked at my daughter walking around and noticed her hips had gotten larger.

"What were you eating in the school? You have gotten big suddenly." I told her.

"Mum, I am becoming a woman." She told me and laughed.

"Mum, look at me, I have gotten strong like uncle." Jade suddenly flexed his bicep telling me to look at it. I laughed.

"He was pushing the wheelbarrow with Ken today, that is why he thinks so." Josephine told me.

"Come on, were you able to even lift it?" I asked my son.

"Yes, uncle told me to push it and I pushed it until I was able to." Jade was so proud of himself.

Ken was so much part and parcel of our family such that even my children were so much used to him.

At around 8 pm, ken came to the main table room where we had supper together with the rest, including Mercy. Mercy served each one of us accordingly. I could noticeably see Ken and Mercy exchanging some knowing looks that really made me feel jittery. I even began to imagine perhaps Ken was screwing the house girl too. But I did not want to ask as it would seem like I am trying to control Ken and he might think I was desperate.

I even wished Mercy's boy friend would have much time with her so that that she would not think of Ken. It was really an intricate web of fucking and fucking.

Later, around 10:30 pm, my husband arrived but said he was tired and just wanted to eat and go to sleep. I served him his food, stayed with him at the table room as he told me about his day.

=====

The following morning, However, I met Ken abruptly as he was coming for hot water to use for milking the cows. He seemed startled to see me as if he did not expect I was awake at 5 am. The house girl was awake too.

I felt the urge to probe further and I slowly walked to the cow shed, pretending to look at the cows that early chilly morning but wanted to ask Ken that one question that was disturbing me. I could not imagine him with a girl who has fucked higher number of men more than her age and still have him fuck me too. Ken approached and as he was about to let in one cow to milk it I smiled at him.

"Ken, can I ask you something?" I asked him.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: TWENTY-THREE

"Yes." He answered anxiously. I weighed my words.

"Are you sleeping with Mercy?" I asked him.

"Oh! No." He answered clearly.

I looked at him for a while.

"Why are you asking?" He asked me.

"Just a thought, nothing." I told him.

I continued preparing to go to work. That morning my husband was to travel to Nyeri and probably he would not return. But the whole saga was really getting into my nerves.

I wore a nice short blue dress and a black sweater on my way to work. I met Celestine who greeted me as usual and began telling me details of her previous day. I however was not paying attention until the point where he suggested that he wanted us to have more fun with her. She was literally proposing a threesome.

"Celestine, some things have never crossed my mind. Do you mean me share a man with you at the same bed?" I asked her.

"Yes, why not! Let us have some fun." She told me.

"No, I will never do that." I told her. Besides, she was proposing the whole thing with Ken yet I had never even talked with her boy.

"Stop being naïve..." She was talking to me and I cut her short.

"Listen, Celestine. I am not about to fuck the whole world in search of orgasms, all I wanted was someone to satisfy my sexual urges and I got Ken. I am not going that path you are leading me. Besides, I am going to quit from that club. I better stick to my own ideas. I am so disappointed with you. I never thought you would do such a thing to me." I told her.

She looked at me and realized how serious I was. She slowly came to where I was seated.

"My dear, I am sorry if I hurt you, I thought we are just having fun." She told me.

"It is ok, you already went ahead and did it without even telling me." I told her. I was feeling mad at her.

She stood up slowly and went to her office. I was glad she did it. I needed to concentrate on my work. However, an idea came upon me. I logged in to Facebook and went to her timeline. I looked up to her husband's photos, saved several and logged out. I had a plan. She must feel the heat of it, I told myself.

=====

In the evening, I drove to the club where I met Lillian. I told her I had something to discuss with her.

"Madam Lillian, I want to terminate my membership from this club." I told her. She looked at me puzzled.

"Why? Did something disappoint you?" She asked.

"No, just wish to quit, nothing much." I told her.

"Are you sure you are not about to blackmail us?" She asked sounding suspicious.

"No, nothing. Just that, I just want to quit." I told her.

"What about Ken? Your boy?" She asked. That is when it occurred to me it would not be as easy as I thought. Even if I quit and Ken chose to remain, there was nothing I would do.

"Look, Grace, I am giving you a chance to think about it, take time, like a week and come back with a decision." She told me.

"All right, I shall come back after a week. Thank you." I told her and left. I drove slowly back to my place. Upon reaching the gate, it took Ken some time to come and open the gate for me; I hooted thrice.

"Ken, didn't I tell you to always open the gate immediately?" I told him. It was already dark.

"I am sorry, I was cleaning up some items." He told me.

"Where is Mercy?" I asked him.

"She is in the kitchen, probably cooking." He told me.

I however went to the table room to sit with my children as we watched some soap operas.

=====

My husband did not come back the previous night but he called me telling me he was going to sleep over at a certain hotel. I was feeling so tired I immediately went to sleep. I did not wake up until the following

morning. I continued to investigate Celestine's husband over social media and discovered he worked as a manager of a certain micro finance in Thika that had branches all over Central province.

I called Ken to the table room.

"Ken, meet me at Wacuka's food stall at exactly 3 pm today, don't fail." I told Ken. He agreed to it.

I went to work and pretended to be so friendly to Celestine. At exactly 2:30 pm, I told my boss I had some personal issues to attend to and he gave me permission to leave early. I met Ken who was already there waiting for me.

I ordered some coffee for us.

"Ken, I have a plan for you to get money." I told Ken. He was excited to hear that.

"Is it a business?" He asked. I laughed.

"Sort of, but not as you think or might think." I told him.

"All right, brief me please." He urged me. He looked around as if to be sure no one was listening to us.

"You told me Celestine got crazy for you?" I asked him abruptly to an extent he got surprised. He coughed, an indication that the coffee had nearly chocked him.

"Sort of." He answered as if not sure.

"I have a plan. I want you to go and fuck her one more time, convince her to go to the same hotel you were when we caught you. Then pick room number 22. If you can make it this coming Saturday, the better. Just that. After that I shall tell you what next. Don't even bother asking money from her. Ok?" I told him. He seemed puzzled.

"Are you sure this plan is about money?" Ken asked.

"Yes, just agree, I will handle the rest." I told Ken.

"All right." Ken told me. After all, I did not care much about Ken either but my revenge.

=====

The following days were so busy for me. I contacted an old Friend of mine by the name Tony who I knew was a highly competent IT professional. I wanted him to set up a remote-controlled sort of a stealth studio to record the whole sex scene between Ken and Celestine. I colluded with one of the hotel employees

who smuggled Tony into room number 22 where he set up the gadgets and even did a remote test. The cameras were to shoot from all angles and I told them to make sure they were as stealth as possible.

=====

Saturday came and everything went according to plan. By evening, Tony who was receiving the signals from the room had gotten a whole 2-hour sex video between Ken and Celestine and none of the two was aware. Funny enough, Celestine even paid Ken after the fuck. It took Celestine by surprise that Ken turned down the offer of her money and told her, "I just wanted to have a good moment with you."

Tony even edited the videos to have them as high definition videos with high clarity.

Following day, on Sunday, Ken came to me since the children had returned to school, my husband was not around too.

"You still have not told me why you told me to do what I did." He told me. We were at the table room and Mercy was not around too.

"Ken, you have to cooperate and follow what I am telling you if you are to get money out of this. I simply want you to stop fucking random women for money." I told him.

"Ok, I am listening to you." Ken told me. He was very attentive.

"I want you to approach Celestine. Tell her you want Kshs 100,000 from her failure to, you will release a sex tape between you and her on social media and spoil her name." I told Ken.

"And where is the sex tape?" Ken asked, sounding like he could not believe what I told him next.

"I have it, let me show you." I told him. I opened it on the laptop and Ken was more than shocked to see himself fucking the hell out of Celestine until she cursed her husband's name. The whole thing was hilarious and pathetic. I expected Ken to get mad at me initially but he laughed.

"Who took this?" He asked.

"Don't worry who took it. No one would ever want to have her reputation ruined. Ken's husband is a rich man, he even aspires to try becoming an MP. I know he would not wish to have his reputation soiled in the name of his wife. Tell that bitch that you want money from her and failure to you will release her sex tape about her and how she is fucking around. Scare her." I told Ken. I knew Ken needed to be more courageous to do that, but I knew he would do it all the same.

"Tell me, where do I begin?" Ken asked.

"Just organize and meet her again, this time not to fuck her, but to tell her you need money from her. If she turns you down, make your dare. I am sure she will dance to your tune." I told Ken.

Ken had gained a lot of confidence which surprised me too.

=====

The following day, which was on Monday, I went to work as usual. I met Celestine and greeted her jovially. I even engaged her in some light conversations just to keep her off guard.

In the evening, she lied to me she was going to meet a friend but I knew she was going to meet Ken. She was really swallowing the bait. I wanted them to meet so that I might get the feedback.

That evening, Ken met me smiling.

"I told her, you would never think she would be such a coward. She really begged me not to release the video and promised to give me the money." Ken told me.

"Fantastic! Let us see how it goes. I hope you played your game smartly." I told Ken.

"She begged me not to. A whole woman begging me." Ken said and laughed.

"So, what means is she going to send the money?" I asked Ken.

"She told me tomorrow she is coming with cash." Ken said. I sensed some foul play. How would anyone deliver such a huge amount of money by cash? But I was skeptical.

"Do you mean she said cash?" I asked Ken.

"Yes." Ken said.

"You would have told her to send via mpesa." I told Ken.

"But, M pesa keeps records, I do not wish to leave any traces of the deal." Ken said. That was brilliant.

"Oh! Yes, I did not think of that." I told Ken.

But even if she was indeed to deliver the money, how about banking it? How safe would it be? What if she set up Ken to be beaten by gangsters?

"Ken, you shall go with Gichui, do you know that M pesa guy? Go with him so that immediately you get the money it is deposited to your account. Gichui is your friend." I told Ken.

"I do not want any evidence upon me." Ken told me. I was a little confused on how to assist. Since Ken seemed to be in control, I let him be.

=====

The following Evening, Ken was to meet Celestine. Ken told me he shall call me immediately the deal was done. I went home as Celestine went her way, she did not even wish to tell me where she was going.

I went home and kept myself busy folding clothes in my bedroom.

At around 8 pm, my phone rang.

It was Celestine.

"Grace, I need your help please, let me explain to you in brief, please." She was almost begging.

"Tell me my dear." I urged her.

"It is about Ken." She said and paused.

"What about Ken?" I asked her.

"I don't know who took our video while having sex, now Ken has it. He even told me he has videos of all women he has fucked, perhaps including you and said if I don't give him 100,000 he is going to release those videos to the world. Remember I am a respectable woman. I have a reputation and I would not wish it ruined. Please help me. I don't know what to do." She said. I felt like screaming.

"Gosh! Are you sure of what you are saying?" I asked her.

"Yes, I am. I am not lying to you. I want you to talk to him for me please." Celestine said.

I remained silent.

"Are you there?" Celestine asked. Her voice was shaking. I knew she was done. With her high-profile life and worse as a church deaconess at her local parish, I knew she was very careful not to ruin her name.

"Yes, I don't know what to say, please do what you can, I will talk to Ken and see about it. Can't you go to the police?" I asked Celestine.

"That is out of question. Why would I record such a statement? It might backfire against us." Celestine said.

"You have a point. Just do what you can for now. It is our secret remember, I will see how to assist you. We shall meet tomorrow. I would not wish such details to leak to the world. What if he has my sex tape too?" I asked Celestine.

"Grace, are you sure this boy is a shamba boy? He is too smart, smarter than I thought." Celestine said.

Suddenly she breathed heavily on her phone and said, "We shall talk later." And terminated the call immediately.

I took my phone and tried calling Ken, but he did not answer. I thought probably they were together.

I went to the kitchen to be with Mercy the rest of the evening.

"Mercy? How is your boyfriend?" I asked her suddenly and took her by surprise. She smiled.

"He is fine." She said.

"Mercy, tell me, has Ken ever hit on you?" I asked her. She smiled at me.

"No, he calls me sister." She told me. I felt relieved.

I looked at her keenly as she was working and noticed she had gotten more rounded hips since she came to work with us, an indication she was eating well at my place. She realized I was looking at her hips.

"Madam, I will begin buying new clothes, I have outgrown the ones I came with." She told me sounding proud of herself.

"True, you have really grown." I told her. I realized she had a small bible by her side where she was seated.

"Are you a Christian? I thought you are a Muslim." I told her. I always thought people from Coast are Muslims.

"I am neither." She told me in a clear voice.

"What are you?" I asked her, obviously surprised she was neither.

"I am an atheist." She told me in a clear, calm and composed tone.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

**SAGA BY ANTHONY KERRY
CALL 0711403777 FOR MORE SAGAS**

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: TWENTY-FOUR

The following day, I met Celestine at work place. She immediately came to my office. My heart raced immediately I saw her.

"Look, my dear. I do not wish my reputation ruined and I do not know how to handle this. Ken has told me he has videos of all of us fucking him and if we dare report him to the police, he has someone who will release all of them to the world. My husband will kill me if such a thing ever finds its way to the public. What do you suggest we do?" Celestine asked me sounding scared.

"I will try to ask him in a cool manner and see what he wants. Remember, if my husband gets to know it, I am dead meat too." I told Celestine. I remained silent. I did not know what to tell her next.

"I gave him 75k, told him I shall give him the rest later. He told me failure to within 2 weeks I will see fire. I have always read of men who extort women in the name of sex scandals, I never thought at any time it could happen to me." Celestine told me. She was on the verge of tears. I felt pity for her but when I remembered how she betrayed my trust for her, I just wished she would explode.

"Celestine, I am so sorry about it. I will see how to help. It is a tricky situation we are in considering that we cannot blow things out of proportion for the sake of our reputation. I noticed Ken been borrowing a lot of money from me of late, perhaps he is setting me up too. I fear for myself too. I cannot even fire him right away since who knows what will follow if he just goes away? We need to get to the bottom of this together. All right?" I comforted Celestine.

"All right, please help me." She said.

"This young man, he fucked our pussy now he wants to fuck our brains? We cannot allow that." I told Celestine.

"Can't we hire a killer and do away with him?" Celestine suggested. I was shocked at her suggestion.

"No. What if we get caught? We will go to jail. All because of a dick? I am not ready to go to jail. Sorry." I told Celestine.

"All right." She said.

"You once told me your husband would wish to be an MP, imagine the amount of damage this can cause to him." I told Celestine.

"Ken is really giving me sleepless nights." Celestine said in desperation.

=====

I continued to play cool over the next few days but I was waiting for my husband to go for his usual business trips so that I can have time to talk to Ken. After my husband left for a trip to Ethiopia, I saw that as an opportunity to engage Ken. I organized for him to come for supper early so that we can have time to talk further. He came dressed like a black American. He had bought some new clothes and that made him even more handsome.

I made sure no one was listening to us, including Mercy.

"Ken, how are things so far?" I asked him.

"Celestine cooperated to the latter. She told me not to dare release them since that would spoil her name big time." Ken told me.

"I hope now you have enough money to keep you away from women." I told him.

"Money is never enough." Ken told me point blank making me shudder at his statement.

"So, do you mean you will continue with similar tricks to get more?" I asked him. He smiled at me.

"I still need more money." Ken told me. I thought to myself, have I awokened a monster?

"Ken, this is dangerous, you should stop now." I told him.

He remained silent for some time. I figured out what could be going on in his brains.

"Grace, if I get enough of what I want, I will be cool." Ken told me.

"Do you know you can educate a girl who will later come and deny you? Turn around and say you are not her class? Be careful what you wish for." I told Ken.

"Sherry can never do that to me, I have assisted her more than enough." Ken told me. I laughed.

"Ken, we have seen so much happening in this world. You listen to me, what am telling you is very much possible." I told him.

"I have already cleared her school fee balance that she had. Now I want to get some money for her pocket money." Ken said.

"She has her own parents, Ken. Use that money for something else." I told him.

"I don't have money right now." Ken said.

"So, what is your plan on getting more money?" I asked him.

He looked at me and smiled. I knew I could not afford to give him the much he wanted.

"Ken, money is never enough. Be content with the little you get. Your girl is driving you crazy I can see." I told him.

"I want a bright future with her, so I will do anything to make it happen." Ken told me.

We spoke well into past midnight until everyone else was sleeping. It is when I realized that I was feeling horny by merely looking at him such that I moved to seat where he sat.

As if reading my thoughts, he looked at me and told me, "Not here. Mercy may find us."

"I know." I told him, but I ignored him and continued to caress him.

He looked at me, and as if throwing caution to the wind, he grabbed me, pulled me towards himself and began to kiss me. He began to caress my boobs and within a short time, he had undone my bras and was caressing my nipples. I was about to unzip his trousers when I heard Mercy's door move slightly.

Ken sat upright fast and I moved to the end of the coach. It seems Mercy walked to the washrooms and back since she did not open the main door leading to the table room, much to our relief.

"Grace, I think it is not safe here. Can't we wait until tomorrow we go to our usual place?" Ken asked me. I knew he meant to the club. I was really trying to avoid that place but I told him it was all right.

"Ok, you can go to sleep now." I told him.

"Close the door behind me." Ken told me on his way out.

=====

Mercy woke up early as usual and prepared some break fast for all of us. I prepared to go to work early too so that I would leave earlier in order to have time with Ken.

It seemed that day Celestine would not come to work, even though she had not told me but she did not come at all.

When 3 pm came, I met Ken at the shopping center and we set to go to our usual club.

"What if we set up Lillian for the same as we did with Celestine?" Ken asked.

"That will sell us out. It will seem like a game between me and you considering that they continue to see me and you. I hope Celestine does not tell anyone else." I told Ken.

"Oh! By the way, I never thought of that." Ken told me.

"Seems you think it is easy doing that? I had to pay that ICT guy to help us. Remember, in the club everything is highly monitored and besides, Lillian must have thought of such games, she is an intelligent woman." I told Ken. But I was sure Ken would continue fucking those women for money if he did not get enough as he wanted.

I even thought, what if he decides to blackmail me too?

=====

"Oh! Hi!" Lillian greeted me immediately she saw me and gave each one of us a hug.

"Hello, Lillian." I greeted back. I could see at how she was looking at Ken.

"Welcome, feel comfortable." She told us and went on to attend to some other people.

We took one corner section which guaranteed us with enough privacy. We sat at the same coach as we ordered some drinks. The evening was chilly as the weather outside was almost raining.

"Grace, you are such a beautiful woman." Ken told me making me feel flattered.

"Oh! Thank you, you are also so handsome." I told him. He smiled and looked at me lustfully.

"I just wanna spank your ass tonight." Ken told me in English, making my heart skip a beat by how he said it. I nearly laughed.

"I just wanna milk your johnnie tonight until there is no more in it." I told him in English too.

We continued flirting and suddenly, he held me by my crotch since I was wearing a trouser. My temperature rose suddenly.

I slowly stood up, took Ken by his hand and led him to our room where we could enjoy more privacy. I immediately began to undress him as we continued to kiss each other.

Once he was naked, I looked at his hard penis and wondered how many vaginas it could have penetrated. It really seemed the guy would fuck all women he wanted. His libido was always high.

"What makes you have libido all the time?" I asked him.

"I met a friend of mine, from Kakamega. He told me if I eat Mkhombelo regularly I will have energy like a horse. So, I usually buy some from him weekly and so far, so good, I do not regret eating them." Ken told me.

"Wow! That sounds great." I told him. We were lying on the bed as I was caressing his erect penis as it throbbed with desire.

"But you too been getting sweeter as days goes by. You have gotten tighter down there." Ken told me. He looked at me as if expecting me to say something. I thought for a while whether to tell him or not.

"What have you been doing?" He asked me.

"Celestine introduced me to a certain ointment called Femicare. You apply it down there and within sometime your pussy gets smaller or do I say, tighter?" I told him. He looked at me and smiled. Then slowly he took his finger, caressed my clitoris for some seconds and suddenly penetrated me with one finger making my whole-body shudder with desire. I moaned.

"It indeed feels smaller." He said, as if he was putting his finger to confirm it.

"Why not test with your dick?" I told him.

He chuckled and slowly, he rose to mount me. He sucked my nipples for some seconds and then directed his hard penis towards my wet pussy. He touched my labia majora with his penis making me want him inside me soonest. Then, without warning, he suddenly pushed himself inside me until my labias hurt a little.

"Oh! Careful, be gentle that hurts." I told him but he would hear none of it. He continued to fuck me rapidly making me wonder why that day he was fucking me so intensely. I tried to hold him by his waist to control his rhythms but he was too strong that day; I finally surrendered and let him have his way.

He kept getting deeper and deeper until I screamed.

"Ken! Stop it, you are hurting me!" I finally told him. But it was like he was deaf. He kept going for minutes and suddenly shuddered on top of me and finished inside me, making him make faces due to pleasure. Despite me being wet, I did not get my orgasm at all. I felt angry.

He withdrew and lay besides me looking at the ceiling. I did not know what to tell him. My vagina felt a little sore even to my touch.

After some minutes, he looked at me once more and suddenly got on top of me.

"Ken...Ken..." I tried talking to him but he just penetrated me and began going at it as if he was being chased. I was about to tell him to slow down when he suddenly withdrew from me and without warning he went for my pussy with his mouth. I was horrified at the imagination of him sucking and licking me down there as his cum continued to ooze outside my pussy. He encircled my clitoris with his lips and sucked it until I was feeling like I was about to faint due to pleasure. He then dipped his tongue onto my pussy and licked me so hard. I held on to the pillow and buried my face under it so that it would silence my loud moans.

He then suddenly went inside me and began fucking me hard. This time, it felt really nice until tears of pleasure just rolled down my cheeks. I could feel like he was tearing me apart as he kept banging me with so much energy like it was his first time to get it.

Suddenly, I could not hold anymore. I felt my whole body get suddenly hot and cold, before I knew it, a gush of fluids was escaping from deep within me, I was making uncontrolled movements and shaking all over the body.

Suddenly, I went limp and was unable to move. I could see everything, could hear everything but could not move at all. I don't know how long I stayed like that but it seemed like Ken also finished and lay besides me. All in all, it was so nice a feeling I felt so relaxed and heavenly.

When I finally moved, Ken looked at me and said, "Gosh! You scared me, why did you do that?"

"Do what?" I asked.

"You became motionless suddenly." Ken told me.

"I don't know." I told him.

He just smiled at me. Looking at the watch, it was nearly 7 am. I had lost count of time and was not aware time was moving, I probably might have slept without knowing.

"Hey, we need to go home." I told Ken.

He however remained seated on the bed.

"What is it?" I asked him.

"My dear, I need some money almost right away, my brother who is in secondary school has texted me that he was chased due to school fees. I would not want him to miss education like me...." He was talking before I cut him short.

"Ken, do you think I have money all the time with me?" I asked him. He looked at me.

"It is ok, if you do not have the money." He told me. It is when it suddenly occurred to me what he was capable of doing in order to get money.

"How much do you want?" I asked him.

"Just 17,000." He said so casually as if that was too little.

"I am lending you this one, you shall repay me." I told him. I took out my phone. I wanted to send him the money to his M pesa.

"Wait, let me give you the number you shall send to." Ken told me.

He gave me the number and I sent the money. Sure enough, the recipient and Ken shared surnames.

"But why didn't you want to send him yourself?" I asked him.

"To avoid wastage of funds, remember sending costs, withdrawal costs etc." Ken told me. I did not figure that out. I found myself smiling.

"Thank you, so much my dear." Ken told me, stood up and came to hug me while still naked.

"Welcome, please get dressed up we need to leave now. We are getting late." I told Ken.

On our way out, we met Lillian.

"Hey, before you leave, I am inviting you for a party that will be held here in 2 weeks' time. You can come with him too." Lillian told me.

"Oh! Thank you." I told her and she left to attend to some other clients. She was always active.

=====

"Ken, if you have to fuck another woman, please insist on condoms for our own sake." I told Ken.

"I will." He said.

"It is not just about diseases, what if you make someone pregnant? It is not good to spread bastards all over." I told him.

"I only plan to have children with Sherry, no one else." Ken told me.

"Do you mean you have no child out of wedlock?" I asked him.

"No, not at all. I was always careful not to. I do not wish to get children who I cannot cater for." Ken told me.

"That is so considerate of you. Most men of late are so reckless siring children all over and abandoning them." I told him.

"No, not me. I value children a lot. Besides, do you think it would be all right to make a lady pregnant and abandon her? Remember this is a girl who has her own future plans. Besides, when someone is a single mother, it is hard for him to get a husband so I do not wish to make it difficult for any girl to get married." Ken told me. He was really speaking a lot of sense.

"So, what precautions do you take to ensure no girl gets pregnant for you?" I asked him.

"I use condoms." He said. It sounded ironical since we had never used a condom with him.

"Aren't you afraid of making me pregnant?" I asked him.

"I am sure you also do not wish to." Ken told me, in a rather twist of a statement which was very true.

"True, I do not wish to get more children either." I told Ken.

"I would not want my children to end up like me." Ken said in a rather sad tone.

"But you are just all right..." I was telling him when he cut me short and said.

"Do you consider being a shamba boy all right? Do you consider fucking random women to get money all right? Do you think having no education is all right? No, that is not all right at all. I want my children to

have a better life so that no one shall take advantage of them." Ken told me. The closing statement pierced my heart.

"Ken, be honest with me, do you feel like I am taking advantage of you?" I asked him. I slowed down as I made the final bend towards our home with my vehicle. It was already dark but there were some people still walking on the road. I could also see some neighborhood dogs roaming around. I was waiting for Ken to answer my question but he remained silent.

"Ken, have you heard my question?" I asked him turning to look at him briefly before concentrating on the road.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry, Dr. Love.

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THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: TWENTY-FIVE

"I heard you, to be honest, I have always admired you just that I feared to ask you how since you are my boss' wife." Ken told me, much to my relief since I would never have wished for him to feel like I was using him.

"Oh! Really? All right." I told him smiling.

As soon as we got to our gate, he alighted and opened the gate for me. I drove in and packed my vehicle. I got into the living room and found Mercy folding some clothes she had washed during the day.

She immediately served me with some hot coffee.

As I was seated, she came to me politely and asked me, "Madam, I wish to go to Coast for a few days." She told me.

"Not now, Mercy. It is too soon to go." I told her.

"Ma'am, please..." She told me but I was adamant she would not go.

"All right. "She finally resolved. I knew some of these house girls can be trouble some when left to have too much freedom.

"Why do you want to go?" I asked her. She just looked at me and said, "No problem, I will stay."

=====

The following day at work, I met Celestine looking too stressed.

"Celestine, what is it?" I asked her.

"Just that I do not know what to do. "Celestine told me and I exactly knew what she meant.

"My dear, I am trying to dig into the matter slowly. I will make sure to help you out of this, ok?" I asked her.

"Please do. We should not let a small boy ruin us just because of sex. Why can't you just dismiss him?" Celestine asked.

"No, not possible for now. He might leak everything and we are done. Do you imagine Douglas knowing that I was screwing our shamba boy?" I asked Celestine.

"Oh! That one, all right. Play smart." Celestine told me.

It even crossed my mind, what if Ken woke up and decided to blackmail me too? I figured out some people are casual laborers not because they are dumb but they did not have opportunities to get formal education. Seeing how Ken was behaving was proof enough that given chance, Ken would be a very intelligent young man.

====

"Ken, have you ever thought of pursuing education further?" I asked Ken when we were having our supper.

"Ah! No, no need. I believe I can still make it in life without too much formal education." Ken said.

"But at least some papers?" I pressed on.

"We have so many people who are successful without those papers, I believe you only need to be intelligent to make it in life." Ken argued. He was making sense.

"But you will end up married to a lady more educated than you." I told Ken.

"But does that make a difference?" Ken asked.

"Yes, most women do not respect men when they know the man is less educated than her." I told Ken.

"But what does education have to do with love?" Ken asked.

"Some women want to get married to men their level, or class and most prefer a man above them. It is very rare to get a lady who wants a man below her level." I told Ken. He remained silent for sometime as if thinking about it.

Ken was about to say something when Mercy who was carrying some coffee with a thermos flask lost her balance and the flask and all glass cups hit the floor and broke into pieces.

"Mercy! What is wrong with you?" I asked her.

Ken stood up and assisted her on her feet.

"Oh! Sorry, Sorry, Sorry Mercy, are you hurt? Are you all right? Are you ill?" Ken was asking her.

"She is just careless; how do you fall on a flat surface?" I asked.

"I will pay for it, Madam, please forgive me. I don't know what went wrong." She told me politely.

I looked at her for some time.

"Pick all the pieces and dump them." I told her.

"Please forgive me..." She continued.

"I am not going to charge you but be careful." I told her as she picked the pieces. Ken helped her pick them while placing them together.

As she walked away, Ken held her by her waist as if assisting her until she disappeared behind the kitchen door. He looked like a perfect gentleman doing that to my amusement.

"She tells me she feels dizzy." Ken told me.

Sooner, Mercy came to the table room with some coffee on cups. She was walking carefully as if afraid to fall down.

"Mercy, are you all right?" I asked her.

"Just feeling a little dizzy." She told me.

"If you are unwell you can see a doctor later tomorrow." I told her.

"No, I am ok." She insisted.

"Ok, finish your work and go to sleep." I told her.

=====

Later that night, I head Mercy crying silently in her room for whatever reasons. But funny enough, she woke up smiling the following day.

"Mercy, why were you crying at night?" I asked her.

"Maybe I was dreaming." She told me. She was in jovial mood that morning.

Days passed and Mercy did not bother me anymore with her requests for permission to go home, but I was planning to let her go in 4 months time. After two weeks, we arranged to go for the party that Lillian was inviting us. She even briefed us on the theme of the party.

The party was set on one Saturday since it was the day all were available. I took Ken along since Douglas was not around and would not know either.

=====

"Welcome all of you to our party. Today, it will be a surprise to all of you, but I want us to play a game." Lillian told us smiling.

"Wow! We know you never lack surprises what do you have for us today?" Someone asked.

"The game is simple. We are a sex club as we all know..." She paused and everyone laughed.

"So, I have prepared names over there, those folded papers are 15 names of each of these strong men over here. You are going to pick the names randomly, and whoever you will pick is going to be your partner this evening. Be passionate and have fun." Lillian told us. The women applauded her but I was not amused.

How was I going to fuck a new random man just like that?

Ken looked at me as if he was not comfortable with that too.

".....and we begin...here...." Lillian pointed at one lady. She stood up and went to pick a paper, she unfolded and called out a name. A young man stood and went to where she was standing, hugged and kissed then proceeded to sit on a coach together.

"Next.." Lilian said.

I was the 8th person to pick and I went while my legs were shaking. I prayed and hoped silently that I would randomly pick Ken's name since I was not willing to fuck another man just like that, however much the rest seemed ok with it.

My hands were shaking when I picked the folded paper.

Immediately I picked, I asked, "So, whoever is in this paper will be my fuck partner?"

"Yes, yes..." A certain slim woman told me smiling so broadly as if she was talking about hitting a jackpot.

"Yes, dear. We sample goodies from all men here." Lilian told me, motioning me to open the paper.

I unfolded the paper slowly and silently as my heart beat faster and faster. As soon as I opened it, I closed my eyes as if not ready to see who it was.

"Wow! Open your eyes and call out your man..." Lilian urged me.

I opened my eyes and looked at the name.

I saw the name and I thought I was dreaming.

"Kenneth." I called out.

Everyone looked around as if expecting another young man to stand up. But Ken stood up and strode majestically to where I was standing, hugged and kissed me.

"Wow! What a match!" A lady exclaimed.

"But you cannot pick your man..." A lady protested looking at Ken.

"There is no rule stating that you cannot pick your man, besides, she picked randomly not like she knew." Lilian defended me, much to my delight.

The rest of the women continued to pick too.

"I really prayed not to get another lady, seems God heard me." Ken told me.

"I too never wanted another guy. My pussy is not for opening to just random men." I told Ken.

We were in our room enjoying some wine together. Funny enough, I was not feeling like having sex that day and Ken did not seem bothered with it at all so we just sat there talking.

As we were talking, Ken received a call.

"It is from Sherry." He told me. I motioned him to just speak.

They spoke some niceties over the phone for some minutes before hanging up.

"The girl sounds like she really loves you." I told Ken.

"She does." Ken said.

"After all, which woman does not love a man who has a nice dick?" I asked Ken teasingly. Ken just smiled at me.

"She used to say it is too big but she got used to it." Ken told me.

"Ken, I used to think Kikuyu men have small dicks." I told Ken. After all, my husband had a small dick of about 5 inches when fully erect plus him being fat made it even smaller.

"Ah! They should try me." Ken said with some pride.

"Or, are you mixed breed?" I teased him further.

"No, my mum and dad are all Kikuyus." Ken told me.

He looked at me as if wanting to say something.

"What?" I asked him.

"But all I heard about Kambas is true, that is from you. Hot in bed, sexy, and wild in sex." Ken told me, making me feel like a woman and a half.

"Ken, didn't you say even Celestine was nice in bed?" I asked him.

"Yes, she is, but not like you. Her pussy is also dry." Ken told me.

"Probably she is headed for menopause." I told Ken.

"What is that?" Ken asked. I nearly laughed.

"It means, when a woman hits menopause, she cannot get children anymore. Some women menopause comes early some later. She is in her 40s almost 50." I told Ken.

"Damn! She lied to me then. She told me she is 37!" Ken told me.

"Most women do not reveal their true age, so I am not surprised she lied to you. Tell me, how old do I look?" I asked Ken.

He looked at me for some seconds.

"You look like you are in your late 20's or early 30's. Seems going to the gym is really helping you out." Ken told me. I felt proud of myself.

"Wow! Thank you." I told Ken.

"In fact, you and your daughter placed together someone would think she is your younger sister." Ken told me. For whatever reason, that made me worried. That could mean Ken was admiring her, secretly.

"Yes, but she is too young." I told Ken hoping he decoded the message.

"Eh! Girls nowadays get old faster, she may look young but you never know, there must be some men who admire her." Ken told me. I wanted to change the topic.

"Do you have younger sisters?" I asked Ken.

"Yes." Ken said.

"What would you do if you ever found someone joking with them?" I asked Ken.

"I will tear them apart!" Ken said.

"Treat Josephine as your younger sister, if you ever see a boy joking with her, hit the bastard's head with your slap until he learns to respect girls." I told Ken.

"Oh! True, I would never let anyone mistreat her." Ken said, much to my delight.

"These people here hold weird parties, sex parties, huh!" Ken said.

"Wouldn't you wish to fuck another woman?" I asked him.

"No! Don't you remember you came up with a plan for me to stop fucking women randomly?" Ken asked.

"Oh! True." I moved closer to Ken. I held his left hand. Suddenly, he pulled me to lie on top of him as he lay on the bed. He began to caress my buttocks, my back, my shoulders and upper thighs. It was feeling so nice. It was however wonderful that he was not in a hurry to try to undress me like he usually did, but I did not bother since I was not feeling like it too. Perhaps he was reading my mind accurately.

"Sometimes all a woman wants is someone to hold her, caress her, kiss her and embrace her without fucking her." I found myself telling Ken to his ears as we lay there touching each other as my boobs pressed hard on his chest.

"I know." Ken said. I looked into his eyes.

"How do you know?" I asked him.

"I have been with you enough time to read your moods." Ken said. That was really passionate of him. Ken was a real gentleman more than I had thought of him initially. Which woman would not wish for a man who understands her feelings and moods?

"Ken, I think I am falling in love with you." I told Ken. He looked into my eyes suddenly.

"Really? Why?" He asked me. I suddenly felt like I had just said something wrong based on his reactions. But I just went on talking.

"The way you handle me, is special. You make me feel young." I told him. He pulled my suddenly towards his face and gave me a long French kiss on my lips, taking time to caress my lips with his tongue.

"You are also a lovely woman, Grace." Ken told me. He pulled me harder towards his chest and suddenly tickled me so hard until I jumped.

I found myself laughing.

"Ken, stop games, Ken..." I found myself telling him as he rolled me over and over on the bed tickling me, kissing my neck and caressing me. He was so playful that evening.

"Hey, don't forget we need to be home on time." Ken suddenly told me.

"I feel like sleeping here with you." I jokingly told him.

"Haha, no, not when your husband is around." Ken told me.

"He will not be coming home tonight." I told Ken.

Ken looked at me for some seconds.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" I asked him.

"I am just imagining, when I get married, will my wife be fucking around some young men like we are doing here?" Ken told me. That statement tore right into my heart. I felt dirty and whorish.

"Ken, let me tell you something important and listen to my advice clearly." I told him. He rose and sat at the bed clearly attentive and waiting for me to speak. He nodded urging me to tell him whatever I wanted to tell him.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

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THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: TWENTY-SIX

"The day you shall get married, just realize that money is not everything in a woman. Look at my husband, he has a lot of money, he buys us everything we want, but he is never available for me. Most are the times I experience cold nights when my husband is around the globe running after money and more money, even when he is in Kenya mostly he is holed up in various meetings. He thinks as long as he is giving me money I have everything. No. I need his presence, I need a man to hold, to cuddle me when am cold at night, and to give me good sex." I paused when I realized at how he was looking at me.

"Grace, let me tell you something, you women sometimes really confuse us. You want a man with money, but when you get a man with money you still are not satisfied. Look at me right now, no education, working as a farm hand man, what future do I have in this type of a job? I wish I would get opportunities to make good money." Ken told me.

"So, you would not care being there for your wife?" I asked him.

"What is greater than being able to provide basic needs? I make for my family a good house like the one you have, I take my children to nice schools like your children, I set up a nice investment for my wife. What benefit would there be if I am poor but have all the time for my family? That would be of no use to me, I would rather be flying all over the world even go to Jupiter to get money as long as my family is satisfied." Ken said.

"Ken, you cannot understand me, you are not a woman." I told him raising my voice.

Ken just looked at me, smiled and said, "All right."

"Now, shall we go home?" I asked him.

"Sure, we can." Ken told me and stood up from where he was seated.

We went to the main room of the bungalow where we found some ladies making merry and having various fun. I looked around and wondered how I would have felt if perhaps one of the women picked Ken.

"Oh! You leaving early." Lillian told me upon seeing that we were leaving.

"Yes, I drive far, I do not live closer to here." I told her.

"Do you know where I live?" She asked smiling at me.

"No, tell me." I teased her.

"I live in Athi river, thought at times I sleep here but I normally drive all the way." She said.

"Are you married?" I asked her, then that instant thought that was the wrong question to answer.

"Yes, I am. My husband is a pilot with KDF." She told me so casually.

I figured out no wonder she had too much time since most of these KDF guys are always outside the country.

"Seems we have a lot to know of each other, why not find time for just both of us? I shall call you. Are you free tomorrow?" Lillian asked me.

"Yes, I am." I told her.

"Cool, I shall call you, we can meet at some other place not a must you come here." Lillian told me. She sounded so friendly that evening, after all, she was the host.

=====

"No wonder she has all the money!" Ken said as we were driving back home referring to Lillian.

"And time, most women married to KDF guys are so lonely. When someone leaves you at home for a whole year, what do you expect?" I told Ken.

"No wonder I never wanted to be a soldier." Ken said.

"You would have been a good soldier. You are tall, have a nice body and you are strong." I told Ken. He just smiled.

=====

The following day, as she promised, Lillian called me and we met at a one restaurant at the outskirts of Limuru town.

"I have a business I want to discuss with you." She told me once we settled.

"Tell me." I told her.

She laughed. "Don't be too enthusiastic, it is a sex business and feel free to say no, but if it materializes, we shall make money." She told me. She took out some inhaler and inhaled.

"Sorry, am asthmatic and the weather today is not so good." She told me.

"No problem, we all have various issues in life but we never let them beat us down." I told her.

"Ok, thank you." She smiled, continued to talk, "Let me go straight to the point, as you can see, there are so many women who are sexually starved, their husbands are not available to them. I want us to get fine men, strong young men who shall be our handy men, then we shall set up a web portal where women can secretly log in, make a booking or an appointment with us, come for, you know, servicing and go. Unlike how we do it, this one will be secretive and highly confidential, we will expand our bungalow to all for that such that when you come in, you only meet the receptionist who takes you straight to your room. "She paused and looked at me.

"Now, here is the part that might sound difficult for you, we would wish to use Ken for the cover page of the write up, he has a nice physique that can drive women crazy. We won't show his face, just him naked while erect." Lillian said, something which shocked me and took me by surprise.

"I do not oppose the idea but using Ken does not sound good to me at all." I told her.

"We are going to pay him for that, good money." Lillian said.

"How much?" I asked her.

"Kshs 120,000 for a start. Come on, I realized this boy has a physique like that of a model when naked. This is an opportunity for him too. Besides, he has no education, why can't he use what he has to at least make his life better?" Lillian said.

"That is, using his body and his dick?" I asked Lillian sarcastically.

Lillian laughed.

"He is not your son after all, stop protecting him this much." Lillian said. The whole thing sounded crazy and the staggering level that women would go to get good sex was just shocking. I never thought sex would drive women that crazy.

"WOW! The much women can do to get a good fuck!" I said.

"Our men have totally failed us, who said women don't need good sex? Let me tell you, not just women but all human beings. This is why a man who has a high social status like a whole MP can stoop low and fuck his house maid if the woman in the house is failing." Lillian told me.

"All right, I want Ken to know about this too." I told Lillian.

"He knows." Lillian said.

"Did I hear you right?" I confirmed.

"Sorry to tell you this, but I had met him sometimes back and briefed him, I wanted you to know since he is your boy. He has no problem with the idea." Lillian told me. I felt short changed yet again.

"You ladies are always a step ahead, damn!" I exclaimed.

I was getting used to their madness though.

"We make sure that we are safe, do not worry. All ladies under go HIV test, goes to the DNA level not the usual test that is done at the VCT, the ones we use can detect even a 3-day old HIV so you are safe." Lillian assured me. I felt she was totally in control such that even if I said no to her deal, she would have won Ken over to the deal without me.

It was a one intricate web of fucking.

=====

"Ken, so you have been meeting Lillian and you have never told me?" I asked Ken once I got home. He just looked at me.

"She called me, told me to go and see her. So, I went." Ken said.

"Did she tell you of the proposal they had for you?" I asked Ken.

"Yes." Ken said and remained silent.

"Ken, be careful, women are cunning." I told him.

"Including you, you are a woman." Ken told me and smiled. I nearly laughed.

One thing was for sure, Ken was charming and you simply could not dismiss him so easily. It was like I was spell bound to his charm I was not thinking straight. Everything began to look normal.

"So, are you ready to earn money with women, or from women?" I asked him.

"Yes, why not?" Ken said.

"You are becoming a male prostitute." I told him. I thought he would get angry but instead he laughed.

"Grace, you use education to empower your life because you are educated, I see no problem using what I have to empower myself too. Let working as a farm hand be a cover up. I hope you are ok with it." Ken said.

"I have no problem, it is your life." I told him.

If our husbands ever came to know what we were doing, I was sure our husbands would die of a heart attack!

I watched and witnessed as Ken gradually transformed himself literally. Even when working, he would wear an apron, gloves and cover himself nicely so that he would not get bruises like before. He also was becoming more chiseled but he told me he was working out even more, eating better. Ken also began to learn more English and he bought some magazines, particularly MEN'S HEALTH magazines which he told me were meant to make him into a total man. He even got a new barber who did for him some nice haircuts.

Ken, to my surprise, also got himself a clothes designer and he began wearing some very nice and trendy outfits which made him so handsome. But that seemed to suddenly bring trouble in the neighborhood. All girls, particularly young girls began to notice him. They would pretend to be visiting our house girl but I knew what exactly they wanted; they wanted to get Ken's attention who somehow ignored them, at least the much that I knew.

Ken even began going to church and when I asked him why he was going to church, he told me just to socialize and nothing much.

At one time, I even though Ken could be sleeping with our house girl but he confirmed to me he never did, much to my surprise.

We continued to have our secret affair and as it was, things completely stabilized and I had no worry of being caught.

"Ken, you have really caught attention of so many girls in this area." I once told him, he just laughed at it and told me, "I have no business with them."

==***=====***==

SIX

MONTHS

LATER

==***=====***==

I came back to work a little early and met Ken with his girl friend outside his house sitting there, sort of relaxing.

"Oh! Sherry, how have you been? Long time since I saw you." Ken's girl friend stood up and gave me a hug.

"Been fine, how have you been?" She asked me.

"I am all right, feel much welcome." I told her.

"Ken, why do you let your visitor stay out in this cold evening? Take her to the living room and relax there." I told Ken.

Ken immediately took her to the living room. I went to the kitchen with Mercy.

"Mercy, didn't I tell you not to be putting eggs in the fridge? There is no need to." She had put some eggs in the fridge a thing I really did not like.

"Sorry, I forgot." She said.

"You keep on forgetting, what is wrong with you?" I was not in the mood to argue though.

"Ok, prepare some tea for the visitor, won't you?" I instructed her.

Ken stayed with his girl friend in the table room for about an hour until he came to tell us he was escorting his girlfriend.

When Ken returned, he came to the kitchen.

"Grace, excuse me, there is something I want to share with you in private." He told me. I wondered what that would be.

"All right, let us go to the table room." I told him and followed him to the table room.

Ken looked sad.

"Ok, tell me." I urged him. Douglas had travelled and I was free with him.

"There is someone who has been telling my lover about what I have been doing, or it seems so. She came and told me about it but she does not have the details. I am worried since if she gets to know, she will leave me. After all the sacrifices I have done on her behalf I cannot afford to lose her." Ken told me. He had really trusted me and always told me whenever he had issues with his girlfriend, or rather we shared a lot about our personal lives.

"Damn! What does she know?" I was eager to know.

"She even told me where I usually go, or rather what she heard." Ken told me.

"What about me? Does she know anything about me?" I asked Ken.

"She does not seem to." Ken said, much to my relief.

"Phew! I hope she does not know." I told Ken. But that was really bothering me.

"She kept asking me where I have been getting all the money." Ken said.

"What did you tell her?" I asked Ken.

Ken took a deep breath.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

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**SAGA BY ANTHONY KERRY
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THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: TWENTY-SEVEN

"I told her I have been doing some business, she somehow believed me." Ken said.

"I hope she did." I told Ken.

Ken looked at me and smiled as if wanting to tell me something.

"The only thing I really don't wish is for my husband to ever know this." I told Ken.

"What do you suggest I do?" Ken asked me.

"Young girls are always over whelmed with money and being treated right, I suggest you take her for a good outing, treat her, make her feel like a queen. Let me negotiate with baba boy for you to go for a short leave then you can plan yourself." I told Ken.

"Where would you suggest I take her?" Ken asked.

"Hmm, I don't know. Try some nice place like Mombasa, for an over night pleasure trip. When there fuck her until she screams your name." I told Ken. That made me feel aroused that instant. It reminded me of my honeymoon with Douglas.

=====

"My dear, I have some suggestion." I told my husband once he was home.

"Tell me." He said.

"Ken has worked for us for a very long time without us giving him a leave, I suggest we give him at least a week off." I told him.

"I have been thinking about it; Ken been a good employee but who will feed our cattle during that time?" Douglas asked me.

"Ken told me he has someone in mind who can come and take his place." I said.

"Never mind, there is a cousin of mine who said will come over, he loves farming perhaps we can let him manage them for that one week." My husband said.

All arrangements were done and we gave Ken a short holiday of one week, during which time, I suggested that he take his girl friend for a holiday too.

=One week later=

"Grace, you are genius! I took my girlfriend for a holiday and it worked perfectly!" Ken told me once he returned. Douglas was not around as he had travelled abroad.

"Oh! Really? Tell me more." I urged him.

"I went to Mombasa, we went around, we went for a boat ride, we went to some parks like marine parks, we went to swim but we were not good at swimming, we even went dancing one night. We even saw the famous fort Jesus!" Ken told me.

"Did you see Jesus at fort Jesus?" I teased him laughing.

"Yes, I even greeted him." Ken said.

"Ken, you must be joking, you mean you saw Jesus?" I even laughed harder.

"Yes, he was dressed in white and had big fine beards like we see him in the movies, that was Jesus I saw!" Ken was so fucking serious it scared me a little.

"What did he tell you?" I asked him.

"He kept telling me about prophet Mohammed and talking about becoming a Muslim." Ken told me. I figured out he must have met one of those Islamic Sheikhs and in his mind, he thought that was Jesus.

"Your trip must have been fantastic!" I told Ken. He laughed hard.

"In fact, the day we shall get married, I shall take my wife to Mombasa for honey moon." Ken said.

"So, what did you bring for us from Mombasa?" I asked Ken.

"I brought some coconuts, dates and mabuyu they are in my house." Ken told me. He was about to go and bring some for me when I told him not to bother he can bring them later.

"But, Grace, women there are so beautiful! With big shapely buttocks!" Ken suddenly told me.

I laughed hard and called him a hyena.

"When they walk, the buttocks shake twepere twepwere twepere pwata pwata, hahaha." Ken told me trying to imitate some funny walking style. He was really making me laugh.

"Did you go to sample women or to take your lover to a holiday?" I asked him.

"Oh! You cannot prevent what the eyes can see." Ken said.

"Watch out, those women have charms, they can snatch any man they want." I told Ken.

"I can see also if Mercy eats well, she will have such a figure." Ken remarked.

I just chuckled.

"Didn't any woman admire you while there?" I asked him jokingly.

"Ah! No, not at all." Ken said.

We continued talking until Mercy finished cooking. Ken went and fed the cattle since Douglas' cousin who was with us travelled that morning before Ken came since he was going back to campus to continue with his Degree in Ranch Management.

For some reason, I was feeling so horny and lonely that evening and I really wanted Ken to be with me for as much as he could. But Mercy was not in a hurry to sleep that evening; she was so talkative asking Ken questions about Mombasa.

"I have never toured Mombasa, I only passed through there." Mercy told us, much to my surprise since I thought she knew Mombasa so well.

"I want to go to sleep." Ken finally announced.

"All right, I will let you go and rest, you must be tired from the over night journey." I told him. He went to sleep and left us with Mercy at the table room watching some bongo movie.

"Ken is such a nice man." Mercy told me as soon as Ken left. My heart skipped a beat. But I got a chance to tease her along. Mercy had a way of talking without much of a thought.

"He is nice, you can get married to him, he is still single." I told Mercy.

She laughed.

"Madam, no man is single, you either share or snatch him from someone else." Mercy said and laughed even more.

"Then you can snatch him from his girlfriend." I teased Mercy.

"It is not necessary, he can be polygamous and marry as many women as he wish, including me." Mercy said and laughed even harder.

"Has Ken ever asked you...eh...you know what I mean." I asked her.

"Oh! Yes, not even once or twice. In fact, I feel I love him already." Mercy told me, much to my shock since I never expected her to say that. I remained silent and thought of the times Ken denied he had never fucked her.

"Mercy, I mean, has Ken ever slept with you?" I asked her.

"Yes, don't you believe?" Mercy said. My heart raced and I did not want to pursue the story anymore.

Before I spoke anymore, Mercy said, "But I still have my other man, I am weighing who among the two is better for me." She said.

"All right, you shall decide who is better for you. Good luck." I told her.

But why would Ken lie to me? I wondered.

=====

"Ken, you lied to me." I told Ken the following morning, it was on a Saturday.

"What do you mean?" Ken asked me.

"You told me you have never fucked Mercy yet she told me she has been fucking you not even once." I told him.

Ken suddenly stopped whatever he was doing and looked sternly at me.

"What have you just said?" Ken asked me.

"Mercy told me you have been fucking her." I told Ken.

Ken suddenly made to go to the kitchen but I stopped him.

"Grace, I am going to slap this stupid girl until her brains fall out. Why would she lie about me?" Ken was furious.

"Do you want to mean she is lying?" I asked Ken.

"She is lying! I have never fucked her, in fact, the only person I have fucked in this compound is you!" Ken said. I felt confused.

"Why would she lie that?" I asked Ken.

"I don't know; in fact, she is the one who wanted me to fuck her a few weeks ago and I said no. Women from Coast are harlots who would even think of fucking her? Furthermore, why would I fuck an HIV positive woman?" Ken asked me.

"Did you just say, HIV positive?" I asked Ken.

"Yes, she has some ARVs in her bag, go and check and see if I am lying!" Ken told me, much to my shock.

"How did you know she has ARVs?" I asked Ken.

"I once peeped through the window and saw her swallowing, she does not want anyone to know she uses them." Ken told me.

I felt horrified.

"Ken, don't tell her we had this conversation, I will find out on my own." I told Ken.

"Damn! Grace, I don't go fucking random women just like that, it is so easy to get HIV." Ken said.

I left and went to talk to Mercy for a while before going on with my duties as if I suspected nothing but what Ken told me was haunting my mind.

Later that Afternoon, I visited a VCT and got tested and much to my relief, I was HIV negative.

=====

In the evening as we were having supper, I decided to confront Mercy about her claims.

"Mercy, tell me now that Ken is here, have you been having sex with Ken?" I asked her.

She turned red and looked scared shitless!

Ken just stared at her until she felt uneasy. I was hoping Ken won't turn angry.

"Mercy, why would you lie that I am having sex with you?" Ken asked Mercy. I would have wished he remain silent.

"I am sorry, I was just joking." Mercy said.

"Why would you make such a joke?" Ken asked her.

"I wanted to see how Madam will react." Mercy said so casually.

"Why would I fuck you knowing too well that you are HIV positive?" Ken asked, so suddenly that it scared me a little.

Suddenly, Mercy turned to face Ken.

"Ken, what have you just said?" Mercy asked, obviously angry. It was turning into a circus.

"I asked you, why would I fuck you when you are HIV positive? You think I don't know that you have hidden ARVs in your handbag that you have been swallowing?" Ken asked Mercy.

"OH, MY GOODNESS!" Mercy exclaimed!

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: TWENTY-EIGHT

Mercy stood up, went to her bedroom and came back with her handbag. She proceeded to remove some tablets, put them on the table and looked at Ken.

"Ken, are these what you call ARVs?" Mercy asked. Ken remained silent.

The situation was so tensed. I took the packet and tried to figure out what the tablets were but could not.

"Mercy, these are not ARVs but what are they?" I asked her.

"I went to the hospital when I was feeling unwell, explained to them and they gave me these tablets. I also don't know what they are." Mercy told us.

"So, you are taking tablets which you too don't know?" I asked her.

"So long as I get well, who cares?" Mercy asked and packed the drugs back to their papers.

"We can go for HIV test if you don't believe me." Mercy told us.

I felt amused. So, Ken thought all drugs were for HIV?

Ken looked at Mercy for some seconds, as if wanting to say something.

"All right, you both owe each other an apology, we need to make peace." I told them. They just stared at each other awkwardly.

"I am sorry." Mercy told Ken.

However, Ken just stood up and left the house without saying anything.

=====

"My friend, how have you been?" I asked Celestine while at work, she seemed reserved and no longer open to me as before.

"I have been fine, just moving up and down with life." She answered me.

"Same to me, life is good." I told her.

"How is Ken, your boy?" She asked me and winked.

"He is fine." I told her.

I was wondering if she was still fucking Ken.

"God been merciful to me all through." She answered me.

"Ken gave us a scare at home over the last few days, I at one time thought he could be eying my daughter."

I told Celestine.

"BE careful with him, that boy is capable of that. Can't imagine losing virginity to such a huge dick!"
Celestine told me.

"If he fucks my girl and I get to know, he goes to jail." I told Celestine.

"You won't know. Girls of late are so secretive. I just discovered the other day that my daughter was
fucking our driver." Celestine told me.

"but your daughter is not under 18!" I told her.

"She began it while 16, in form three!" Celestine told me.

"Wow! All right, I will monitor my daughter from now hence forth." I told Celestine.

"Hey, have you ever tried a threesome?" Celestine asked me.

"No, how about it?" I asked her.

"It is such a nice deal, full of passion and you get aroused seeing your friend being fucked, we should try
it out me and you." She was too bold until she scared me a little but it sounded fun.

"Tell me more." I urged her.

Celestine went on to tell me how she had done a threesome sometimes back and it sounded like fun.
Celestine was suggesting it with Ken.

"Celestine, it will take a lot of courage for me to get fucked in front of another woman." I told her.

"We shall drink some wine, then that shall give you the necessary courage. Make a date." Celestine was
making it sound like it is such a nice thing.

When I got home, I took some minutes with Ken.

"Ken, have you ever had a threesome? As in you fucking two women at the same time?" I asked Ken.

"How do you fuck two women at a go?" Ken asked.

I explained to Ken. I thought he was going to reject the whole thing but instead he laughed.

"Grace, you are such a crazy woman, how now?" He asked.

"Like, can we try me, you and Celestine?" I asked Ken.

"Celestine? The same woman who I swindled?" Ken asked.

"Of course, why not?" I told him. I was not even figuring out what I was asking.

"All right, provided she is all right with it." Ken said.

I walked away thinking about some things women do, yet when walking on the road or driving, they pretend to be so holy, innocent and victims of marital issues. If the curtains would roll probably the world would know married women are worse than young girls who are still in college, at least some women.

=====

We arranged on a weekend and went down to our club with Ken and Celestine. We ordered to be served in our own room where we got served with everything WE took an executive room which had more amenities. I was anxious to know how it will go.

Celestine had come wearing a small very provocative tight mini skirt, I had a mini dress and Ken was wearing a short that showed his calf muscles so nicely. For some seconds, I thought the whole idea was very wrong but I was willing to try.

"Ken dear, come and sit here between us." Celestine told Ken. It was a wonder how Celestine was so used to some things despite her social image out there.

Ken came and sat between us sandwiched, as we got sipping our drinks. Ken began being playful with us taking turns to touch each one of us in our erotic parts like our breasts, our abdomen and thighs.

"You ladies are making me crazy!" Ken said while caressing me as Celestine began to undo his shorts.

Slowly, Celestine undid his zip and whipped out Ken's already erect penis. He was so erect as if the idea of being admired by two ladies at once drove him crazy indeed.

I could see Celestine really admiring Ken's penis as he stroked it up and down, licking and sucking it slowly as Ken sucked my breasts which he had already taken out of my bra. We slowly undressed Ken but I was so nervous I could hardly speak straight so I just let Celestine do the talking.

Then slowly, Celestine led Ken to the huge king-sized bed and we all lay there stark naked. I was surprised to see that Celestine's breasts were still firmer than mine despite her being older than me but I thought it could be due to the fact that my breasts were larger, or it could have been simply genetic. I was still unsure who Ken would choose to penetrate first.

We however were the one kissing and caressing him the most as he too did not seem how to go about it. Then slowly, Celestine lay facing upwards with legs parted then directed Ken to lick her thighs.

"Assume this position too, face the opposite direction." Celestine told me. I did as Celestine directed. Our butts were facing each other, and Ken was like hovering on top of us both.

"Now, Ken, penetrate Grace while like this and lick me." Celestine told Ken. Ken did as directed. I could feel Ken's penis getting deeper and deeper into me and due to the way, he was pointing, I felt so much pressure on my lower vagina until it hurt a little. Ken began pumping me with his penis as he slowly licked Celestine down there. My heart was beating like a drum all through due to being nervous but sooner I relaxed and began to enjoy the whole thing. The mere imaginations of us being with a man who could take two ladies at a go really aroused me such that I was moaning all through.

"Ken, don't cum yet!" Celestine said amid moaning due to pleasure. Ken was not talking, he was just panting like a horse on a race towards finish line.

Slowly, Celestine led me to assume dog style with her too and Ken got behind us. He took turns penetrating both of us, like some seconds in Celestine's pussy then some in mine. Celestine would look at me and just smile but would moan loudly each time Ken got into her.

Suddenly, Ken penetrated so deep into me with so much force such that it triggered my orgasm. As if Celestine knew I was exploding, she came onto my and began to suck my breasts, much to my surprise. I did not expect it at all. She sucked me so passionately as if she knew exactly what I wanted as Ken drove me over the moon with pleasure. I sprayed the bed with my squirting fluids and immediately collapsed.

Ken withdrew from me and penetrated into Celestine but immediately he began panting as if holding for breath. Celestine gyrated her hips so fast, as Ken dug deeper and deeper. I could see Celestine begin to tremble and I knew she was having her orgasm too. I returned the favor and sucked her breasts and she began calling out my name. Ken trembled and I knew he was about to ejaculate inside Celestine but as if Celestine knew it, he pushed him out, took Ken's penis and directed him to spray his semen all over her breasts. It was the craziest thing I have ever seen or done. Ken sprayed her all over her breasts before she

took his penis into her mouth and sucked until Ken lost his balance and just fell on the bed, apparently due to the much pleasure that gave him. Watching him do that aroused me tremendously until I had to masturbate again to finish myself off once more.

We then lay there chuckling like small children who had just eaten some forbidden fruits.

"Wow! Celestine, this is madness!" I found myself saying. Celestine just laughed. Ken laughed too.

"Can we do it again?" Celestine asked Ken.

"My strength is gone! You ladies can kill me." Ken said and smiled at each one of us. His penis was limp and soft.

"He is not used to, let us forgive him for today." Celestine said. She stood up, walked to the fridge in the room, took out some grape fruits and brought some for Ken to eat while he sat on the bed naked. When Celestine handed Ken the grapes, Ken gave me two.

"Oh! You really love your woman, I see." Celestine said.

I laughed.

"Stop being jealous." I told Celestine and we all laughed.

We spent the rest of the afternoon petting on the bed, joking and rolling all over naked but we did not attempt to have sex with Ken again.

"Time to go home." Ken suddenly said looking at the wall clock. It was almost 7 pm.

We took turns using the bathroom that was there to bathe. I was the first one so I got dressed up immediately I came out.

When Celestine was done, as she was getting dressed up, she took out her huge handbag, brought out a small handbag and opened. She then took out some cash, very clean Kshs 1,000 notes and counted, I did not follow the much she was counting then handed over to Ken.

"A good job is rewarded, if our husbands were like you, we all would be so happy." Celestine said. I felt ashamed since I did not have that much money.

"Grace can give you her own reward on your way home." Celestine said, much to my relief.

Ken counted the notes, then put them inside his wallet until it looked fat. Ken smiled, turned and gave Celestine a French kiss until she lifted one of her legs up. Ken then came over to me and kissed me too.

We then took some wine fast before leaving.

"Wow! I had not realized you bought a new car." I told Celestine noting that she had another car.

"This belongs to my husband, not mine." She told me.

"Is he around?" I asked her.

"Yes, but today he went to visit his concubine hence I got this time to be here." Celestine said getting inside her car.

"Which car did he use?" I asked her.

"Another one." She said. She got into her car, rolled up the window as she waved me goodbye and drove away.

=====

"You ladies are too strong." Ken was telling me smiling on our way back home.

I laughed.

"But you seem strong too, taking to women at a go is not a joke." I told Ken.

"Who came up with the idea?" Ken asked me.

"Celestine did, crazy woman." I told Ken.

He looked at his pocket.

"How much did she give you?" I asked Ken.

"Kshs 33,000. This woman has a lot of money!" Ken said.

"Damn! All that for a fuck??!" I nearly exclaimed.

"She loves sex." Ken said.

Ken took out his wallet, counted again, then as we were driving, he made to give me Kshs 2,000.

"Oh! Ken, thank you. In fact, I should be the one giving you." I told him.

"No, please take some, I just feel like rewarding you." Ken told me.

"The best you can do for me and to me is fucking me." I told Ken who laughed. But I took the money all the same not to embarrass him since he was really determined to reward me, for whatever reasons.

"Ken, whatever you do, make sure you make good use of the money. Save or invest. It does not matter how you get the money, but what you do with the money is what really matters." I told Ken.

"Last week, I donated some Kshs 3,000 to Uzima Children's home, the matron there was very happy with me, she even prayed to God for me to get even more, her prayers were answered today." Ken said.

I looked at him and he was damn serious. I wondered how he expected God to answer his prayers by fornicating or rather committing adultery with women randomly.

"Ken, are you a believer?" I asked him.

"Yes, I believe in God. Mercy told me she does not believe in God, I wonder how..." Ken said.

"Oh! Yea, she told me she is an atheist." I told Ken.

"She shall burn in hell." Ken said. I nearly laughed.

Did Ken think he was going to heaven for fucking women, getting money to donate for various causes?

"Grace, be careful not to get pregnant for me, I am not ready to have random children out there, I only want to get children with my girlfriend Sherry." Ken said.

"You really love her!" I remarked.

"Of course, I do!" Ken said

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

((At the END will compile into a book for you to read all of it: Thank you for your support members))

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: TWENTY-NINE

I went around the corner the final bend to our home, slowly driving my car when Ken suddenly concentrated on the road ahead.

"What is it?" I asked Ken.

"There seems to be something on the road." Ken said. I looked at him and he was damn serious. Sure enough, looking ahead there was a rock in the middle of the road. I have never felt such fear in my life.

"Now what?" I asked Ken.

"Can we turn?" Ken asked. I was about to turn when two young men appeared from nowhere and began to come towards our vehicle. I instinctively knew someone was attempting to carjack me.

"These are thieves." Ken said.

I suddenly tried to make a U-turn but hit a ditch and the car stopped. One man made to reach at my door to open it while another was already opening passenger's door where Ken sat.

Suddenly, Ken opened the door with so much force such that he knocked the man on that side and he fell on the ground flat. Before I could figure out what was happening, Ken was already outside the vehicle.

He held the man, who was clearly smaller than him by his neck, lifted him up and hurled him on the marram road so hard such that he let out a cry. The other man sensing his partner was in danger rushed towards Ken. He drew out a gun!

"Remain still or I will fire!" He said. Ken looked at him suddenly. The man, as if panicked pressed the trigger of the pistol. I expected Ken to drop dead that instant but something unusual happened. The pistol misfired and nothing came out.

Ken took advantage of that and before the man would think of something else, Ken hit him so hard on his face such that he staggered backwards and fell down. The pistol escaped his hands. It seemed the man panicked so much such that when he stood up, he just ran away very fast into the bushes as his fellow followed after him. Ken, however did not chase them away.

I was so panicked such that I did not have the strength. When I opened my mouth, I just screamed.

Some people began to gather from their homes.

"What is happening?" Someone asked.

"Some boys tried to rob us at gun point." Ken said. I was unable to even speak as I just remained standing there.

"These young boys who just finished form four are so idle of late..." Someone was saying when Ken cut him short, "They had a gun, there it is!" Ken said as if doubting they were young boys.

"Call the police, let them come and pick this gun." Someone suggested.

Since the police post was not far away, 2 plain clothed police men came. One picked the pistol with a tissue paper saying that it was important not to wipe out finger prints.

"Madam, please follow us too, you need to record a statement." The officer told us. I just followed with my car. They chose to walk since it was not far.

"Damn! That idiot would have killed me if that pistol fired!" Ken said. He was breathing so heavily.

"You saved my life." I told him.

"What a day!" Ken remarked.

We arrived to the station and recorded a statement, then drove home.

"Imagine some young men tried to rob us on our way here?" Ken told Mercy as soon as we settled in the house drinking some coffee.

"Oh! I am really sorry, I hope no one is hurt. Be careful, I met some young men smoking weed at the road side today." Mercy said.

"Smoking weed does not make someone into a gangster, those are just gangsters." Ken said.

"Hmm, you are talking like you smoke weed; start smoking weed and see how it goes with you." Mercy said as if daring Ken.

"I have been smoking weed all my life." Ken said. I was shocked as I never expected Ken to say such a thing.

"Ken, are you serious you smoke weed?" I asked him.

"Yes, what is wrong with smoking weed? It makes someone cool." Ken said.

"Ken, be serious, I am not joking." I told him in disbelief.

"Grace, I have been smoking weed since I was young and I am not a bad person. Smoking weed does not make you bad, if you are bad, you are bad, with or without weed." Ken said confidently.

"Eh! Ok, how is it to smoke weed?" I asked Ken. Before he could answer, I asked him another question, "When do you smoke weed and where? I have never seen you."

"I wake up every morning at around 3 am when I lift up my weights to be strong, before lifting I smoke one roll of weed. It makes someone strong and energized for the day." Ken said as if he was talking about something so nice.

"Ken, you are crazy!" I told him. He just laughed at me.

"Bob Marley used to smoke weed daily and he was never a bad person." Ken said.

"You sound so convincing, I hope weed will never make you mad." I told him.

"Smoking does not make anyone mad, it makes you better." Ken said.

"Where do you get it?" I asked Ken. Ken looked at me for some seconds as if unsure of what to tell me.

"I buy it." Ken told me. He did not sound convincing at all.

"Who sells it to you?" I asked him.

He laughed. "Don't worry, nothing wrong, Madam Grace. I am cool." Ken said smiling.

"I have never dated a man who smoke weed." Mercy said.

"Try me, you will know we have nothing wrong, we are not bad people. We are naturally rastafarians who believe in doing good for all people." Ken said looking at Mercy.

"Oh! Yea, like you did good to me you were ready to die for me. You nearly took a bullet. Or was it weed giving you that courage?" I asked him, wondering perhaps it was weed that gave him courage to fuck two women at once.

"Gosh! I forgot the milk in the jiko!" Mercy said suddenly rushing to the kitchen.

"If you pour that milk, you will drink strong tea for a whole week!" I told her as she went to the kitchen.

"I am lucky, it was just rising up." Mercy shouted while at the kitchen.

"You just told her to dare you..." I told Ken. Ken winked at me and rolled his head on his neck, smiled and said, "No worry, I won't."

I was feeling protective of Ken the only women I was willing to share him with, was his girlfriend, I was not even willing to have another threesome with Celestine anymore.

Mercy cooked some tea.

"We already drank coffee..." Ken said.

"Ken, it is cold, drink some tea." Mercy told Ken.

"Only weed can make me warm." Ken said jokingly but he took a cup of tea and began drinking.

I took my tea and began drinking but as soon as I took my third sip, I felt some sudden nausea. I stopped drinking the tea. No one noticed.

I stood up and went to the washroom and even before I settled in there, I was already vomiting. I vomited everything I had taken that evening. I wondered why I could have felt suddenly ill.

"I want to go to sleep, good night you two. Ken, close the door on your way out please." I told Ken.

"Good night, Madam." Mercy said, as if delighted I was leaving her with Ken.

As I went to sleep, I remembered how Ken kept telling me I should not fall pregnant for him. What if I was indeed pregnant?

=====

The following day, I woke up feeling ill.

"Where is Ken? Tell him not to over feed these cows, animal feeds have gotten very expensive." I told Mercy on my way out. I called a friend of mine who had a clinic.

"What brings you here?" She asked. She had opened purposely because of me. It was on a Sunday.

"Please, just conduct a pregnancy test to me." I told her. She looked at me as if surprised.

"Don't you want to get another child?" She asked.

"No, yes but...." I was stammering, I was nervous. She looked at me and smiled suggestively. I felt like she was reading into my mind.

"All right, wait I prepare the lab." She told me as I waited.

"I will need a urine sample from you." She told me handing me a little clean boiling tube.

"How am I supposed to urinate on this?" I asked her.

"Just direct your urine there." She said smiling at me. We used to joke a lot but that day I was feeling so mood less.

I went and brought the urine sample which I gave her.

"I know you know what to look for, if two lines, negative...." She said and looked at me as if weighing my mind.

"Oh! Come on, stop confusing me, it is a long time since I had a pregnancy test." I told her.

She took the sample, took a pregnancy test kit, dipped it inside the urine sample and told me to follow her to her office as we chat over a cup of coffee.

"There is something you're not telling me. You are my friend and you know we trust each other." She told me.

"Ivy my dear, some things are not to be said so easily." I told her. I smiled suggestively to her.

"Are you having an affair?" She asked so boldly.

"Yes, don't ask with who but I suspect I might be pregnant. I really hope I am not pregnant." I told her.

"But what is wrong with being pregnant for your secret lover? After all a child is a child regardless of who sires it." Ivy said.

"Ivy, it is not as easy as you think." I told her.

"Come on! Look at me, how many children do I have?" She asked.

"Four." I told her.

"Now, if you have looked at all my children, my last born, who is right now 8 years old, is already bigger than his siblings who are ahead of her except the first born who is now 17 years old. Do you know why? I was tired of getting short children and as you can see my husband is even shorter than me. So, I got pregnant for a friend of mine who is 6 feet 4 inches tall, very athletic, handsome and better yet intelligent.

That gave me the exact child I wanted with him. My husband loves the kid to bits and has no idea the kid does not belong to him." Ivy told me as if talking about having discovered the way to heaven with so much delight.

"DAMN! Listen to yourself!" I exclaimed looking at her.

"Eh! Huh!" She remarked.

"So, you mean you got a child with your secret lover?" I asked Ivy.

"Yes, why not? I loved him too. He was giving me orgasms so I chose to also give him a child. He knows about the child, the only person who shall never know about it is my husband." Ivy told me.

"Ivy, this is crazy, but please let us look at my pregnancy test first, right now I am not ready to carry another child it will really derail my plans; besides, I doubt I can carry another man's pregnancy except my husband's I would rather abort than do such a thing!" I told Ivy.

"All right, follow me to the lab." She told me.

I was so nervous as I walked to the lab.

"Hey, you pussy, today is not a working day go and come back tomorrow." Ivy was saying. I thought she was talking to someone but on looking at the door I saw a large brown and white cat with big furs.

"Haha, you are crazy, you are speaking to a cat as if to a human being..." I told Ivy.

"She comes here to give me company, I love cats." Ivy said.

The cat suddenly looked under the lockers.

"What is it you pussy?" Ivy asked.

The cat however made sudden movement towards the locker, looked under it and began wagging its tail.

"She normally chases rats from this place." Ivy said with some pride.

"Pussy, go on, do what you do best." Ivy said and as if the cat was listening to her command, it pounced on something under the locker.

That sudden, a very big rat jumped from under the locker. The cat gave chase. I got scared at how that huge cat was running so swiftly like a small tiger.

Suddenly, the rat climbed over the table and began leaping from one table to another inside the lab as the cat gave chase. As the cat reaped forward, it knocked off some items on the table.

"Ivy, it will knock off the test!" I shouted and before Ivy chased the cat, it pounced so heavily on the cat and rolled severally on the table, scattering everything on the test table while knocking over some test tubes.

"HEY! Pussy, are you mad today or what?" Ivy shouted.

I turned to look over the table where we had placed my urine sample with some pregnancy test kit. It was not there.

"Hey, where is the test??" I asked feeling agitated.

Ivy looked around and suddenly her face turned pale.

"Over here, the cat knocked it off." Ivy told me.

I felt irritated.

"Why can't you get rid of this cat?" I asked.

Ivy kept looking at the ground.

"Where is the test kit? Where are my results?" I asked. I was feeling so nervous such that I felt sick.

"I...I don't understand, the urine sample was knocked over right now, but I can't trace the kit..." Ivy said in a soft voice like that of a school girl.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: THIRTY

"Just do another test please, and this time am staying here till I get results." I told Ivy. Since my bladder was already full from drinking much fluids, it was not hard obtaining another urine sample.

We did the test and it turned out negative.

"Phew!" I breathed out a sigh of relief.

"You are safe, at least for now." Ivy told me.

"I feel so excited, I am happy that it was not positive, wow! I would have fainted here." I was so excited I wanted to dance. Ivy just looked at me.

"Why won't we meet for a cup of coffee as you tell me more?" Ivy suggested.

"Cool, make it in the evening, I will come to a restaurant of your choice." I told Ivy.

I left and drove back to my place.

"Oh! Glad you are back. Come along." Ken told me once he saw me without even greeting me. I followed him to the cow shed. I immediately knew what was wrong as soon as I saw one of the cows; it looked sickly.

"What has happened?" I asked Ken.

"I don't know, call veterinary to come and see it." Ken told me.

"I doubt he will come on Sunday." I said.

I however took my phone and dialed vet's number.

"Is it something it ate?" I asked Ken.

"No, nothing. Just found it looking like this with dull eyes." Ken said. He sounded sad. He was responsible for the cows.

"Don't worry, vet will have a look at it." I told him and slowly turned to go to the house.

The vet did not live far from there and he came quickly. He examined the cow for some minutes.

"What is wrong with it?" Ken asked him. I just stood there looking at it.

"Nothing serious, I will give it some medicine." Vet said and made to persuade the cow to enter into the milking shed. However, no matter how much he tried, the cow acted deaf and mute. Suddenly, Ken called it by its name, "Kamunge, get into the shed, right now!"

The cow walked slowly into the shed. The Vet looked at Ken surprised.

"These cows know you, wow!" Vet said.

"Yes, they obey me very well, do you need help?" Ken asked.

"Ah! No, thank you, I will handle it." He said.

The Vet gave it some medication and went away after I paid him Kshs 3,000.

As soon as we were left with Ken, I looked at him and began talking to him.

"Ken, can I tell you something funny?" I asked him.

"Go ahead." He said smiling.

"I thought I was pregnant and went to get tested, but I am not pregnant." I told Ken.

"Haha, you are so funny! What is it that gave you those thoughts?" Ken asked.

"We have been fucking without a condom, despite I am on FP, I thought it has failed." I told him smiling.

Ken looked at me and winked.

"I also want to fuck you today." Ken told me, making my heart beat fast.

"Oh! Stop joking..." I teased him along.

"I am serious, I want it in fact right now." Ken told me.

"If you are serious follow me." I dared him knowing he could not come to the house with me. But to my surprise, he began walking towards me.

"Ken, stop joking, Mercy is around she will see us." I told Ken but he kept coming.

I turned to face him.

"Ken, have you smoked raw weed today? Stop being crazy!" I told him.

"Go on, I am right behind you." Ken told me. I went into the house and he came after me. He kept following me until we arrived to my bedroom. Before I could tell him anything he got hold of me and pinned me to the wall, facing him. He began to kiss me and fondle my breasts. I really hoped Mercy would not hear us. He pushed his body against mine in a nice way making me feel suddenly warm and receptive to his moves. He was strong for me, I could not undo myself from his strong hands. He kissed me on my neck, then slowly began to kiss my boobs inside my dress. He then began to suck my boobs under the dress. I wiggled myself to allow him to undo the upper buttons of the dress that I was wearing and slowly, he unhooked my bra, lowered a little and began to suck my nipples as I stood against the wall. I could feel his erect penis pressing against my thighs. I reached for his trousers and undid his zip, to my surprise, he was not wearing a boxer and his balls just dangled inside his trousers.

I caressed them as he made to fuck me while I still had my underpants. I slowly lowered my underpants and it dropped to the floor, then Ken made to penetrate me but since he was taller, he could not. As if thinking alongside my thinking, he suddenly turned me to face the wall and he lowered my upper body, parted my legs, raised my dress and he began to penetrate me from behind.

"Oh! God!" I moaned with pleasure as he began to fuck me from behind. I could feel his penis pushing so hard against my G-spot making me feel like my knees would buckle due to pleasure.

"Ken, faster, someone might find us here..." I told him weakly but he continued to fuck me. He then suddenly pressed my clitoris, prompting me to press my nipples to heighten my passion. Suddenly, Ken spanked my buttocks. It felt nice, really nice!

As if instantons, my vaginal muscles began to suck his penis hard and I knew I was having my orgasm. The motions that my vaginal muscles made seemed to trigger Ken and before I knew it he was exploding deep inside me like a hot dynamite until he groaned loudly. It was like his ejaculation completed an electric circuit and I found myself shaking all over my body with orgasmic waves until I suddenly felt hot. I was almost falling due to pleasure; my knees were weak but Ken held me firmly by my waist and supported me not to fall.

Then slowly, Ken withdrew from me. My vagina remained open for a while and semen flowed out freely until some dropped on the tiled floor. I looked at it and felt a little ashamed.

"Let me clean this before someone comes!" I told Ken who was already zipping up his trousers.

"It felt really nice!" Ken said.

Suddenly we heard some movements.

"That must be Mercy!" I told Ken and even before I knew what to say, Mercy called out from the corridor.

"Madam, you had promised to give me some money to go to saloon." She said. I could hear her coming.

"Quick, hide, I don't want her to see you. She is manner less she just comes into my bedroom anyhow!" I told Ken, he stood behind the big wardrobe that was near the door.

I opened for Mercy as I wrapped myself with a lesso.

"Here, have this, make sure you go to Mama Lucy's saloon they are the best." I told her.

"Thank you." She said and turned to walk away.

"By the way, if you see Ken, tell him I need to see him." I told Mercy just to divert his attention.

"You can't see Ken around here today, he is probably at his girl friend's place, you know, eeh! Giving her some!" Mercy said jokingly, laughed and walked away.

Ken slowly came out.

"That girl is too loud mouthed." Ken said.

"I agree, were it not for her hard work, I would have chased her away long time ago." I told Ken.

Ken was about to go out but I held him.

"What is it?" Ken asked.

"She is gone to the saloon, we can have some more." I told Ken.

"What if she comes back? She may have forgotten something and perhaps come rushing here like a mad cow." Ken said trying to sound funny.

"All right, go for some few minutes, then come after around 7 minutes." I told Ken, who walked outside so casually as if he had done nothing. I looked at his butt as he walked, muscular buttocks.

I smiled and marveled at how we just did a quickie.

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"Mercy, do you know how to bake a cake?" I asked Mercy once she returned.

"No, unless you teach me." She replied, sounding honest.

"All right, I will one of these days, my daughter's sixteenth birthday is coming in 1-month time; I want her to have a home baked cake." I told Mercy.

"How old will she be?" Mercy asked.

"You shall know that day." I told her.

She smiled, "All right. Longing for the day." Mercy said.

"I am going to meet a friend, will come back later." I told Mercy. I wanted to go and meet Ivy and chose to walk since it was not far.

I met her already at the restaurant waiting for me.

"Girlfriend, it is long since we talked, what have you been up to?" Ivy asked me once we settled and ordered each some mango juice.

"Just life, my dear, life is good and cool." I told her. I knew what she wanted to hear though.

"Let us have some real girl talk now, who is the man making you glow under the sheets secretly?" Ivy asked and winked at me.

"Ivy, won't you envy me if I tell you?" I asked her.

"Come on, we share a lot. You even know who gave me my last born, isn't a big deal." Ivy told me smiling.

"All right, if you insist. I have been fucking my shamba boy." I told her, paused to gauge her reaction then continued, "At first I thought I am wrong but eventually I got used to it, I enjoy every moment of it." I told her.

"Gosh! Great but right there? Aren't you afraid of being caught?" Ivy asked.

"Why?" I asked her.

"I mean, right under the nose of your husband? You are so mischievous you girl." Ivy told me and patted my back laughing. We laughed together.

"Is he handsome, is he cute, and does he have a nice raw cassava down there, etc." Ivy asked.

"Oh! Come on! You are asking too much details." I told her but nodded as if to indicate positive for her questions.

"The man am fucking right now, apart from my husband, I chose him purely for his penis. I mean, my vagina seems to have gotten bigger due to giving birth to 4 children and I was feeling like I could not get enough of my husband's penis so I got myself a man who has a larger penis." Ivy told me. She took out her tablet, activated data bundles and began to scroll on a certain website. I was curious to know which website it was.

"Here, look. I got hooked up with him through this website. I saw his photo, minus his face and I immediately subscribed. After some days, a lady called me and told me to go to a certain joint in Wangige where we should meet with my tom boy, so I drove there. I met this young man, very handsome, very attractive with charisma. We liked each other instantly. It was a nice bungalow with a lot of secrecy. No one knows you have come in or gone out. But oh! Girl, they are damn expensive! I paid Kshs 50,000 membership, fucked the boy same day until I cried. I swear I will fuck him forever." Ivy told me.

We laughed.

"Haha, you only have this photo? Do you have his photo, full photo of him?" I asked her. She scrolled down her tablet. But gave me a puzzled look.

"Oh! I had those photos here, but...I think I deleted them..." Ivy was scrolling.

"Ah! Forget it, tell me more. Face not important am sure to you but his dick." I told Ivy and we laughed yet again.

"The man fucks like a horse, with a lot of energy." Ivy told me.

"You make me wanna fuck him!" I teased her.

"Haha, I can connect you, nothing is a big deal there. I know we love big things." Ivy said and folded her hand on her forehand. I laughed.

"You are making me horny. Can you seriously do that? Connect me I want to fuck him too. Oh! I am crazy." I said and held my mouth as if someone was listening to us.

"We make a date and I will drive you there." She told me. The club's name was different from our club so I knew I was out for some more adventure if I agreed.

"Things women do!" Ivy said and winked.

"The place sounds better, I would love more privacy too. Where we go with my lover there isn't much secrecy; just that we are under some oath to respect each other. Some ladies there are even pastors in some churches in Nairobi, drive all the way to get fucked and go back to their congregation!" I told Ivy and we both laughed.

"I wish men knew how much women love a nice fuck! All these lovey doveys, wooing us with money etc. is not all that necessary. Problem us, you can never know if a man has a big thing." Ivy said.

"You can." I told her.

"How?" She asked.

"Look at his physical features; a man with long fingers most likely has a long penis, a man with a longer jaw line has a strong long penis, a man with nice lips, not too small has a big penis, a man with a nice physique will never lack a good penis. And did you know men with tendency to get a bald head have high libido than men who have hair up to their old age?" I told Ivy who was listening to me as if listening to a teacher.

"Gosh! The things you read! But sounds true since the young man am fucking has a nice physique." Ivy told me. I got curious.

"Where does he come from?" I asked her.

"I don't know; do I even care. I think he is in one of these local colleges. Most of these young men are just college boys who need money. They have all the time to work out and get nice bodies for us middle age women as our husband eat nyama choma and grow fat." Ivy told me.

"How is your husband?" I suddenly asked Ivy.

"Still useless in bed. Who fucks for one minute and sleeps? These men should learn to fuck. I happen to follow a certain website, The Passionate Lovers by a certain sex guru by the name Anthony Kerry, he really teaches a lot for free. Men should search that website and read to learn. But our African men have big egos no one believes he can be taught to fuck. They think possessing a penis is enough." Ivy told me.

"What website? Give me its url please..." I urged her. I was curious to read some more sex education articles.

"Write: www.thepassionate lovers.com visit that website, you won't regret. He calls himself Doctor Love on Facebook." Ivy told me.

"So, you mean you know all these and you have never told me?" I asked Ivy.

>>To be continued>>

Story by Anthony Kerry: Love doctor.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: THIRTY-ONE

"But you have been too busy to meet me." Ivy accused me.

"Hmmm, girlfriend, if you insist." I told her. Suddenly, Ivy got a call.

"It is from my husband." She stood, excused herself and went outside to answer the call since inside it was a little noisy due to the music. She talked for almost 10 minutes.

"My dear, sorry I have to go. We shall talk later." Ivy told me.

"Is anything the matter?" I asked her. She breathed in and out deeply and heavily.

"If you call me at 9 pm today and be unable to pick your calls, I will be dead." Ivy said.

"Come on! You are scaring me." I told her but she was already on her feet about to go.

"Grace, please allow me to go, we will catch up." Ivy said. We walked outside together. As soon as we were outside, Ivy called a taxi.

"Hmmm, girlfriend, we shall meet once more, see you!" Ivy told me, gave me a quick hug and got into the cab. She waved as she went.

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At exactly 8 pm, Ivy called. I received the call feeling nervous.

"Hello." I received the call.

"Helloooo." Ivy answered sounding so excited such that I got surprised.

"What is it?" I asked her.

"You won't believe me!" She said.

"I will." I told her getting impatient.

"My husband gave me the worst prank of my life, he pranked me that he has caught me with someone, that he had hired a private investigator to spy on me! It looked so real. Then he told me to meet him at home! Guess what when I got there?" Ivy paused. She was talking too fast.

"What???" I asked.

He has brought me a present I have always wanted to have, a small, white vitz to be driving myself around rather than bothering him with his car! Can you imagine?!" She said and began screaming with joy over the other side. I was relieved.

"Gosh, fantastic! You have a good boy there. Will you give me a ride soon?" I asked her.

"Oh! Yes, why not? I will." She told me.

"Hey, let me go and cook for my sweet heart. Good night we shall talk tomorrow. I just wanted you to know I am alive!" Ivy said and terminated the call before I could even respond. She was really excited till she was sounding like a little school girl.

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"Grace, I want to speak with you." Ken told me as soon as I got home in the evening.

"Tell me." I told him.

"I want to take some leave from work, 5 days. It is urgent. I have already arranged with Gikang'a to be taking care of our cattle." Ken told me. Gikang'a was the next-door neighbor's house boy, who I never really liked since he was always dirty and chewed Muguka all the time.

"How soon do you wish to go?" I asked Ken.

"From Thursday up to the following week on Tuesday. I shall return on Wednesday." Ken told me.

"All right, I hope you have briefed your friend about the sick cows not to over feed them." I told Ken.

"I have told him everything." Ken reassured me that our cattle shall be taken care of perfectly.

"I am the one who will pay him for that one week." Ken told me. That was surprising but I knew he could considering the amount of money he was getting from fucking rich women.

Besides, my husband was coming back in two days' time too. I called my husband and informed him that Ken wanted to be off for 5 days and he said as long as the cows are fed, he had no problem with that.

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As soon as Ken went, I missed him already. He however told me he was going to Nyeri for personal reasons that he did not reveal and I did not bother to know. My husband however was around and he kept me busy enough.

"Do you remember, Kung'u, the guy who used to drive a very old Land cruiser?" My husband asked as we were having supper.

"Yes, it is long since I saw him. Where did he go?" I asked Douglas.

"They migrated to Molo with his wife and children. One day, he came home from work and found his wife having sex with one guy. He got furious and killed both by cutting them with a machete. He however got caught, and now he is in jail serving a 10 years jail term." Douglas said. I got shocked for obvious reasons.

"So, he killed both the man and his wife?" I asked horrified.

"Yes. Why are women doing this to their husbands? Your man is busy working to get money, their wives are busy fucking young boys? Can you imagine the guy he caught her with is enough to be her child?" Douglas said. I pretended to be shocked.

"Oh! That is so bad! No sane woman should do that. Imagine a woman as old as me parting her thighs to a young man enough to be her child? That is abomination!" I said.

"I would simply walk out of that marriage, no need to kill someone because of a hole I did not drill." Douglas said sounding naughty such that he made me laugh.

"I can never do such a thing! What? Never." I said.

Douglas looked at me into the eyes and said, "This is why I love you, because you are a faithful woman."

If only he knew!

I stood up, went to where he sat and positioned myself on his lap; sat on him comfortably as I inclined myself to lie on his chest. He folded his arms on me but as he held me, I kept on imagining how nice it always felt sitting on Ken's muscular thighs.

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The following day as soon as I arrived at my workplace my boss called me to his office.

"Grace, as you know you are the chief accountant of this company, we have just secured a chance for you to go to Mombasa for a 5 days training so that you can be more empowered to deliver our company to higher levels. So, I want you to get ready to travel tomorrow evening. A hotel will be booked for you, at the same hotel, it is where you shall have the training. Any questions?" My boss told me without even greeting me.

"It is ok, I will make the necessary plans." I told him.

"During that time, I will double up as the accountant." My boss told me.

I knew it would be hard to convince my husband since he was to be in Kenya for 2 weeks that one week I will be away. So, the first thing I did was to call him and explain to him.

"It is ok, my dear. I also travel a lot and you have never complained..." My husband told me. I felt relieved. That was a golden chance for me to be away for a while as I contemplated on some personal issues.

Celestine got to know about my trip.

"Grace, aren't you worried leaving your husband with house girl in the house?" Celestine suddenly asked me.

"My husband cannot fuck a maid." I told Celestine. She smiled mischievously. I frowned.

"Did you ever think you could fuck a Shamba boy?" Celestine asked me.

That made me think for a while.

"So, what do you suggest I do?" I asked her.

"Find means to give her a leave too. Leave Douglas with Ken alone." Celestine told me.

After giving it some thoughts, I resolved to do that in the evening. But I knew since Celestine knew I was going, she would have a lot of time trying to woo Ken, perhaps.

I was in a dilemma.

However, in the evening in as much as I tried to persuade Douglas so that we can give Mercy some leave, he refused saying that he was not ready to be eating in a hotel, and he even ended up telling me, "The much that I trust you, why can't you trust me too?" He asked.

"I trust you, just that...a woman thing she might want to seduce you." I told him. I could see Mercy had gotten to learn trendy dressing but despite her always sticking to long dresses, the Swahili type, her hips were clearly visible and her buttocks looked like they could appeal to any man.

I stopped insisting when Douglas began to twist the whole story to seem like I was thinking she would do what I do when am alone. When the argument headed that direction, I gave up.

"I even sometimes lack time to fuck you where will I get time to fuck a mere house girl?" He asked me.

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The day I was to travel arrived. Since I did not want to go with my car, Douglas escorted me all the way to the bus station and I took Mash Cool to Mombasa.

The trip was successful and I arrived at the hotel on Thursday at around 9:00 am. Got checked in and was to relax that day as I prepared myself for the training ahead. I felt lonely being so far from people I know, surrounded by so many people I did not know. But within no time I began to know the accountants and financial administrators who we were to be together in the training towards evening as they too checked in and were given a list of participants and their contacts.

One man that impressed me was an accounts manager at one NGO whose operations spanned all over East and Central Africa, his name was Felix Oloo, who I knew was very intelligent from my first encounter with him. I later learned he was among the people supposed to facilitate the training.

Come evening, after taking supper and relaxing in my room. I took my phone and called my husband.

Douglas: Hello my dear, how is your day?

Me: Very fine, I really miss you, I wish you were here with me.

Douglas: Hope you arrived well.

--We talked for a whole ten minutes.

The next person I called was Ken, who picked my call so fast as if he was waiting for me.

Ken: Hello, sugar, I miss you sweet darling.

Me: {Laughing} come on Ken, you are making me feel shy, what did you just call me?

Surprisingly, it felt really nice talking to Ken.

Ken: You know how much I love you, sweet darling.

Me: Stop it! You are funny, do you know that?

Ken: Otherwise, how are you?

Me: Fine, I miss your dick.

Ken: {Laughing} I also miss that tight pussy of yours.

Me: {Laughing harder} Come on Ken, stop it! {I however loved his jokes}

Some silence followed.

Ken: Mwaaaa (He blew a kiss over the phone)

My heart skipped a beat.

For obvious reasons, I began to get wet with arousal while talking to Ken. Since I had just bathed and had nothing underneath, I began to play with my clitoris as I was talking to Ken until my breathing rate changed.

"What is it?" Ken asked over the phone after he realized I was breathing faster.

"Nothing, go on..." I urged him.

"I really wanna fuck you right now." Ken told me.

"I wish you would push that penis deep into me and tear me apart." I found myself saying while stimulating myself.

"Imagine this, I am on top of you, go to your bed and part your legs, finger fuck yourself." Ken told me. Like a crazy person, I just did that and went to lie on my bed, began to masturbate. Ken continued to talk to me erotically as I finger fucked myself, stimulating my clitoris hard with my fingers until I got a shattering orgasm and squirted all over the bed. I moaned so loudly over the phone as Ken said, "Oh, Yeah!"

After I was done, I felt ashamed for a while and thought, this is crazy! Did I just masturbate? I always heard of phone sex and thought that could be one.

"Ken, who taught you all this?" I asked him. He laughed.

"Grace, I have been reading some magazines and I read about it, so I thought let me try with you today." Ken said and laughed.

"Ken, do you know you are mad?" I asked him jokingly.

"I will make you even madder!" Ken said. Indeed, he was making me crazy.

I took the fingers that were in my pussy and licked them, feeling the taste of my cum. I even felt my pussy scent and it aroused me even more until I began to caress myself once more while still talking with Ken.

Suddenly Ken told me, "Honey, will you excuse me for a while, I will be back." Ken told me. I was already getting more aroused.

"Oh! No, please stay with me a little more please..." I pleaded but he told me someone wanted to talk to him urgently and he had to go.

"All right, will be waiting for you." I told Ken as he terminated the call on his side.

I lay there, staring at the ceiling while thinking about Ken. My vulvas felt swollen as I had begun to get aroused, I was still wet and my desire was still lingering all over my body making me feel warmer. I however was enjoying the feeling and just wanted to stay like that.

I wanted Ken to come back, call me and I continue masturbating to his voice, but minutes passed and he was not calling. I even thought of calling him but decided against it.

I dipped my finger in my vagina, got it wet and licked it once more, and somehow, it felt nice imagining I was sucking Ken's erect penis.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

PHONE SEX MANENO

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: THIRTY-TWO

I must have slept where I was since when I woke up, upon looking at my watch, it was 11 pm. I looked at my phone and there were 4 missed calls from Ken, and a text that read, "I know you are tired, sleep tightly."

I however took my phone and called my husband who picked immediately.

"I just called to wish you good night honey, I miss you." I told him.

"I miss you too, good night darling." My husband told me as I terminated the call. I went to the bathroom, showered with cool water and went back to sleep.

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The following morning, all of us introduced ourselves saying where someone worked, names, highest level of education etc.

When it was Felix's turn to introduce himself, he stood up. He had a towering height and broad shoulders, had a very deep voice as he talked and he ooze confidence and Charisma. I could look at the ladies' expression and I knew he had turned them on that instant. Felix took us through the latest principles of accounts as well as asking each one of us what he or she would have wished changed in the profession.

During break time, Felix came to sit where we sat together with another lady accountant from Kisumu, Celina Anyango. I had liked Celina since despite her being a Luo, she knew fluent Kikuyu that really amazed me, and since I spoke Kikuyu we conversed well, but Felix joined us at the table.

"Pleasure to meet you people here, I love making new friends." Felix told us.

We got to talk a lot and I got to know that Felix was married, had 3 children and his Family was living in England, a thing me and Celina found too good to be true. Even Celina told him, "I know you are a Luo, bragging is natural." But it was said so funnily such that we all laughed.

Celina said she too was married and had one child, who was 5 years old, she was just 25 years.

We were talking about domestic issues and about our families when Felix got a call, excused himself and left.

"Eh! That man is very handsome!" Celina said.

"He is married." I said.

"So, what? If he asks me out I will accept." Celina told me.

"I would not bother, I have my own man." I told her.

"Some adventure isn't bad." Celina said.

I just looked at her and wondered why she was willing to fuck outside at her age.

"Do you have a good reason to want another man apart from your husband?" I asked her while smiling to put her at ease.

"Ahem! Hmm, some adventure, nothing much. Besides, that man seems he has money, who hates money?" Celina said.

"I have my own money." I told her.

"My husband is poor, he cannot cater for all my needs, he is a sugar farmer." Celina said.

"What if he gives you good sex? Would you still cheat on him?" I asked her.

"In fact, he gives me the best sex any man has ever done, but he does not have much money. I need a man to be giving me money." She said so boldly.

"What if your husband catches you?" I asked her.

"He cannot. I lie to him I have another side hustle that gives me more money than my salary, but truth is, it will be the other man giving me money." Celina said, looked at me for some seconds.

"Grace, be honest, you mean have never cheated on your husband since you got married?" She asked. I had to think quickly and weigh the right answer.

"No, I have never and will never, I love my husband and I chose to be faithful to him." I told her. She looked at me.

"You are special, nowadays it is we women who are cheating more in marriage than men." Celestine told me.

We continued to have random conversations until we went back to the conference hall to continue with our training.

In the evening as we were dispersing, Felix approached me.

"Grace, can I have a word with you?" He asked.

"Ah! Yes, you can." I told him. He stood close to me and his towering height made me strain looking up to him to talk with him.

"Not now, after supper if you don't mind." Felix told me.

I went to my room and bathed. Since we were to have supper at 6 pm, I went, took my food, finished and just sat there waiting for Felix.

"Grace, do you take wine?" Felix asked me.

"Yes." I told him. He led me to a wine parlor where we sat on high stools. I was wearing a long blue dress and had nothing inside since it was too hot and I really wanted some fresh air down there.

Felix was such a gentle man, he even pulled my high chair, poured for me a glass of wine and sat opposite to me.

"I love travelling a lot, I have gone to places like Nicaragua, Bombay, Hawaii, Sychelles but Jamaica remains the place I really loved most." Felix told me.

"Wow, and the furthest I have gone in Kenya is Mombasa!" I told him.

"Mombasa, you should go places, Madam Grace." Felix told me.

"But I really would wish to travel more, just that money isn't my luck." I told him. Truth is, I have been outside Kenya severally with my husband but did not want to share such details.

"I still remember when I went swimming in the Pacific Ocean, we had hired a private boat which took us to the sea. I nearly drowned, I got caught up in a whirlpool and nearly got sucked in....one fisherman saved me." Felix told me and downed a glass of wine fast. He belched.

"Sorry, I love wine." Felix told me.

Slowly, the conversation drifted towards love and sex issues.

"What is your idea of a perfect marriage?" I asked Felix.

"Great sex, enough money to sustain us, harmony and being healthy." Felix told me smiling. The man oozed charisma and I understood why it was easy to get attracted to him.

"Grace, let us talk like mature people now: I want you, right here, right now, I want to give you an orgasm." Felix told me. I took it he was already tipsy and it was alcohol working in him.

I however played along.

"I also want an orgasm, I feel hot already." I told him.

"Why can't we go to my room? My suite is on the top floor, and it is the only one. It is going for Kshs 52,000 per day. Privacy guaranteed since we even use a different lift." Felix told me. It sounded interesting to know such a suite existed in that hotel. I got interested to see how it looked like.

"Can we go? Please." Felix asked.

"Lead the way." I told Felix.

When we got to the lift, he stood aside, "After you, please, ladies first." Felix told me. I felt flattered.

"Imagine of this lift would stop when we are inside here?" I told him. He smiled.

"I would not mind spending the next two hours jailed with a beautiful woman like you in a dark place." He said jokingly.

Just as I was about to speak, Ken called.

"Ken, I will call back after some minutes." I told him.

"All right." He said and hung up.

I began thinking about him and wished he would be the one with me at the hotel room. Strangely, I was not missing my husband. It was becoming apparent that great sex can make a woman miss to be with a man.

We finally got to Felix's suite and indeed it was worth the amount. Every furniture was pure mahogany, thick wood perfectly furnished. The main room had a full walled mirror that made the room look like a palace with so many diamond and gold threads hanging from the roof. The coaches were dark red, at the other room that was also the bedroom, it was connected with a large bathroom with transparent walls. The bed was another wonder, it was a water bed, round with a radius of 4 meters which means you could sleep at the center and roll over in any direction you wanted.

At the floor was a thick white carpet, fine feeling that made my legs feel tingly.

"Wow!" I marveled, the rest was beyond description.

"Welcome to my temporary palace." Felix told me.

We sat at the table room as Felix switched to National Geographic Channel which was showing a documentary about Eagles.

"Are you aware that eagles remain completely faithful to their mate for life unless the mate dies?" Felix asked me.

"The only thing I know about eagles is, they have big talons which they use in tearing prey." I told him, avoiding the topic of faithfulness or something similar.

"But we human beings can hardly remain faithful." Felix said. He poured some more wine and we continued to drink.

"Your husband is a lucky man to have such a beautiful shapely woman." Felix told me ogling at my hips.

"Thank you, also your wife must be very lucky to have such a handsome man, and tall. How tall are you by the way?" I asked him.

"I am 6 feet 5 inches tall." He told me.

"What about you?" He asked.

"I don't know." I lied. He looked at me puzzled.

"Well, but your hips are bigger than mine!" He said jokingly making me laugh.

"Men are never supposed to have hips." I told him. He laughed.

"I am tempted to touch." He told me.

"They have an owner." I told him.

"You are the owner." He told me.

"Promise me you will just touch and nothing else." I told him.

"I promise." He said, making motions with his hands how he wanted to touch me. I nodded at him and he came to sit with me on the coach. He gently placed his hand around my waist.

He gently began to caress my thighs, upper thighs and slowly went for my inner thighs. I looked at him.

"You are not supposed to go beyond here." I told him motioning an area close to my crotch.

"I won't unless you permit me." He said.

He continued to caress me, he began to caress my knees as if massaging them and he was really nice at it. I was feeling so relaxed. I also began to caress him. I slowly removed his shirt to reveal his chest. He had a very hairy chest which I did not like at all. So, I concentrated on caressing his arms more than his chest.

He made several attempts to kiss me but I turned him down until he stopped trying. I could feel my arousal going higher and higher. I did not know what I really wanted.

What if things go fast against my tolerance until we end up having sex? I asked myself in the head but Felix did not seem in a hurry, perfect gentleman. I was even tempted to undo his trousers and see his penis, but I knew if I tried that, I would probably get very tempted. So, we continued to caress each other.

I was so aroused when I began to undo his belt. I would feel myself losing control.

"Felix, let us stop this." I told him.

"I am harmless. Don't worry let me just enjoy caressing you, it is all I can do." He told me. I did not know what that meant.

"But, Felix, I am losing myself, please stop it, please I beg..." I told him as he caressed my inner thighs making me hold my breath each time his fingers went so close to my crotch, he however completely avoided going and I knew he would perhaps get surprised to know I was wearing nothing, or he would assume that was my readiness to have sex. But unprotected sex with a total stranger? It would not be all right for both of us.

"Grace, allow me to touch you." Felix told me. But I turned him down. He caressed my breasts instead and since I was not wearing a bra, he would feel my nipples and stimulate them nicely.

"Felix, do you have condoms with you?" I asked him. I immediately regretted asking it. Won't he think I am so cheap or easy? I thought to myself. I was already wet and thought, after all, sex is sex and if he has a condom we can just do it and forget that it happened.

"No, we won't need condoms." Felix told me. I was surprised and looked at him.

"Why? Stop being ridiculous!" I told him.

As if not listening to me, he continued to caress my hips and buttocks.

"Felix, we are playing with fire..." I told him. He motioned me to be silent.

He suddenly lowered my dress and began to suck my nipples. He pressed my boobs together such that both nipples touched and he sucked both simultaneously a thing that completely drove me crazy. He put me to lie on the huge coach and he lay on top of me sucking my nipples as he kneaded my breasts. I began to moan with pleasure and even began to gyrate my hips gently trying to push my clitoris to stimulate myself with one if his thighs that was in between my legs.

I kept thinking, this man must be a real gentleman, all that time and he has not whipped out his erect penis? Were it Ken, I knew he would have already fucked me but Felix was really taking his time pushing my arousal to dangerous levels.

I was pushing myself so hard against his muscular thigh stimulating my clitoris with it when Felix suddenly lowered his hand and touched my vulvas. I felt a sudden heat rush all over me from his touch.

"Felix, didn't I tell you not to..." I was telling him but stopped when I realized at how he was looking at me, as if guilty or dejected. It was totally unexpected. I felt like I had made him feel bad.

"I am sorry." I told him.

"No, it is me who should apologize." He said and got to sit besides me, not touching me at all. I got surprised.

"What?" I asked him. Upon looking at his trousers, I realized he had unzipped and behold, his limp penis was dangling outside his trousers. It was long, almost 6 inches not erect and I wondered how big it would have gotten while erect.

I got tempted to touch it but before my hand would reach there, he pushed it away gently.

"Sorry Grace, I cannot do anything to you." He said.

"What do you mean?" I was so puzzled and confused.

"It is a long story." Felix told me.

"What story??!!" I asked him wishing he would stop playing games with me. I was already cold and all my arousal completely gone!

"Grace, I don't know why I should tell you this, but let me tell you all the same. When I was in campus, some years ago, I got involved with some old woman. She had such a huge libido she was draining all my

energy. However, since she was paying me to fuck her, I knew if I stopped fucking her as she wanted she would stop giving me money. I was broke, was doing my BCOM at that time and had to find ways to please that woman, alongside some other old women I was fucking. So, I got into using Viagra to enhance my sexual energy. It always felt nice being able to fuck even 3 women in one day and leave them completely satisfied.

But it got a time when I wanted to stop that and get married. I stopped taking Viagra. That is when I realized that I could no longer have normal sex without Viagra. Since then, whenever I want to have sex with my wife, I always swallow Viagra secretly, she will never know I use them. But today, I don't know why I felt like I would be able to raise without the blue pill. So, I was just trying with you but I have just realized I should have bought Viagra on my way here." Felix said, leaving me so dumbfounded.

"Damn!" I exclaimed and sat upright. I straightened my dress to cover my thighs.

"Question is: Do you satisfy your wife sexually?" I asked him.

"Yes. I would not want her to cheat on me due to lack of good sex, so I use blue pills secretly once or twice per week whenever I am fucking her. She will never know about it. The most important thing is to give her orgasms. Who cares where the orgasms come from?" Felix said and laughed as if it was something so amusing.

Since he had told me so much, I opened up to him.

"Felix, my husband does not satisfy me." I told him.

"You can put on his food Viagra secretly and see how he shall react. I know of women who do that to their husbands. After realizing that their men were down sexually, they now put Viagra in their food and the men fuck their wives perfectly. The man thinks he is a stallion but he is a limp useless banana just like me." Felix said.

"You are not useless, you are such a wonderful man." I told him. I was tempted to kiss him but did not.

"Are you still aroused? I can give you an orgasm with my hands or mouth and tongue..." Felix told me. I smiled.

"Thank you, I am ok. Thank you for your concern." I told him. I began to think about Ken.

"The things young men do while young could haunt them forever. If I reversed time, I would never fuck those old women. And why do women get so hot in their mid 30s and early 40s?" Felix asked me.

"We gain confidence and our self-awareness is 100%." I told him.

"Grace, be honest with me, I won't judge you. Do you have a young man who gives you a good fuck?" Felix asked me. My heart raced at the thought of the answer.

"Yes, he is 25 years old." I told him. He breathed in so deeply.

"It seems like a trend. But if you can, talk to him not to get tempted to use Viagra. Save his future not to be like me." Felix pleaded with me.

"I will." I told him. He leaned over to where I was seated, bent towards me. I did not resist when he kissed me. He gave me a long French kiss.

"Let me take you to your room, you need to go to sleep, tomorrow is a tight schedule." Felix told me.

He escorted me to the second floor where our rooms were. We were talking general accounts issues on the way.

"Good night, Gorgeous Grace." He told me making me feel flattered.

"Good night, Fantastic Felix." I teased him in equal measure.

He kissed my forehead and turned to go.

Immediately I got into my room, I called my husband. It was almost midnight.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry: SAGA MAN.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: THIRTY-THREE

We talked over the phone with my husband for about 5 minutes until he told me he was feeling sleepy.

That night I was feeling hornier than ever after being romanced by Felix and missing to get a fuck. I began fantasizing about some of my best sexual encounters with Ken until I found myself softly touching my clitoris. I began to massage my own clitoris, taking time to smear it with my vaginal fluids until its tip was all wet making me feel so hot all over the body as I caressed it slowly as I moaned silently there from the sexual torture I was giving myself.

I took off everything I was wearing and remained completely naked on the bed as I placed my left hand on my breasts as my right hand worked on my clitoris, vulvas and labia majora. I fingered myself for a while which made me feel a sudden rush of heat overwhelm me. I continued fingering myself with one finger as another worked on the tip of my clitoris until I climaxed; I had a powerful orgasm that really shook me until I rose up, rolled over and lay on the bed with my breasts firmly pressed on the bed.

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I must have slept like that since I woke up at around 5 am with my hand still in between my thighs. I stood up and found myself asking myself loudly, "Woman, is this libido normal or your sexual desire is abnormal?"

When I met Felix at the conference hall, he had his normal confident composure as if nothing happened between the two of us.

"Hi, Good morning, Mr. Felix." I greeted him.

"Good morning, Madam Grace. How was your night?" He asked smiling.

"All fine and lovely." I told him and winked at him. He did not react at all.

The sessions went on as scheduled and that day we ended a little earlier, at around 3 pm. So, I took that as an opportunity to go and stretch my legs at Kenyatta beach which, to my surprise, seemed deserted except a few people walking around and mostly in pairs; I was alone. Celina had wanted to accompany me but she got a guy interested in taking her to Jamboree social joint and she opted to go to dance than to stroll in the beach.

I took my phone and captured a few selfies of myself overlooking different directions before moving to sit on the sand, got on Facebook and began to scroll downwards reading random posts. I finally settled by a

post from my favorite Facebook blogger on www.thepassionate lovers.com which was talking about Kachambali sexual style. Reading it left me feeling so horny until I could feel some vaginal fluids trickling down my labia majora. The whole thing seemed crazy but I could not understand how a man can play with my vagina for that long without getting the urge to penetrate or without me getting overwhelmed with sexual desire and perhaps take his penis and shove it inside my warm wet vagina by force.

I left a comment on the post, "Anthony Kerry, one of these days I am going to find you and rape you, or kill you with my vagina."

I then began to read some random articles online majorly on sex from various bloggers and kept wondering, were these people so idle to keep writing all these stuffs online merely for people to read or do they perhaps earn from them?

I looked at my watch and realized it was 6 pm. I had sat there alone for too long! I was about to leave when suddenly someone spoke behind me with a familiar voice.

"Damn! Am I seeing a ghost or it is you?" He asked. I instantly turned around with my heart beating so hard and behold, Ken stood right in front of me!

"What, KEN! Is this you, and what are you doing in Mombasa?" I asked him. He came forward and gave me a hug.

"To be honest, I wasn't to come to Mombasa. It is a long story." Ken told me.

"Come with me." I told him. We walked on the way to the hotel where I was boarding.

Ken followed me so confidently such that literally no one suspected he was not boarding in that hotel until we got to my room.

"Feel comfortable, have a seat." I told him but he opted to sit on the large bed that was in the room.

"What a beautiful place!" Ken remarked as I fetched for him some soda which I had come with from the hotel restaurant.

"So, tell me your story." I urged Ken.

Ken looked sad for whatever reasons.

"Grace, in one of the magazines that I was reading sometimes back, I saw someone saying can connect people to work abroad. He was based in Mombasa; his name is Abdul Aziz and this is his number." Ken showed me a Safaricom Number that began with 079----

"Ehe! Go on." I urged him.

"So, we got talking over the phone, he sounded so genuine. He told me to send him Kshs 42,000 to secure for me an air ticket, and another Kshs 20,000 as agency fee. He was to connect me as a driver to go and work in Qatar." Ken said. I had taught Ken how to drive even though he did not have a driving license.

"So, after I sent him the money, alongside some of my friends, we were to meet him in Mombasa, this is why I asked for some leave." Ken told me, and I realized he had lied to me.

"But when we arrived to Mombasa, we tried to call Abdul, but his phone was off. It is still off and we now suspect we got conned." Ken told me.

I remained silent for a while. The thought that Ken was secretly planning to leave without even hinting me was really revolting.

"Ken, I am really sorry for that but may I ask you, why didn't you even tell me? I could have at least alerted you of the deal." I told Ken.

"I have never been so stupid all my life, if I catch that man, I am going to kill him." Ken said and tensed his arms. I could feel his anger and disappointment.

I went and sat where he was seated, held his left arm and placed it on my right thigh.

"Ken, this is a big problem with our country, Kenya. Most people want short cuts in life to get money and this is why most are ending up as swindlers. They do not want to work hard, they want to take someone else' effort and benefit from it. I am sorry this has happened but what else can you do? Move on." I told Ken. Ken remained silent. I really wished I could read into his mind.

"He had told me I will be earning around Kshs 80,000 as a driver. I wish I knew he was a conman." Ken said.

"So, what next?" I asked him.

"I will just go back to working as a shamba boy." Ken said. I wondered whether he considered that as the best way to leave.

"Grace, I hear that in Ukambani there are people who can make thieves eat grass, please connect them to me I will pay." Ken told me sounding so desperate.

"Ken, I have never come across such people and besides, most so called Wagangas are con artists and psychological manipulators of people, they do not solve problems." I told Ken trying as much as I could to comfort him.

I had thought Ken was getting more intelligent as days went by but I was wrong, the traits of naivety were still in him. His problem was, he easily trusted people, which according to me was very wrong.

"Grace, I really don't know what to do, losing almost 100,000 just so easily is not an easy thing." Ken told me, held his head in his hands and remained silent. For some time, I thought he was going to cry. I even found myself thinking perhaps God was avenging the amount he had swindled Celestine. I had never seen Ken that sad.

I looked over at my watch, it was almost 9 pm. We had talked a lot until I did not realize time was really moving. Knowing that the hotel had room services, I ordered double share which was delivered to my room.

"Ken, where are you staying now?" I asked him as soon as food was brought.

"At Mishomoroni, a friend's house." Ken told me, he stood up, walked to the window that was overlooking outside the hotel. He pulled the curtain a little and looked outside.

"It is already late, you are sleeping here." I told Ken. He turned to face me.

"Won't there be problems for you to harbor someone else in a room that is meant for one?" Ken asked me.

"No, there won't be." I told him, but I was sure if the hotel knew they would not like it at all.

"Ken, this food is for you, eat." I told him. He looked at the food as if he had no appetite but began eating slowly. I felt a lot of pity for him. I joined him and we ate together.

"Ken, when it comes to money, be careful who you are doing deals with. Most people are not worth being trusted." I told Ken.

"I find it hard to believe I have lost all that money!" Ken said.

"God will avenge you, you shall get more money, don't worry." I told Ken.

"Where is God in all this? When people are struggling to earn a living only for some to reap where they never sowed?" Ken asked.

"Ken, sleep for now, but make sure to call your friend and tell him you are not going home tonight otherwise he might think you are lost." I told Ken.

"Oh! Yes." Ken said, took out his phone and called his friend whom he told where he was.

After bathing, Ken just dropped on my bed and within minutes he was deep asleep. I took out my laptop to finish up some work before going to sleep. Our company used to make payrolls online using an online system and the hotel had excellent WIFI and I took it as an opportunity to work online as well as download a few movies to watch later at home.

I slept at around midnight and no sooner had I gotten into bed than I was already in dreamland.

I woke up at around 4 am to Ken's hard penis pressing my buttocks. I looked at him and he was still sleeping. I knew that must have been the usual morning erections most men experience. However, I began playing with the penis while it was so hard, caressing it up and down. I could feel it getting harder and harder.

I continued caressing it and got the urge to suck his penis. I placed my mouth on it and began sucking it. He began to moan in his sleep but spread his thighs wider.

Slowly, I positioned myself on top of him and gently pushed his penis into my already wet vagina until all of it was inside. I began to ride his penis making me feel like a cowboy riding an unwilling horse, since he was asleep and perhaps dreaming having sex.

Suddenly, he trembled so hard, I felt the penis get extremely stiff inside me, he opened his eyes momentarily and within no time he was exploding inside me, only that he left me still wanting some more but I thought to myself, may be in his dream he cannot hold on for longer!

I dismounted him and some semen splashed on his upper thighs dropping from my vagina. I took a small towel and wiped them off. He was still sleeping and his penis was limp once more. Since it was only 5 am, I also decided to go back to sleep.

"Hey! Grace! It is almost 8 am, won't you be late for your work?" Ken woke me up.

"Damn! I must have over slept. Thank you for waking me up." I told him. I immediately got up and went to shower. Ken had already prepared and ready to go.

"Ken, will you come back in the evening?" I asked him.

"No problem, I can come since I have nothing else to do." Ken told me.

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When evening came, I went down the beach and called Ken to join me at the beach. "I hope you came prepared to sleep at my place..." I told him as I hugged him.

"Yes, your highness..." He answered me, making me feel flattered.

"But for now, we can just go to swim together, look. I have swimming costume inside my dress." I told Ken who looked at me for a few seconds as if to confirm. He smiled then looked ahead into the waves that were crushing at the sea shore.

Ken removed his clothes and remained with a short, as I remained with my swimming costume and we strolled down the beach until the water was almost my waist level. There were guys with some sheds make shift temporary sheds that were charging people to stay with their items and we left them to keep our items safe, for Kshs 300 per person.

"Aren't you afraid of the water?" Ken asked me.

"No, I am used to swimming." I told Ken.

"All right, I have only swum in the rivers, never in the ocean." Ken told me, much to my surprise as I thought he knew how to swim.

"All right, let me teach you how to swim." I told Ken who just smiled at me.

Suddenly, Ken scooped some water with his hands and splashed it on my face so fast such that it caught me by surprise. I held my breath and lifted my hands to shield my eyes.

"Catch that!" Ken said laughing so loudly until he attracted attention of some girls who were swimming close to us in pairs.

"Stop it Ken!" I told him but I bent, scooped some sand and hit him at the back with it. He turned suddenly and tried to run after me but I dodged him, but while dodging him, I lost my balance and fell on the water. A wave came crashing on top of my pushing me into the sand. In that moment of fun, I forgot to hold my

breath and before I knew it, I had swallowed some salty water. When the wave receded, I stood up coughing.

"Oh! Sorry, you have drunk the sea water?" Ken asked me but I could not speak as there was too much irritation in my throat and nose. Ken came and began to rub my back gently while one of his hands pushed me backwards at my chest, or rather my breasts.

After relaxing, I wanted to go at the beach and sit but Ken told me to follow him to a deeper place.

"Ken, watch out! We might drown." I tried to protest.

"No, you cannot drown while with me." Ken told me, as he held my hand firmly and led me to a deeper spot. There were lesser people there safe for a few people who were couples.

Suddenly, Ken fixed his eyes on two swimmers.

"Look, they haven't moved since we came to the beach, watch them properly." Ken told me. It was a man and a woman. We could see the woman's head moving up and down slowly and her eyes were fixed towards deep sea, the man looked intently on the woman's eyes.

"They are having sex." I told Ken.

"Really? How can you have sex in the water? Won't water get into your vagina?" Ken asked. I laughed.

"We can try." I told Ken jokingly, Truth is, I had never had sex in the ocean but would not have minded to try.

Ken looked at me as if to gauge whether I was serious.

I moved slowly to where he was standing and pushed my body against his body, which to my surprise was so warm despite the cool sea water. Ken held me by my waist and pulled me harder against his chest. We began caressing each other as I reached for his penis and removed it from his shorts, caressed it until it got erect. Ken was fondling my breasts.

Slowly, I took off my swimming costume from underneath me to remain with the upper part of it that covered my breasts and back.

"Your vagina will get salty water." Ken said and laughed.

"It will just cough like I have coughed when my mouth got sea water..." I joked. Ken saw the joke and laughed so hard.

"All right, as you say." Ken said and as soon as he said that, he held me by my buttocks and pulled me upwards against his body. I instinctively folded my legs behind his solid thigh muscles and held myself firmly against his chest.

Slowly, Ken took his penis into his hands and began to push it against my labia majoras. I felt my vagina gently expand to allow his penis inside, as I positioned myself better so as not to lose my balance. Ken began to move me up and down as if I was bouncing on his penis but I could tell I was lighter since the water was also suspending me somehow.

I aided him by swinging my hips up and down while gyrating my hips slowly so as to continue enjoying the pleasure of his penis which was as sweet as honey, giving me so much passion as I could feel the water caressing me all over my body as some kept splashing in my neck. I slowly closed my eyes so as I chose to just feel the pleasure with my senses. I could feel my orgasmic waves begin to swell from deep within me when suddenly I heard someone screaming.

I instantly opened my eyes and immediately saw why the girl screamed; there was a huge wave approaching us so fast.

"Come on! Quick, let us run to the shore!" Ken said as he suddenly disengaged his penis from me. But it was too late. Immediately his penis was out of my vagina, even before my legs reached the sea floor to support me, the wave hit me so hard such that I lost my sense of direction. Ken shouted something but I did not understand him, he tried to stretch his hand to hold me but the wave hit me so hard since I was literally suspended and pushed me towards the sea floor. I saw darkness and my head hit against the sand. I tried to stand but the water kept pushing me down below. I panicked and thought I was going to drown and die.

I don't remember anything beyond that point but when I came back to consciousness, I was lying at the sea shore, coughing so hard until my ribs were aching. Ken looked at me with a lot of pity in his eyes.

"Welcome back, Madam. How are you feeling?" A young man asked me. But I could only breath but not talk.

"Thank you so much, Abdalla we nearly drowned, these waters are dangerous..." Ken told the young man. It is when I got to know what was going on, it seemed I was drowning and the young men saved us. I tried

to sit but Ken held me by my chest and told me, "Please, take your time to relax a little more, you need to keep breathing in and out deeply, isn't it Abdalla?" Ken asked the young man, who looked like an Arab.

"Yes, Madam, keep breathing deeply, you will be all right. These things happen all the time but we are always alert to save anyone. Sometimes the waves become bigger without a warning and if you are not a good swimmer you might drown." Abdalla told us.

"We owe you our lives." Ken told him.

Ken took his wallet and was about to pay the young man.

"No, no, no... no need of paying, Allah will pay me in his due time." Abdalla said.

"Who is Arrah?" Ken asked, in deep Kikuyu accent which made me start laughing from where I was lying.

"It is not Arrah, it is Allah, the name given to God by Muslims." I told Ken.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: THIRTY-FOUR

"Madam, are you now feeling all right?" Abdalla asked.

"Yes, I am ok." I answered. I stood up but was feeling a little dizzy.

After relaxing for some minutes, I was finally feeling like we could go back.

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"So, when are you going back to your home?" Ken asked me as soon as we got to our hotel room.

"Next week, I shall be in Mombasa for a week." I told Ken.

I picked the extension and called for room service where I requested for my food to be delivered to my room.

"Can you make it for two? Please..." I urged the young man who brought the food.

"It is not allowed." The young man said.

"What if I pay you?" I asked him. At the mention of money, his eyes brightened.

"How much?" He asked, being wary no one was listening to us.

"I will give you Kshs 1,000." I told him as I went for my handbag to get him the money.

"All right, in a while." He told me and went down the corridor.

"Phew! When you have money, you can buy anything." Ken remarked noting how easily the young man agreed to smuggle more food for us at a fee. I laughed.

Within minutes, Ken's food was brought to us.

"I am as hungry as a hyena." Ken said as he ate his food very fast.

"Hmm, Ken, you will end up eating the plate!" I teased him as he munched a chicken thigh.

"The food is sweet, as sweet as you are!" Ken said licking his fingers off the soup that was trickling down his fingers.

"Here, taste mine." Ken told me suddenly placing a piece of meat close to my lips. I looked at him, smiled and opened my mouth to take a bite but immediately I moved forward, Ken took it away.

"Noooo!" I protested as Ken placed the piece of meat between his teeth. He motioned for me to take it from there.

I moved closer to him and took a bite of the meat, which was torn into two with a piece remaining in his mouth and another in between my mouth.

We continued eating and teasing each other until we were done. Ken had gotten so romantic than I had even ever thought of.

"Ken, you are such a great man!" I told him. He smiled, looked at me and shrugged.

"Ken, won't you say something?" I asked him.

"Time to shower, come, we are showering together." Ken told me and began to take off his clothes. He took off his clothes as I watched until he was completely naked. Immediately I saw his penis, my body temperature began to rise. I really wanted it inside me, hard as a rock!

"Come on! Take off your clothes." Ken told me. But as I was taking off my clothes Ken began to dance while naked making his penis slap rhythmically his thighs. I have never laughed that hard.

"Oh! My God, Ken you are crazy!" I told him as he danced swinging his testicles like a mad man. He then came and began to dance with me with both of us naked.

"Ken, stop it!" I told him pulling him towards the bathroom. We got into the bathroom and opened the shower as both of us got under the shower and began to smear soap on each other. Ken smeared my breasts with soap and it was so arousing with his smooth hands running all over my breasts, abdomen, back and buttocks as he smeared soap all over.

I also began to smear soap all over him but when I came to his penis, I found myself caressing it until it began to get harder. After some minutes, it was completely erect.

"Let us finish bathing first." I told Ken when I realized he wanted to fuck me right in the bathroom.

We finished bathing and went back to the big bed and while naked, I threw myself on the bed and parted my legs, giving Ken clear view of my private parts.

"Ken, I want us to try something I read today, I will guide you." I told Ken. Keen looked at me and smiled as if from anxiety.

"All right, be my teacher." Ken told me.

I rolled with my buttocks until my legs were dangling at the edge of the bed. Ken moved over and knelt in front of me. I knew what he wanted to do. I closed my eyes for some seconds.

"Keep your eyes closed, just tell me what to do." Ken told me. I felt a little shy.

"Hmmm, Ken...." I said. Ken began to kiss my thighs gently, sometimes licking my thighs making me feel warm all over.

"Keep going, Ken." I told him and he continued to lick and kiss me all over my thighs, abdomen rising to suck my breasts for some seconds. When he moved closer to kiss me, I reached for his penis and caressed it until it got erect.

"Place your penis between..." I lost words on what to say but it seemed like Ken understood me.

He placed his penis in between my vulvas, as I thought he would push it in, he stopped and looked at me. I took his penis and began to make zig zag motions, circular motions and spiral motions all the way from my clitoris, and labia majora. The wetness of my vagina as I began to get more lubricated aided the smooth movement of the tip of his erect penis all over my private parts. Sometimes I would place his penis' Ngwati on my clitoris which was so pleasurable beyond measure.

I would place his penis on my vaginal orifice and as it got more lubricated, it would make nice and fine smooth movements on me.

Slowly, I began to use his erect penis to gently slap my vulvas and labia majora. Nothing could feel much better. I would slap myself gently and I would feel like some electric shock just hit me. I was feeling so passionate such that I began to breath so loudly, moan and began to lose control as to at times let go his penis and spread out my hands all over the bed.

Ken understood me and took his penis and continued with the rest of the procedure. He was slow, and really nice at it caressing my vulvas making me completely wet down there as to produce some slippery sounds.

Ken suddenly began to make vertical motions sometimes running all over from my clitoris with a wet penis tip. My vaginal fluids were flowing all over until some threatened to get into my anus. Then Ken began to stimulate me with his fingers. It felt a little strange as he touched my anal orifice but it began to feel better. I wondered whether he knew what he was doing by stimulating my anal nerves.

"Ken, put a finger under there!" I told Ken. He put a finger inside my vagina. Even though it felt nice, I did not mean there.

"Not there, Ken, the other hole." I told Ken. He suddenly looked at me.

"Really?" He asked sounding so surprised.

"Yes, Ken, do it for me." I pleaded.

Ken went ahead and did it: His finger was wet with my vaginal fluids and he pushed it up my anus smoothly. The feeling was beyond description. I felt a lot of pressure swell inside me and suddenly, it was orgasm after orgasm as Ken stimulated my anal nerves which really triggered me from deep within me like a volcano that had been dormant for years. I began to scream!

Ken took one pillow and placed it on my face, so as my voice would not be heard from outside. But I took the pillow and threw it and continued to wail with pleasure. Ken seemed confused. It was so overwhelming I could not control it.

Suddenly, Ken reached for my neck and chocked me. I felt myself go stiff. Even though it was scary, it was somehow pleasurable to get chocked when sexually aroused. Ken chocked me so hard until I was gasping for breath. Then he suddenly pushed his hard penis so deep inside me while still chocking me with one hand. I began to see darkness. I tried to remove his hand from my neck but I could not; I was so weak.

Ken fucked me so hard while chocking me. I began to see stars and felt suddenly so afraid like I was slipping into unconsciousness. Ken slapped my buttocks so hard while fucking me and he roared like a lion.

"Ooooh! Give me your pussy, your cunt!" Ken said. I wondered where he got that term. But it felt ecstatic being so dominated and violated at the same time. I wanted Ken to fuck me until I die.

I slapped Ken's buttocks as he rode me hard too. Suddenly, Ken pushed his penis so deep into me such that it felt a little painful. I wanted to tell him to stop but the pain was not so intense, instead it was pleasurable. I lifted up my hips to make Ken push even deeper, until I felt like he was tearing me apart.

Ken suddenly released me and with his mighty hands, he lifted me up and stood upright with me. He began to fuck me while I was suspended in the air, making me bounce up and down his penis. I held so tightly onto him not to fall.

Within a span the next around 20 minutes, Ken had fucked me with so many styles until he settled for dog style which he fucked me with until I got a very explosive orgasm which made me delirious for some minutes such that I kept talking incoherently as Ken fucked me harder until I could feel him about to ejaculate.

"Ken, I want your cum!" I told him and as soon as he began to spill it out, he held his penis as I turned fast to face him. He ejaculated full face inside my mouth until I felt some semen hit the back my mouth, on my throat and I went on to swallow his cum and licked off his penis feeling the taste of my own vagina from his shaft. It was simply an out of this world sex session.

Ken suddenly collapsed on the bead and breathed in hard.

"Wow! Grace, do you know you are driving me crazy?" Ken asked me. His penis remained semi stiff as he lay on the bed facing upwards. I could see his penis pulsating with each of his heart beats.

"It is me who is going mad over you." I told Ken and smiled at him. My vagina was sore.

"I feel weak." Ken said. I looked at him for some seconds wondering whether he meant it.

"Ken, do you ever get weak? Today you were so strong!" I told him.

"I guess, it is this hot climate of Mombasa, I am not used to fucking in such a hot area." Ken told me. It is when I realized he was profusely sweating. I took the remote and switched on the room's air conditioner and put temperature to 17 degrees.

"Oh! Thank you so much! Now I feel like a human being once more." Ken said as he turned to face the side of the AC. He held his penis and stretched it towards the AC. It was such an amusing sight.

"Ken, stop madness!" I told him laughing.

"The penis has done marvelous today, I feel like giving it a present." Ken said. Then Ken looked at his penis, as if talking to it, he said, "May you continue being like that forever, I really need you, you make me so happy!".

I burst out laughing until I rolled over and got from the bed.

"Ken, you will kill me with happiness!" I told Ken.

I however went to where he was seated, held his penis and told him, "Let me hold it for you please." Ken continued laughing and told me, "All right, as you say."

"You are giving me a lot of experience in sex." Ken suddenly told me.

"Then you go and use the experience with young girls, they will kill for you, or do I say, your dick?" I told Ken.

"I never suspected women love sex this much." Ken said looking at me.

"Women are pretenders, but let me tell you, women enjoy sex more than men. Imagine it is only women who have an organ purely created for sexual joy, the clitoris and besides, sex happens inside a woman, with men, it is just a mere extension of his body." I told Ken.

"Very funny." Ken said, looked at his penis as if digesting what I just said.

I looked at his pubic hair which was getting big.

"Ken, you need to shave." I told him.

"Oh! True, I have not shaved for a few weeks.' Ken said caressing his pubic hair.

"Weeks or months? This bush is too big." I told him, pulled a strand of hair on his pubic bone which stretched to about one inch.

"My hair grows very fast, that is why." Ken told me.

"How old were you when you grew pubic hair?" I asked Ken.

Ken scratched his head as if thinking and said, "11 years old."

"Ken, stop joking!" I told him.

"I am serious, I grew pubic hair at 11. I was an early bloomer. I still remember we went swimming with some boys who began to tell me they are 13 and had no pubic hair and I was eleven, even my penis was bigger than theirs." Ken said.

"Indeed, you have a bigger than average penis compared to most men, in fact, your penis is the biggest that has ever fucked me." I told Ken and began to caress his penis. As if that boosted his ego, his penis began to get hard until it got fully erect as I caressed it there silently on the bed.

"You are also the sweetest lady I have ever fucked, sweeter than even Sherry." Ken told me, comparing me with his girlfriend so boldly.

"Really? But she is younger than me..." I told Ken.

"Yes, but not sweeter than you." Ken told me making me feel so proud of my womanhood.

"Which part of my body do you love most?" I asked Ken. He looked at me, smiled and ogled at me from head to toe.

"Your vagina, I don't know what you do with it when I am inside, I feel like it is sucking my penis, as if it is another mouth." Ken said. I laughed.

"That is not sucking, we call it Kegels." I told Ken.

"Ke---what? Repeat the word." Ken said looking intently at me.

"Kegels, you contract vaginal muscles when the penis is inside and this makes the vagina suck the penis. It is something you master over time." I told Ken.

"Please explain more..." Ken urged me.

"The motion you make when you are stopping urine flow is the kegel, now you be doing that motion when not urinating, like, lets say, 100 per day and your vagina becomes strong, tight and sweet. You can also use a herbal ointment called femicare, apply in the vagina and the vaginal muscles gets stronger over time." I told Ken who was as attentive as a nursery school student learning something new.

"Damn! You are a sex teacher now." Ken told me.

"Teach your girlfriend to do it, she will be giving you great sex such that you will forget about other women." I told Ken.

"Including you? I can never forget you!" Ken exclaimed excitedly, then that instant, got hold of me by my waist, pulled me hard such that I was lying on top of him, my breasts firmly pressed on his chest and he began to caress my buttocks.

"Ken, I am heavy, I will crush you." I teased him.

"No, my body is stronger then yours, lie there, babie, let me feel you. I love your smooth skin touching mine all over." Ken told me and positioned me better by pulling me by my buttocks to lie on top of him properly. I tried to raise my head to look at him but he pushed my head against his shoulder until my face was on his neck. I could feel his semi hard penis pressing my labia majora, but it seemed like he was not in a hurry to initiate another sexual session.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony KERRY.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: THIRTY-FIVE

We slept holding each other like that until morning when I woke up to a chilly room due to the air conditioner.

"Wake up, Ken." Ken was still so sleepy.

"Oh! It is already morning." Ken said opening his eyes.

"I want to prepare and go for the meeting; will you be around?" I asked him.

"I am supposed to go home today." Ken told me. It took me by surprise since he had not told me that.

"What? And you haven't told me yet?" I told him.

"No. But I need to sort out some issues at home first and then go back to work." Ken told me, sounding like he did not work for me.

"All right, as you say." I told Ken.

"I don't have bus fare." Ken told me.

"I will give you the fare." I told him. I fetched my handbag, took out Kshs 10,000 and handed to him. That was little since I was getting pa diem of Kshs 7,000 per day.

"I am leaving this morning. "Ken told me. I carefully studied him for some seconds.

"Why so much hurry?" I asked him.

"Nothing." He told me but did not seem to be all right.

"Ken, is there something troubling you?" I asked him, positioning myself to sit near him such that my thigh touched his thigh.

"No, no. I am ok. I think the heat of Mombasa is really taking toll on me. I want to go back to up country." Ken told me.

"All right, as you say." I told him, leaving him to make his own decisions.

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When Ken left, I had no choice than to concentrate much on the training and made a few more friends on the training. I however avoided male company, for reasons best known to me.

When the training was finished, we were all given research projects to be submitted in two weeks' time to Felix who was the head of the training.

I travelled on Tuesday evening and arrived at Limuru the following day to a very chilly morning. My boss had told me it was ok to go and rest for a day, and resume work on Thursday.

Nothing felt better than to be home once more. When I got home I found Mercy alone.

"Hello, Madam, welcome back. How is Mombasa?" She greeted me as she took my items right at the gate.

"It was a nice journey, thank God." I told her.

"Welcome back, some hot beverage is ready to warm up, I can see you are feeling very cold." Mercy told me since I was shivering due to the chilly weather.

I heard someone pushing a wheelbarrow outside so noisily as if bouncing up and down.

"Who is that?" I asked Mercy.

"Ken, he arrived 3 days ago." Mercy told me. Ken had not told me he had returned to work.

"Call him for me please." I told Mercy as I went with my bags to my bedroom. I found the room neatly arranged but it was evident my husband was around.

When I returned to table room, Ken was there waiting for me.

"Good morning, welcome back." Ken told me sounding like we were never with each other.

"Thank you, just wanted to see you that is all." I told Ken. He smiled.

"All right. How was the trip?" Ken asked me.

"Was all fine." I said as I sat on the coach, took the TV remote and switched to a channel with some music.

"Ok, let me go back to work, see you later." Ken told me and walked outside.

Mercy served me some hot chocolate and some cookies. She continued to wash the dishes at the kitchen singing some Swahili songs.

I stayed at the table room watching some music until I began to doze.

"Madam, you need to rest. You are dozing on the coach." Mercy suddenly told me as she came for the items on the table room.

"True, let me catch some sleep. I am so tired." I told her and dragged myself to my bedroom.

I must have slept immediately and for many hours since when I woke up, looking at my watch it was already 4 pm. I was as hungry as a hyena. I could get some aroma of nice food coming from the kitchen. I woke up immediately and went to table room where I found some Pilau ready.

"Wow! So, you know how to cook this tasty food?" I asked Mercy already salivating.

"Yes." She replied before telling me, "Welcome."

I took a seat and began enjoying the food. I was already feeling better from fatigue. I ate fast and even added some more. Mercy had done a lot of laundry and had placed some clothes on the bigger coach on living room ready to fold them.

"Mercy, sort them out, give the ones that belong to me over here I will assist you." I told her since I did not want to be idle.

Mercy sorted out some clothes for my husband and mine that she had washed and handed them over to me. I took them to bedroom where I could fold them and place them inside the wardrobe neatly at ease. While folding the clothes, I was feeling so relaxed, for whatever reasons and was feeling energized such that after folding all clothes I took it upon myself to do some cleaning up on our bedroom. I fetched some water to mop up the bedroom and wipe out some dust.

I could see some areas on our bedroom had accumulated dust for so long, which made me think the room needed thorough general cleaning. I even came across my husband's coat which had some new Kshs 200 notes, 6 of them and wondered why he had forgotten them there. Another had some receipts with a shopping list but I could trace the items in our kitchen so I knew he had done some shopping for us. But I could see some clothes were not very clean making me wonder whether he had returned them still dirty or it was Mercy who did some mix up.

As I was cleaning, I saw a large cockroach run across the room and got under the bed. I took out some super doom and sprayed under the bed thoroughly as if I wanted the insects to die on the spot. But under the bed it was a little dark so I went for my torch to try and illuminate under the bed. When I turned on the torch, I realized it was totally discharged.

'Mercy! Tell Ken to assist me with his torch please.' I shouted from bedroom.

"Yes, madam." Mercy talked back and within seconds she had brought me Ken's powerful flash light.

"Thank you." I told her as soon as she handed me the torch.

Since I had a torch, it was easier to look under the bed. The torch was too powerful I could even see some insect running up and down.

Something caught my attention, there was a lady's underpants under the bed, at the furthest corner of the bed. I took my umbrella and pulled it. It was red in color with white small patterns. I tried to remember ever buying such underpants but could not. On closer look, the underpants were not clean. That was really puzzling indeed. Was my husband bringing another woman to my house when I was away? I wondered.

I folded it, returned it to where it was to wait for my husband to come home.

I even lacked the energy to continue with the house chores and since it was already evening, almost 7 pm, I went to the kitchen to be with Mercy.

"Mercy, did anyone come to ask for me when I was away?" I asked her, I wanted to craftly know whether a lady ever came to our home when I was away.

"No, no one. Just one day when baba junior came with a business partner but they did not stay long.' Mercy told me.

"Was it a man or a woman?" I asked her.

"A man. Gitonga was his name." Mercy told me.

I thought within myself who else could have left that underpants there.

"Did anyone else come when I was away?" I asked her, trying as much as possible not to sound suspicious.

"I don't remember seeing anyone else." Mercy told me while serving the food she had just cooked.

"I won't eat, I am all right." I told her. I had no appetite. My anxiety knew no bounds as I waited for my husband to come home and answer a few questions.

At around 9 pm, I heard Ken opening the gate for someone. After a minute, my husband came in.

"Oh! Sweet heart you are home finally!" My husband came over to give me a hug. I stood up and hugged him with my heart beating fast.

"How was your trip? You have gotten lighter. Seems the sun was so hot down there and you swam in the ocean a lot more." Hubby told me.

"Yes, it was really enjoyable, welcome back home." I told him.

Douglas sat down and was served some food but all along as he was eating, he was on phone chatting. I could see him smiling from time to time. I was beginning to feel angry.

"My dear, when you are done, meet me at the bedroom I want to have a word with you." I told him and stood up to leave immediately. My husband looked at me somehow puzzled.

I could tell he ate fast since it did not take him 20 minutes to join me to the bedroom. He came and sat beside me.

"What is the matter, dear?" Douglas asked me. I did not know where to begin or what to say.

"Douglas, have you been cheating on me?" I asked, straight to the point. Douglas looked at me, a stern look.

"What? Since when, did you begin to have such thoughts!" Douglas asked me.

"My dear, stop beating about the bush. I have evidence you have been having another woman." I told him. Nothing better could come from my head.

"Grace you are mad. Where did you get such thoughts?" Douglas asked sounding very defensive.

"First of all, tell me whom you did shopping over the weekend." I barked out to him.

"Look, you are being paranoid and if I may say, stupid. So, shopping is the evidence you have for cheating on you?" Douglas asked. He stood up, fetched out some receipts from his wallet which I did not even know existed.

"Look, this shopping was for my cousin who got a child last month. When I was going to see her, I could not go empty handed. Now, tell me, is this what you call cheating on you?" Douglas asked me. I did not even know of the so-called cousin! My heart beat faster at the thought that perhaps the said woman he was screwing perhaps got his child.

"Have you been bringing another woman in this house?" I finally asked.

"Look, my dear, produce a sensible evidence if you have. Receipt is never an evidence of fucking another woman!" Douglas was already getting angry.

"Fine, whose underpants are under our bed?" I finally asked.

"What the fuck are you talking about??" Douglas asked. It was rare for him to use swearing words.

"There is a woman's pantie under the bed." I told him. I handed him our torch which had already recharged.

"Look under the bed." I told him.

"Stop playing games with me." Douglas said but he stood up.

"Fine, fetch that so-called pantie." He said. I took our umbrella, used it to pull out the pantie from under the bed and brought it out in full view of my husband's eyes.

My husband has never been so surprised. He was totally lost of words, completely speechless.

"Grace, believe you me, I don't know how it got there." Douglas said.

"Douglas, I am not stupid. How can a woman's pantie get itself under our bed unless someone placed it there?" I asked him, still holding the pantie with the umbrella.

"Grace, you are over reacting. I am telling you the truth, I don't know how it got there!" Douglas told me, throwing his hands in the air as a sign of frustration or pretending he did not know.

"So, when I was away, you were bringing in another woman in the house? Huh! Is this what you pay me with for being faithful to you? Douglas! Do you know how serious this is? I am not joking. This is a woman's pantie and you are here trying to convince me that you do not know how it got here? Who are you fooling?" I kept talking and Douglas was silent like someone in front of a courtroom.

"I really don't have something to say, but this seems so odd to me. I swear by the living God, I never brought any woman here..." Douglas was telling me when I felt suddenly angry and hurled the pantie onto him.

"Then how did this get here?" I asked him. The pantie hit his coat and dropped down on the floor.

Douglas gave me a long stare.

"Has it gotten to this? This amount of disrespect until you can hit me with someone's pantie?" Hubby asked me. He looked at the pantie for some seconds.

"You are the one who has really disrespected me. This is not my pantie. The only people who access our bed is me and you. So, you are hiding something from me." I told him and stormed out of the room in a

huff, went to the sitting room where I just sat trying to concentrate on the soap opera that was being aired.

>>To be continued>>

AS narrated by Anthony KERRY.

THE DRAMA HAS BEGAN

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: THIRTY-SIX

My husband did not come to the table room all the time that I remained there until I began to feel sleepy.

Almost midnight, I went to bed and found my husband already sleeping but with all clothes on. I just got onto the bed and covered myself.

"My dear, why can't you do your investigations properly?" My husband asked me.

"I thought you were already asleep?" I replied.

"How can I sleep when ..." He stopped talking.

"When what?" I asked him.

He remained silent. The only thing I could hear was his breathing.

"I am so sleepy, good night." I told my husband and turned to face the wall.

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I somehow felt guilty being so hard on my husband on mere suspicion. As I went to work that morning, however, I resolved to hire a private investigator to spy on my husband and see if indeed he was cheating on me since I did not have any idea on how or where to begin. So, before noon I had contacted a man who told me he was able to track someone's calls, SMSes and do follow ups for photo evidence. I paid him down payment of Kshs 54,000 while the remaining 46,000 was to be delivered once the investigations were complete.

But I was feeling so lonely that evening until I called Ken to see if he could accompany me to our private lounge in Kabete.

"Grace, today I am going to meet my girlfriend. We have not met since I came back." Ken told me.

"But, Ken, just a few private minutes..." I pleaded with him.

"No, not today. Please understand me and let me meet her." Ken pleaded with me.

"All right, but please if you can, tomorrow or Saturday." I told Ken before hanging up.

But I really needed someone to talk to so I called Ivy who told me to meet her in the evening after work.

"Ivy, can you imagine I found a woman's pantie in our bedroom as I came from Coast?" I told her as we sat drinking our coffee.

"Be serious, then..." Ivy prodded me.

"He of course denied everything! He does not even know how it got there!" I told Ivy who laughed so hard.

"This is why we say all men are dogs. But literally, just like dogs, they leave evidences lying all over." Ivy told me.

"I make sure never to leave any evidence whatsoever, so I am still innocent." I told Ivy smiling.

"Yes, does he ever suspect you have another man?" Ivy asked me.

"Imagine no!" I answered.

"But come to think of it, what if he ever decides to hire a spy, how sure are you that all your tracks are completely covered?" Ivy asked me. I thought for a while about that question.

"I think, I am safe, at least for now." I told Ivy. I knew if I was to continue fucking Ken, I would have to be more careful.

"Also, to be fair, try not to break up Ken's relationship. You have your marriage remember? He is still young." Ivy told me.

I thought that for a while and how I was feeling like I was trying to own him but I knew I had to stop that feeling before it got overwhelming.

"True, I agree." I told Ivy.

We continued talking about more various issues until it was late evening and I had to go home.

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A few weeks later, the man I had paid to spy on my husband had gotten nothing. This greatly puzzled me as I had always harbored thoughts that my husband could be having another woman that is why he had little desire for me, leaving me to lust after our Shamba boy. However, during all that time I had told him to investigate, I avoided Ken like I suspected my husband could also perhaps think of spying on me.

However, my husband continued as if nothing ever happened, which was really puzzling.

"My dear, I have a trip to Zambia on Wednesday, I am leaving on the morning." Douglas told me in a Tuesday morning.

"It is ok, wish you a safe journey." I told him.

We had not had sex in a few weeks and I was really missing it. I wanted him to go and I would have time with Ken at least.

"My husband is travelling to Zambia on Wednesday." I told Ken discreetly when we were standing at the cow shed on Tuesday evening.

"That is, tomorrow?" Ken asked as if to confirm.

"Yes, he is leaving tomorrow morning." I told Ken. He looked at me and smiled, as if he knew why I was telling him that.

"Ken, I really miss that thing. My desire is killing me softly." I told Ken.

"Really? I thought I am the only one who really miss to fuck you." Ken said and smiled.

"Ken, I am serious. I really need a hard fuck. I can't wait until he is gone." I told Ken.

"The mere thought of it is making me hard." Ken said.

Suddenly, I saw a bull at our cow shed trying to mount another small ball and was really surprised.

"Gosh! Is this bull a gay?" I asked Ken.

Ken picked a stick, went over to where it was and hit it so hard on the back such that it dismounted.

"This bull is going crazy! It has been fucking this younger bull's asshole!" Ken said and continued to hit the bigger bull.

"What?? I used to think only people have tendency to be gays, even animals?" I was so surprised but the whole thought of it was really disgusting. Ken laughed.

"I have caught it doing it severally." Ken told me.

"Why can't you separate them? Each to live alone." I suggested to Ken.

"But where? This space is limited. I suggest you sell one of the bulls." Ken told me.

"Never. Douglas love these bulls a lot." I told Ken.

"Then we shall make a partition here, so that each will be alone." Ken told me, pointing at the middle of the shed where the bulls were housed.

"By the way, you need to start charging people to bring their cows here for bulls, it makes money." Ken told me.

"How much does it cost?" I asked Ken.

"People pay even Kshs 2,000 for a session." Ken told me.

"Just like we pay you to fuck us." I told Ken jokingly until he laughed.

"But I never make you pregnant, the cows fuck to get calves, but for us we fuck for pleasure." Ken told me. He looked at his watch.

"What if I want a calf from you?" I asked Ken.

"A calf?" He wondered.

"Come on! A baby." I told him.

He suddenly looked at me.

"Don't even think about it." Ken told me. Suddenly, I heard my husband hooting at the gate. Ken rushed to open the gate as I went inside to the kitchen where Mercy was.

"Good evening." Douglas greeted us at the kitchen.

"Good evening, dear." I greeted back. He motioned me to follow him to the table room.

"Our flight leaves tomorrow early in the morning, around 7 am. I shall drive myself and leave my car at the airport. Please assist me in packing a few items." Douglas told me.

"What are you going to do in Zambia?" I asked him.

"To meet some business partners and see if we can secure the southern business deals. Plus, the country is undergoing a revolution which might have a positive impact on our business." Douglas told me. That sounded complicated to me.

"How does a revolution benefit your business?" I asked him.

Douglas explained to me, with several social political terms that did not make sense to me. It was strange how they were capitalizing on a country's social woes to do their business.

"By the way, Ken was suggesting we separate the bulls. They are fighting a lot." I told my husband avoiding telling him that one bull was sodomizing the other.

"Why don't you let them fight until they respect each other?" Douglas said.

"They might harm each other." I told him.

"Call Ken for me." Douglas suddenly said.

I went outside and found Ken still cleaning up some milking items.

"My husband wishes to see you." I told him.

He looked at me for a few seconds as if wondering the reason why my husband was calling him. He rarely spoke to him directly. I smiled just to put him at ease.

"Ken, what is the problem with the bulls? Good evening." My husband asked Ken finishing with greetings. Ken scratched his head as if thinking the right terms to use.

"One bull, the bigger one, is turning the smaller one into a wife." Ken said.

My husband stopped whatever he was doing and looked at Ken.

"What do you mean?" My husband asked.

"I mean, it is climbing the other bull." Ken said, really struggling with the terms.

"Ken, in simple terms, the older bull is fucking the younger bull?" Douglas asked, pronouncing the words so calmly as if they meant nothing. I felt like laughing. I could see Ken smiling.

"Yes." Ken said. For some reason, we all burst out laughing.

"Holy Christ! Since when did animals become homo sexual? Ken tell me, how much money do you need for materials to separate their shed?" Douglas asked Ken.

"Around 10,000 will do." Ken said, holding his hands together as a sign of humility when talking to my husband; he always did that.

"All right. I currently do not have cash. But will send to you the money tomorrow via Mpesa. These bulls are now being strange." Douglas said, dismissing Ken to go to back to his work with a gesture.

"All right, boss." Ken said as he walked away.

"What is Ken eating of late? He is becoming like a wrestler!" Douglas remarked. He noticed how muscular Ken had gotten in recent times. I knew since Ken began reading some men's health magazines, he gotten better ways of feeding himself and working out as to make him look much better.

"I don't know." I told Douglas.

"Hey, remember to pack my favorite suits" Hubby reminded me as I was packing his items.

=====

Douglas left the following morning, so early at around 5 am. I bid him goodbye and returned to sleep. At around 6 am, I called a friend of mine who worked at the airport to confirm for me that Douglas has indeed been cleared to travel.

Since I had a lot of work to do, I went to work at almost 7:30 am, but I found Celestine already at the work place.

"Wow! Early bird." I told her hugging her.

"Yes, I arrived early today since I have a lot to do, with so much reports." Celestine told me.

"My husband has left for Zambia." I told her winking at her.

"What a coincidence! Mine left for Germany yesterday evening. At least I will have some freedom." Celestine told me smiling.

"Come with your laptop to my office, we can work from there and gossip for a while." I told Celestine. It was more convenient working from there since my files were so many.

"So, how is Ken our boy?" Celestine asked as she settled on her desk inside my office.

"He is fine. I told him to eat a lot of cashew nuts ahead of the task I will give him." I told Celestine jokingly.

Celestine laughed.

"Can we share him once more" Celestine asked. I hesitated answering and she went on, "Pleaaase"

"We shall arrange that, don't worry." I told her.

"By the way, you should consider having his baby now. The man is energetic, handsome and intelligent." Celestine told me, much to my surprise since she used to look down upon him in the past.

"Intelligent? The boy is not even learned." I protested.

"Being book smart is not equals to being intelligent. This boy only lacks education but trust me, he is very smart." Celestine said. I nearly told her how Ken was conned but avoided it.

"Yes, I know he is smart, but having a baby now is out of question. 2 are enough for me, or for us." I said, referring to me and my husband.

"All right. Anyway, babies come when they want, not when we want them to. Most children are accidental they were never planned for." Celestine told me. That left me thinking.

"Celestine, do you have a baby outside? I mean not your husband's" I asked her.

"Yes, my second born." She said without battering an eye rid. That was a shocker to me.

"Damn! And the way the baby resembles your husband?" I was surprised.

"Of course, I cheated on his with his younger brother!" Celestine said.

"You know what? You are mad." I told Celestine.

"I know." She said so casually and laughed.

"Hey, have this..." She told me handing me some cashew-nuts.

"I really love them, where did you get them?" I asked her.

"Super market. Hey, give me the flash disk that I gave you yesterday. That is where my compiled report is." Celestine told me.

"Gosh! I am sorry, I have left it at home." I told her. I had completely forgotten it where I placed it in our bedroom, at the bedside drawer.

"What? I need that report right away, send someone to bring it." Celestine was sounding so serious.

I called Ken to see if he could get in my bedroom and bring it for me but he was not picking his call, I called Mercy, her phone was off.

"I have no choice than to go for it. Cover up for me in case the boss arrives." I told Celestine, went to my vehicle and drove on my way home to pick the flash disk.

I was on the way when I got an SMS from my friend at the airport.

FLIGHT TO ZAMBIA DELAYED FOR 12 HOURS DUE TO BAD WEATHER.

That meant my husband could not travel that morning. I called his phone number to just know how he was fairing but he too wasn't picking my calls, but replied, "Will call you later."

I drove fast and nearly ran into a stationary truck that was parked at the wrong side of the road.

"Go back to school and learn to drive!" The driver of the track shouted at me. I did not bother replying to him since after all, he was the one on the wrong side.

When I got to our gate, I did not bother having someone open the gate for me, I parked the car outside and went on to open the gate. There was no sign of anybody in the compound. I walked slowly, opened the door silently and got in.

Immediately I got inside the house, I could hear some moaning sounds coming from one of the rooms, a thing which really pumped adrenaline in my blood stream. I got at the corridor connecting all bedrooms and could clearly hear a woman moaning and going by the sounds she was making, she was at the middle of a steamy sex session. I listened at Mercy's door and realized the sound was not coming from that room. I tip toed to my bedroom door, stood outside for some seconds, and when it got so clear that the voice was coming from our bedroom, I began shaking. I tried to open the door silently but it was locked from inside.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: THIRTY-SEVEN

I wondered what else to do, either waiting for them to come out or shout. I could tell whoever they were, they were trying as much as possible not to make noises such that I could hardly tell who they were.

I could not understand why Douglas would come home discreetly with another woman and get into our bedroom.

After standing there for a long time, slowly I heard someone unlocking the door.

I did not know who to expect, but my anxiety knew no bounds. I was already shaking with anger.

"You are so nice, I really love your dick." A woman's voice said. The man did not answer.

"This is why I will never leave you." The woman continued.

Slowly, someone opened the door and to my horror, out of my bedroom emerged 2 people I have never ever met in my life.

"Hi, are you next?" The man, who was middle aged asked me.

"Next what??!" I nearly screamed.

"And who are you? What are you doing in my house?" I asked nearly exploding.

The two looked at me as if surprised.

"Your house? What are you talking about?" The lady asked me. I nearly slapped her.

"Can you two get talking before I call the police." I told them taking out my phone.

"What, woman. What is going on?" The man asked.

"It is you two to tell me what is going on. This is my house, this is my bedroom, how did you come to be here?" I asked the two.

"I think there is confusion somewhere." The man said.

"Can someone tell me what exactly is going on before I raise alarm and say I found two thieves in our house!" I shouted at them.

The woman was avoiding me, as she somehow realized the gravity of the situation.

"We know this house belongs to a certain lady known as Mercy. She has employed a shamba boy known as Ken. Now, since we got to know Mercy, she has been renting me this house for a few hours whenever I want to bring a woman in this house." The man explained without hesitation.

"What??!" I exclaimed, totally lost of words. And where was Mercy?

"So, as you can see, you are intruding and I need to pay this woman and get going. Excuse me." The man said, took hold of the lady's hand and began walking.

"Wait, stop... tell me more..." I urged the man.

"More of what? If you are here waiting for your man to get your turn, I have no problem with that, Mercy is such a nice host." The man said.

"How much did you pay her?" I asked the man.

"Look, woman. Enough of these games, you are wasting my time and your time, wait for Mercy to return and ask her all these foolish questions. Have a good day!" The man said, held the lady by her waist and walked out, past the gate and left me there totally stranded not knowing what to do next.

"Ewooo! This is madness! So, Mercy is using my house like a brothel now when we are away?" I asked myself, holding my head in total disbelief. Worse, she was using my own bedroom!

I went to my bedroom and found 2 used condoms lying on the floor!

I called Celestine.

"Celestine, I have an issue to resolve here, I might be a little late." I told her.

"Oh! Come on, I need that report." Celestine told me.

"What if I send to you via email? I can use my home desktop and send it to you." I told her.

"The better, try within 10 minutes please." She told me. I opened my home desktop, and since I had a modem, I knew that would be easy to do.

I sent her the report and went to the table room to wait for Mercy to come back from wherever she was. I had never been that angry all my life. What a house girl?!

=====

After waiting for about an hour, Mercy came inside the house via the back door and did not seem surprised to see me at that time of the day.

"Good afternoon, Madam." She greeted me but I did not reply.

"Mercy, sit down." I told her. She looked at me briefly and sat down with her legs folded.

"Mercy, without hesitation, I want you to tell me what you have been doing with my house whenever I am away." I told her, trying so much to be calm.

Mercy remained silent.

"I have given you 2 minutes to begin talking." I told her.

"Nothing. Why?" She answered sounding as innocent as a lamb.

"You have been charging people to use my house, my bedroom to have sex. Isn't it?" I asked her.

"No!" She said.

"Mercy, I am not here to joke with you. Follow me to my bedroom." I told her.

She followed me to my bedroom. I opened and told her to get in.

"See this?" I asked her.

"I don't understand you." Mercy said. At that point, I lost my cool and slapped her so hard across the face until she staggered backwards, missed a step and landed on her buttocks on the floor.

"Get talking or I will teach you a lesson of a life time!" I told her and took out a whip which I used to store in my drawer for whipping my children whenever they misbehaved.

"Madam, please don't beat me, I will tell you." Mercy said.

"Tell me everything!" I told her.

"It is true, I am sorry. I have charged a few people to use this house to bring women. I really needed the money. My father is terminally ill and needs urgent surgery. He needs close to 400,000 for an operation. I did not have means to get more money so when one day I found a man telling me he wanted to get a room to fuck his woman, I told him I can lend him my house." Mercy said.

"So, you lied to them this is your house?" I asked her.

"Yes." Mercy said.

"How much have you been charging them?" I asked her, threatening to hit her with the whip.

"Between 1k to 3k depending on how someone bargains. Please forgive me." Mercy pleaded with me.

"Mercy, I want you to pack all your items and go, RIGHT NOW!" I did not want to see her again in my house.

Mercy just stared at me blankly.

"Didn't you hear me? Go to your room, get out your items and go away. Satan!" I told her.

"Sorry, Madam. I cannot go anywhere." Mercy said.

"Did I hear you right?" I asked her.

"Yes, Madam. I am not going. I can stop whatever I was doing but am not going." Mercy said, bolder than usual. She collected herself and stood up making me feel threatened for the first time talking to her.

"Mercy, you cannot use my house for prostitution and stay. You should be packing now." I told her.

"If I go, I will tell Baba boy what you have been doing with Ken in his absence." Mercy told me. That statement stung me right into my heart like a stab from a sharp knife. My mouth turned suddenly stale.

"What did you just say?" I asked her.

"You heard me. You keep my secret, I will keep your secret." Mercy told me. I wondered what else did she know?

"You are mad, totally mad." I told her. She smiled.

"Madam, I know you have been fucking with the shamba boy, if you chase me away from this place, I am going to spill the beans to Baba Jade. I have no where to go, and I am staying." Mercy told me. I felt cornered. How did she come to know of it?

"Follow me to the table room, no wait, clean up my bedroom first and then come." I told her.

"All right, give me 20 minutes." Mercy told me as I walked out of the bedroom.

I was feeling so disoriented.

After around 30 minutes, Mercy came and sat opposite me.

"I have cleaned up the place, Madam." She told me. I was feeling like killing her.

"Mercy, I want you to prove your allegations and claims. Failure to, I am going to take action against you."

I told her trying to remain calm.

"Madam, I have told you that we both can keep each other's secret and nothing will go wrong. Why risk destroying your marriage because of something we can just choose to remain silent about?" Mercy asked me.

"That is not the question. I want you to prove to me I have been fucking Ken, failure to, I am reporting you to the police today!" I told her. She looked at me but as soon as she realized how serious I was, she turned away. But I did not know how to handle the situation. It felt like total blackmail to me.

I did not know what Mercy was capable of, but I was willing to take the risk.

"Mercy, I don't care what you know. You are not going to sleep here today. Either you go to the police, or head to coast. IDIOT!" I told her, went to her bedroom and threw out her items.

"Madam, we can talk this out." She tried to tell me but I would hear none of it.

Just as I was throwing her items out, Ken called out from table room.

"Pack them or I will set them on fire." I told her and went to the table room.

"What is going on?" Ken asked politely.

"I don't want to see this girl here, she is going away today." I told Ken.

"What has she done? I was away, I had gone to fetch some animal feeds from the shops." Ken said.

"She has turned this house into a house of prostitution." I told Ken.

"Hmm, that is beyond me, let me go to my work." Ken said.

As Ken was about to leave, Mercy called him out.

"Ken, why are you betraying me now?" Mercy asked.

"Betraying you? In what? Did we have a deal with you?" Ken asked her.

"Ken, have you forgotten that I am carrying your child?" Mercy asked, much to my horror.

Ken looked at Mercy for a few seconds, then turned to walk away.

"Ken, is what she is saying true?" I asked Ken. Ken just gave me an empty look.

"Ken, have you heard my question? Is she pregnant for you?" I asked Ken once more.

"I told her to abort but she did not. I did not want a child with her. It was a mistake." Ken said. I suddenly felt dizzy. So, Ken too been fucking Mercy and denying it all along?

"Oh! My God!" I found myself exclaiming. I could not imagine that. I even thought I was dreaming since I was used to having dreams which looked so real. I even looked around to confirm I was not dreaming. I concentrated and would even hear cows making sounds, and cocks crowing outside. One of our dogs, which always barked at birds was also barking. I just went and sat down, feeling a little dizzy and totally confused.

Ken stood there like a statue. Mercy walked slowly and sat on one chair. The level of deceit going on in the house was just monumental. Where is this all leading to? I asked myself.

"Ken, Ken, Ken, Ken, Ken....oh! MY GOD! KEN!" I found myself calling out Ken's name, totally disgusted by him. How could I ever forgive him? Did they have a conspiracy to set me up to my husband should I try to dismiss them both?

"How many months pregnant are you?" I asked Mercy.

"I think, 2 months." She said. She avoided eye contact.

"Have you two ever had sex in my bedroom?" I asked them, not looking at any of them.

"Just a few times." Mercy said.

"Mercy, go outside, let me have a word with Ken." I told Mercy, who willingly stood up and walked outside.

"Ken, how did it end up this way?" I asked Ken once we were alone.

"She forced me to." Ken said, sounding a little stupid.

"Did you mean she raped you?" I asked.

"Sort of." Ken said.

"Sort of? Ken, be clear and tell me everything." I urged Ken.

Ken took a deep breath.

"One day when she served me lunch, I don't know what she put in that food but as soon as I finished eating the food, I began feeling some slight headache, a little nauseated and I got an erection that would not go away. I went to my house to try and rest. As soon as I got inside, Mercy came and began to undress me. I was so weak to resist. She got on top of me and rode me until..." Ken stopped talking.

"Until what?" I asked him.

"Until I ejaculated. But she continued the whole afternoon, she was insatiable, and I was so weak I was even vomiting. But she later brought me some milk and after drinking I felt a little better. I continued with my work as if nothing happened. But as days went by, she continued to demand sex from me but when I turned her down, she said she knows that I fuck you regularly and if I don't fuck her, she will report me to Douglas and say that I fuck his wife. I felt cornered and I fucked her." Ken said.

"Did she later come and tell you that she got pregnant?" I asked Ken.

"Yes, she told me so. I told her to abort but she said she wants to keep the child. Mercy seems to know so much about me and you." Ken told me.

"I doubt, I think she guessed and you fell for her trap." I told Ken. Ken just looked at the ceiling, an empty sad look.

"What do we do now?" Ken asked me.

"I also don't know." I told Ken. I was feeling hopeless and helpless.

"I think, let her stay. You don't know what she knows. I am not ready to die. I would rather we keep it as a secret for now. I almost feel like Douglas does not know anything. If she goes, she is capable of causing a lot of damage. This girl has a loose mouth, and perhaps has your husband's number." Ken told me.

"That sounds all right." I told Ken.

"This girl is a total bitch! I underestimated her." Ken suddenly told me.

"She has fucked more men than her years, she must be knowing a lot including how to manipulate men, I fear her. Did you get tested for HIV before fucking her?" I asked Ken, but I expected a negative answer.

"No, I did not. She told me she got tested last week and she turned out HIV negative." Ken told me, much to my relief.

"What a sex web?" I found myself saying in total desperation.

It got into my mind that the pantie I saw in my bedroom could have been Mercy's pantie, or just a random woman's pantie.

"Call Mercy for me please." I told Ken. Ken stood up and within 2 minutes came back with Mercy. Mercy sat close to Ken.

"Mercy, return your items, we shall resolve this later." I told Mercy.

Mercy stood up, picked her items and returned them to her bedroom.

"Thank you, Madam, you are an understanding lady." Mercy told me. I did not know what to tell her.

"Mercy, promise me one thing: That you won't use my house again for your dirty business." I told Mercy.

"I promise, please forgive me Madam, I am desperate to get money. Right now, I can even become a prostitute but I am pregnant I cannot." Mercy said. As she talked, she came and knelt in front of where I was seated and began crying at my feet. I felt emotional for once.

"Mercy, go back to your work." I just told her. She stood up and walked to the kitchen still sniffing.

"What a life!" I found myself saying.

"Ken, what if your girlfriend comes to know of that you made another lady pregnant? Will she ever forgive you? Ken, think about your life too, and your future." I told Ken, who was keenly listening to me.

"For the first time in my life, I feel like cutting of my penis and throwing it to the dogs!" Ken said. It sounded so funny I found myself laughing. Ken laughed too.

"Like I would say I can cut off my vagina!?" I asked. Ken just smiled at me.

"This sounds funny, but it is damn serious!" Ken said.

"Ken, let me go back to work, and please you people don't misbehave again." I told them as I left.

Within minutes, I had driven back to my workplace.

"What took you so long?" Celestine asked me.

"I had a crisis meeting at my home." I told her, not wanting to give her the details. She too did not ask for the details.

"I hope everything is resolved now." She told me.

"Yes, hopefully." I said.

But the thought that if Ken and Mercy teamed to blackmail me, the damage it would cause, made me start thinking of what next. The rest of the day I was so troubled, so unsettled and felt so weak and helpless.

It was like I was living with a monster in my own house. I owed my husband a huge apology for accusing him of bringing another woman in the house yet it was all Mercy's madness and recklessness. The level to which people would go to make money was simply staggering. The question I was asking myself, what if Mercy used her pregnancy to blackmail Ken too? What if she made Ken to break up with her girl friend? But the worst, what if she ever leaked information to my husband, if at all she knew something about me and Ken?

There were more questions than answers in my head. For the first time in my life, I felt like hiring thugs to kill someone.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

=STORY OF A LIFE TIME=

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: THIRTY-EIGHT

The more I thought of the way out, the more I got confused. I knew if my husband ever came to know what I was doing, or whatever happened in our home he would get really annoyed.

But I had to find a way out of it. I even decided not to involve anyone for fear of information leaking out.

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"Ken, I called you here because I want your assistance and do not fail me." I told Ken when we were together at a certain restaurant.

"I will do anything too, as long as it will help you." Ken promised me.

"I want you to plant Kshs 30,000 on Mercy's suitcase, then I will handle the rest." I told Ken. I knew Ken would be able to easily since they spent most of the time together.

I was planning on busting her as a thief and she would not escape out of it. Ken agreed without questions.

=====

The timing was perfect, my children were home, my husband was home too.

"My dear, I had Kshs 45, 000 in this drawer, 30,000 is missing, have you seen it?" Douglas asked me.

"No, I haven't." I told him confidently.

"My dear, stop joking. The money was right here." Douglas said, sounding a little impatient.

"I am telling you the truth!" I said, raising my voice a little. All along, Mercy was doing her usual cleaning of the house.

My husband looked at me for a few seconds.

"Then there must be a thief in this house." Douglas said, obviously irritated.

"It is possible, but who?" I asked.

"The other day, Ken told me he wanted some money urgently. I don't know what for but I highly suspect him. How can 30,000 just disappear like that in thin air?" Douglas asked me.

Suddenly, he stormed outside.

"Ken, open your house." Douglas said. The look on his face as he said so, Ken had no chance of even arguing.

Douglas did a checkup, without involving anyone.

Ken remained outside, silent.

After Douglas was done, he came out and told Ken, "Sorry, you may go on with your work."

Douglas came to me.

"You are going to search Mercy's room. I am not going in there." Douglas was getting impatient.

"Mercy, come here." I called her.

"Take out all your items." I commanded her.

"Mum, what is going on" Jade asked.

"Keep quiet!" I told her and he bolted away.

"Madam, what are you looking for?" Mercy asked me.

"Unpack your bags, I know what I am looking for." I told her. Douglas stood at the door. She unpacked her items one by one.

As she was finishing unpacking her suitcase that had her most important clothes, her face registered shock and horror. She suddenly looked at me.

"Madam, I swear to God, I did not place this money here, I even don't know how it came here." Mercy said. At that moment, my husband got so irritated he just came over to where she was standing and gave her a thunderous slap until she fell down.

"So, instead of concentrating with your work, you are stealing from us now?" Douglas asked her. Mercy was too shocked to talk.

"You are going to the police right now, idiot!" My husband called a friend of him who was a police man. Mercy remained there, seated on her bed crying. She was not talking.

The police man came, handcuffed Mercy and they drove away.

"So, this little girl thought she can now start stealing from me?"

=====

However, things got a little complicated when the police cross examined Mercy. We were both called at the police station.

We met a nice police woman who sought to speak with me in private.

"Madam, this young lady has some staggering claims which I want to share with you." The police woman told me.

"Go ahead." I urged her.

"She is claiming that you must be the one who planted the money in her bag, as a cover up of what she knows. She is saying you did that to get rid of her since she claims she knows you sleep with your shamba boy, and she says she once threatened to tell your husband." The police woman said so. I remained as calm as possible.

"Get my husband here." I said. My husband was called.

I told the police woman to repeat the story as it was and she said even more.

"Is this little girl crazy?" My husband asked. I felt safe already.

Douglas called Ken to come over to the station.

"Can you listen to what claims your fellow has!" Douglas said.

After Mercy, who was crying hysterically narrated the whole story, Ken laughed.

"Oh! Lord, I have never heard of such crazy claims. Mercy, is your head even okay? Are you mad?" Ken asked.

My husband was getting impatient.

"Look, I have a business meeting in Nairobi in 3 hours' time. Grace, handle this case and you shall give me feedback later." Douglas told me.

"It is ok, you can leave." The police woman told my husband.

After a few minutes, the police woman told me to remain with her in private. After we were together she looked at me and said, "Grace, I know this is hard. But I did suggest you release this girl, let her go. She will for sure do that once she gets her freedom; she will leave you alone."

"What do you mean?" I asked the police woman.

"Grace, I have done criminal psychology and I can tell you this for free. This girl is telling the truth. I can even read that in your eyes." The police woman told me, making me want to jump out of my skin. She paused as if to let that sink in.

"This girl will destroy your marriage. Let us tell her to pack and go away, to Coast or wherever she wants to go. Under one condition: She remains silent or get hunted and locked." The police woman told me.

I could not argue with her, in fact I avoided her eye contact.

"Let me handle her in my own way, wait for me here." The police told me. I sat at her office. I looked around and saw some trophies and certificates on her office wall, and I could tell she was not just a normal police woman, she was highly learned police officer and had a senior rank in the forces.

After around 15 minutes, the police woman called me.

"Mercy, I want you to apologize to your boss, and after that. I am handing you over to corporal Maina to ensure that you board a car on your way to Mombasa. It is very wrong to try to steal from your boss, but we will not lock you." The police woman told Mercy.

"I am really sorry." She said. She even confessed to stealing the money from our drawer, much to my relief since she was saying that in front of the police men!

=====

"Damn! That police woman is out of this world." I told Ken, it was already 2 days after Mercy had left. The policeman brought back a report that he took her up to bus station and left her on her way to Mombasa.

"So, she said the girl was saying the truth?" Ken asked.

"Imagine. I was left of words but then again, women will always cover up fellow women. She twisted the whole story to suit my line of story. I owe her a present." I told Ken.

"So, how sure are you the girl won't talk?" Ken asked me.

"As long as she confessed what I wanted, I am sure. Besides, seems the police woman manipulated her enough to get a confession. The deal seems totally sealed." I told Ken.

"These girls from Coast are intelligent, I did advice you to get a house girl from Ukambani or Western. They are always innocent." Ken told me.

"I already have one coming soon. She is from Kitui, our home area. She will report anytime from now." I told Ken.

"All right." Ken told me. He looked at his watch and I knew he wanted to go and continue with his work.

"She is not as naïve though, she completed her fourth form, and is unable to continue with education due to lack of fees so she wants to help me with house work till further notice." I told Ken.

"I even doubt Mercy's pregnancy was mine; that girl was crazy!" Ken told me.

"At least she is gone, for now." I told Ken, feeling so relieved.

I did not know whether to continue having sex with Ken or not, my husband's schedule was getting so busy even when he was in Kenya, it was always busy for him he would come home almost midnight. It got a time when I was ovulating and I was feeling so horny I did not consider it normal. It had been weeks since I got an orgasm.

Then during office hours, I accidentally logged in into a porn site and watched a video of a man fucking a little girl until she was screaming and that got me really horny until my pantie was wet. I even stood up and realized I had left a wet patch on my office chair. I could not handle it anymore.

I called Ken.

"Ken, can we go to our club?" I asked him.

"No problem, but I did suggest I proceed there alone and you find me there." Ken suggested.

"Why? We can just go together." I told him. But for whatever reasons, he insisted he go alone and I go alone too.

When evening came, and it was on a Thursday, I drove towards our club in Kabete. I put on some music in my car stereo to keep my mind busy as I drove at a moderate speed towards Kabete.

I was driving at a speed of around 80 KM/H when I realized there was a car following me. I realized it was following me after I took a few bends trying to see if it will stop trailing me but I realized it kept coming. That got me really nervous. I took out my phone and called my husband who picked my call immediately.

"Honey, there is a strange car following me, what do I do?" I asked him. Instead he laughed.

"Why are you laughing, I am serious!" I told Douglas.

"Darling, stop running away, just stop the car, I am the one right behind you and I was wondering whether you are lost that is why I followed you. What are you doing in Kibete?" Douglas asked. I was so shocked to hear that. In fact, I realized he was so following me and perhaps he would have followed me all the way to our club!

"I was going to meet some Chama friends, but it is true I am lost and I just wanted to drive around this area, go back to a place I can remember and call one of them to give me directions." I told Douglas.

Douglas laughed.

"Relax, I know this place well. I have sold plots in this area sometimes back, just tell me where you are going and I can take you. By the way, I was test driving this car before taking it to the owner too. Remember I told you that sometimes I sell cars?" Douglas told me.

"Can I stop for you?" I asked him.

"All right, pull over at that shopping center ahead, we can have a cup of coffee." Douglas told me. I pulled over, parked outside a certain small restaurant and the big Range Rover pulled over too. Then out came my husband.

Chills ran down my spine when I realized if I was with Ken, I would have such a difficult time explaining where I was going with him.

"Honey, you drive so fast when scared!" Douglas told me laughing as we got into the restaurant. I laughed too.

"I imagined so many things." I told him. I was still tensed such that my voice was shaking.

"So, there is this friend of mine, he wanted to import a Range Rover but did not know how it would be delivered to this place. I organized with some friends at the port to smuggle it. It got packed inside a container with mattresses and it was deep inside so that it would not be caught. So, I am from picking it in Nairobi industrial area. Can you guess how much this one sale has gotten me in a day?" Douglas paused, smiling so boldly.

"No, tell me." I urged him. One waiter brought us a leaflet with all beverages and left us talking as we took our time to pick our favorite beverage.

"1,750,000! This car is worth Kshs 17 million, but since we sort of smuggled it, I managed to knock on top the amount as my friend coughs the rest Kshs 8, 250,000. I told him I will bring it to him at Kshs 10 million. Isn't that cool?" Douglas was all smiles.

"Damn! All that money in one day!" I asked, genuinely surprised.

"Oh! Yes." Douglas said. He called out the waiter and ordered coffee. I ordered drinking chocolate.

"Gosh! What if you get caught?" I asked him.

"In Kenya, money opens even jail doors; don't worry we get caught all the times and we bail ourselves out." Hubby told me.

I could see in my phone Ken calling and I muted the phone discreetly so that my husband would not see me doing it.

"Honey, straight deals don't make money in Kenya, only crooked deals. Some things we do, you would rather not know." Douglas told me, sipping his coffee slowly.

Ken texted me: I AM WAITING FOR YOU, ARE YOU COMING?

I was about to reply when my husband asked me, "Seems your friends really want to meet you, can I release you to go?"

"No, they are not as important as you." I told him.

He smiled broadly and I read pride in his expression.

"Waiter! Come over..." Douglas called out.

"Do you roast meat here?" Hubby asked the young man.

"Yes." He answered.

"All right, I want you to roast for us 1 KG of meat, and some little Ugali. Make it fast please." Douglas ordered.

I excused myself and went to the washrooms with my phone. I called Ken.

"Ken, I won't make it. I met my husband while I was on the way. We are together now." I told Ken.

"Wow! All right, I understand. Let me have some fun and go back. But wait, I did not have enough fare to take me home." Ken said.

"Ken, I told you to always have money with you. All right let me send some through Mpesa." I told Ken.

"All right, enjoy yourself." Ken said and terminated the call.

I sent him Kshs 5,000 via mpesa.

I went back to sit with my husband, who was scrolling on his smart phone.

"My friend wants to drive this car today. Do you mind if I take it to him today? Let us have our meat first." Douglas told me.

"It is ok, but how will you get back home?" Douglas asked me.

"I left my car in Nairobi. But now you are here, we can drive over to that place, and then you will carry me back home. I shall go for my car tomorrow morning." Hubby told me.

"Oh! Sorry. I had not thought of that." I told him as we began to eat our roasted meat and some kachumbari.

"Hmm, they cook nice meat here!" Douglas said tearing some meat with his teeth.

"Indeed. It is almost 4 months since I ate roasted meat." I told him. He smiled.

"I eat it almost every week." Douglas told me.

We continued having casual talks until we were done. I ate almost a quarter and my husband ate the rest. After finishing, he caressed his stomach as he belched out loudly.

Someone was calling my husband and based on how they spoke, he was getting impatient.

"Honey, follow me with your car. Let us get moving." Douglas told me. We nearly forgot to pay in our hurry to leave. It was almost 8 pm and I did not know where we were driving to.

When we got to the tarmacked road, my husband drove so fast I was finding it hard to keep pace with him, besides, he was driving such a powerful car and it was still new. I looked at my speed-o-meter, I was doing 120 KM/hour and we were headed towards Kiambu town overtaking literally all vehicles in front of us!

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: THIRTY-NINE

We went past Kiambu, drove past Ruiru all the way to Thika. We got into a certain private residence which was a really gated community.

A tall man came to meet Douglas.

"Right on time!" He said as they greeted each other.

"Luckily, I have someone to take me home." Douglas said pointing at me.

"Meet my dear wife, I call her Mama Boy but her name is Grace." Douglas introduced me. The man shook my hand, a firm handshake.

"Honey, here is our new car. Come and meet my friends too." The man called out as soon as we got inside the house.

"Douglas, this is why I love you, your deals are always on time." The man told my husband.

When the man's wife came out, for some seconds I thought I was dreaming. It was none other than Lillian the owner of the club where we used to go to fuck our boys!!!!

"Oh! Grace, what a surprise!" Lillian said, extended her hands and came over to hug me.

"Meet my husband, Grace. I suppose this is your husband too; nice to meet you." Lillian shook my husband's hand.

"The world is really small." I told Lillian.

"Do you two know each other?" Douglas asked.

"Ah! Ladies know each other more than us, let them be. Come over let us complete the paper work." The man told my husband and they left me and Lillian at the table room as they went to his personal office for whatever deals.

"Lillian, this is a sweet surprise! How now?" I asked her.

"Is your husband a car dealer?" Lillian asked me.

"Yes." I said, but truth is, some of the works my husband did, I was not aware of.

After about 20 minutes, my husband came out accompanied by the man.

"Honey, we can go home now." My husband told me.

"Why the hurry? This house is big you can even sleep over." Lillian urged us.

"Lillian, we shall visit during day time, for today, let us go home." I told Lillian.

"All right, my friend. I shall call you later we meet some other time. We have a lot to talk about." Lillian told me as we were leaving.

=====

My husband took the wheel since he was able to drive faster than me.

"Do you know that lady?" Douglas asked me on our way back to our home.

"Yes, but I got to know her from a friend." I told an otherwise very attentive Douglas.

"That woman runs very dirty deals including human trafficking. She owns several high-end brothels." Douglas told me.

"Oh! Really? I just know her as a business woman." I lied.

"She does business as a cover up, but she even exports girls to Arabic countries." Douglas told me.

"How do you know all that?" I asked my husband.

"This world is a small world, we get to know a lot than is necessary. I know her husband for a long time that is how I got to know much about them. They work together." Douglas told me.

"Has he paid through cash or cheque?" I wanted to divert the topic.

"Direct to my bank account, you cannot risk carrying all that money in cash what if you lose it?" Douglas asked me.

"My dear, you get a lot of money from your work. I think you should motivate your employees too." I said, not sure if I was putting it the right way.

"The only person worth motivating now is Ken. Ken has been such a great worker to us. I will double his salary so that he can also help himself in this life. I will make his monthly salary into Kshs 23,000. But I will also add some duties to him. I am opening flower plantation in Naivasha and I will employ some other people there. However, I want Ken to be running the farm, and manage them. I know he is capable of.

There is also an upcoming training for ranch managers which I want Ken to be attending daily. It will be hosted in Limuru town for 5 days." Douglas said.

"Wow! That is good of you." I told him. Douglas was about to tell me something when he suddenly hit emergency brakes. Were it not for the seat belts, I would have banged my head on the dashboard.

He swerved off the road, missed landing on a ditch. It is when I realized why he did that. There was a large rock in the middle of the road. As soon as Douglas passed the rock, he accelerated the car like crazy.

"My Goodness!" I just said.

"Where the hell did that boulder come from?" Douglas asked while panting.

"I don't know, perhaps someone placed it there so that you would get an accident and get robbed. I would have hit it." I said.

"But, I cannot see people on the side of the road..." Douglas said, looking into the coffee plantations.

"Maybe they are hiding." I told my husband.

Douglas dimmed the head lights so as he would see clearly the silhouettes on the road and apart from tree shadows, there was no one.

"This is why I hate coming through this road at night!" Douglas said, put on the full lights, hit the accelerator hard and within no time the car was doing 150 km/h.

He only slowed when we came to Kiambu town, then took another route passing through tea plantations which was a shorter route to Limuru. We did not talk all the way. Some music was playing on the car stereo until we got home.

Ken opened the gate for us; it was a little past mid night.

"Honey, I go through a lot to sustain my family. This is why sometimes I get home so tired, at least to day you got first hand experience." My husband told me as soon as we got settled at home. I went to the kitchen and prepared some hot beverage for both of us.

"Indeed, I realized." I told Douglas as we sat down to drink some hot chocolate.

After we finished having our chocolate, I took the items to the kitchen.

"My dear, give me a glass of water." Douglas called from table room. I took for him the glass of water and left it with him as I washed the few dishes.

I finished washing the dishes and went to table room to join my husband. I was feeling tired and sleepy.

"Come sit with me here." Douglas told me.

I went and sat with him. He began to caress me as soon as I sat besides him. I also began to caress him and soon we were kissing. It is when I realized he had a very hard erection with him. It made my heart skip a bit.

"Let us go and bathe together." My husband suggested. We went together to the bathroom and as soon as we got undressed, I began to caress his erect penis which was so hard that day. Even as we showered, his penis remained rock hard.

As soon as we went to our bedroom, with the house heater on since the night was so chilly, as soon as my husband lied on the bed, I began to suck his penis. My husband was caressing my breasts and stimulating my nipples while at it. I got so aroused in the process.

Then gently, my husband pushed me to lie below him and to my surprise, he began to suck my clitoris something he had not done in a long time. He sucked my clitoris for a few minutes making me arch my back due to pleasure.

Then slowly, he mounted me and pushed his hard penis into my already wet vagina. I could feel him panting on top of me but I just did not know why, I was not feeling like he was inside. I even touched my vulvas just to confirm that he was inside me. He pumped on top of me for about 10 minutes. Suddenly, he trembled and within seconds of breathing heavily, he had ejaculated inside me. My vaginal walls were not sufficiently stimulated to give me an orgasm and it left me feeling so horny. Even after trying to stimulate myself with my fingers, I could not bring myself to orgasm as my husband turned and within a few minutes he was fast asleep.

I was feeling like going to Ken's house to have him finish me off but I knew that was so risky to attempt.

====

My husband woke up at 5 am and left without even taking break fast. He used my car to go promising to have his friend bring it to me at my workplace before mid-day.

I picked my phone and called Ken at around 6 am.

"Ken, I want to come at your place." I told him.

"Why?" He asked.

"Let me just come please, I will let you know." I told him.

"Not possible for now." Ken told me.

"Why?" I asked.

He hesitated talking then told me, "Sherry slept here today. She came yesterday evening and it was late so I told her to sleep over." Ken told me.

I felt defeated.

"All right, will you get time for me during the day?" I asked him.

"We shall see." Ken told me and terminated the call.

I woke up, prepared some breakfast and after having my breakfast, I left for work.

====

I could not work properly that morning, I felt like I was really missing something. My body was not settled at all. My vulvas were swollen, my nipples were itching and my clitoris was throbbing all morning. Suddenly, Ken called me.

"Can you come over, if you can?" He asked me.

"Celestine, cover up for me please." I told Celestine and left in a hurry. Since my car had not yet been brought to me, I took a motorbike home.

When I got there, I found Ken standing outside his house. I just went straight to his house and got inside. Ken followed me.

I took off my clothes so fast, I just wanted to get naked. Ken wanted to kiss me but I looked at him and told him, "Just fuck me hard!!"

Ken got naked too and as I was lowering myself to lie on his bed, he held me by my waist and without warning, he shoved his penis inside me from behind. I felt like screaming the moment his penis dug deep into me until I felt like it was going to end to my stomach. I felt dizzy and light headed.

Ken banged me hard from behind without touching me anywhere else until my thighs felt hot from how his thighs were slapping my buttocks and upper thighs. My breasts were rocking back and forth very hard as Ken fucked me with so much energy. I pushed myself onto the bed and pressed my breasts hard against his bed.

Suddenly, I took his hand and directed it towards my nipples.

"Ken, pinch them hard, harder...HARDER!" I told him and he pinched my nipples so hard such that I felt a little painful. I pushed myself backwards until I felt his balls touching my labia majora.

Suddenly, Ken spanked my buttocks so hard until I felt the vibrations rock my entire body.

"Ken...Ken!" I urged him on and as he fucked me harder and harder, he would pinch my nipples in turns then spank me so hard until my buttocks would vibrate enough to make my vagina vibrate too. He then suddenly took my hands behind my back, then pulled my hair with one hand until my head turned and my face faced forward. Then with the hand pulling my hair, he reached for my neck and chocked me until I gasped for breath. The feeling of me struggling to breath really raised my temperature such that I lost control and felt a sudden heat wave sweep all over my body.

It was like floodgates were opened from deep inside me as fluids flowed hard from within me. I felt my vagina get suddenly tight, too tight it felt a little painful until I began to cry and from the orgasm I got, I felt so weak so suddenly such that I lost my balance and let go from my hands and within a split of a second, my head hit itself against the bed's wooden frame.

"Gosh! Are you hurt?" Ken asked me, but his voice was shaking and I knew he was ejaculating. I felt his penis pulsating inside me and the warmth from his semen made me feel weak.

I touched my head with my hand and it felt wet. I thought it was sweat but on looking, it was blood.

But I was not feeling any pain at all and tried to hide it from Ken.

"Gosh, you are hurt..." Ken told me. But I was smiling, my body felt like it had just been tranquilized. I was feeling so much at peace.

"Don't worry, I will take care of it." I told Ken as I began to get dressed up. Ken took a clean handkerchief and began to wipe my head. The spot where I hit the wooden frame was small but it hit a capillary. It took some time to stop the blood from flowing.

"Ken, you are a beast!" I told him. He smiled.

"I am so sorry, you are hurt." Ken told me. But I was feeling fresh like I just began my day.

=====

I went back to work and felt reenergized. I even managed to compile a report which was pending on my desk. I was all smiles.

"Hmm, you seem so happy today. Have you won a jackpot?" Celestine asked me.

"Yes, a different one." I told her jokingly.

Just soon after, the guy who was to bring my car brought it. I directed him to park it out our car park. I noticed it had new headlights but I did not bother to ask him anything about it.

"Thank you so much." I told the young man, gave him Kshs 1,000 as appreciation.

I called my husband to inform him that the car had been delivered safely. Then I called Ken to tell him I had arrived at my office and I was so happy he had offered me the much-needed relief as my body was burning with desire after the previous night sex session with my husband which had left me wanting more and completely unsatisfied.

I just remembered that was the day the new housegirl was to arrive. Her name was Miriam Mueni. I had given her directions to Limuru town from where I would pick her and go with her.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

****THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: FOURTY****

Miriam arrived at almost 3 pm. I picked her at Limuru bus station at around that time but since I had some more work to do, I called Ken over to pick her and take her home.

Ken proved to be a good manager when the flower farm was established in Naivasha. He was the one responsible for paying even the workers, who were to be paid weekly since they were all casual laborers. I would normally go with him from time to time just to oversee what was going on in that farm.

Miriam too proved to be even a better house girl than Mercy, who could cook so many varieties of foods. I was so impressed with her work such that I decided to be paying her Kshs 13,000. She told me she will save to further her education which according to me was all right, and I made the conditions right for her to save as much as she could. Besides, she too wanted to be an accountant and that meant I could be of so much assistance to her.

Things seemed to flow on smoothly over the weeks until one day, Ken came to me when I was relaxing on the coach after day's work and told me he wanted to talk to me.

"What is it about?" I asked him. We had not had sex on a long time with him and I thought perhaps he wanted to talk about it since my husband was away in a business trip.

"I saw Mercy, she is still around Limuru." Ken told me. I stopped reading the article I was reading online on my phone.

"What do you mean?" I asked, sitting upright.

"I met her. I even talked to her. She told me your time is coming, she will spill the beans." Ken told me sounding worried.

I laughed.

"I have a back up of the police woman, and she is a senior officer." I told Ken, but he looked at me as if he was wondering what the hell am I even saying!

"If she dares say anything that will be silly, I will break her neck." Ken said, sounding like he literally meant it.

"But how did she end up here?" I asked myself out loudly.

"I guess she never went. Probably the police duped us. Or the police man who escorted her, probably never took her to Nairobi." Ken told me.

"You have a point, and her, is she still pregnant?" I asked Ken.

"She might be, she has grown bigger." Ken said. He sat at the side of the coach opposite to mine, took off his cape and placed it on the table.

"But why would the police man do that?" Ken asked.

"Well, I don't know, but it is worrying. Are you sure you saw her?" I asked Ken once more. Ken looked at me for some seconds.

"Sure, I am so sure of it. It is not a ghost or look-a-like." Ken told me. He was serious indeed.

I took a deep breath just to clear my mind.

"Miriam, do you still have some coffee?" I asked out loudly.

Miriam answered back from the kitchen, "Yes, there is."

"Bring us two cups." I said, nodding to Ken to signal him that I was also ordering for him.

Miriam brought the coffee to us.

"Hi, Ken." She greeted Ken when she met him.

"Haven't you met today?" I asked them.

"No, I woke up early to go to Naivasha, I am just from the farm." Ken told me.

Miriam went back to the kitchen.

"Such a humble lady." Ken remarked. I smiled at him.

"I hope you have no eye for her." I said jokingly.

"Ah! No. Besides, she is so saved and I even doubt she ever have sex." Ken said and sipped his coffee, making me nearly laugh at how he said it.

"You are so funny. She has a vagina like any other women." I told Ken.

"And she is a Kamba too." Ken said.

"What do you mean?" I asked Ken.

"Kamba ladies love sex, they never say no. if you seduce a Kamba woman and she denies you, you are bewitched or under a spell." Ken said jokingly.

"Come on! Ken! Don't talk so low of us, I am a Kamba remember..." I told him.

"Oh! Damn!" Ken said and held his mouth.

"I am sorry, you speak fluent Kikuyu I nearly forgot you are a Kamba, but her, Kamba ladies are sweet!" Ken said, sounding like he was trying to make up for his previous statements. I waved at him to just keep talking whatever he was saying.

"But she is really slim." Ken said.

"I was like her when I was young, I was so slim but due to lack of food. Wait until she eats well here she will grow fat like me." I told Ken, then I caressed my thighs as if to indicate how fat she will grow. Ken just smiled at me.

"So, where did you see Mercy?" I asked Ken.

"I just met her in Limuru town, opposite Karuma's bar. Who knows she might be working there." Ken told me.

"No way, Karuma does not employ people from Coast since they are lazy." I told Ken.

Ken just laughed.

"We need to deport this girl for good. She is a threat to us." Ken said.

"Relax, she is not a threat at all. In fact, I will call her, I have a plan for her. Don't worry, I shall share with you once the plan is complete. So, go back to your work and let me handle the rest." I told Ken.

I picked my phone and called Lillian.

"Lillian, I want to meet with you, soonest." I told her.

"What is it dear, in fact I am around Limuru today you can come over and we meet." She told me, much to my surprise.

"What are you doing in Limuru?" I asked her.

"Just about a few businesses." She told me.

=====

I drove to Limuru where Lillian told me to meet her, at a restaurant. She was driving the vehicle that we delivered with my husband.

"I can see you are rolling with the big machine." I told her as I hugged her.

"My husband is away, so I am in charge. Tell me, what is the news?" Lillian told me as she motioned a waiter to come over to serve us.

"There is this little girl, she was my house girl. I chased her away for reasons I can explain but she is still around Limuru. I want you to help me by keeping her busy. You can call her, offer her a job or whatever it is and that will be fine with me." I told Lillian.

"I have a club that is in Rongai, similar to the one in Kabete. That one is more prestigious and I can offer her a job there. Just to get her out of Limuru." Lillian told me.

"Wow! You never told me you have another one!" I marveled at Lillian's information.

"You never asked if I have another one? This fucking business is good at making quick money. With so many women who are sexually starved in their marriages, we can be millionaires thanks to their vaginas!" Lillian said that without pausing or swallowing any word.

"Damn! Listen to yourself!" I said while laughing.

"Ehe!" Lillian chuckled.

"So, what job will you give her?" I asked Lillian.

"Housekeeping. Give me her number." Lillian told me. I gave her the number.

"Once I am done, will let you know. In the meantime, I want to rush home, I have some people I want to meet there. I love this car, it is so fast."

Lillian paid for the tea and we left.

=====

The following morning, I went to work as usual and since my day's schedule was tight, I put my phone on

silent mode. It was such a busy day until I took my phone at almost 4 pm and was surprised to get 24 missed calls from Ken, which really bothered me.

I called back, thinking perhaps he had ran into troubles with his workers in Naivasha.

"Grace, Mercy is dead." That was the first statement he told me and he sounded so worried.

"WHAT!??!! What do you mean?" I asked Ken.

"Mercy is dead. She got killed today morning. She was shot dead." Ken told me, making me wonder how he got all that information.

"What are you saying??" I asked Ken.

"Remember the police man who was to escort her to Bus station for her to go to Mombasa? He never did. He took her to his home and hid her there. Then, it just happens the man was married to police woman. Then the wife came abruptly and found the two having sex. She was carrying a gun. She shot both of them and both died instantly. It was in the news in fact how comes you have not seen it?" Ken asked me.

"Oh! My GOD! This is crazy, Ken are you sure of what you are talking about?" I asked Ken, my hands were shaking.

"Very sure. You will see it in the news in the evening." Ken told me sounding very sure of himself.

"That is the cost of fucking with someone's husband." I told Ken.

"All right." Ken said and remained silent over the other end. I wondered whether she just died with Ken's child. The way she was fucking around, perhaps she did not even know whose pregnancy it was.

"But that police man? How can you hide a pregnant girl in your house and go on to fuck her knowing you are married? Some men are crazy!" I told Ken.

"She was not pregnant at the time of her death, according to the report in the news. Maybe she did an abortion." Ken said.

"You wish." I told Ken and just smiled.

"All right, talk to you later." Ken said and terminated the call.

The news that Mercy was dead were really unsettling to me. If she never got home, then it would only mean one thing: I would be sought after by her people to know how she died. That was more than I expected.

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"But, I also thought she travelled!" The police woman who had dispatched her told me so.

"I thought so." I told her. I had called her and told her I wanted to see her urgently.

"Now, my challenge is her people. They know I am the one who brought her here. What will I do?" I asked her.

"Madam, relax. We are police officers we know how to handle such simple matters. It shall never come to you, just go home and relax. Ok?" The police offer told me. I breathed a sigh of relief.

"All right, as you say." I told her and stood up to leave.

"Have a nice time." She told me on my way out.

I got home at almost 8 pm. After Ken opened for me the gate, he followed me to the main house after I parked my car.

"Aren't you relieved that she is dead?" Ken asked me.

"No, I never wish death even to my worst enemies. She was too young to die like that." I told Ken.

Ken looked at me for some seconds.

"Fucking other people's spouses is very dangerous!" Ken said, shaking his head.

I smiled at him.

"No, not unless you are caught pants down." I told Ken.

"But you can never know when you will get caught." Ken said.

"Whatever you do, planning and timing is everything. Like I always make sure I know where my husband is before inviting you over. I even track his phone via GPS just to know his location." I told Ken.

"But the other day he caught you by surprise through following you..." Ken said. I laughed.

"Oh! Yes, he did. I assumed he could not be around that area. I have to stop assuming now." I told Ken, who just looked at me smiling.

"I never wish to be caught, LO! I could get killed!" Ken said.

"I will ask Lillian about another club he told me about, in Rongai. We can be going there." I told Ken.

"But that is too far." Ken said.

"I would rather we go far than be caught." I told Ken. Ken just looked at me as if he had something to say but never said it.

"Well, all right, if you say so." Ken said.

"What happened to your finger? Why is it wrapped?" I asked Ken. Noting that he had wrapped his finger with a small handkerchief.

"I cut myself a little when cutting some grass, it is small, it should be all right soon." Ken told me, stretching his hand for me to see.

"Be careful, your hands are everything to you." I told Ken. He just smiled.

"So, when are we going to our new club?" Ken asked me, much like a joke.

"I am serious, tomorrow is on a Saturday, let us go there in fact tomorrow I am not going to work." I told Ken.

"Remember, I don't want to eat a bullet because of you." Ken said.

"Oh! Come on, my husband does not own a gun." I told Ken, to reassure him.

"A man catching you fucking his wife can kill you with his bare hands." Ken said, folding his fists firmly. I just smiled. I could not imagine, if Ken would really get beaten by Douglas yet Ken looked so strong. But he had a point.

"So, are you afraid of getting caught?" I asked Ken.

"Yes, very much indeed." Ken said, sounding very serious. As I was about to continue talking, Miriam came to the table room carrying food. She had cooked some chapati, meat stew and cow peas.

"Oh! I am really hungry, thank you for cooking on time." I told Miriam as she settled with the food and served each one of us.

Ken was about to begin eating when Miriam suddenly told him, "Ken, lead us with a word of prayer, for the food that God has given us."

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony KERRY. Follow Anthony Kerry on FB for more updates.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: FOURTY-ONE

Ken looked at Miriam for a few seconds before saying, "I don't know how to pray."

"God hears anything, just pray and see." Miriam insisted.

Ken took a deep breath and said, "All right, let us pray."

We all closed our eyes.

Ken prayed, "Father in the mighty name of Jesus, we come before you praying for this food in front of us, bless the food so that when we eat we shall have energy to work. I also pray that you bless this house, bless my boss and protect him wherever he is, bless everyone on this family. Also remember those who do not have food and give them. In Jesus name we pray."

We all said Amen.

"Wow! Ken, I did not know you can pray!" I was more than surprised. Miriam was so happy with Ken she was all smiles.

Then, Miriam looked at Ken and asked him, "Ken, are you saved?"

Ken looked a little puzzled, caressed his chin and asked, "Saved? From what?"

Miriam answered, "From sin, from the devil."

Ken smiled and said, "I am ok the way I am."

"You need salvation, you need Jesus." Miriam told Ken keenly looking at him, with a faint smile.

"I need food, shelter and clothes to survive." Ken said sounding adamant.

"Those are all gifts from God." Miriam said.

"I work to get what I want. I must wake up to work to get money to sustain my life." Ken said. I could tell the conversation was no longer interesting to him.

"God give you that energy to work." Miriam said.

Ken folded his sweater, flexed his bicep and told Miriam, "Miriam, this is as a result of hard work. I go to the gym to get energy. I eat well, I drink a lot of soap, I eat goats and cows' knees meat to be strong and healthy and I make sure not to catch diseases."

"Ken, if God decides you will be weak, you cannot stop it so you have to give thanks to God daily." Miriam said, looking at Ken's muscles.

"Young girl, stop being ridiculous, stop eating, stop exercising and tell me if prayers and belief will last you for a month." Ken said sounding so serious. He munched some food as in indication that he needs food to survive.

"How often do you read the bible?" Miriam asked, taking turn to look at each one of us.

"I don't remember when I last touched that book." Ken said.

"You can read the bible and you will see what I mean." Miriam said.

"Eh! You sound like a pastor." Ken told Miriam and laughed. Miriam laughed too.

"I love sharing the word of God." Miriam said.

I was silent eating my food and listening to Ken and Miriam until I was the first to finish eating.

"Hey, you two, you are not eating." I told them pointing at their plates.

Miriam and Ken finished eating too and Miriam cleared the table.

When Miriam was gone to the kitchen, Ken looked at me and asked, "Where did you get this village pastor?"

"Haha, Ken, be kind to her." I told Ken.

"The way she talks, you would think she is virgin mary." Ken said.

"Who knows, she might be a virgin." I told Ken.

Ken's eyes brightened. "Oh! Really? There are no virgins in this land of Kenya, all ladies start fucking at primary school."

That got me pissed off, "Ken, what makes you think that all women fuck around carelessly?"

Ken looked at me for some seconds and said, "Forget about it."

"Ken, you have to respect women." I told him firmly. He did not bother replying to that, neither did I want him to.

"Let me go to sleep, I have a lot of work tomorrow." Ken told me.

"Good night." I told him as he left.

"Good night too." He told me, I heard him tell Miriam good night on his way out.

=====

The following day, I woke up feeling unwell. I was feeling so dizzy such that I called my boss to get a day off, which was granted.

I however chose to just sit around the house doing nothing, hoping the feeling will go.

"Aren't you going to work today?" Miriam asked me.

"No, I am not feeling well." I told her.

"May God grant you healing." She told me and continued with her work.

"Amen." I replied instantly.

I knew it was fatigue from over working as I had really pushed myself the previous days.

Since my car was so dirty, I called our favorite mechanic who came for it to take it for car wash as I just chose to remain in the house doing nothing in particular.

I switched on TV and found a movie going on, a Swahili movie which kept me busy. It was when I was viewing the movie when I heard Ken's voice in the kitchen but he was not loud enough to be audible. He was speaking with Miriam. I lowered the TV volume to try to hear what they were talking about.

"No, I don't want." I heard Miriam saying.

"Miriam, I have really admired you. Give me just once, will only put the tip and not whole of it." I heard Ken saying.

"Ken, I vowed that I shall give my virginity to my future husband when I get married." Miriam said.

"But I can as well marry you. Miriam I am suffering because of you. I really need you. Have mercy on me." Ken was literally begging to sleep with her.

"Ken, stop being stubborn. Don't you know it is sin to have sex before you are married?" Miriam was talking tough.

"If God intended for us to have sex after we get married, then he would have given us a penis and a vagina after we get married." Ken said stubbornly.

"What? Ken, you are funny." Miriam laughed.

"No, I am being honest. This thing is so sweet, try it you won't regret it." Ken told Miriam.

"Stop! Don't touch me. I will hit you so hard with this jiko if you dare touch me." Miriam said.

"I am not touching you, I just wish to..." Ken stopped talking.

Miriam came to the table room and was surprised to see me there, she was about to talk when I motioned her to remain silent and continue with her duties as if I was not there.

When she returned to the Kitchen, Ken was still there.

"Miriam, please, just once. I will stop bothering you." Ken continued.

"Not even once, forget about me. Get another woman." Miriam told him and I could hear her doing her work.

"All right, I won't give up." Ken said and I could hear him dragging his feet away from the kitchen, whistling a song I could not recall.

I slowly stood up and went outside. Ken was surprised to see me.

"I thought you went to work." Ken said.

"Ken, you have to stop this habit at once." I told him.

"What habit?" He asked pretending to be innocent.

"Can't you give Miriam peace?" I asked him.

"I have done nothing wrong." Ken said.

"If a woman does not want you, must you keep pressuring her?" I asked, indicating that I heard the whole conversation that had just transpired.

"Ok, I am sorry." Ken finally said.

"You better be." I told him and left him standing there.

"Ken is really bothering me; I fear he might try something bad with me." Miriam told me as soon as I got into the kitchen.

"He cannot." I told her and went to the table room. She served me some hot chocolate, out of her own initiative since I did not request for it but it felt nice drinking it.

After a short while, the mechanic who went to clean my car brought it back. I paid him and he left.

=====

Few days passed and Ken stopped bothering Miriam. The even seemed to coexist better than he was with Mercy. Miriam would even sometimes finish her work faster and go to just talk with Ken as he was doing his work. This went on until my children closed their school and came for holidays when Miriam became friends with my daughter so much you would think they were sisters. They even would go to the shop together often. Jade seemed more comfortable with Ken.

I was one day coming from work, and just as I was getting to my gate, I saw Ken beating a certain boy who was not familiar with me.

"Ken, what is it?" I asked him. Ken instead of answering me, he slapped the boy so hard and told him, "can you tell her what you did or wanted to do! Failure to I am going to kill you!" He then lifted him up and dropped him on the ground.

"Ken, stop it!" I told him. Suddenly, Josephine and Miriam came out.

"Mum, let him get beaten properly, he wanted to force me to do bad manners with him." Josephine told me.

"What did you just say?" I asked her, getting out of the car.

"This dog wanted to rape your daughter. I caught him when he had nearly torn her clothes apart." Ken said and catching the boy by his collar, he gave him a thunderous slap until some saliva spilled from his right side. The thought of someone wanting to rape my daughter made me mad. I cut a branch from a hedge tree and thoroughly canned the boy, who was a little taller than me.

"Please, forgive me, I will never repeat it again." The boy kept pleading.

"Who are you? Where do you come from?" I asked him.

"He seems homeless, I have never seen him here." Ken told me. He threatened to hit the boy who cowed in fear. Ken laughed.

"Please, forgive me, I will not do it again." The boy begged.

"Do you want me to tell him to kill you?" I asked him, pointing to Ken. Ken came towards him.

"Please, beg your husband not to kill me." The boy said.

"My husband?" I asked him, obviously puzzled.

He looked at Ken, I knew he meant Ken was my husband. That was really amusing.

"I told him he was joking with my daughter." Ken said and winked at me. I nearly laughed.

"Stupid boy! Stand up and go, never come back to this village or I shall kill you!" Ken told the boy, kicked him in his buttocks as he got up and bolted top speed, rounded the corner and disappeared.

I looked at Ken, and I had no choice than to tell him, "Thank you." For protecting my daughter.

"No one can joke with her as long as I am here." Ken said confidently.

"You deserve a reward." I told Ken, smiling at him. He smiled as if he knew what reward I wanted to give him.

====

"Ken, so you beat up a boy who wanted to rape my daughter? You should have reported him to the police!" Douglas was telling Ken in the evening when we sat to eat supper.

"I was so angry did not think of that, I just wanted to put some sense in him." Ken told Douglas.

"You should have forgiven him. Jesus says we should forgive each other." Miriam said talking to no one in particular.

"Do you even hear yourself talking? Such people deserve death!" Ken said angrily.

"All right, when such a thing happens again, tie the idiot and give me a call." Douglas told Ken.

"All right, I hear you." Ken told Douglas, nodding in agreement.

"How is the farm in Naivasha doing?" Douglas asked Ken.

"We need some pesticides to spray the flowers, and some fertilizer too." Ken reported, he took out his phone, opened a calculator and began summing up something.

"I will need Kshs 17,000 in total." Ken said.

"17,000? What are you going to buy?" Douglas asked.

Ken briefed Douglas on everything and even said the money might not be enough.

"But we can buy in Limuru and take them there." Ken said.

"How?" Douglas asked Ken.

"He can use my car." I said. Douglas looked at me as if I was not making sense.

"Does Ken know how to drive?" Douglas asked.

"Yes, he even has a license too." I told my husband.

"I don't believe you; Ken, show me your license." Douglas requested.

Ken went and came back with his driving license. I had taught him to drive and when he went for a driving test, he passed.

"Impressive! When did you learn how to drive?" Douglas asked Ken after going through his driving license.

"I knew how to drive, just that I did not have a license." Ken lied. I was glad he lied since I would not have wanted him to say I taught him how to drive.

"All right, tomorrow, you shall buy the items and take them to Naivasha, please come back with receipts." Douglas told Ken, who took back his license and placed it on his laps.

I looked at Miriam who was keenly looking at Ken as if she had something to say about him or to him.

"Miriam, what is in your mind?" I asked her.

"Ken, are you sure you never went up to form four?" Miriam asked Ken.

"Yes, why do you think I am lying?" Ken asked, turning to face Miriam.

"You know a lot, I don't believe you. You even know how to drive a car." Miriam said looking into Ken's eyes. Ken laughed.

"Does driving a car need special education? Not at all. As long as you can engage the gears, balance the wheel and just a few more other things and you are good to go." Ken told Miriam with a soft-spoken voice as if trying to imitate how she talked.

"Will you teach me how to drive?" Miriam asked Ken.

"With whose car, I don't have a car." Ken replied calmly. Then they both looked at me.

"What? Why are you looking at me?" I asked both.

Douglas chuckled and said, "They perhaps want to use your car, to learn how to drive. You can let them under your supervision as long as they won't damage it."

"Wow! Thank you!" Miriam replied standing up in excitement.

I was about to tell her something when suddenly my husband's phone rang so loudly.

"Damn! This ringtone!" Douglas said and picked his phone.

I could hear him talking to someone over the phone who sounded a little impatient. Gauging by his facial expressions, he was not happy with the other person in the other end.

"It is a business partner who wants we meet, at this hour." Douglas said. I looked at my watch and it was almost 11 pm.

"You can't be serious! Can't it wait until tomorrow?" I asked Douglas.

"No, it cannot." He said standing up. He took his leather coat and wore it in a hurry.

"Ken, come and close the gate behind me." He said, then looking at me, he told me, "My dear, I shall come back tomorrow since I might sleep over there. Don't worry, we are going at a hotel not someone's home." Douglas told me smiling.

"But..." I was about to talk when my husband cut me short.

"But what?" He answered and I could see he was not in the mood of talking anymore. He was running late perhaps. I did not bother with him. I just wished him a safe journey to wherever he was going.

Ken came back and found Miriam already going to sleep.

"Ken, can we remain at the table room for a few minutes please?" I requested Ken. He looked at me as if I had just told him I wanted to give him my pussy, until he made me blush.

Ken took a seat, looked at me and told me, "Ok, tell me, your highness."

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry. SAGA MAN!

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: FOURTY-TWO

"Come on! Ken, you are making me feel shy." I told him. He motioned his hands in the air imitating someone caressing someone and laughed.

"All right, tell me." Ken urged me, moving to hold his chin in an attentive pose. I just looked at him and smiled.

"I need a dick like yesterday." I suddenly told him.

"What?" Ken asked me, sounding surprised.

"I am not talking Greek, I need that dick inside me." I told him, moving over to sit on his lap. He seemed startled. He looked over the kitchen door, which also opened up to the main corridor leading to bedrooms.

"Hey, Miriam might catch us! What if your husband returns abruptly? Grace, no. not today. Do you want me dead?" Ken protested trying to push me to stand up.

"What do you fear? This is my house. Douglas won't be home until tomorrow morning. Miriam is already asleep. We can just sneak into my bedroom, have a quick one and you go your way. Or I can come over to your place." I told him. I felt my clitoris itching for a touch. I folded my thighs together to stop the itch but it would not go.

"Ken, touch me here, please." I told him pointing to my clitoris. Ken just stared at me.

"Grace, stop joking. You never know, probably your husband is testing you, or laying a trap." Ken told me and smiled looking at me. I just wanted to kiss him to shut him up but when I tried to kiss him, he resisted.

"What is it?" I asked him, taking his hand and placing it on my breasts. He began to fondle my breasts slowly.

"Hey, Grace. This is insane. You are really putting me into temptations." Ken said, but he pulled me hard against his body.

"Assure me that your husband isn't coming back." Ken told me. I stood up, went over and took my iPad. I opened a tracking system that was installed on it. It would track my husband's phone, exact location to the precision of 10 meters.

I froze the moment the tracker indicated that the phone was so close to me, proximity of just 10 meters! Ken must have realized my horror upon the realization that my husband could as well be right outside the house.

"What??!" Ken asked, suddenly standing up. He looked confused not knowing whether to leave through the front door or the back door. I slowly walked to the main door and opened, scanned the vast compound but would see no one.

I called my husband's number and to my surprise, I heard his ringtone coming from the flowers outside the house. Would my husband be hiding outside the house? I walked slowly to the flowers, which were close to the car park. I saw some light coming from the flower bed and I was so relieved to realize that it was just his phone and not him. But how? He might have dropped it while he was in a hurry to leave. I called his other phone and Douglas picked the call immediately.

"Hello, you have dropped your phone in the flowers." I told him.

"Oh! Yes, I realized when I hit the road. But no time to come for it, keep it for me safe." Douglas said. I could hear the car's engine humming, indicating he was driving at top speed.

"All right, stay safe. Good night darling." I told him.

"Good night too." He said and terminated the call.

"What?" Ken asked me standing behind me.

"Well, he dropped his phone over here due to being in a hurry to leave." I told Ken. It was almost midnight.

"Grace, let me just go to sleep." Ken told me but I was so determined to have a fuck that night.

"Ken, you are not going anywhere until you fuck me." I told him. He looked at me as if wanting to say something but stopped when he realized I was not even smiling.

"All right, come to my place." Ken told me.

"Let me lock the front door, I will emerge from the back door." I told him as I went inside the main building. I placed Douglas' phone on the bedside stand in our bedroom and went out to meet Ken. The night was cold, but not chilly.

Ken had already gotten to his room but left the door open, so I just went inside right into his bedroom where I found him lying on his bed. There were white bedsheets.

"Wow! Since when did you get white bedsheets? Or it was Sherry who suggested for you?" I asked him as I sat on the bed.

While laughing lightly, Ken told me, "My girlfriend loves cleanliness a lot."

I suddenly touched his penis inside his trouser and told him, "Probably she also loves big dicks."

Ken laughed even harder and said, "She probably does not know whether mine is big or small."

Looking into Ken's eyes while caressing his penis, I asked him, "Why would you say that?"

Ken answered, "Because she was a virgin when I got her."

I imagined losing your virginity to someone with such a big penis and flinched hard. I however continued to caress his penis until it began getting hard. Slowly, Ken began to unzip his trouser. I assisted him to remove it by pulling it downwards and he remained with his boxer only and a vest. I yanked the penis out of his boxer and it suddenly stood facing upright, very erect, very straight. I began to caress it up and down while Ken began to undress me slowly. I could feel him struggling with my bra hook, which was tight and metallic. He finally managed to undo it and my breasts hung touching my body. Suddenly, Ken reached for my nipples and began to caress them until they got hard.

"Ken, I want you to suck me." I told him. He slowly removed my blouse, my skirt leaving me with my pantie only.

While I was still wondering why he was not pulling my pantie down, he slowly began to kiss my body all over moving towards my abdomen. He went downwards, pushed me to lie on the bed and suddenly held my pantie with his teeth. The feeling was so tantalizing feeling his gentle breath hitting my abdomen as he held the pantie with his teeth. He slowly pulled them with his teeth. I lifted my hips to help him pull it with ease. The whole feeling and experience was extremely erotic.

As soon as he dropped the pantie down, he began to lick my legs, rising upwards until he was licking my private parts. He would nibble my thighs from time to time, as his fingers worked on my mount, caressing my vulvas and labia majora. He would gently pull my pubic hair with his fingers and twist them into a small knot as he caressed me.

"You have such a beautiful body!" Ken told me, looking into my face.

"You are also very handsome, I love you so much." I told him, not sure if the statement was right.

Ken slowly rose upwards kissing me, sucking me and licking me all over. He held my breasts together and began sucking both of my nipples. He had a way of biting me from time to time which drove me crazy with feelings such that I could hear myself moaning.

I reached for his erect penis and directed it into my already super wet vagina, and as soon as he placed it on my vaginal orifice, I pulled him into me so hard until the whole of his penis was buried deep inside me, making me moan in ecstasy. Ken held it there, motionless, just kissing my neck over and over again, giving me several love bites and sometimes blowing some air onto my neck which made my goose bumps rise all over my body. He was slow and so sensual that night pushing me into another level of ecstasy. My whole body was tingly.

Slowly, he began to fuck me, rising up and down, varying angle and tempo from time to time making me feel like my g spot was being crushed. He reached for my clitoris and began to caress it with enough force to make me want to jump out of my body due to pleasure it was giving me.

Suddenly, he withdrew from me and without warning, he reached for my clitoris with his mouth. He began sucking it and the warmth of his lips, the softness of his tongue on my clitoral tip made me scream. Suddenly, I felt like my hips were being pushed upwards from inside me and I found myself rising as if to meet his mouth but without warning, I erupted so hard spilling orgasmic fluids all over his face; to my surprise he continued to suck me even the more I splashed his face with my jet stream coming from deep within me.

"Oh! God!" I found myself saying before collapsing motionless on his bed. He repenetrated me, fucked me hard and fast making my body vibrate until my boobs ached due to motions I was making rapidly, and it was how he trembled hard, stiffened his body and made noises that made me realize he was ejaculating. He kept trembling on top of me for almost 5 minutes.

He finally kissed me and told me, "Grace, you will one of these days kill me with your sweet honey pot."

"That is why I love you." I found myself telling him. He kissed me again, while still inside me.

"Hey, don't sleep here." Ken told me when he realized I was dozing. My entire being felt so relaxed, I experienced such a blissful moment and completely at peace with my entire being.

"Why not? I can sleep for one hour." I tried to tell him.

"Hey, stop it. Wake up and go to your bedroom." Ken told me, dismounting from me. I felt the sudden gush of his semen falling freely from my vagina and wondered whether he had ejaculated a gallon of semen inside me.

"I want to wipe myself." I told Ken, avoiding eye contact.

"Here, have this." Ken handed me a tissue paper which he had kept close to his bed.

"Don't look at me." I told him feeling shy as I opened my legs to wipe off the spillage of semen coming from my vagina. I kept wiping and wondering how much semen Ken pumped into me.

"Gosh! Ken, you have a lot of sperms!" I told Ken. He laughed lightly.

"I eat healthy foods to ensure my factory is always on top." Ken said jokingly.

"You told me that you eat Mkhombelo? Where do you get it? I need it. Will boil for my husband and see if he can improve on bed." I told Ken.

"Make sure to sweet talk him into it. The stuff has some weird taste, a little sweet though." Ken told me.

"Next time, buy more, bring some for me." I told Ken.

"I shall bring for you the powdered one, since getting the roots is hard." Ken told me, he stood up and reached for a short to wear, as I was wearing my pantie after wiping myself.

"Whichever, so long as it will help me." I told Ken. I even wished my husband's penis would be as big. I even wondered whether when Jade shall grow up, he shall have a small penis like his father since he was already putting on much weight, an indication that he was very much like his father, while my daughter was very much like me. Seeing the much pleasure Ken's penis was giving me, I wished my son would grow up to have a big penis so as he would satisfy his women better. But I would not wish for him to be a fucker like Ken who I believed was fucking women for money.

"Ken, do you still fuck Celestine?" I suddenly asked Ken.

"No! I stopped fucking her long time ago. In fact, I only fuck you and Sherry, no other woman." Ken told me. I was already fully dressed up ready to go to my house.

"But you want to fuck our house girl..." I told Ken and winked at him.

"Ah! I was just joking with her. That girl is too saved sounds like she can call fire from heaven and burn me." Ken said. I knew he was joking. I knew if he got the best opportunity, he would screw her. Probably she was a virgin too.

"Ken, I can be with you here all night, good night. Let me go my way." I told Ken. He came over, hugged me, kissed my forehead and told me, "Good night, darling." He made me smile.

I went all the way to my bedroom without making much noise. I showered, then wore my nightdress before dropping on my bed and being overtaken by sleep almost immediately.

=====

I was still asleep at almost 6 am when I heard the gate opening. On looking outside, the window, it was my husband coming back and Ken was opening the gate. I went to the table room to meet my husband.

"Good morning, honey." Douglas greeted me and gave me a hug.

"Good morning, sweetie. Welcome back." I told him.

"Please prepare some breakfast fast, I want to eat and get on my way. I also want to pack a few clothes, we are going to Arusha." Douglas told me.

"Damn! Won't you spend a day here?" I asked him.

"No, there is a business deal we are closing in and we cannot afford to miss it. That is why we had that urgent night meeting. I will however drive to Arusha, won't take a flight." Douglas told me. Miriam had already woken up.

"Miriam, please prepare breakfast. Boil those arrow roots over there and cook some eggs too." I told her as I went to bedroom to pack some items for my husband. My husband followed me to our bedroom to assist me in packing.

"Douglas, you are tired. Take a flight. You are fatigued you might cause an accident." I told him.

"I have been driving that route for a long time, I know it well." Douglas kept telling me.

"It is not about knowing the route, you are too tired to drive. Please go by air." I tried to persuade him.

Eventually, when I realized I was not winning, I went over to where he was standing and held him by his waist.

"Darling, I am telling you this because I love you. I am not ready to lose you through an accident." I told him. I began to caress him while lying on his chest. I knew some feminine appeal might convince him.

"I want to go watching the scenery." Douglas insisted. I did not talk, I reached for his trouser and began to caress his flaccid penis.

"Can you at least make love to me before you go?" I asked him.

"Honey, I am getting late." Douglas protested.

"You won't be late." I urged him. I began to undress him. He had bathed immediately he came back and was wearing some casual jeans and a t shirt. It did not take much time to get him naked. I looked at his pot belly and it was getting bigger by day.

I pushed him over the bed and began to suck his flaccid penis which got harder as I sucked. He was caressing my ears all the time. I sucked his dick until it got hard. Then, I rolled over and lay on the bed while attempting to get him to mount me. He undressed me fast and began to kiss my thighs. He wanted to suck my pussy but knowing that Ken had left his semen down there, I felt it was not right to let him even lick it. I held him by his head and instead directed him to suck my nipples. He however kept going downwards, until he prevailed and began to gently suck my clitoris. I felt his tongue begin to move downwards but when he was almost touching my vaginal entrance with it, I held his head firmly and stopped him. He suddenly looked at me as if wondering why I was stopping him. He smiled, an indication that he really wanted to.

"Honey, just enter me, I want you inside me." I told him. Without resisting, he held his penis and gently pushed it into my pussy. I was not aroused at all and whatever was aiding his penetration was the seminal residue from the previous night fucking session with Ken. Douglas kept going for a few minutes.

I had to fake an orgasm for him to finish. I moaned, held him tightly, flexed my vaginal muscles via kegels. That must have triggered him as he suddenly trembled and within no time, he had ejaculated, finished inside me and rolled over to lie besides me.

"Honey, if you love me, take a flight to Arusha, please...." I told him as I lay besides him inclining to lie in his chest.

"All right, if you insist." Douglas told me. I felt relieved.

"Not insisting, I want you to be safe." I told him, kissed him on his lips. He kissed back, looked into my eyes and said, "All right. But you will escort me up to airport with your car."

"Done!" I told him and hugged him while we were lying side to side.

"Let me get ready now." Douglas told me, standing up and heading towards our master's bedroom bathroom. I watched him from the back and wondered how he would get rid of his fatty layers that were folding.

Miriam served us breakfast. I called to my workplace to inform them I will be late and I was told it was ok.

=====

I drove my husband all the way to Wilson airport where he took a local chattered flight to Arusha before driving back to my workplace. I arrived at almost 10 am. I was lucky there were no much traffic on the road.

Suddenly, my phone rang. It was Ivy calling.

"Hey, baby girl. So, lost. Where have you been?" I asked Ivy over the phone.

"Been around, you no longer visit me." Ivy told me.

"Been busy, so sorry. Will pass by you this evening. We can catch up some gossips over a cup of tea." I told Ivy, who laughed over the other side.

The day progressed well, until evening when I drove to meet Ivy.

"Ivy, you told me of another club where you go with your boy child, why won't you show me the place?" I asked Ivy as we were talking after meeting.

"It isn't far. We can even drive from here." Ivy told me.

"Really? Ok. Direct me, let us go up to there. It is now 5 pm, we can be back by 7 pm." I told Ivy.

"You sound like a fast driver." Ivy told me smiling.

"I have a big machine, you know..." I told her as we stood up, paid and went to my car.

"I am going to even show you my boy, you always wanted to know him." Ivy told me. Felt anxious already.

As I was driving, Ken called me.

"Hello." I responded.

"I am still in Naivasha. Will be a little late since there is an accident over Kinungi that has created some traffic jam." Ken informed me. It was unusual of him to tell me he would be late.

"Ok, as long as you get home safely." I told him. He terminated the call.

"That is my boy, he even manages my farm in Naivasha, such a cool boy." I told ivy.

"I envy you." Ivy told me as we picked speed headed for Mangu route.

We finally got there and we stopped at what looked from outside like a highly secured private residence. I was about to roll down the window when ivy told me, "Privacy. No one rolls down their windows. We will pack, get ushered into the main bungalow. No one meets anyone. I made arrangements however to come with you." Ivy told me.

I went over to what looked like an underground car park. We got outside. The place was expensively furnished. We walked down the corridor. Ivy took out a card and inserted it in one door, punched in some digits and the door opened.

"Damn! Top security!" I marveled.

"And top privacy!" Ivy told me. I was wondering why she was even so keen to introduce me to her boy.

We got into a big living room that had pink sofa sets, with very cozy outer covering so soft to the touch. The place was so silent. I wondered how many of such were in that expansive compound. I did not bother asking how ivy made the arrangements.

"Get yourself comfortable as I serve you some cold drink. Here it is self-service, you order in advance everything you want, make reservations." Ivy told me. She served me some wine and we sat down to talk.

"Does he know you are introducing him to a friend?" I asked ivy, referring to her boy.

"Yes, but don't snatch him from me." Ivy said and winked.

I replied while laughing, "I won't. I have mine why would I snatch yours?" I asked her as she switched on the huge plasma TV that was in front of us. She put on a music channel with some Tanzania songs.

"I love Diamond's songs, they switch on my mood for some romance." Ivy told me taking a seat closest to mine.

"Does he know this place? I mean, you did not come with him." I was getting anxious.

"He will drive himself here too." Ivy told me. I was surprised her fucker boy also knew how to drive.

Suddenly, there was silent beep at the door, and some blue light on the top of the door.

"That indicates your access was authorized. I know he is here." Ivy told me. My heart, for some reason, beat faster as the door opened since I was so anxious to know which man that was, who was driving Ivy that crazy such that she kept telling me about him.

"Oh! Sweetie, I have been waiting for you, hmmmm..." Ivy suddenly said and threw herself onto the man that had just gotten inside the automatic door which locked itself slowly as soon as the man was inside. He was dressed so smartly with a clean, nicely pressed navy-blue suit. The man took her, hugged her, swung her around as she folded her legs upwards, backwards. I thought they were about to kiss too.

As soon as he placed Ivy down, Ivy turned towards me and told me, "Meet Alexander, my honey sucker." Ivy said it so jokingly and so lightly. I could tell she was already a little tipsy from the wine.

My eyes and Alex's eyes met and for a moment, I thought I was dreaming.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry. Dr. Love.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: FOURTY-THREE

"Grace! Oh! Jesus!" Alex exclaimed.

Ivy was more than surprised.

"Do you two know each other?" Ivy asked me. I lacked the word to even express what was in my mind.

"Jesus is great, praise the lord!" Alex said.

"I don't understand, why aren't you talking?" Ivy asked looking at me.

I did not know whether to feel ashamed, confused or lost. Alex was the youthful pastor in one of our local evangelical churches, who sometimes back kept preaching to Ken to get saved. He had even given Ken a bible and some religious materials. It was a huge surprise to even see him there.

"Well, they call me Pastor Alex, I am a good friend to one of his workers, Ken." The pastor said looking at us.

"So, you are a pastor and you have never told me?" Ivy asked Alex.

Alex ignored the question.

"How is my brother in Christ, Ken?" Alex asked me. I did not know whether to answer or just laugh.

"Ken is fine." I told Alex.

Alex then looked at us in turns and said, "I know why we are all here, I do not want my reputation damaged to my flock so please, let whatever we speak here remain within the confines of this walls."

"That is your problem, not mine. I did not know you were a pastor, neither is it of interest." Ivy answered in total defiance of what Alex was even talking about.

Alex looked at Ivy for some seconds, breathed in like he wanted to say something but avoided it. In my mind however, there were myriad of things going on. For one, here was a young pastor from our locality fully engaged in male prostitution and worse, he knew my husband and he knew why I would be in such a place.

"Alex, nice to meet you. How is Mama Wambui?" I asked him, much to his astonishment. I knew he was married, but very secretly such that people thought he was single. That showed the extent to which the society was leading a secretive life, totally different from what we used to see in the outer world. It was

marvelous that someone can be a pastor, a very charismatic pastor but secretly fucking rich women to get money!

There was a lot of tension in the room, and I knew the only option was to shut up and assume the meeting never happened. But I had a lot of questions like, since Alex were friends with Ken, what did Alex know perhaps about me from Ken? I wished I would open Alex's mind and read what was in that mind of his.

"Alex, has Ken accepted salvation yet?" I asked him jokingly. But he looked at me as if he did not hear my question. Just as I was about to re ask the question, he turned to me fully and told me something which nearly made me puke in total disgust.

"Grace, let us not pretend that we do not know what brings us here. I know Ken been fucking you, I have always wanted to fuck you and we are going to fuck today, failure to, your husband will know this." Alex was extremely bullish!

"What??" I exclaimed.

"You heard me." Alex said, and looked at his watch as if he was getting late.

"Ivy, is what you brought me here for? What sort of nonsense is this?" I asked Ivy.

"Alex, we did not come here for this madness." Ivy suddenly told Alex.

"And I am not here to sweet talk anyone of you. I know you probably called me here to blackmail me; you cannot get me." Alex said.

"God! I just can't believe this!" Ivy said sounding desperate.

"Look, Ivy, I am out of here; please swap me on my way out." I said in anger, standing up and picking my handbag to leave.

"And you, it does not matter who fucks me and who does not fuck my, it is my pussy, All right? Either way, you should be ashamed of yourself preaching salvation while fucking around." I told the pastor. I was feeling so annoyed. Ivy stood up and made to follow me.

"Hey, wait, you can't just go like that!" Alex told Ivy.

Ivy, holding her arms akimbo looked at Alex and told him, "try to stop me!" and we walked on our way out.

Suddenly, I saw an incoming call from Ken.

"Where are you?" Ken asked me. It was so unusual for Ken to ask me such a question.

"Why?" I asked him.

"Just asking, no issue. I am home already." Ken told me.

"Ken, your friend, Pastor Alex is here with us trying to blackmail us, me and my friend Ivy." I told Ken without much of a second thought.

"What? How?" Ken asked me. Before I even answered Ken asked again, "Do you need help?"

"What help?" I asked Ken but he remained silent. That really confused me as we got to my car ready to drive back. The whole ordeal was puzzling to say the least like Ken knew something we did not know.

It was almost 9 pm according to my watch when we set to go back.

"Alex is out of his mind, why would he embarrass me like this?" Ivy asked.

"It does not make sense, forget about him." I told Ivy but as soon as I picked speed, I noticed a car following us which Ivy identified as Alex's car.

"Why is he following us?" I asked Ivy.

I accelerated following the route towards Kimende which had low traffic that evening. My car was doing 120km/h but Alex was way faster and was closing on us so fast. I knew I could not call the police since by any chance my husband would get to know. I strange idea came into my head and I called Ken.

"Ken, this psycho of a pastor is following us!" I told Ken over the phone.

"Take the mountain route." Ken told me.

"Why the mountain route?" I asked Ken.

"Just do it!" Ken told me. The whole idea seemed strange but I diverted and headed for the route we called mountain route which passed over a hill, with the road cutting across a steep hill. For whatever reasons, I trusted Ken's idea.

"Why are you obeying this boy like he is your guardian angel?" Ivy asked me.

"Here is a lunatic following us, and I completely don't have an idea why." I told Ivy and my voice was shaking. I however drove fast through the mountain pass.

I was driving, and Alex's car was about 50 meters behind us when I suddenly passed a spot and got startled by sound of moving earth. On looking on the side mirror, I saw what looked like a whole mountain coming down; rocks, boulders and stones! Suddenly, Alex's car got caught in the falling rocks, got swept down the hill and it disappeared.

"Oh! My God! What has just happened?" Ivy asked looking quite scared. I thought I knew what just happened.

"Ivy, let me just drive you home." I told Ivy once she calmed down.

"What has happened to Alex? Is he dead? Was that a land slide?" Ivy kept asking.

=====

After dropping Ivy to her home, I went home at around 11 pm and Ken opened the gate for me, he was wearing a huge dark coat which he normally wore whenever going somewhere at night. After closing the gate behind me, Ken followed me to the house.

"Ken, just tell me what happened back there..." I urged Ken.

"Alex, had told me that he has someone he wants to kill, reason being, she infected him with AIDS knowingly. He even showed me a pistol sometimes back. When you called me and told me he is chasing after you, in my mind I thought perhaps it is you he wants to kill. But I could not let him. I told you to pass by that mountain road. On top of a hill were built terraces of rocks meant to stop soil erosion. So, I stood by there, once I noticed your car pass, I used a huge metal bar to move the rocks which triggered a landslide since it had rained. So, all the rocks rolled downhill and by the time Alex's vehicle was passing, it came head on with the rolling rocks and got swept downhill." Ken told me.

"What the hell??!!" Ken, you just killed someone!

"Just tell me you don't have AIDS!" Ken told me.

"Well, Ivy, my friend, perhaps is who Alex meant to kill, but I did not know she has AIDS. He came to where we were and began talking gibberish and nonsense." I told Ken. The whole thing sounded like a dream.

Ken breathed a sigh of relief.

"Grace, I can never let anyone harm you." Ken said. I looked at him for almost a minute. I wondered how strong Ken was, if he had the strength capable of triggering a land slide!

"Ken, how strong are you? Do you know you just moved a mountain???" I told Ken.

"Because I love you." Ken told me.

"Did you wear gloves when doing that?" I asked Ken.

"Yes, why?" Ken asked.

"Someone might suspect foul play and perhaps do some investigations." I told Ken.

"No one will ever know." Ken told me and stood up like he wanted to leave.

"Ken, go to sleep, we shall talk tomorrow." I told Ken and he came to where I was seated.

"What do you want?" I asked Ken.

"To kiss you good night." Ken told me. I stood up. We kissed for almost a minute. Then Ken spanked my butt, looked at me and turned to go. I closed the door behind him.

When I woke the following morning, it was already in the local news how a certain pastor died from a landslide that was caused by heavy rains which had rained the previous few days.

We were taking breakfast at around 8 am.

"Oh! My God. So, the man of God is dead?" Miriam, who had began going to his church asked.

"These rains are now deadly, people have to be careful." Ken said. The way he put it so casually made me shudder. But I pretended I was shocked by Alex's death. I looked at Alex from the side of my eyes and it was obvious Ken was more intelligent than an average shamba boy. How can he plan someone's death so perfectly as to make it seem it occurred as a result of a natural calamity?

Alex's car was recovered downhill. There was a loaded pistol in his vehicle and an unspecified amount of money in the car. But what was even stranger, there was a five-liter jerrycan full of human blood!

=====

We attended Alex's burial after one week where he got buried at his rural home in Gatina, Limuru area. The burial was attended by very high-profile pastors who I kept wondering whether they knew what sort of a man Alex was.

On our way home, Ken drove as I relaxed enjoying the scenic rolling hills of Limuru covered by tea plantations spanning for miles. Inside the car it was so comfortable since the car's heater was on. Suddenly, Ken came to a stop besides the road, close to some tea plants.

"Why did you stop?" I asked Ken.

"I just want to take a photo standing by these tea plantations." Ken told me. I laughed as I got outside the car. Ken gave me his phone to use it to take a photo of him. For whatever reasons, I always felt so safe being with him, even knowing that the plantations were famous with carjackers who would do their thing and disappear below the plants.

Ken was wearing some nice sunglasses and a black leather jacket, plus some blue jeans which made him look so handsome until I began to lust after him seeing him standing there posing for a photo.

"Ken, let me ask you something." I told him.

"Go ahead." Ken told me.

"Did you really have to kill Alex?" I asked Ken.

"I wanted to block the road so that you can escape, but he got caught by the falling rocks. Seems he was so close to your car." Ken told me. There was no iota of guilt in his voice as if killing was just another normal thing.

"Do you know that is someone you killed?" I told him. He looked at me and smiled.

"We kill daily." Ken told me.

"What? What do you mean?" I asked Ken, keen to know how we kill daily and who do we kill.

"When I fuck you, for example, and ejaculate but the sperms do not meet an egg, they all die. Remember all those are potential human beings dying right inside there..." Ken said and pointed at me where my vagina would be. I just laughed at how crude the joke was.

"Come, let us kill some more." I told Ken and I got inside the car. As if Ken understood me, he got inside and locked the door facing the road. He turned and began to kiss me. I kissed back. Slowly, he began to caress my breasts and removed my bra in the process as I began to caress his penis under his trousers. I slowly undid the zip and removed his penis which was already semi erect. I slowly lowered myself and

began to suck his penis slowly until it was fully erect. I continued to caress it, playfully kissing it as Ken caressed my then exposed breasts.

Slowly, I began to mount him. I wanted us to fuck right there inside our vehicle. I suspended myself so that I can sit on his penis to push it so that it would penetrate me with ease when suddenly I heard someone.

"Ahem!" Someone cleared his throat.

I hurriedly locked the door. On turning, I nearly had a heart attack. There was a police Landcruiser standing right behind our vehicle and it seemed like it got there when we were passionately busy with arousing each other such that no one heard it approach. A police man carrying a gun emerged from the car and approached our car. I could not bring myself to look at Ken.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry.

****THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: FOURTY-FOUR****

Very gently, the policeman knocked our car's window. Ours were tinted so he would not see inside so we dressed up and sat down, as I rolled down the window pane.

"Sorry Madam to disturb you, but we wanted to tell you that you shouldn't be here." The policeman who wore traffic police uniform informed us. I was about to ask why when he suddenly said, "There were robbers who stole at a bank in Githunguri and they used a car similar to this, we only noticed it is not the one when we read your number plate, but for your safety, just drive along not to arouse suspicion of other officers, you know, some police men are trigger happy and might shoot at you without confirming."

I felt so relieved as I had thought perhaps they were after Ken.

Ken started the car engine as the policeman turned to walk away.

"Hey, I had nearly gotten a heart attack!" Ken told me as he rolled up the windows and hit the highway accelerating as fast as he could.

"Hey, Ken, slow down, relax." I told him. He slowed down and stabilized at 70km/h.

"You know for once I thought they were after me, for obvious reason." Ken said and laughed.

I laughed too and told him, "Let us just go home."

We arrived home to find Miriam had already cooked a nice chicken stew and ugali for supper, early since it was almost 7 pm. She welcomed us home and served us some hot coffee.

"I need to feed the cows, they have not been fed all day." Ken said and stood up to go outside. Just as he stood, a roll of weed fell on the floor. Miriam saw it.

"Holy ghost fire! Ken what is this?" Miriam asked Ken, so surprised.

"This is weed." Ken said casually and picked it.

"This is used by people of Satan!" Miriam suddenly said sounding evangelical.

"I don't belong to Satan." Ken said so casually and began to walk away.

"Ken, you should receive Jesus in your life." Miriam told Ken.

"Hey, Miriam, I don't need your Jesus more than I need my weed." Ken said and walked outside, leaving Miriam so surprised and shocked by his statement.

"Did you just hear him? Madam, this man is evil, he needs prayers!" Miriam said. I nearly laughed.

"Miriam, I think as long as you are all right and at peace, you are just ok." I told Miriam. She looked at me as if the statement didn't really mean anything to her.

After looking at me for almost a minute, she said, "You two need prayers."

I nearly told her it was true, me and Ken needed prayers.

=====

"We don't go revealing to everyone our HIV status!" Those were Ivy's words when I asked her if Ken's allegations were true.

"Ivy, I am your friend, for god's sake!" I told her.

"Look, I told Alex I was HIV positive but he insisted on fucking me without a condom saying that I was lying to him. So, I let him do it. When he went to get tested and saw he was positive that was perhaps when he got mad. But trust me, I did not know his plans when we were meeting!" Ivy told me. I had gone to her hospital for some routine checkup.

"Ivy, that was so cruel of you!" I told her.

"Hey, Grace, men do us a lot of evils, it is pay back time!" Ivy said it so casually like a wounded soldier out to avenge against her enemies.

"The test reveals you do not have malaria." Ivy suddenly told me as soon as she finished doing her tests on me. We were alone in the evening. I was still feeling dizzy with bitterness in my mouth.

"Do a pregnancy test then." I told her just in case. She did a test which was over within a few tensed minutes.

"Congratulations!" Ivy suddenly told me as if I had won a jackpot.

"What? You are scaring me!" I told her. She showed me the pregnancy test kits and it indicated positive, meaning I was pregnant.

"Please, tell me this test is wrong, do another test." I told Ivy, nearly shedding tears due to shock.

"Relax, I know what is in your mind. When did you last have sex with your husband?" Ivy asked me. It was when I remembered that I had sex with both men within a span of 12 hours.

"I had sex with both men same day." I told Ivy, innocently. I held my head between my hands.

"Then chances are, the man you last had sex with, like who among the two?" Ivy asked.

"My husband, but..." I was about to speak when Ivy motioned me to stop talking.

"But what? Relax, after all, a baby is a baby regardless of who sires it, all children are blessings regardless of who you got them with." Ivy told me.

"What if it is Ken's?" I asked Ivy.

"Then, you will at least have one son or daughter who is of different gene, if a boy, he will probably be like Ken; strong, handsome, etc." Ivy talked as if it was a joke. I had a strong feeling that I was carrying Ken's baby.

When I went back home, I just went straight to bed as I was feeling so tired and did not have the mood to talk to anyone.

The following morning, my husband arrived home. It was on a Saturday and I did not go to work that particular day. However, I relieved Miriam from serving him and I took myself to serve him.

"Douglas, I want to take you for an out today." I told him.

"Oh! Great, it feels nice being treated by your wife." Douglas told me, holding his cup of tea.

"I will take you to a nice hotel and cater for everything. I want to make you feel special today." I told him. He was more than eager to know the rest but I told him it was my secret.

I briefed Ken on some few things during the day about our farm, and even gave him enough money to go and buy some farm items which workers needed. I even gave him my car to go with as I was to use Douglas' car to go to our outing.

When evening came, I chose to drive and Douglas was more than happy to have me driving him. We went to a hotel in Kiambu which had very spacious, very nice and secluded spots for couples. I ordered his favorite, roasted meat and Ugali, and some wine. Then I went and sat so close to him and I began to caress him just to make him relax.

Meat was brought to us.

"I am going to feed you." I told him taking one piece of meat and teasing him with it on his lips before letting him have it. He too would take a piece and tease me with it.

We drank our wine too but not to a point of being tipsy since we had to drive ourselves home. As soon as he was totally relaxed, I told him we stand up and dance to the rhythm of the songs that were silently playing across the hotel's sound system but he told me he wasn't really into dancing that evening but chose to cuddle me while seated there.

"Honey, I have some news to share with you, may be good or bad news depending on you." I suddenly told him.

"Ah! Good news is news that can make us happy and means progress for us." Douglas told me. I took a deep breath in preparation for what I was about to say.

"I woke up a few days ago feeling ill, thought it was malaria but when I tested for malaria, it turned out negative, I took a random pregnancy test and guess the results?" I asked him, then looked into his eyes to gauge his reaction or emotions.

"Don't tell me you are pregnant." He suddenly said. I nearly thought I had bad news but I watched as his lips curved into a smile.

"You know, I had always wanted us to have a third child and been wondering why you are not getting pregnant, so are you pregnant?" Douglas asked me. I was really pleased by the turn of events or conversation.

"Yes, I am pregnant." I finally told Douglas.

"Oh! Yes!" He said, in a really celebratory voice making a fist expression in the air as a sign of victory or conquest.

Suddenly, Douglas lowered his head and made as if to listen to something in my abdomen. It was so hilarious.

"Hello, little one down there, or is it inside there? How soon are you coming home?" Douglas asked.

"In 9 months' time or a little earlier." I said.

"No, not you, him or is it her?" Douglas said looking at me smiling. I laughed.

"I am his mouth piece or is it her mouth piece?" I said and laughed. I held Douglas' head close to my abdomen for as long as he stuck it there.

"I can hear something move inside there, or is it someone?" Douglas said jokingly.

"Oh! Come on! That is my stomach rumbling, by now a child inside there is almost as small as the size of a pin head." I said and we burst out laughing.

"Three children are enough." Douglas told me smiling at me like a small child. I could see he was so happy at the prospect of us having another child.

"Oh! Yes." I said. I motioned the waiter to come and pick the payment from us. It was almost 6 pm and we wanted to go back.

"Are you going to drive?" Douglas asked me.

"Yes, why?" I asked him, wondering why he was asking.

"No, let me drive, let me carry two in one inside my vehicle or is it our vehicle?" Douglas said, finishing with a question which he asked in an amusing way.

"Wow! Darling, you really make me happy." I told him as we stood up to leave after paying.

I let Douglas drive since he insisted on driving. I just sat there relaxing, watching ahead as he drove so fast as he usually did.

"Why do you always drive so fast?" I asked my husband after he overtook a fast-moving long vehicle.

"I am used to, I don't know how to drive slowly." Douglas told me as he stabilized his speed after overtaking the long lorry. Suddenly, the lorry behind us hooted and we realized it was driving so close to us right behind us.

"What the hell is wrong with this idiot!" Douglas barked and hit the accelerator, overlapped 4 more vehicles but as he returned to the road, we heard a loud bang behind us.

"Oh! My God!" I said and turned to look behind. The huge lorry was literally bulldozing the small cars in front of it. When Douglas realized what was happening, he accelerated even faster, reached a turn off, swerved off the road so dangerously I thought we were going to roll over and as soon as he was some distance, he slowed down and stopped.

"What? The lorry nearly killed us!" Douglas said as he got outside the car to witness the horror unfolding right in front of us. The Lorry had already run over two small personal cars completely crushing them and it continued pushing others more, before suddenly losing control and turning to thunderously land on its side at the side of the road.

"Honey, won't you do something, like trying to help them? Take them to hospital or something like that..." I asked Douglas.

"The police will do that." Douglas told me as he pointed at an approaching police van.

"The lorry must have damaged its brakes after we overtook it." I said, still shaken at what was about to happen to us.

"Let us just go home." Douglas told me, turning and heading towards our car. We got inside and drove home, but this time, Douglas drove slowly like he was scared.

"That was so close!" Douglas told me as we got into our compound. Ken stood at the gate like a security man ushering some dignitaries inside a high end residential compound. The hedges were well trimmed from inside and I could tell Ken had been busy all day. As soon as we got outside our car, our dogs came running towards us in a playful manner, as they always did more so when my husband was around.

"Thank God you are home. I was praying for you to get home safely." Miriam told us as soon as we got inside the house.

Douglas seemed so puzzled by her statement. He looked at his watch for a few moments.

"Miriam, you prayed for us? What time did you pray for us?" Douglas asked.

"What sort of a question?" I asked, obviously amused and wondering.

"At around 7 pm, when I usually have my evening prayers in my room." Miriam told my husband.

We looked at each other in total disbelief. That was the exact time when some lorry nearly killed us!

"Oh! My GOD!!" We both exclaimed.

"God is good." Miriam told us smiling, a nice easy smile.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony KERRY.

**SAGA BY ANTHONY KERRY
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****THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: FOURTY-FIVE****

However, the most touching thing that evening was when Miriam was praying for us as we prepared to go to sleep. In her prayers, she prayed that may God banish the spirit of unfaithfulness in our marriage. The prayers were so touching like they were meant for me and Ken. Ken was there, with his eyes closed, or I assumed and when the prayers ended, he said the loudest amen.

When we went to sleep, Douglas asked me, "Does Miriam have holy spirit? The way that girl prays is just wonderful."

"How would you tell if someone has a holy spirit?" I asked Douglas, looking into the light that was coming through our window.

"Well, I don't know." Douglas said.

"By the way, I hear that pastor Alex perished in the landslide that occurred a few days ago, is it true?" Douglas asked. My heart missed a beat knowing that I witnessed the whole thing.

"Yes, probably he was coming from prayers." I told him, pretending not to know anything.

"No, a friend of mine told me he was chasing after a vehicle, when the landslide occurred and swept this car downhill." Douglas said. I remained silent.

"But that pastor was an evil pastor, a reason why I don't trust pastors nowadays. What was blood doing in his vehicle?" Douglas asked. I was feeling sleepy.

"My dear, I am feeling so sleepy, won't you please let me sleep? We shall talk tomorrow." I told him. It seemed like the day was too dramatic for me.

My husband turned, kissed me good night and I rolled over. I just wanted to sleep.

=====

After a few days, my husband told me that he had a trip to Canada and he was to be there for about 6 weeks.

"Douglas, you travel a lot. Isn't there a way you can do business without going every time? I really miss you!" I told him in the morning he was to leave.

"It is the only way to sustain our life. I must work hard to feed my family and ensure you are all comfortable." Douglas told me. I couldn't imagine a first trimester with my husband away most of the time. But he had to go.

As usual, Ken expected we would continue having sex after my husband went so one evening he approached me as I was fetching some water from our water tank.

"Can see you are glowing today. What is it? Or, a lot of passion is coming out of you?" Ken asked me jokingly but I knew where the conversation was heading.

"Not really, I am just happy, in Jesus." I told him. He looked at me as if seeing a stranger.

"Did Miriam convert you that soon?" Ken asked me, putting his machete down and positioning himself against a wall to talk to me.

I laughed, "Yes, I am not saved, no more sex outside marriage." I told him trying to sound as serious as possible.

"Grace, I think you are also smoking weed of late. This is not you." Ken tried to tell me.

"Ken, it is true, I now have Jesus inside me. I won't be fucking anyone anytime soon. Generally, not anymore." I told him. Truth is, I was avoiding him so that when the pregnancy shows, it shall be easy to convince him that he was not responsible.

"All right, as you say." Ken told me. He turned and was about to leave when I suddenly called him out.

"Ken, wait." I told him.

He turned to face me.

"I want you to also be faithful to Sherry, she loves you and would not want to lose you." I told him. He smiled.

"Oh! Yes, but, to be honest, it will be difficult since, well, am kind of used to fucking not just her." Ken told me scratching his head gently.

"Ken, that should not be hard." I tried to tell him. In fact, I wanted to encourage him to be hosting her often so that he would not miss sex as much as to think of other women.

"Ken, besides, you can stop fucking women for money. You should be having enough by now." I told him.

"Money is never enough; but Grace to be honest, it will be hard to avoid you." Ken told me, looking into my eyes such that he even made me feel shy.

I was about to talk when I noticed one of our bulls pushing against the wall of its shed so hard like it wanted to get out.

"Ken, that bull is getting out!" I shouted at him. He immediately turned and headed that direction but before he would get there, the bull had already broken. The bull started running fast in our compound like it had gotten some sudden sweet freedom. It scared me such that I just ran inside the house. But Ken, seeing how the bull was damaging some items outside with its massive strength as it charged against anything on sight, went after it without even having a stick, just a rope.

"Ken, be careful, it might hurt you!" I shouted at Ken. He ignored my warning and continued to charge towards the bull. The bull faced him and charged towards him. As it got to where Ken was, he jumped to the right so fast such that the bull missed him. He suddenly went for its tail, pulled the tail left then right, then left with so much force such that the bull lost its balance and fell with a thud. That instant, Ken tied one front and back leg with the rope such that the bull was unable to move anymore. He then took another rope and muzzled its head, then left it there like he wanted it to get tired.

After some minutes, he untied the bull, pulled it so hard with its muzzle with one of its front leg tied to its head, just slightly such that the bull limped all the way to its shed. He immediately locked the shed and took a hammer, repaired the part that the bull had broken on its way outside.

"Gosh! Ken, do you mean you are stronger than that bull?" Miriam looked at Ken in awe and admiration, as if she was wondering whether Ken was a normal man.

"No, am not stronger than that bull, just wiser. This is just an animal. You just need to outsmart it to bring it down." Ken said as he washed his hands off some dirt he had gotten while sticking the bull on the ground.

"But, the way you pulled it towards the ground, damn!" Miriam just looked at Ken. Ken wiped his hands with his towel which had been hung to dry outside.

Suddenly, without warning, he took Miriam by his arms and lifted her in the air, completely suspending her! She began kicking and struggling.

"Ken, stop it, Ken, you are going to hurt me, put me to the ground!!" She protested. Ken was enjoying himself as he just held her there like he was holding a child.

"Now, that is strength, to lift you I need strength but to bring a bull down, I just need skills." Ken said, smiled at Miriam, walked with her to the kitchen door and placed her there; he turned and walked for some meters and turned to face her. The moment he saw how frightened and shaken she was by that, he burst out laughing.

"Oh! My goodness, Miriam, don't even think about it. I cannot harm you at all. Why would I? you are like a sister to me. Stop looking at me like am a monster." Ken told Miriam and continued laughing.

"Ken, if you shall ever get married, don't beat your wife. That strength is enough to kill someone." Miriam said smiling. Indeed, Ken had killed someone, pastor Alex.

"It is a waste of energy to beat up a woman, I would rather use that energy, to eh, give a woman orgasms, pleasure but not pain." Ken said.

"Pleasure? How do you use all that strength to give a woman pleasure?" Miriam asked, completely innocent and not knowing Ken was flirting with her.

Ken looked at me and winked. Miriam looked at me somehow puzzled.

"Do you two know something I don't?" Miriam asked.

"Yes." I told her.

"What?" She asked innocently.

"That the stronger the man, the more pleasure he can give you." I told Miriam. I looked at Ken who was just standing there smiling.

"How? I don't understand." Miriam said.

"You won't because you are a virgin. The day you shall get a man, you shall know." I told her.

"That man should have married me to take my virginity. As of now, my body belongs to Christ." Miriam said, sounding like a preacher.

"Your body belongs to you." Ken told Miriam. Miriam just shook her head.

"You Christians sometimes amaze me. "Ken told Miriam. He turned and walked away to his room.

Miriam looked at Ken until he got into his house. Then she turned to look at me.

"Isn't Ken a Christian?" She asked me. I shrugged and told her, "I don't know." I knew that was not the best answer to tell her but I did not have a better answer.

"But, Ken can make a good husband, if only he turned to Christ." Miriam told me.

"Do you preach for him?" I asked her, not sure that was the right question to ask her.

"Yes, but he is so adamant and whenever I try to preach to him, he begins to seduce me. I really hate that because, not unless Jesus shows me the right man for me, I cannot accept him." Miriam told me as she prepared some supper for us.

Suddenly, I got a call from Josephine's teacher at boarding school.

"Hello, there is something I wish to talk to you about your daughter." The teacher informed me. My heart started beating when she told me about my daughter.

"Yes, go ahead." I urged her.

"I am sorry to say, since I am also their matron and I go to their dormitories, I have caught your daughter masturbating severally using a banana. First, I tried to talk to her, but I need you to talk to her too. It seems your daughter is growing up so fast unlike her peers and her sexual urges if not monitored might tempt her to try out with men who might take advantage of her." The teacher told me.

"Gosh! What else?" I asked the teacher.

"I have observed her and I think, you need to come to talk to her, or if you don't mind, let me send her home so that you can talk to her." The teacher told me, leaving me with a choice to make.

"Send her home, first thing tomorrow morning." I told the teacher.

"All right, please don't be harsh on her so that she won't over react and try something harmful." The teacher told me.

"Thank you." I told her, and she hung up.

Seeing the much that my daughter had developed her physical features, I knew her hormones were already driving her crazy but she needed to be tamed not to go overboard. That thing really disturbed me until I remained silent for some minutes.

"Madam, is anything wrong?" Miriam suddenly asked me.

"Ah! No, nothing wrong, just gotten some news from my daughter's teacher." I told her. She suddenly got upright.

"I hope it isn't bad news." Miriam told me.

"No, not bad news, but not really pleasant news." I told her, hoping she would not pursue the conversation with questions.

"All right, I will remember her in prayers tonight." Miriam told me and continued with her work. I just loved at how she always wished everyone on our big family goodness. She was such a nice young lady.

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The following day, I went to my work as usual but was feeling uncomfortable during the day for whatever reasons and I sought for permission to go home early. My daughter had gotten home and even called me using our home number. I told her I would be going home at exactly 6 pm but since I wasn't feeling very much okay, I left for home at around 2:30 pm. I got home and found everything so silent like, there was nobody there. I even went to my children's bedroom and found no one there. Ken was not in the compound, neither Miriam.

I thought perhaps Miriam had gone to the market with Josephine and just sat at the table room and relaxed watching some movie. Suddenly, I heard our dog barking, which was unusual during the day so I got outside to look at what it was barking at, only to see a mongoose which used to eat our chicken run so fast into the hedges and disappeared. I walked along the hedges to see if there were some holes which I would tell Ken to fill up so as no more wild animals would get in. As I got closer to Ken's house, I heard voices coming from the house. I heard Ken's voice and thought perhaps he was with his girlfriend. I nearly had a heart attack when I heard Josephine's voice coming out of Ken's house.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony KERRY!

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: FOURTY-SIX

I was so shocked I could not even move, I could not imagine Ken fucking my daughter.

"Listen to me, you little girl, this is very wrong and lack of discipline, I will report you to your mother as soon as she comes back from work." I heard Ken say, clearly and in a firm tone.

"Ken, please, my mum does not have to know, please Ken, just once, I am really itching, please." Josephine was telling Ken.

"Itching what? Are you mad or what? Now, for the last time, get out of my house or I will throw you out ... hey stop undressing!!" Ken said.

"Ken, if you fail to fuck me, I will shout and people will come, I will tell them that you tried to rape me or you were raping me, so you have a choice, either fuck me or I bring trouble for you." Josephine said, in such a daring voice.

"Listen! I would rather go to hell than have sex with a minor. I think I have sweet talked you for too long." Ken said and I heard some commotion in the room.

Suddenly, Josephine began shouting.

I could not take it anymore, I went straight into Ken's house where I got my daughter had removed her blouse and only had her skirt and bra on.

"Josephine! My goodness! What are you trying to do???" I asked her totally disgusted.

She began to cry.

"Mum, Ken tricked me to get into her house, he was telling me he will show me some mathematics but instead wants to force me to do bad manners with him." Josephine said.

I just went straight to her and gave her a hard slap until Ken got shocked; she staggered backwards and dropped on the floor.

"Get out of here, you little stupid girl!!" I shouted at her, picking her blouse and throwing it onto her naked upper body. I was shocked beyond belief. Josephine wore the blouse fast and bolted out of there top speed, not knowing where she was going. Ken just stood there not moving. I briefly looked at him and looking at his trousers, he had an erection and could tell it was a real struggle for him to resist having sex with my daughter who had brought temptations right into his house.

"Madam, please, I can explain..." Ken began talking but I was not in the mood to talk.

"We shall handle that later." I told him and got out of his house.

However, when I went to my house, Josephine was no where to be seen. I went around the house and could not see her, I even called her out and she did not reply. I got really worried about the whereabouts of my daughter.

Suddenly, the gate opened and two police officers came in. I could remember one of them as I had seen him previously. They were accompanied by another female.

"Good afternoon. My names are Inspector Cheptoo, we are here to arrest someone called Ken for molesting a minor, this girl." She introduced herself.

"Jesus Christ! What is going on, where is my daughter?" I asked them.

"She is outside in the police van." The lady told me. I felt confused.

Ken came to the gate and as soon as he got there, he got handcuffed without even attempting to resist or explaining himself. He however looked so sad.

"Look, officers, I can explain." I suddenly told them as I felt it would be so unfair for Ken to go to cell for a mistake he never did.

"Come with us to the station." The lady told me. I had no choice than to drive myself to the station following their vehicle.

It was the most embarrassing evening for me trying to explain to the police officers what I overheard when I was about to enter into Ken's house. They listened at me keenly. They even told Ken to narrate everything which he did without flinching a word.

"Goodness!" The police woman exclaimed after the whole story.

She looked at Ken for almost a minute. Ken looked into her too as if reading her thoughts.

"This is absolutely commendable! You are such a gentleman! Most men nowadays have come to be real hyenas and would have feasted on the minor without a second thought." The lady said looking at Ken.

"Sergeant, undo the handcuffs please!" The lady shouted and suddenly one of the policemen came, uncuffed Ken, who seemed so relieved to be free.

"Madam, your daughter needs counselling if not mentoring. That is absolutely insane of her to think of framing someone like that. Do you know if it was true, Ken would go to jail for not less than 10 years!" She suddenly said looking sternly at me.

"How are you bringing her up? You need to teach your daughter manners." She told me with a very firm commanding voice that made me afraid. But I knew she was right.

Josephine was called into the room.

"Little girl, I want you to explain everything to us." The female officer told my daughter. She looked away in shame.

"It is me who wanted Ken to fuck me." Josephine said.

"What??!! You even have the guts to use the F word? My God what has this world turned into?" Cheptoo said.

"Little girl, do you want to go to jail?" The sergeant who had uncuffed Ken asked her.

"No please, please forgive me." Josephine said. I felt so ashamed of my own daughter. I nearly slapped her but the female officer restrained me.

"Listen, mama Josephine. It is not too late to save this girl. Nowadays the things these little young ones are learning in their boarding schools are out of this world. You need to do a thorough investigation and dig deeper into her behavior. She must be too bright to even think of this!" The female officer said. It was when I remembered that her scorecard at the school was near to perfect as she scored number one in most of their exams.

"Now, this is a family affair, if you will, excuse us we have some other more important work to do. Pick your daughter and take good care of her." The female officer told me, suddenly standing up and going to pick some files from the shelf.

"Sergeant, give me this girl's file. I will follow up with her mother to make sure she learns some manners." Cheptoo's statement scared me and made me feel so much shame.

Immediately we got home, I was so overwhelmed with anger such that immediately we got into the house, I began slapping Josephine from left to right. I hit her jaw so hard such that she dropped on one of the coaches, rolled with it and landed on the floor.

"Grace, please, don't beat her like that, she might run away from home. I think it is better you seek counselling for her." Ken told me but did not try to restrain me from beating her. I took out one of the wooden spoons and beat her up thoroughly until it got broken into pieces. All along, Miriam was watching and Ken stood at the door just looking at us.

"What sort of shame are you bringing me?!" I asked her as she sniffed crying lying on the floor.

"Mum, I am really sorry, I won't repeat it again." She kept begging me.

Suddenly, Miriam came and stood between me and Josephine.

"Enough already, she does not need all this, she needs prayers. Let me pray for her so that the spirit of fornication will get out of her." Miriam said. For some reason, I felt calmed by her statement.

"Take her to your room and pray for her until the spirit comes out of her!" I told Miriam and threw the broken wooden spoon to the wall in anger. Miriam supported Josephine until they stood up and they went into her room. I did not follow them or bother to know what they would talk inside there.

After they were gone, Ken looked at me as if he wanted to speak to me.

"May I sit down, with you please." Ken said, almost begging. He motioned to me seeking for my permission to sit down. I nodded and went to sit opposite him.

"Grace, I want you to be very honest with me." Ken told me.

"Yes, what do you wish to know?" I asked him, curious to know what he had in mind.

"How old were you when you first had your sexual encounter?" Ken asked. The question was so private it made me shudder to remember it. I debated within myself whether to tell him the truth or to lie. Ken continued to look at me, breathing softly.

"Ken, do you really want to know the truth?" I asked him. He nodded softly.

After a long deep breath, I finally told him, "I was 13." I told him, hoping he won't be judgmental to me.

"Who was it with?" Ken asked. I felt like he was digging so much into my past. That was when I remembered that if it was known, perhaps it would have been a criminal case for him.

"He was 14 years older than me. He was in college by then. He used to teach me every time he came for holidays and one evening when we were alone in the house, we began petting and before we knew it, we

were having sex. Initially it was very painful but I eventually got used to it and got to like it. Why are you asking me all this?" I was curious to know.

"Please, don't take me the wrong way, but I wholly think your daughter has all your genes. Your sexual development was a little too fast, and she is just following into your footsteps. The best you can do, to avoid men taking advantage of her, is to guide her. Be open with her, you can even tell her your own history. Tell her it was a mistake and you regret doing such a thing, make her understand that it is not right to get sexually active at her age. That is all I can advise you." Ken told me. I had never heard Ken speak so maturely like that particular day. He was speaking much like a parent, as if my daughter was his own. That was really impressive it made me feel emotional.

"Ken, would you have..." I stopped talking, not sure how to frame the question.

"Grace, I can never do such a thing. It is abomination to have sex with a mother and her daughter. Besides, she is too young for me, and I would hurt her if not destroy her." Ken said. It was like I suddenly felt some pain in my genitals through the mere imaginations of Ken penetrating such a little girl. With his bigger than average penis, which even hurt me the first time I had sex with him, for a little girl that would perhaps have been traumatic.

"Ken, you really did the right thing not to fuck her. I cannot imagine." I found myself saying, almost talking to myself. I began to wonder how long Miriam was going to pray for Josephine.

"Also, consider what the police woman told you. Investigate her school and see if it is the right school for her." Ken told me.

"Remember soon she will be going to secondary school and obviously it will be a boarding school." I told Ken.

"Yes, and that is why it is nice to mentor her before then. If possible, let Miriam preach to her to be like her. It will really save her a lot of troubles." Ken told me.

"Ken, you are such a nice man." I found myself telling Ken.

Ken looked at me, turning to face me fully.

"Grace, I would never want my daughter to be taken advantage of by any man. Besides, even if I ever get a son, I would not want him to lead the life I am leading, fucking for money. That is why I want to be

established better in future so that I can provide for my children everything and be there for them too.” Ken was sounding so fatherly that evening.

Just as I was about to speak, Miriam and Josephine came into the main living room.

“Madam, she wants to speak with you.” Miriam told me, pointing at my daughter who was standing at the door as if afraid to come in.

“Madam, if you don’t mind, let me go to sleep, it was such a bad day for me today.” Ken said and stood up to go.

“No, wait, she wants to speak to you too.” Miriam suddenly told Ken. Ken looked puzzled but sat down once more.

Josephine got in and sat at one chair furthest to where I was.

“Josephine, don’t be afraid of your mum, she was just angry. But she wants the best for you.” Miriam told my daughter.

“Ken, she wants to apologize to you.” Miriam told Ken, looking at him. Ken just nodded.

Awkward and tensed silence followed, as if no one was willing to speak.

“Ken, I am really sorry for making you go through all that trouble, please forgive me.” My daughter suddenly said, avoiding Ken’s eyes.

“Ah! I forgave you already.” Ken said abruptly. He smiled as if to reassure her.

“Mum, I am sorry for embarrassing you.” Josephine said. I did not know what to say or to tell her. But I felt it was necessary to reassure her too. I stood up, went to where she was, took her hand, lifted her up and gave her a tight hug. She began to cry the moment I hugged her.

“Jesus commands us to forgive each other. My wish is that we all forgive each other and let us all pray together.” Miriam told us. Ken shifted his weight on the chair as if to be more comfortable, as Josephine slowly took a seat close to me.

“May the spirit of the lord come down, Amen, may the spirit of the lord come down, Amen, may the spirit of the lord, come down from heaven...” Miriam began singing a hymn. Ken took off his cape and placed it on his knees as a sign of respect, like we were in a church. It was so amusing to see Ken suddenly humbled by Miriam’s song to an extent he behaved like he was in the presence of angels.

Miriam prayed a short prayer.

"Good night all of you, I want to go and sleep now. May I go please?" Ken told Miriam, as if seeking for permission to leave. Miriam smiled and told him, "You are free to go. Sleep well and don't get bad dreams." Miriam told Ken jokingly. Ken laughed.

"I am sure I will dream being arrested, damn! What a day!" Ken said, closed the door and went.

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That night, I did not sleep well. I kept turning and tossing on the bed, thinking about the events of the day. I kept thinking about my daughter and what to really do to help her. I knew if she really took after me, then her future would be troubled unless she gets a man to match her sexual energy. I even wondered why people won't really try to gauge sexual compatibility before getting married seeing the much that sexual mismatch with my husband was leading me into temptations. Despite being pregnant, it was apparent Ken did not know I was pregnant.

I knew, I must have been lucky, but my daughter wasn't guaranteed to be lucky at her age since HIV was more widespread than when I was younger. Besides, I could never want her to get a baby while still at home.

The following morning, when I met Ken going about his farm duties, I could not fail to marvel at him. Even if he seemed like a sex maniac to me, he was such a responsible and reasonable man.

"Ken, you deserve a reward from me, you really do." I told him in the morning as I prepared to go about my duties.

"Never mind, Grace, your daughter is my daughter too." Ken said, without giving it much of a thought but the statement wasn't light for me.

"I will stay with Josephine around for a week, then shall take her back to school." I told Ken.

"No problem, if you can get a counsellor for her." Ken said, turning to look at me.

"I thought Miriam prayed for her..." I was in the middle of the sentence when Ken cut me short.

"Grace, I don't believe in prayers, I believe in actions. Get professional help for your daughter if you love her." Ken told me and gave me a charming smile.

I smiled back and said, "All right, Ken, as you say."

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony KERRY. SAGA MAN

****THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: FOURTY-SEVEN****

After I took Josephine through some counselling, she promised to change and to confide with me more. I however remained worried over how she was sexually growing up so fast, faster than her peers.

Days progressed into months and I tried my best to avoid Ken since he was still wondering why I wasn't interested in him anymore. But I encouraged him so much to continue seeing his girlfriend. But it seemed like he continued to visit the club where he would have sex with women for money, but I was no longer bothered with him. Besides, I only suspected since I too stopped going to our club and concentrated much on my personal life.

The first trimester progressed well, despite the numerous morning sicknesses that made me feel weak all the time. But as soon as the second trimester arrived, things seemed to change. My body was no longer weak, I was no longer feeling sick and my sexual libido came back even more like an upsurge of something boiling. Most nights when my husband was not around I found myself touching my erotic parts, much like masturbating but not leading myself to an orgasm. This would make my body relax so as not to have strong sexual urges.

"There is something you are not telling me." Ken told me one morning after looking at me for some seconds.

"Like what?" I asked him, looking at him.

"Grace, are you pregnant?" Ken asked me, looking at my tummy.

"I am just full, ate a lot of food." I told him, lying.

"No, your tummy is grown, and nowhere else in your body." Ken said.

"Ken, it is true, I am pregnant." I finally told him.

Ken remained silent, holding himself against the wall of the house looking down to me. It was like sudden heat engulfed him as he removed his coat and gumboots.

"Why are you worried? It isn't yours, it is my husband's. Remember we have not had sex in almost 4 months now. I wanted to get another baby but with my husband so do not worry." I told him trying to calm him down.

"What if it was my child?" Ken asked me.

"A child is a child regardless of who is the father; I would still bring it up." I told him, caressing my tummy a little.

"Ken, this is not your child; relax." I told Ken.

"I hope so." He told me and turned to lift his gumboots which he carried to a basin of water and placed them there like he wanted to wash them.

"Ken, I will wash them for you." Miriam suddenly told Ken seeing that he wanted to wash them.

"Thank you, will you wash my coat too?" Ken asked Miriam.

"Even any other cloth that you wish me to wash for you." Miriam told Ken. Ken smiled excitedly.

"All right, let me fetch for you some more." Ken said and rushed into his house and came out with a lot of clothes.

"Damn! Ken, where have you been keeping all these clothes?" I asked him.

"Madam, don't worry I will wash them for him, not a big deal." Miriam said, getting ready for the tough laundry ahead of her. I just smiled and walked towards the house. A thought came into my mind.

"Ken, come to the living room please, I want to discuss something with you." I told him and he followed me. Since it was on a Saturday, I was not in a hurry.

Ken came and sat down, with his legs crossed.

"Ken, can you fuck me while I am pregnant?" I suddenly asked him, which caught him by surprise as he did not anticipate such a question.

"What? No way, won't it hurt the baby?" Ken asked with a funny expression on his face. I nearly laughed.

"No, the baby is protected, it cannot affect the child." I told him.

"But..." He stopped talking.

"But what? Ken please, I am so horny it is killing me." I told him. Seemed like after the first trimester was over, my horniness kicked in with a lot of vengeance I wanted to get a real fuck.

"But not here." Ken said. I was not sure if that is what he meant to say.

"We can go to our hotel. Even today." I told him, not sure if he would agree to it.

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Ken was the one who drove all the way. When we got through the gate, we realized that the settings have been changed such that you would not see who else was there and there was more privacy. We went straight to our room and even before we got a drink or anything else, since I was feeling so hot, I just began to undress.

The instant I was naked, Ken got an erection and also undressed too, to reveal his massively erect penis.

"Ken, be gentle." I told him as I lay on the bed with my legs apart so that Ken would mount me with ease. I was already wet, as if we had a foreplay.

The moment Ken's penis touched my labia majora, I felt a sudden rush of heat all over my body. I had really missed to have his penis. Almost 4 months was just too much for me. I wanted to raise my hips to meet his penis but he pushed himself all the way in and I could feel his penis reaching for my cervix giving me an ecstasy of life time. It was a whole new experience fucking him while pregnant.

Indeed, Ken was gentle.

Since my vagina was so sufficiently lubricated, it was so easy for him to slide in and out. He would hover on my labia minora then push himself inside very slowly until all the penis was inside me, then slowly come out much like a snake slithering out of its hole. He would take out all the entire penis and begin to stimulate me with it. The way he would caress my clitoris with his ngwati made me want to scream due to pleasure before he would slide on my vulvas with his erect penis, while holding it with one hand. He would give me gentle slaps sending spasms of pleasure all over me.

Then he would push himself all the way inside me and stop doing any motions, bend over and begin to suck my breasts, give me kisses all over my neck, lips and ears really tingling me with pleasure. That evening, Ken was slow and sensual unlike the days he would pump me like an electric motor. How he was driving himself in and out moderately and gently tantalized me so much such that I was beginning to feel like I was floating in the air riding waves of pleasure like an eagle riding on gentle monsoon winds.

Kissing was the greatest. He would caress my neck and slowly blow some air on my neck before starting to kiss me all over my face and ending on my lips. When he sucked my nipples, he would simultaneously stimulate my clitoris with his hand, taking time to make one finger wet before caressing my clitoral tip with it.

We went on and on for almost one hour of slow, sensual sex until I felt myself going over the edge. My vagina held his penis in a tight grip and he suddenly increased his vigor, sending me to a crazy level of passion as I erupted like a volcano, shaking all over, trembling like an earth mover was passing over, feeling tingly all over my body until I coiled myself. I literally saw some stars as I closed my eyes tightly due to pleasure until they hurt. I moaned loudly, arched my back and threw my head from side to side as I held onto his powerful arms feeling his hard muscles.

I knew he too was ejaculating as he made grunting sounds before giving out a prolonged moan and clenched his muscles before suddenly beginning to move his entire body like he wanted to float on top of me. I could literally feel his penis pulsating as he spilled his semen deep inside me.

"Wow! Didn't know a pregnant woman is this pleasurable!" Ken suddenly told me as soon as he finished exploding and calmed himself besides me as I lay looking into the ceiling feeling so relaxed like I had just renewed my energies. My entire body felt some nice coolness and I really wished I would just sleep.

"And you were so nice today, how now?" I asked him.

"I read about a technique called edging for pleasure in that website you showed me, the passionate lovers (www.thepassionate.lovers.com)" Ken told me, smiling.

"Wow, so you have been reading how to give a woman pleasure? You are fantastic. Most men assume they know but they do not know. I love that guy's articles." I told Ken.

"Yes, I will read even more. But I also read that a woman's vagina; most nerves are located close to the entrance hence that is the point a man should concentrate most on." Ken said, smiling at me.

I thought to myself, no wonder today he was really hovering on my vagina giving me some unique pleasure I never felt before with him. He really concentrated on the shallow end of the vagina unlike when he would penetrate so deeply and pound me like yams.

"So true? The vagina is most sensitive around 3 inches from the entrance, the rest is just a pipe." I told Ken, who laughed at the mention of the word pipe.

"I love your vagina, the grip is superb, you really milk the penis!" Ken said, so direct like we were talking about simple farm matters. I felt suddenly shy and looked away. As if he sensed it, he pulled my head gently to face him and he began to kiss me. He kissed me for a long time until it began to get me aroused.

I could feel myself wanting his dick once more. I took his penis into my hand; it was still wet from my vaginal fluids since he had not wiped himself. I however began to caress it until it got really hard.

Slowly, Ken rolled over and positioned himself in between my legs. He looked at me and smiled. He then held his penis and began to make zigzag motions on my genitals, starting from my clitoris, going downwards all the way to my anal entrance and backing up once more. He went on like this until I was almost holding his penis and directing it to penetrate me.

He slowly took the penis and pushed it like 4 inches inside me, not all of it; then he did something unusual, holding it tightly with one hand, he began to make rolling motions inside my vagina, sometimes pressing the upper wall of my vagina so hard, then side to side then lower wall each time giving me some unique pleasure with it. He was so nice until I began to gently gyrate my hips to synchronize with how he was giving me the pleasure.

"Ken, oh! Ken...what are you doing to me?" I asked him. He however continued with the sweet torture, not really fucking me but just using his hand and penis to intensely stimulate my vaginal walls. He kept doing it until my vagina felt hot until I wanted to tell him to stop but the pleasure would not make me tell him. Then slowly, he withdrew the penis from my vagina and while hovering on my labia majora, he began to make rapid motions which really drove me crazy. He kept going until I felt like a sudden build up of pressure from within me and without warning, a gush of fluids came out of me with so much force like never before completely splashing all over. No matter how I tried, I could not control it; it kept coming and coming. Ken repenetrated, did similar circular motions then continued to do zigzags until another gush of fluids came out of me. This went on and on like 10 minutes until I could not take it anymore. It was really draining me until I felt like I would faint.

"Ken, please, Ken stop you are killing me." I begged him pausing with each word to catch my breath as I was breathing in and out rapidly. But Ken continued.

I suddenly took his penis and directed it into my vagina and held his hips so that he would not get out. Like he understood me, he fucked me vigorously for about 2 minutes before another gush of fluids erupted from within me with so much force it made me tremble. I could feel Ken's penis pulsating as he finished deep inside me. I held his muscular hands so tightly like my life depended on it, making uncontrolled motions and movements; the pleasure I was feeling was like the earth came to a standstill!

I must have slept or passed out since when I came back to my senses, it was already dark in the room making me to briefly panic like I did not know where I was. Ken even startled me further upon seeing that he was completely dressed up, seated on the coach that was in the room, sipping some fruit juice as he relaxed watching the television.

"Ken, why didn't you wake me up?" I asked him. He turned to face me, still seated holding his glass.

"I did, you only turned and faced the wall, seeing that you were in your own world, I let you sleep." Ken told me so calmly.

"What is the time?" I asked him.

"It is some minutes to 8 pm." Ken told me.

"Gosh!" I said suddenly standing up.

"Ken, we should be on our way, let me bath fast." I told him as I got into the bathroom. I bathed fast, prepared myself and freshened up as fast as I could.

"Won't you drink something?" Ken told me as soon as I came out of bathroom still naked.

"No, let us just go." I told him. But he stood there giving me a glass of juice.

"No, drink at least a glass of mango juice." Ken told me. I had no choice than to take it from his hands and drink as fast as I could. I handed Ken the glass which he placed on one stool. As I was struggling to put on my jeans that I had worn, Ken knelt in front of me and helped me to put on my shoes. He then took my bra and assisted me to put it by hooking it for me from behind, before giving me a quick kiss on my neck from behind.

"Ken, stop it let us go." I told him as he held me from behind. He however made me turn, just my head as I gave him a quick kiss. I could feel my buttocks pressing hard against his thigh muscles as we stood there briefly as if no one was willing to go.

"All right, come over." Ken told me and led me by my hand to my car. He opened the passengers door for me.

"Ken, I think I should drive since I am used to this car more than you." I tried to tell him.

"No, let me drive. Will give you when we reach our neighborhood." Ken told me as he got onto the driver's seat, fastened his seat belt and began to reverse from the car park.

"Ken, I did not want us to get his this late." I told Ken as he picked speed towards Limuru.

"We shall be there on time, just relax." Ken told me. I looked at the speed gauge and he was doing almost 100km/h. He sat so comfortably on the wheels like he owned the car. I had no choice than to relax and let him drive as he wished.

Indeed, we arrived home earlier than I thought, meaning he was driving quite fast. He got out to open the gate. I did not bother taking over. He came back, drove inside and parked the car. He then got out and went to close the gate as I went inside the house.

I was greeted by sweet smelling aroma of food that Miriam had cooked. She greeted me as usual.

"Have a seat, let us have some supper." I told Ken.

"Thank you, Madam." Ken replied, making me want to laugh.

Miriam brought in the food. It was some chapati, chicken stew cooked with coconut, and some chocolate drink with tea masala in it. She washed each of our hands. Ken was about to begin eating when Miriam told him to stop.

"I want us to pray for the food." Miriam told us, taking some items to the kitchen and coming back empty handed apparently to pray and eat with us.

She did a short prayer and welcomed us to have our food.

"Wow, Miriam, such sweet food. I should marry you to be cooking for me such sweet food." Ken told Miriam jokingly as soon as he chewed a piece of meat from his plate. I thought that will not go well with Miriam but she gave Ken a broad smile.

"Ken, talk nicely, I might as well be your wife." Miriam said, much like it was a joke. Ken stopped eating and looked at her.

"Miriam, do you mean it?" Ken asked, looking at Miriam smiling.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony Kerry: SAGA MAN.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: FOURTY-EIGHT

"Oh! Yes, if only you would turn to God and worship him." Miriam told Ken. Ken just laughed and walked away.

"Does this man even believe in God?" Miriam asked me as soon as Ken left.

"Ask him, you should ask him." I told her as I took the remote to see if there was a channel showing something better. But when it got boring watching the TV, I just wanted to go and sleep.

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I was awakened by Miriam praying loudly in the morning, and I was keen to follow her prayers. One of the things she was praying was to get a good husband and also to get money to further his education. I however was really getting distracted by her loud prayers such that I vowed to tell her in the morning to be praying a little silently.

"Good morning, Grace." Ken greeted me as we met in the morning. I had gone to see why cows were making noises but learned it was Ken transferring the cows into one shed so as to repair another one.

"Good morning, Ken. How was your night?" I asked him, picking a twig that had fallen and throwing it away into the manure.

"My night was bad. Why would Miriam pray so loudly until I could not sleep?" Ken told me, stopping what he was doing to look at me.

"Really? Let her be. She was speaking to her God." I told him.

"Yes, and God does not need you to shout; he can even read your heart why bother shouting all over like mad?" Ken asked.

"Ken you are mad." I told him jokingly, wanting to avoid the religious topic.

He turned to face me.

"Really? Between me and Miriam who is mad?" Ken asked me. I was about to answer when Miriam emerged from the kitchen and approached where I was standing.

"Madam, there is some visitor who wants to see you at the table room." Miriam told me.

"Who could that be? A lady or a man?" I asked her.

"A lady." Miriam told me and turned to go. I walked slowly to the table room.

"Wow! Look who is here? Salome! How did you find yourself here?" Right in front of me sat my long-time friend who had gone to South Africa immediately we finished campus, apparently to pursue some family business.

We hugged each other excitedly as I welcomed her into my home.

"How have you been? Grace. Look how beautiful you have gotten damn!" She told me as she sat down.

"Ehe, tell me." I told her looking at her as Miriam served us some tea.

She told me how she had gone to work in South Africa, in some airline where she was the operations manager. After she came back to Kenya, she was told I got married to Limuru and she came all the way looking at my place, a really remarkable thing.

We were briefing each other some of our lives updates when she suddenly saw a business magazine where my husband was at the front cover as one of the fast-upcoming entrepreneurs in East Africa.

"Grace, give me that magazine." She told me with her eyes registering some surprise.

I gave her the magazine.

"What is it?" I asked her.

"Do you know this man?" She asked me, taking her cup of chocolate drink and taking a sip.

"Yes." I told her, not telling her she was my husband.

"This man is an international conman. He came to our company in South Africa a few months ago, apparently he was to supply us with some ICT infrastructure equipment for our group of companies but after down payment of Kshs 12 million, he disappeared." Salome told me.

"Salome, apparently, the man you are talking about is my husband." I told Salome, who looked at me as if looking at a ghost.

"Oh! Grace, come on! We used to joke a lot in campus, is this a joke?" Salome asked me.

"No." I told her. I stood up, went to the bedroom and brought her some photo album of our wedding day.

"Jesus Christ!" She was more than surprised. She remained silent for a while and I could tell she was uneasy.

"Salome, I don't know anything about what you are talking about." I told her and I was not amused at how she was talking about my husband.

We however continued talking about other issues as Salome told me she got married to a Nigerian whom they stayed for a few years together and got divorced.

"I am so lonely now, I really need a man. No man seems to seduce me. I am so stressed." Salome went on to tell me.

"Everything happens for a reason." I tried to comfort her.

We stayed for almost 3 hours together until she left.

"Ken, can you imagine the lady who was here was saying my husband is a criminal?" I told Ken as soon as Salome left.

"Probably it is jealousy, you know you women sometimes can be too jealous for each other." Ken told me so casually like a joke. But he looked at me and realized how serious I was.

"Ken, she was talking of my husband conning them in South Africa 7 months ago; my husband was there at exact time so I don't know whether to believe her or not." I told Ken.

"Just forget it." Ken told me, but the thing was disturbing me and I was to ask my husband as soon as he would get home.

"Grace, Miriam wishes to go with me to Naivasha in our farm." Ken suddenly told me.

"Miriam of all people? She does not like keeping company of unbelievers why you all of a sudden?" I asked Ken jokingly as Ken grinned sheepishly.

"I don't know, but she can come with me. I just want to go there to deliver some fertilizer and come back immediately." Ken told me looking at my car, which meant he wanted to go with it.

"All right, you can go; but come back soon." I told Ken since it was almost noon. Miriam had not cooked lunch but it seemed like all of us were not bothered with it.

True to his word, Ken went and came back with Miriam within 2 hours, which meant he drove so fast to Naivasha, just dropped the items and came back immediately.

"Wow! Ken is such a reckless driver, he is not carrying me again." Miriam told me as soon as they got back. Ken just laughed.

"Why are you laughing? You could have killed us!" Miriam continued to rant.

"But you keep telling me people don't die unless God has planned them to die..." Ken told Miriam still laughing.

"But Ken, for you to be back now, that means you drove really fast." I told him, taking time to look at my car which was a bit dusty.

As if Ken was reading my mind, he told me, "I will wash the car. Miriam, won't you cook some late lunch for all of us?" The last statement was directed to Miriam. Miriam went to the kitchen to cook. I just went to the table room to watch some TV.

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"Douglas, I want to talk to you." I told my husband. He had returned and we were together having some supper.

"What is it about?" he asked. Seeing that we were alone, I wanted to tell him what Salome told me.

"A lady was here claiming that you conned them 12 million in South Africa, saying that you promised to supply them with some ICT systems." I told him. He just smiled.

"My sweet heart, there is a lot in international trade. Apparently, I had won the tender, taken a loan to get money to buy the items, hired a lawyer to ensure the deal goes through all the legal procedures without any hitch only for the company to cancel my tender when I had committed a lot of money into it. I took them to court. The court ordered that I retain the amount they had paid as collateral as they go through the correct legal procedure to cancel the tender." Douglas explained to me.

I was about tell him something when Miriam suddenly came inside the living room looking panicked.

"Madam! Come! Ken is dying!" She said, literally shocking us into standing up and following her.

We found Ken lying on the muddy floor, obviously in pain and not talking at all.

"Ken, Ken! What is it?" Douglas called him out. He tried to turn but just writhed obviously in pain.

"My God! Let us take him to hospital!" I exclaimed as Douglas struggled with him. We took him to Douglas' car and set to take him to the hospital. Douglas drove fast as I assisted Ken to sit upright. We arrived at the hospital where I literally ran towards the nurse.

"Excuse me, we have someone who is dying!" I literally shouted at her. Without a word, she called out some other male nurses who brought out a stretcher and went to pick Ken. I was completely at a loss what he was suffering from.

He was wheeled via the emergency door, where we were not allowed beyond the door.

"Did he eat something bad during the day?" Douglas asked me.

"No, he was very all right." I told him, praying silently that he be healed.

"Then what is it? This is strange. Has he ever fallen sick like this?" Douglas asked me.

"No, just simple maladies but not to this extent." I told him. I was trying to look into the windows to see if I could see the doctors but I could see none in the rooms. The hospital was a bee hive of activities. We sat there waiting, not sure whether to continue waiting or to go back home. I looked at my phone and the time was already 10 pm.

Suddenly, a nurse approached us.

"We are monitoring him. He is stable, but he will be here overnight so you can go home and check on him tomorrow." She told us.

I breathed a sigh of relief.

"What was it?" I asked her.

"Just a bout of malaria which will be stabilized." She told us, writing something into a file she was holding.

"Can I see him?" I asked the nurse.

"Oh! Yes, you can." She answered me. I was about to stand up when I suddenly heard some rapid activities in the nearby rooms. The nurse turned and walked away first without even talking to us. Suddenly, I heard an ambulance siren.

We were so confused we just stood there watching in total disbelief at the turn of events. Ken's situation had suddenly worsened and they were transferring him Nazareth hospital with an ambulance, which also meant we were not allowed to see him.

I had not even realized I was crying until Douglas suddenly told me, "My dear, you are crying."

I wiped my tears. I did not say anything.

"He will be all right, these doctors are professionals, relax. We love him since he is a good employee and it is my hope he will be ok." Douglas told me, holding my hands. But Ken already had a special place in my heart and seeing him so helpless really broke my heart. My tears were flowing freely when Douglas took my hand and led me into our car so that we would go home.

"Stop crying now." Douglas told me. I wiped my tears but remained silent until we got home.

"Tell me, what is wrong?" Miriam had not slept. She was still waiting for us.

"They have taken him to Nazareth hospital." I told her.

"My God!" She said. She then looked at us for a few seconds.

"Master, hold my hands, let us pray for Ken." Miriam suddenly told us.

Douglas was a little hesitant but he held Miriam's hands, similar to me and we formed a circle.

"Father in the name of Jesus Christ, we come before you this evening praying for one of us who is not with us here, Ken. Father may you extend your healing arm to him, oh Lord. We know that you are a faithful God, dear everlasting father, we know that you love us, you would not want us to suffer. Dear father, see how miserable we are in the absence of Ken. Father, touch him, heal him, save him from the hands of the evil one, do not give the devil a chance to triumph. Show your glory and honor oh Father, show your Mercy upon him, touch Ken's health wherever he is, heal him.

Father, we know that you healed so many people when you walked on this earth in the form of your son Jesus Christ, perform your miracle tonight, and we shall exalt your name forever.

In Jesus name we pray and believe: AMEN"

We all said Amen. I personally felt peaceful at the end of the prayer, except that my phone was suddenly ringing. I had given out my number to the nurses for them to call me in case of anything. I was so tensed as I picked the phone.

>>>To be continued>>>

Narrated by Anthony KERRY.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: FOURTY-NINE

"Good evening, are you Grace?" The caller asked me.

"Yes, I am." I told her so tensed. She remained silent for some few seconds.

"It is like a miracle, we were trying all we could to resuscitate him, he was not responding then suddenly he called out your name." She said, paused and then continued, "Your husband is all right."

The surprise in me that moment was not how he had suddenly come around, but how she casually referred to Ken as my husband.

"So, are you still taking him to ICU?" I asked, felt so happy while asking that.

"No need, we will just give him some medication, admit him overnight and discharge him tomorrow." The nurse told me.

"Wow! Thank you, God!" I suddenly said and Miriam who was keenly looking at me all that time suddenly brightened.

"God has answered our prayers!" Miriam suddenly said and began to sing silently a praise song which I could never recall after then.

At least we all went to bed happy.

"Ken is strong, how did he end up this sick?" Douglas asked me as soon as we got to bed.

"Sickness does not know strength." I casually told him.

"All in all, I am glad he is ok. There is a lot of work to be done and I need him back alive." Douglas said.

"My dear, all you care is about your work." I found myself telling Douglas. He looked at me for a few seconds.

"No, not really, but I love him when he is healthy not when he is not." Douglas told me.

"All right, as you say. It is too late into the night." I told him. He turned around fully until his pot belly was pushing me a little, gave me a good night kiss and told me, "Good night, darling."

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The first thing I did the following morning after everything was to drive to Nazareth with a thermos of

porridge. I arrived there and was directly taken to the room where Ken was. I don't know, but it was so impulsive of me such that the moment I stepped into that room, I just rushed to his bed and gave him a tight hug.

"Ken, I was so worried about you!" I told him immediately I released him.

"I am all right, I suddenly felt better when they were bringing me here; I was afraid of dying." Ken told me with a simple smile.

"How are you feeling now?" I asked him, taking time to hold his hand and feel its strength. He pressed me tight as if to reassure me he was strong.

"Just some slight headache, some nausea but I am ok. I can even walk." Ken told me. Just as I was about to ask him some more questions, Sherry, his girlfriend came into the room. As if she had not seen me, she went straight for Ken, gave him a hug and literally cried telling Ken how much she prayed the whole night for his strength to resume. They held each other for almost five minutes until I felt like I was an intruder.

I stood up as if to leave and give them space when suddenly Sherry turned to me, "Oh! Madam I am so sorry. I was so concerned about Ken but, how are you?" She asked me, came over to where I stood and gave me a slight hug.

"I am fine, Sherry. Long time where have you been?" I asked her.

"Been so busy with life. We had prolonged exams which were taking most of my time. I am really grateful for you to bring Ken to hospital. I really owe you so much. May God bless you." She told me and gave me another hug. She then went over and sat close to Ken, intimately close.

She took out her handbag and took out a hot pot with some aromatic mukimo and had a different hot pot with smoking hot meat stew. She called out a nurse.

"Please, bring some plates for us, three of them." She told the nurse.

The nurse brought them from the hospital kitchen. Sherry was about to serve me when I objected.

"Oh! Sherry, thank you. Serve Ken first please. I am all right." I told her.

"Oh! There is enough for all of us, please have a little." She persuaded me but I told her to ensure Ken was fed first. However, I served her some porridge from my thermos and Ken too as I sat there for a few minutes talking with them.

"Sherry, if you don't mind, can I leave two of you for a while?" I asked her, noting like they wanted to be alone for some time.

I did not even wait for reply but just stood up silently and walked out to the reception where there was a nice coach and a TV which was showing some random gospel songs. From how I had seen them, the two had really missed each other and I thought it wise to leave them alone.

Douglas called me and asked how Ken was fairing and I told him he was all right. I stayed there for almost an hour when Sherry came to where I was seated and sat beside me silently.

"Madam, I had a request." She told me silently.

"Make your request please." I told her, turning to face her and smiled to make her at ease.

"I wanted to go with you, and Ken so that I can take care of him for a few days; please." She asked me almost begging.

"Oh! Sweet heart, don't worry we can take care of him." I told her.

"I know, but, I just feel like he needs me more. Please let me at least go, wash his clothes, eh! Just a few days." She really begged me until I told her to let me consult with my husband.

I called Douglas and talked to him.

"Oh! I have no problem with that. Ken is a big man now and besides, it will be good, you never know what would happen when he is sleeping alone at night. Let her. But how will her parents think of it?" Douglas asked me. It had not occurred to me to think along that line.

"How will your parents think of it?" I turned and asked Sherry.

"I have already told them over the phone and they are really sorry that my fiancée is very sick so they told me I can, on condition that I be reporting to them daily about my stay there plus they told me..." She paused. I nodded to her to keep talking.

"They told me I should be careful not to mess my life with him. They know how much I love him." Sherry told me.

I turned to my mouth piece and told Douglas, "They are ok with it."

"All right, feel free to go with them." Douglas told me.

"Thank you, darling." I replied to him and terminated the call.

I went and cleared the overnight hospital bill. Ken was given medicines and was directed how to use them, for two weeks. He was also given a strict diet plan for himself to follow in order to recover fully and regain his strength.

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"I suggest both of you sit at the back." I told them as we got into our car.

"Thank you." Sherry answered me. We got rolling on our way home and I drove at moderate speed. Ken and Sherry were talking in low tone, sometimes just staring at each other silently. The way they were behaving made me feel like a taxi driver but I was glad Ken was out of danger.

"Ken, I told you to stop lifting heavy weights, they are the ones which made you sick. They are finishing your strength." Sherry told Ken. Ken laughed.

"No, they make me stronger. This is just normal to human beings. We sometimes fall sick and it is beyond our control." Ken told Sherry.

"But, Ken, you are not going to wrestling why are you building all these muscles? Look at your hands now, you almost look like the rock the wrestler! This is too much!" Sherry told Ken, I felt amused and just smiled. I wished she knew how much I loved caressing those big muscles.

"Let me be strong so that if anyone shall ever joke with my wife, I shall just break his neck." Ken said it so casually but I just imagined and I felt like he really meant it. Sherry laughed.

"What would you do if you found another man joking with me?" Sherry asked Ken jokingly.

"Oh! If I hold him with my arms, I will just tear him into pieces." Ken said. They continued with their casual talks until we finally got home. Ken walked out of the car, but he walked slowly until we got into the main house. Miriam was more than happy to see him. She came and greeted him excitedly.

"Welcome home." She told all of us.

"Miriam, meet Sherry. I know you do not know her. She is my fiancée and wife to be." Ken told Miriam.

"Wow! That is great, welcome, Sherry. Feel at home." Miriam told Sherry, giving her a broad smile.

"Thank you." Sherry replied excitedly.

"Miriam, Sherry will be staying with us for a few days, with Ken." I told Miriam as she sat with us there at the table room.

"Oh! That will be so nice." She replied. The way they both behaved around each other it was obvious they were going to cope nicely with each other.

After about an hour, Ken walked to his house with Sherry.

"Wow! God is great that Ken is now all right. I was so worried about him." I told Miriam when we remained together at the table room.

"Yes, he should not give his heart to Jesus Christ." Miriam told me.

"Eh! Miriam, you are too saved." I told her jokingly and she just laughed it off.

Soon after, Sherry took most of Ken's clothes and washed them, washed his house and tidied everything. Ken just sat outside looking at our cows. One of our dogs was also with him at his feet like it was sad because Ken was so inactive that day.

"Perhaps I should add some water for the cows." Ken told Sherry. I was in the kitchen but would hear them talking.

"No, dear, you are still weak. I can do that for you. Just tell me what to do." Sherry told Ken. I however told Miriam to go and assist her. Miriam and Sherry also fed the cows. I was also surprised that Sherry knew how to milk the cows and she did it perfectly.

"Wow! Sherry, who taught you to milk the cows?" I asked her as soon as she brought back the milk.

"My dad taught me. We have dairy cows." Sherry told me. However, since Ken was the one who used to take the milk to the collection center, I called someone who came for the milk and took it there, and I also told him to be taking the milk for us for a few days at a small fee.

Sherry also assisted Miriam with preparing supper as Ken and I sat in the sitting room.

"Eh! I say, I saw starts that day!" Ken was narrating to me how he suddenly fell ill.

"Ken, I never thought strong people fall sick." I told him.

"This too me by surprise." Ken told me. He continued to narrate to me how he was afraid he would die.

I could hear Miriam and Sherry talking excitedly in the kitchen.

"Your girl really loves you." I suddenly told Ken.

"Indeed. I just texted her and told her I am in Nazareth. She told me she would be there in a few hours; and she came." Ken told me.

"Never leave her. Getting a girl who loves you nowadays is like hitting a jackpot." I told Ken.

"But how will I know she loves me? What if she just wants me to help her with her college and then she leaves me for another man?" Ken asked looking around the room as if to make sure that no one was listening to him.

"Time will tell, but just be good to her. And please never let her know you fuck women for money." I told Ken jokingly smiling. He laughed.

"No, I will never." Ken said in a firm voice. I was about to tell him something else when Sherry came towards us carrying a thermos full of porridge.

"Ken, I want you to regain your strength. Drink this. It has nutmeg too which will make you stronger sooner." Sherry told Ken serving the porridge into two cups, mine and Ken's.

"Thank you, Sherry." Ken told her and began to sip in the hot porridge.

Sherry returned to the kitchen.

"It is not even usual for a lady who is her class, in university to love a shamba boy, Ken you are such a lucky man." I told Ken, not sure if those were the right words to use.

"I am a shamba boy not because I loved to be, but because life was so hard I had to. I would have wanted to be an Electronics Engineer." Ken told me, with some sadness in his voice.

"You can still be." I told him.

"No, I already gave up on that. I just want to establish a business, settle, have a family and give my children the best education." Ken said. It made me remember that the child I was carrying could as well be Ken's child.

Later, Sherry and Miriam joined us at the table room for supper. I could see Sherry had come really prepared to stay with Ken for a few days as she had already changed and wore some clothes different from the ones she came with, but on a closer look, I realized she was wearing Miriam's clothes.

"You see, God does not require you to have a degree to qualify you for great work, all he needs is your dedication." Miriam told Sherry, an indication that they perhaps had talked about Ken.

"Just like me, I do not have a degree but I believe I shall be great in future." Ken suddenly said.

"So, you suddenly believe in God..." Sherry asked Ken, as if in a statement.

"I cannot be so sure, I cannot prove God exists, but I am willing to believe if I came to know of his existence." Ken said.

Miriam looked at Ken for almost a minute.

"Ken, even after God performed a miracle to cure you, you still do not believe in him??" Miriam asked the question with astonishment in her voice. Ken laughed lightly.

"Well, may be, may be not." Ken said and continued eating.

"All right, he shall manifest himself to you at the right time." Miriam told Ken smiling lightly.

We heard some rain drops on the roof, heavy rain drops. Suddenly Sherry stood up.

"I have to remove the ones that are dry." She said and rushed to go outside.

"Hey, wait, the dogs do not know you well, go with Miriam." I told her as she headed for the back door. Miriam stood up and followed Sherry.

Suddenly, Sherry screamed. Ken literally sprang to stand up, quickly going towards the kitchen door charging like a bull about to knock down a fence.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony KERRY.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: FIFTY

"What is it?" Ken asked.

"A dog, a big dog came running after me. As big as a calf." Sherry said sounding so afraid such that I had to go and check them out.

"But which dog? All our dogs are here!" Ken said, pointing at our 3 dogs that were jumping up and down.

"No, not among these ones." Sherry said still shaken. Ken looked puzzled.

"How possible is that?" Ken asked. He made to pick a big machete that used to stay at the kitchen.

"No, Ken, you are not going outside to hunt after a strange dog, not when it is raining." I told Ken and restrained him to pick the machete. But he went outside with Sherry and Miriam to pick the clothes.

As soon as they got inside the house, the rain fell so heavily such that we would hardly hear ourselves talking; we had to literally shout. It was raining hail stones.

"This is going to destroy our maize." Ken said looking outside through a window.

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The following morning, I went to work and left all of them at home. There wasn't much work to be done and we just gossiped in the office most of the time.

"Celestine, do you want to tell me your husband found you with another man? A man on top of you?" I asked her as she had just narrated a tale of how her husband found her fucking another man.

"Imagine! I got overwhelmed with lust. I called him and he came to our home. I thought my husband was not around." Celestine told me.

"What action did your husband take?" I asked her, keen to know more.

"I begged him to forgive me. Told him Jesus told us to be forgiving each other. He finally agreed but he was furious with me. He did not want it to leak as it would ruin his reputation." Celestine told me.

"Celestine, you are such a devil!" I told her and we clapped each other's hands in the air. High five.

"So, you too you have to be careful not to get caught." Celestine warned me.

"My husband is not a pastor, he might even kill me." I told Celestine. I still remembered how my husband used to tell me he would kill any man who would fuck me.

"But these men cheat on us all the time, why do they feel so hurt when we do what they have been doing all along?" Celestine asked me.

"Being cheated on hurts, it does not matter who is doing it." I told her. As we were talking Ken called me.

KEN: Grace, I wish you would walk around our shamba, real destruction from yesterday evening downpour.

ME: My goodness, how is the maize? How is the tea?

KEN: Maize, just count you have nothing there. As for the tea, it looked like they were slashed.

ME: All right, just see what you can do.

KEN: Then, do you remember what Sherry yesterday referred to as a dog? I suspect it was a leopard. Our neighbor's goats are all dead, killed by a strange animal overnight.

ME: Oh! My goodness! Are our cattle safe?

KEN: Yes, there was no way it would get inside. It was sheer luck that it did not pounce on Sherry, I could not imagine her being attacked by such an animal.

ME: Has it been killed?

KEN: No.

ME: All right, be careful as you go to the bushes.

Ken terminated the call.

The news that a strange animal could have killed my neighbor's goats really worried me. We however continued with our office gossip which were centered on how Celestine was caught with another man.

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Later in the evening, I went to inspect our cattle shed and found Ken had reinforced it with more wood to ensure that no wild animal would be able to break in.

"Are you sure it was a leopard?" I asked Ken.

"I don't know, it could as well be a hyena." Ken told me, still holding a hammer which he had just used to make the structure stronger.

But as we were talking, some news alert reached me that there was a leopard that had strayed from nearby forest and was terrorizing people.

Sherry was so shocked to hear that.

"My God! So, it was not a dog that I saw but a leopard?" She said looking at Ken as if she expected Ken would protect her from any danger.

"If it attacked you, I would have either killed it or died with it." Ken said flexing his arm muscles like he really meant what he was saying.

"My dear, you would not kill a wild animal." Sherry said jokingly looking at Ken.

"I would not bother killing it, but whatever would want to kill you would have to come between me and you. I probably would die with it than watch it kill you." Ken said smiling. I could tell that were it not for me standing there, Sherry would have hugged Ken.

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After three days were over, Sherry finally had to go but Ken was trying to persuade her to stay some more time.

"No, I promised my parents that I will go back in 3 days. I have to. I will see if I can come later but now I have to go." Sherry told Ken.

"Ken, how about you take her home, with my car?" I asked Ken. He looked at me as if I had just said something strange.

"Ken, pick the car keys, at least escort her." I told Ken. He silently stood up and went to where I had hung the car keys.

"Madam, that is so kind of you." Sherry told me and came over to give me a hug.

"I want him to make sure that you are safe." I told her still holding her hands.

Within 1 hour, Ken had gone and come back after escorting Sherry to her home. I could see that he had really regained his strength.

When we were alone, I teased him, "Ken, are you strong enough to fuck me tonight?" He just laughed and told me, "Sherry has taken all my strength."

"But at least tomorrow we can go to Naivasha." I told him. He looked at me.

"Grace, you are heavily pregnant, you should not be travelling long distances." Ken told me looking at my tummy.

"Ken, I am only 8 months pregnant." I told him. He just looked at me with a faint smile and nodded.

The following day we indeed travelled to Naivasha where I met the workers who were under him. It was a surprise how they were calling him master so respectfully.

I don't know but I felt a little jealous of a young girl who he told me was his favorite employee, her name was Jane Wangui. The way she kept looking at Ken, it was almost obvious they were more than colleagues. But I did not bother knowing more knowing what Ken was capable of.

"Careful, it is slippery." Ken told me as I walked around the gardens. They were so beautiful more than I had thought.

"Ken, how many months have these flowers been growing? Aren't they now ready for harvesting?" I asked Ken, touching some rose flowers that were over there.

"No, 2 more weeks. If you harvest them now they will wither faster." Ken told me. Then he tapped at my shoulder to look at him. I turned, he just smiled.

"What is it? Ken?" I asked him as he had folded his hand behind him.

"What are you hiding behind you?" I asked him, trying to pull his hands but he resisted.

"Close your eyes, I want to give you a gift." Ken told me. He made my heart beat faster. I however closed my eyes in anticipation.

"Open your eyes now." Ken said and I did as I was told.

Behold! Ken was holding in front of me a very beautiful rose flower. He held it so close to my heart something that really softened me making me feel suddenly emotional.

"This flower, is like my love for you. Passionate, with nice scent and beautiful." Ken told me.

"Ken, do you want to mean you love me?" I asked him.

"Of course, I do." Ken told me smiling. I was tempted to ask him who between me and Sherry he loved more but I really did not want to hear the answer. Ken looked into my eyes still holding the flower for me. I gently took it and placed it close to my heart and pressed. Slowly, Ken bent over and our lips met. We kissed for almost a minute, making me to totally forget that we were in a garden where someone might have been seeing us.

"Ken, you really drive me crazy." I told him.

"More than you do to me? You are such an angel to me." Ken told me still looking at me. I caressed my tummy when I heard the child kicking. I looked around and realized that we were alone in the garden.

"Hey, where is everyone?" I asked Ken, looking around the flowers.

"I don't know, this is strange, where did everyone suddenly go to?" Ken asked and began pacing around looking but indeed there was no one. No single worker was on sight.

"Could they have walked away? But why? Does this normally happen?" I asked Ken as we walked around the farm, even entering into some green houses to look for them but to our surprise, there was absolutely no one on sight, as if they just vanished in midair. I felt so creeped like I was inside some horror movie where people just vanish, being eaten by an invisible monster.

"Ken, this is a joke, tell me this is a joke. Where is everyone?" I asked Ken, he too seemed confused. We were miles from the main road, and it was the only farm in the middle of other seemingly abandoned farms and some ghost houses with no one inside. I almost told Ken to start the car and we get moving as I could not understand what was going on.

I was looking behind one green house, which was close to the store when I suddenly heard a voice behind me which startled me so much as it was so familiar.

"Your days are over; you and your play boy today are going to know who I am." The voice said so calmly. I turned around and to my utter shock, Douglas my husband stood right behind us accompanied by three men who were even bigger than Ken by statue and build. They were so dark, wore dark sun glasses that completely concealed their eyes such that you would not see them. They stood still like statues. I could not tell how they got there. I was so shocked I just could not talk at all. Ken stood besides me. I looked into his eyes and I saw raw fear. I had never seen Ken so afraid in his life.

"Young man, so, I employed you to manage my farms but instead you decided to manage even my wife. Huh!" Douglas asked Ken, looking at him. To my horror, Douglas was holding a pistol, together with the three men who were with him.

"The two of you, get on your knees, RIGHT NOW!" Douglas shouted.

"Jackal, make sure this boy does not escape, at least not alive. For your information he is a strong fella so watch out, but he was sick the other day and I know he cannot fight." Douglas told the biggest of them, who had a statue like that of a giant. He had huge muscles he looked like an animal.

"On your knees, young man, you should have known better not to fuck your boss' wife." The man told Ken. Ken got on his knees.

"Hands in the air." The man told Ken. Ken did as he was told.

"Honey, please listen to me, spare his life but do anything with me..." I began talking. Tears were already flowing from my eyes.

"SHUT UP! Prostitute! I have all the evidence that you have been fucking this boy! You thought I am a fool?! I am going to kill both of you and burry you inside this farm. No one shall ever know." Douglas was so angry he was breathing fire. He came over to where I was kneeling and gave me a hard slap that made me see stars.

Suddenly, the man called Jackal kicked Ken so hard across his ribs and Ken was literally thrown almost three feet from where he was kneeling. He then lifted Ken up with just one hand and forced him on his knees. I could see Ken's lips moving silently as if he was murmuring a silent prayer, his last prayer on earth.

"Please, spare him, it was all my mistake, please." I tried to persuade them. The other two men just watched over as if keeping guard. Douglas corked his pistol and aimed at me.

"Tell me, you bitch. I am running around the globe trying to make a living and you are here fucking my shamba boy. How degrading is that? Couldn't you have cheated on me with at least a man my class? A mere shamba boy? Why?" Douglas asked me. I tried to talk but no words came out of my mouth. Douglas aimed his pistol on my forehead.

"Who among the two of you should I kill first?" He asked me. He then looked at Ken. I saw some blood from his mouth. He was hurt. I knew Ken was strong but he was no match for the giant standing besides him as he knelt. His shirt was already torn.

"Women! what do you want? I worked hard to make money so that our life would be smooth. I took my children to the best schools. I built for you a nice home. I bought you a car. I started a business for you. I opened for you an account where I was depositing for you Kshs 200,000 every month. But you had to pay me by fucking my shamba boy? Grace! Why?" My husband asked. I could feel anger in his voice. He was raging mad.

"Sir, please forgive us." Ken said. His words seemed to trigger Douglas' wrath as he suddenly went for him, held him by his collar and began raining blows on his head. Ken did not resist at all. Douglas kicked him almost all over, as Ken rolled in the mud, sometimes dodging Douglas blows.

Douglas looked at Jackal. It was as if he gave him instructions as Jackal went over to where Ken was lying, suddenly lifted him up with so much force, placed Ken on his shoulders and dropped him on the ground with so much force such that the moment Ken hit the muddy ground, he just lay there flat and completely motionless. I screamed. Douglas gave me a slap across my mouth until I felt the taste of blood inside my mouth. He did not care I was pregnant, at all at all!

Slowly, Ken moved. Jackal held him, seemingly helping him to get on his knees.

"HANDS IN THE AIR, YOU IDIOT!" Douglas shouted at Ken, suddenly pointing his pistol at him, aiming at his chest. I froze at the realization of what was about to happen. Douglas aimed, I heard his pistol click loudly.

BANG! BANG! BANG! Shots were fired. I saw Ken suddenly fall fast to the ground backwards. I let out a bloody scream.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony KERRY

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: FIFTY-ONE

I closed my eyes as more shooting ensued. I was not sure who else was shooting who.

"Afande Rono! Shoot that one, he has a gun too!" I heard someone shout and it was followed by a deafening bang! The whole ordeal felt like a movie, like a dream.

"Open your eyes!" Someone shouted at me. I opened my eyes. I was so much afraid I thought someone wanted to kill me as that was not my husband's voice.

I opened my eyes and looked around. The three men who were with my husband were all down, dying or dead. I looked further, around and saw Ken seated on the muddy floor, with his hands handcuffed. He was not talking or moving at all. I read fear in his eyes.

However, what shook me to the core of my existence was seeing Douglas my husband lying down in a pool of blood, still holding a gun. I immediately got up and run towards where he was lying.

"Honey! Honey, Honey wake up!!" I shouted shaking him but a police man came to me, held me firmly and moved me away from him.

"Woman, you are interfering with a crime scene." The police man told me in total disregard of who Douglas was to me. I wailed, I began to cry.

"This is my husband you have killed!" I shouted.

"This man is highly wanted international criminal. We have been trailing him for years and he had been escaping our traps. He has killed more policemen that we can remember, we just wanted him dead and we do not care who the hell he is to you!" The police men were so pissed off.

"I am innocent, afande." Ken said sorrowfully.

"Your innocence is yet to be determined. You are lucky we did not find you holding a gun." The policemen were busy taking measurements of what I could not understand. Then they loaded the bodies into their Landcruiser.

Suddenly, I experienced some very sharp pain in my abdomen. I felt suddenly dizzy and began to see darkness. I tried to hold myself onto something to avoid falling but.....

I woke up in hospital, which I could not recall ever been. I was all along calling my husband's name. I

wished the whole thing was a dream but I knew it was real when I began to experience very intense pains in my lower abdomen.

"Nurse, check on this woman, she is due in one-month time but it seems that she is so shocked she is going into premature labor." A male voice said. A nurse came over and took some measurements from me. I was crying all the time.

"Doctor, I am going to die! Please tell me I am not dying? Where is Douglas? Where is Ken?" I kept asking.

"Madam, relax, all will be well." The nurse kept reassuring me. I was slipping into unconsciousness from time to time.

"Doctor, I cannot take it anymore, please cut me and take the baby out of me." I told the nurse.

"You will be all right soon, relax." She told me and began to massage my tummy.

Things began happening like it was a kaleidoscope of events. Events were happening so fast. It was already dark outside. Suddenly, labor pains set on and I began pushing, while still crying.

"Madam, please compose yourself." The nurse told me. I was feeling a lot of anguish I just wished I would die.

Suddenly I heard a faint cry, the nurse who was looking at me smiled. Several other nurses had joined as if to assist.

"Congratulations, it is a baby boy!" The nurse told me. I did not have the strength to even look at the baby as he was taken by one nurse to be cleaned up.

After I cleaned up myself as directed by the nurse, I was told it was time to hold my baby and try to breastfeed him.

"This is fantastic! A baby born in 8 months but weighing 3.2 kg! Amazing! We thought he is premature but it is obvious he won't need to be put in the nursery, just a few days of monitoring." The nurse was saying. I was finally given the child to hold.

The boy looked so much like Ken and it was quite obvious whose child it was.

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There would be no peace for me for the following few days as some policemen kept coming in my hospital room to interrogate me.

"I don't know! How many times should I tell you that I don't know what business he does in South Africa? I only knew my husband as a hard-working man, a successful business person. Whatever you people are telling me is so strange to me." I told the police man who was really bothering me with questions.

"Madam, for the last time, stop lying to us. How can you be married to such a high-profile criminal and fail to know what he does for a living?" The police man said.

"Leave me alone! You already killed my husband, what else do you want with me?" I told him off. He looked at me for a few seconds. The child, who was lying besides me moved. I looked at him. I gently lifted him to breastfeed him.

"Feed him first, he is very hungry." The police man told me. He turned and looked at his colleagues and told them, "Let us have a meeting outside, oh! One of you look after the lady, make sure she does not escape. She is so vital in investigations."

"Hey, where is my Shamba boy?" I asked them. told me, "He is in cell, but based on our investigations, he is innocent." I felt a little relieved but was so distressed.

As soon as they let, a nurse came to me.

"Madam, what is going on?" She asked me.

"It is a long-complicated story. Please help me change the boy." I told her. I was in private wing and had been assigned a nurse full time. It was when I studied the boy as the nurse was changing him after cleaning him. I could see her looking keenly into the little boy's genitals which made me curious 'to look as I had not taken time to even accustom my eyes on him. I saw the nurse smile but upon noting that I was looking at her, she immediately changed her expression.

"By the way, my name is Lydia Njeri." She told me.

"I am Grace." I replied, adjusting myself to look at the boy. It was when I realized the reason as to why the nurse was amused. The little boy, who despite being a mere 2 days old had a penis as big as a boy almost 10 years and rather big testicles which were darker than the rest of his body.

"Lydia, is this normal?" I asked her.

"What?" She replied at me.

"I mean, this boy seems to have bigger than normal genitals." I told her, pointing at the boy.

"I really don't know if it is normal, but what I know, this isn't a bad thing, at least for any lady who shall date him in future." The nurse said jokingly while winking at me. She made me smile despite being in total emotional pain.

After a few minutes, the policemen came.

"Madam, we have decided not to arrest you. However, when you go home, be sure to avail yourself for investigations when needed. Some policemen will also come and search your home as soon as you get there." The one in charge told me.

I was discharged the following day and since I did not have the strength to drive, I called a friend who drove me home, to my place. On the way, I called Ken who told me had been released from the cell but said wanted to talk to me.

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When I got home, I found Ken already there. But to my surprise, he was packing his things. Miriam had gotten the news and was really sad. Already some of my relatives had come to my home. Some policemen were also there, in indication they meant to really search our home.

"Ken, you cannot abandon me at a moment like this!" I told him on the verge of tears. He looked downwards and he looked like he was about to cry.

"I am responsible for all this mess." Ken said sorrowfully.

"No, I blame myself. Look, don't go anywhere I need you most at this time. At least no one knows what we know, at least about our affair. Please return your items. We will talk." I told him. I was feeling so weak.

I managed to persuade Ken not to go.

The police men who had a search warrant began searching the house and I could not do anything to stop them. They searched all corners of our compound.

"Afande, we haven't found anything." A police man said.

"Search more!" The police in charge commanded them. They went into my bedroom and searched all corners of the house. I just sat on the bed leaving them to do whatever they wanted so long as they would leave me in peace. I could hear Ken outside feeding the cows.

"There seems to be nothing here." One policeman said.

Slowly, the policeman in charge moved around my bedroom. He unlocked the door leading to the bathroom. He opened the door wide open and I saw himself looking at himself at the full mirror that stood at one side of the bathroom, he then looked at the bathroom floor which was tiled.

"Bring something to remove these tiles, I have dealt with criminals to know that they are normally very intelligent." He said. One police rushed and came back with a small mattock. The commander slowly hit the tiles, one by one, at an area which was almost 1 meter squared. I could hear there was difference in the sounds the tiles were producing. He hit harder and one tile broke. He continued to break the tiles one by one until all were broken. He then lifted them throwing them to the bedroom being assisted by one policeman.

Behold, there was something like a trap door right under the tiles! However, there was no way of lifting it. He looked into the mirror. I did not know why he was looking at the mirror.

"Madam, I might need to break this mirror if it won't move. Sorry." The police man said looking at me. I was beginning to feel so uneasy, like I was expecting something very bad out of there. However, when he pulled the mirror very hard, the mirror came off the wall, literally.

Under the mirror was what looked like dials, digit codes of 1 to 9, at a small space under the mirror. He was about to touch the digits when a policeman said, "WAIT!"

"What is it?" the in charge asked.

"It could be booby trapped." The police man said.

"Then there is only one way of knowing this. Call the shamba boy." The in charge said.

When he came, the two nodded and one policeman went outside, for what reasons I did not know.

"Young man, dial 247589 on this dial pad." The police told Ken, who looked puzzled. However, he slowly took his hand to the dialing pad and touched one digit.

Ken immediately began to shake all over the body and sparks filled his body, it happened so suddenly. But within a split of a second, it stopped and Ken fell on the floor breathing so heavily.

"Damn! You were so fast with the cut out, this boy would have died within a minute! This thing is booby trapped. Touch it and you die." The in charge said.

At that point, I was so confused I did not know what to think.

"What do we do?" One policeman asked. The in charge was however on the phone, apparently talking to someone who he kept referring to as "hacker".

"Ok, give me the instructions!" He said moving closer to the dial pad.

He kept talking and removed a very sharp pen knife.

He slowly searched on the wall and saw 3 small wires, which he carefully cut, as if he was diffusing a bomb. After cutting the wires, he went to the dial pad and pressed some codes. Immediately he did that, the slab under him began to move, prompting him to jump away first.

Ken suddenly woke up.

"What happened to me?" He asked and began to vomit.

"Give him some milk, he will be all right. He is so strong if someone weak was subjected to that, he would have died immediately." The in charge said. I called Miriam and told him to bring Ken some milk.

He regained his strength and went over to where the policemen stood. I slowly placed the sleeping baby on the bed and moved closer and behold, there was a hole leading to some underground chamber.

"I hope I won't die down there." The policeman who went underground first said. He switched on a button and suddenly the underground was lit with so much light.

"What is under there?" I asked.

"Woman, you won't believe what is here." The police man said as the rest followed.

Ken followed them too. One police man tried to stop him but another said, "We might need his strength, let him come along."

I could hear them moving something, or things and sooner, they began shouting.

"Afande! There is a machine like that we found at Kamanda's house in Muthaiga, a money minting machine. There is also a CCTV which is recording all activities in this house. There are guns here, and there, lots of bullets, laptops and oh! More electronics. There is also a radio machine and some telecommunication gadgets!" A police man said. I gathered all the strength I could and went down there. As I was getting down, Ken came over and assisted me to lower myself.

"Oh! My GOD!" I exclaimed at what I saw.

"Woman, and you think your husband was not a criminal? Your man was more than an alshabaab." The policeman said. I was getting so irritated at how he kept calling me woman.

"Who would have ever thought that there is another house under here?" Ken asked me.

Suddenly, the police in charge turned and told all of us, "Listen, I want us to lock this place and no one should say what we found here until we are through with our investigations."

"The only people who can say are these two." One police said pointing at us. Ken nodded his head in opposite.

"No, we won't say anything, but please, give us sometime to at least burry my husband, give him a proper send off." I pleaded with them. One police however kept trying to switch on a computer which was there, which seemed like it had malfunctioned.

"We shall ensure he gets a proper burial." The police in charge told us.

"My names are Onesimus Ouma, you can call me, Baba Jimmy." The police in command suddenly told me smiling. We were about to start getting back to my bedroom when suddenly the computer which one police man was trying to power on came to life. A playback began playing which I immediately recognized as CCTV playback of events that used to occur inside the house.

I suddenly saw myself getting pinned to the wall by Ken, as he turned me and began to fuck me dog-style against the wall. I could literally see his penis getting into my vagina!!!

"Oh! My goodness! Afande Ouma, see what we have here!" The police man shouted suddenly so amused. I was so overwhelmed with shame all I wanted was to get the hell out of there as fast as I could, or to make him stop the play back.

"Madam Grace, is that you?" Ouma asked me, looking straight into my eyes like an angel of doom about to interrogate a hell bound human being.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony KERRY.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: FIFTY-TWO

"Yes." I answered with a lot of shame in my eyes.

"I now understand why your husband wanted to kill both of you, but that is a story for another day. For now, this is a high-profile crime scene and should remain concealed. I will give you time to mourn and burry your husband, from there, we shall resume our investigations." Ouma told me. I could see a female police officer who was second in command keenly looking at Ken.

We completely sealed the entrance to the underground chamber.

"Very handsome boy, what is his name?" The female officer asked me.

"Godwin Muraya." I told the female officer

"Nice name, he will grow as tall as his name suggests." The female officer said. She keenly looked at him as she held him in her arms. She then looked at Ken for a brief moment, smiled and said to the boy, "Welcome to the world."

=====

Douglas relatives were coming in large numbers some from overseas. He had relatives and friends some I never knew existed. My relatives too were coming from as far as Mombasa to comfort me. Everyone was talking in low tones as if they did not want me to hear what they were saying. I however restricted people from seeing the newborn, citing health reasons but I knew his resemblance to Ken would arouse a lot of questions than I could handle.

"Ken, please feed the cows, they are making noises like they are hungry." I told Ken who just sat there holding his head between his hands like he was lost in deep thought.

"OH! All right." He told me. He looked at me for a few seconds like he had something to tell me.

"Grace, can I tell you something?" He asked me.

"Yes, provided it won't awaken my sadness it is a real bad time for me." I told him.

"I am beginning to think the way the workers in Naivasha just disappeared, they knew something we did not know. It was a trap for us. In fact, we would perhaps be dead were it not for the policemen who later came." Ken told me.

"Yes, but was it necessary for them to kill my husband?" I asked feeling confused.

"I don't know, but they basically shot everyone who had a gun in his hand." Ken told me. Suddenly his phone was ringing. He looked at me as he received the phone call. HE talked for almost a minute.

"That was Sherry, she is telling me she wishes to come." Ken told me still holding his phone.

"It is all right, let me go back to the house and handle the visitors." I told Ken as I turned to walk back into the house.

"Grace, you need to eat well. You are breastfeeding remember." A relative told me as I got into the house.

I talked briefly with a few people who were in the burial committee and went to my bedroom to have some rest.

=====

The burial day finally came. We all wore black for the day. I was still in my bedroom when I suddenly heard some people arguing in the table room, with someone mentioning my name constantly but I would not hear what she was saying.

I slowly went to where they were. 2 Were Douglas' sisters and one was my sister.

"You organized for our husband to be killed so that you can inherit his vast business empire. Isn't it so?" She bluntly accused me, much to my horror and shock. I did not know what to tell her.

"Come on! She is still mourning. Give her some peace." My sister tried to tell the woman.

"No, she cannot inherit all the money that was left by Douglas. We will investigate this. Douglas died in mysterious manner." She kept saying.

"But we all know she was shot by police!" My sister said.

"How do we know she did not organize with the police?" Douglas sister asked.

"I don't need his money, you can take all of it as long as you leave me in peace." I told the woman whose eyes were already red. People turned to look at me as I said so, like I had just said something strange.

"And how will you take care of the children?" My sister asked me.

"God will provide for us. I am not ready to lose peace over money and properties." I told them.

"Hey, we shall settle this matter once we have given Douglas a good send off. For now, let us just handle the matter at hand." My sister said. I knew tough time was ahead of me.

Douglas was buried around 100 meters from our house. For some strange reasons, I was not feeling sad over his death. The fact that he was an absentee husband most of the time, I really did not miss him. But the children cried a lot as he was being lowered into his grave.

"Will dad come back?" Jade asked me silently holding onto me.

"No, but we shall go to meet him." I told the little boy.

"When?" The little boy asked.

"I don't know when, but one day, we all shall go to be with him." I told the little boy, who did not seem to understand the concept of death better. However, Josephine who was more mature just sat silently lost in her own thoughts and sadness was all over her face. Miriam sat by her side holding her. I looked around and saw Ken together with Sherry standing. I did not know whether Ken had told Sherry that he nearly died. I could still see the Douglas' sister who was accusing me of orchestrating Douglas' death sitting looking at me, her name was Samantha Mbaire. I knew she would cause me a lot of trouble later.

"You need a lawyer, and preferable a female lawyer." A voice told me. I turned and saw Lillian standing behind me.

"Wow! How did you get here?" I had completely not seen her.

"Friends don't abandon each other at a time like this." She told me.

"I overheard a conversation from your sister in law and I can assure you, she will stop at nothing to cause you hell on earth. I will get you a lawyer who will ensure that you do not lose anything. You are the rightful heir of Douglas' estate and businesses. A woman cannot come from nowhere and think she owns her late brother's money. These Kikuyu women can be so greedy for money." Lillian told me.

"Do you know her?" I asked Lillian.

"No. But seeing how she is looking at you from time to time and how she was talking, be ready for tough times ahead." Lillian told me.

I was about to say something when Ken approached Lillian.

"Eh! Welcome here." Ken told her.

"Meet Sherry, my wife to be. Very soon it will be a wedding committee." Ken said jokingly as Sherry greeted Lillian.

"Oh! So nice, indeed you should get married. You are now a big man, Ken." Lillian told Ken.

Ken left and went on his way with his girlfriend.

"I also would advice you to get closer to Ken. You need a strong man besides you at this moment. I mean physically strong. People have a way of joking with widows and their homes. Consider giving him the roles of a security person in your home. Take him for training with security firms if you have to. But I am sure someone might try something evil and Ken might come in handy at this time. Use his strength for your advantage." Lillian told me, completely making me think beyond what I had thought. I looked for Ken, but he was gone, perhaps to escort his girlfriend after the burial.

"Do you think I can hire him as my security?" I asked Lillian.

"HE already is. Just motivate him with a good salary. Tell him to stay vigilant for any suspicious thing around. I know Ken likes you and will not hesitate to break someone's neck if he dares to joke with you." Lillian was so open with me that day.

"Did you come with your husband?" I asked Lillian.

"Yes, but he has already left. He was friends with your husband and he is the one who told me about Douglas' death." Lillian told me.

"All right Lillian, I will consider your words." I told her.

"Dear, I have to go. You have my number, please call me whenever you need me." Lillian told me.

Soon after, most people had already left and we were left with a few relatives. I could see Jade chasing after a cockerel.

"Jade, what are you doing?" I asked him.

"I want us to slaughter it." Jade answered excitedly.

"Who told you we need to slaughter it?" I asked him.

"Uncle Ken." The little boy told me and went on chasing the cockerel. Soon after, he was joined by Josephine and some other of their cousins. However, Josephine was totally unable to keep pace with the

boys as her breasts which were now bigger than mine kept bouncing up and down her chest. I just smiled seeing how she was struggling to run with the boys.

She finally gave up and came to where I was standing panting and out of breath.

"You are now a big girl, you cannot run with the boys." I told her.

"Mum, I run while I am in school nowadays." She told me. I looked at how her chest was rising and falling as she breathed heavily.

"Just go to the kitchen to help Miriam with some work." I told her.

I went to the table room to sit with some relatives and friends who had remained behind. Ken later joined us.

"Wow! This is Ken, the boy who came here the other day so small? Ken, what have you been eating?" One man who knew Ken from the day he joined us greeted him with a bear hug.

"Ken, you should have been in the military." The man told Ken noting his strength and chiseled physique. Ken laughed and flexed his left bicep, to the amazement of everyone in the room.

"Ken, if you see anyone joking around my sister, just crack his skull." My sister told Ken jokingly, reminding me of the conversation we just had with Lillian. Ivy and Celestine were still around and they wanted to talk to me, though they told me it was not urgent.

But later after Ivy left, I sat with Celestine.

"I am so sorry for your loss." She told me.

"Never mind, God knows why." I told her. She looked at me and smiled a faint smile.

"You will now have more time with your boy." Celestine told me. I was surprised all she was thinking was about Ken.

Before I could even tell her anything she told me, "Celestine, I honestly want to kill my husband. He has gotten so useless to me. Tell me how you did it."

I got really shocked by her statement. Was she insinuating or suggesting that I organized for my husband's death?

"Celestine, what do you mean?" I asked her. She was smelling alcohol.

"Tell me how you killed your husband, or how you orchestrated his death." Celestine asked so daringly I was lost of words.

"Celestine, I did not kill my husband and please stop talking like that." I told her.

She smiled. "We shall resume this later, for now let me just go home. I want the details." She told me while standing up.

I sincerely did not like how Celestine and Samantha were reasoning.

Later, Miriam served supper for everyone being assisted by Josephine.

"Oh! Don't give me food, I am ok." Ken suddenly told Miriam.

"Ok? Where have you eaten?" Miriam asked Ken jokingly. Ken smiled.

"Have you gone up to Sherry's home?" I asked him. He turned to look at me.

"Yes, and that is where I have eaten. I will only have some tea." Ken said. It was apparent their bond was getting stronger as days went. I had initially thought Sherry was just using Ken but I could tell Sherry loved Ken despite his lack of higher education.

It was almost 11 pm and I was about to go to sleep when I suddenly heard our dogs barking furiously outside. I was afraid they were so loud they would perhaps awaken the child who was soundly sleeping. I rushed to the window to peek outside.

I had never been that shocked all my life. As soon as I looked outside, I came face to face with a leopard which must have noticed me looking outside as it fixed its eyes on mine. I did not know what to do or its intentions.

"There is a leopard outside!" someone said from a different room. I was looking at it. It then turned and began to move slowly towards the cattle. It moved far enough I could no longer see it as it went around the cow shed.

"My God! Now what?" I found myself asking myself out loudly.

Suddenly, I heard a loud bang of a gunshot. I heard quick foot steps outside the house but could not see anyone.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony KERRY.

**SAGA BY ANTHONY KERRY
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THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: FIFTY-THREE

Some people were talking when suddenly someone came into view and I recognized the uniform of a KWS officer who was holding his gun.

"The animal is dead." Someone said.

I got the courage to go outside when I heard Ken talking. The leopard which had been terrorizing the village had been shot. It was lying on the grass silently. I could see Ken keenly looking at it. One KWS officer made to reach for it when Ken suddenly motioned him to stop.

"This animal is not dead! It is still breathing." Ken said. True to his word, I saw some movement from it and I immediately turned and began to run towards the door as fast as I could until my abdomen hurt.

The animal came back to life but before it could reach for anyone, another officer pumped bullets on it and it dropped down, completely dead.

"Damn! Cats have seven lives!" The KWS officer said.

They then loaded it to a Landcruiser which they were using and left.

=====

The few weeks that passed after Douglas' death were the most difficult for me. Rumors were already circulating that I organized for my husband to be killed so that I can inherit his vast wealth and worse, to remain with Ken the shamba boy who people claimed we were closer after my husband died. All the rumors were coming from Samantha, Douglas' sister. Almost all Douglas relatives believed that version of the story.

One day, Douglas' younger brother came to visit, at exactly one month after the burial.

"You know what, you are not going to be free woman. We shall eventually know if you killed our brother." He told me.

"But is it not you did not follow what the police told us? They have enough proof that Douglas was a criminal. What else do you want to hear from me?" I asked him.

"Listen, we know you can bribe the police and make them believe anything!" The young man told me.

"Believe me or not, I had nothing to do with it." I told him. I was silently shaking my young boy who had just breastfed to capacity. My boobs were aching due to too much milk and I kept caressing them to at least relieve the pain.

"Can't you see even how you are caressing your breasts to try to seduce me? You are such a prostitute!" The young man suddenly told me.

"Excuse me! What did you just call me?!" I asked him, so pissed off and angry.

"A prostitute!" he repeated very boldly.

Miriam came and took the baby as she usually did to take him to sleep.

I looked at him and felt myself losing my cool.

"Kinuthia! Get out of my house, right now!" I told him.

"I am not going anywhere." He said. Were outside the house and he suddenly got inside the house with his muddy shoes. I could not let him as I blocked him at the door. But he suddenly pushed me and I staggered backwards and held myself against the wall.

Ken must have heard that commotion as I knocked off some buckets while trying to maintain my balance and came to see what was going on. The young man came for me and held me by my neck. He was smelling of something like alcohol.

Ken suddenly went for him. Grabbed him by his neck too and literally lifted him away from me, went with him all the way to the kitchen door overlooking outside and threw him on the muddy floor.

"You Kihii, what have you just done? I will teach you a lesson." Kinuthia said and grabbed a piece of firewood. He approached Ken with it and aimed. He missed Ken's head by inches. This really infuriated Ken who in return slapped the young man, who was a bit shorter than Ken but as fat as a pig. He then punched him so hard on his stomach until he literally threw up as he staggered backwards and fell so hard. Ken went for him while still on the ground, held him against the ground with one hand and punched him so hard across his face.

Miriam screamed. I was glad my children were not there to witness that.

"Ken, spare him, let him go." I pleaded realizing that Kinuthia was in danger.

"How can he call me Kihii, was he there when I got circumcised?" Ken asked and slapped the young man on his mouth until he began to bleed.

"Ken! Leave him alone!" Miriam shouted and went over, held Ken's hand. Ken looked at her for a few seconds, then slowly stood upright.

"Kinuthia, by the count of 3, I want you out of this compound." Ken told the young man.

It was like he was waiting for that as he literally bolted out of there. But as he reached the gate, he shouted, "I will teach you a lesson you will live to remember."

However, I reported to the police that my in laws were threatening me, and a police restraint was served against them.

=====

"Ken, will you please assist me to lift something inside my bedroom." I told Ken one Saturday morning. My bed was so close to the window and I was not feeling safe and besides, the cold. I wanted to rearrange the bedroom so that my bed would be on the wall inside.

"Miriam, I really love your porridge, add me some more please." Ken told Miriam on his way in.

"Ken, I want us to move that bed from the window." I told him.

"You are not yet strong to lift heavy items, let me do it for you." Ken told me. He literally did all the arranging for me as I held the baby seated there.

I was breastfeeding the baby when Ken suddenly saw my breast and fixed his eyes there. I noticed but pretended not to see. He continued arranging the bedroom but he would steal glances towards me.

"Done, inspect the house now." Ken told me.

I laughed, "You are amusing me." I told him as I stood up to see if the room was better.

"Place that stool over there." I told him. He picked the stool and placed it besides the bed.

"Then, hold that wardrobe and push it further against the wall, don't worry even if some of it hides the window, I don't need too much light either." I told Ken. As he was moving the wardrobe, it suddenly got open and some of my panties fell down. Ken looked at me then at them.

I smiled, "You can pick them for me, please..." I told him. HE smiled, then began picking them one by one. He kept looking at them as he arranged them one by one. I noticed there was one particular pantie he was looking at for too long.

"Why are you looking at it for that long?" I asked him. He turned his head and looked at me. Smiled lustfully.

"Ken, why are you looking at me at the side of your head, turn and face me." I told him. He resisted for a few seconds then turned.

Lo! Behold, he had a massive erection that was literally pushing his trousers upwards. I got frightened by the look of it but my body suddenly changed seeing him lusting for me. It was 7 weeks since I gave birth. I could feel my vagina pulsating at the imaginations his erect penis was giving me.

"What is it Ken?" I asked him looking at his penis.

"Grace, this is the pantie you were wearing the first time I had sex with you. I still remember that day like yesterday." Ken told me.

"Damn! You have sharp memory! I cannot even remember!" I told him. I slowly placed the baby on the bed to help him arrange the wardrobe for me. I began placing the panties according to how I loved to arrange them. They all matched days of the week as in, there were certain colors I preferred for certain days; that was me. Also, there were panties I would wear when I expect sex since they were easy to remove and some had a deliberately placed hole for easy penetration of quickie.

As Ken was standing besides me while helping me to arrange, his penis touched me. This aroused me so suddenly making me realize how much I missed sex.

"Ken, you are really tempting me." I told him. He just looked at me and pretended like he did not hear me.

I was arranging some items when Ken suddenly grabbed my buttocks and pressed hard. it startled me and I turned.

"Ken!" I called him out. But he held me fast by my head and kissed me, a deep French kiss that made me begin to yearn for him.

"Ken, Miriam might find us." I told him.

"So, it is not like we are committing a crime." Ken told me. He began to caress my hips. I could literally feel my pussy getting wet with desire, and hot.

Ken reached for my pantie and before I knew it, his fingers were caressing my labia majora making me even wetter. I held myself against him as the feelings were so overwhelming making me feel weak on my knees.

"Ken, stop it." I told him but I was not resisting him. I let him have his own way as he pushed me towards the bed, then slowly took my legs and parted them. He then pulled off my pantie. I was breathing hard with anticipation. Ken lowered himself and began kissing my boobs.

"Please, don't rattle my boobs they will pour out some milk." I told Ken. He caressed them and it was like they got triggered and milk began to flow freely. Ken looked at how they were wetting my blouse and just smiled.

"I love how big they are." Ken told me. MY breasts had gotten bigger almost double after child birth. The thought that Ken loved them like that drove me crazy and I literally pulled him and gave him a hug, pressing my breasts hard. It felt nice and passionate having his body against mine. While I was still thinking about it, I felt his penis and it was still so hard but inside his clothes.

Slowly, I took his hard penis and touched myself with it across my vulvas. I caressed my labia majora with it, all the way to my clitoris making myself wet all over with the penis. Then I slowly directed his penis into my vagina and pulled him harder into me. The ecstatic feeling it gave me made me to suddenly moan hard until Ken motioned me to silence.

"Hey, someone might hear you moaning." Ken told me smiling awkwardly.

"Just fuck me, stop talking!" I told Ken and he began to push his penis up and down inside me, gyrating his hips gently to strike my vagina at different angles. As the pleasure heightened, I began to gyrate my hips in motion to his pumping. The feeling of nearness to orgasm made me want to have his penis inside me forever as I kept slowing down myself to have that suspended state of being so close to orgasm. The feeling was just awesome.

Ken began to increase his speed of fucking me and I could see him closing his eyes intermittently due to pleasure. I was teasing his penis with kegels. I however could not hold myself longer as I began going over the edge fast and within seconds, my body was trembling with an explosive orgasm that made me shed some tears. I felt my breasts get suddenly harder and milk poured out of my nipples forcefully.

Ken began pumping harder and I knew he was about to get ejaculate when suddenly we heard Miriam calling.

"Ken, the porridge is ready, can I bring it to you?" She asked. Ken made to talk but would not utter a word. We heard some movements and Miriam called out again, "Ken, I am bringing you the porridge."

Upon hearing that, Ken abruptly withdrew from my vagina but it was like he had reached a point of no return as his penis literally exploded on me with his semen spilling all over my skirt as I made to sit upright fast, he then turned to face away from the door and his penis continued to spill the rest of the content on the carpet. I grabbed a lesso fast and wrapped myself with it. The door suddenly opened but Miriam did not come in.

"Ken, here is your porridge." She said as I made to meet her at the door.

"All right, he is pushing something heavy, give me his porridge I will give him." I told Miriam.

"All right, tell him some more is in the thermos flask in case he need some more. I want to go to the posho mill to get some flour." Miriam told me politely and turned to leave.

"Thank you, Miriam." Ken suddenly said.

"I thought you were holding something with your mouth." Miriam said jokingly as she walked away.

I turned to face Ken and we suddenly burst out laughing.

"Damn! I could not stop them, sorry I made you dirty." Ken told me still laughing.

"You, Ken, you are so crazy!" I told him as I unwrapped the lesso. He looked at how he had splashed me with his semen and just smiled.

"I surely could not stop them, damn! Miriam has denied me the pleasure of finishing inside you." Ken told me as he took his cup of porridge from my hand.

I was about to continue with arranging some items when I suddenly heard Miriam laughing so hard from the kitchen. This made both of us stop whatever we were doing and stood still; we were like both wondering whatever she was laughing at that hard. We just looked into each other's eyes.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony KERRY.

**SAGA BY ANTHONY KERRY
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THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: FIFTY-FOUR

"What is she laughing at?" I asked Ken filled with a lot of anxiety.

Ken walked out slowly.

"What is so funny?" Ken asked Miriam.

"Look what is going on..." I heard Miriam tell Ken.

Ken too burst out laughing making me even more anxious to know why they were laughing. I wrapped myself and walked to the kitchen where I found them looking outside. It is when I saw what they were laughing at. There was our dog, our largest dog. Whatever it was doing was somehow strange but funny as it stood on one side of a tree and was simulating sex with the tree and it was so busy at it such that it did not seem to care what was going on in this world. It was fucking the tree literally. It had closed its eyes. But what was even funnier, it had mud all over it.

"How did it get all this mud?" I asked Miriam.

"It came here, began rolling, then it licked its 'thing' then it went over there and began doing what it is doing." Mercy said and continued laughing. In as much as it was funny, I did not think it was a laughing matter.

"This dog needs a female." Ken suddenly told Miriam.

"Do they do these whenever they want female dogs?" Miriam asked. Ken laughed. Miriam was so ignorant of some things.

"That dog is masturbating, Miriam." Ken told Miriam.

Miriam was about to ask something when we heard someone hit our gate so hard, like he was forcefully opening the gate. Ken turned to look at the direction of the gate. As we stood there wondering what next, Kinuthia came in accompanied by 4 young men.

"This is the dog." Kinuthia said to the men pointing at Ken.

"Ah! Ken... what?" One of the 4 men asked looking at Ken. Surprise was all registered in his eyes.

"Kimunya, what are you doing here?" Ken asked the young man and went over to greet him. He gave him a strong handshake.

Kinuthia was very surprised at the turn of events.

"Kinuthia, we cannot do anything to him. This man is a former classmate back in primary school." The guy said but I was more than pissed off.

"Kinuthia, this is the height of disrespect. How dare you bring ruffians into my house, apparently to beat Ken?" I asked him angrily. He did not talk.

"Grace, do you think any of these boys can beat me? You must be joking." Ken said.

"How dare you call us boys?" Kinuthia asked. Ken just smiled at him.

"Listen guys, this is not the time to start quarreling, let me give you each something to puff and you can go away." Ken told them. I looked keenly into their eyes and indeed they seemed high on weed or similar stuff. Ken went slowly into his house and came out with a little wrapping.

He called Kimunya aside, and they seemed to talk in a low tone.

After a few minutes, Kimunya turned towards his fellows smiling.

"Guys, let us go. I got enough puff to last us for a month. Where else can we get such?" HE turned to Ken and told him, "Thank you so much brother."

To my surprise, they all walked away and left Kinuthia standing there.

"What are you doing? Follow your fellow idiots!" Ken barked at him. He turned away in shame and walked towards them.

"What did you give them?" Miriam asked Ken.

Ken smiled at her. "What do you think?" Ken asked.

"Money..." Miriam guessed.

"No. I gave them weed. These guys need weed more than they need Jesus." Ken said.

"Ken, stop joking." Miriam said looking amazed at Ken's statement.

"I am telling you the truth, bhang is more important to these rascals than Jesus." Ken said, I just smiled. It was really amusing seeing Miriam trying to make sense to Ken, who did not believe in Jesus at all.

"Ken, you need to be saved." Miriam told Ken.

Ken looked at Miriam for almost a minute.

"Saved from what?" Ken asked. He seemed to be counting something in his pocket, and I thought he was counting rolls of weed.

"Saved from sin. You need Jesus." Miriam told Ken sounding so preachy.

"Let me show you what I need." Ken told Miriam. He dipped his hands in his pocket and came out with a few rolls of bhang. That took me by surprise as I knew that was capable of making him get arrested.

"Ken, now this is serious. Aren't you afraid you might get arrested?" I asked him.

"Arrested for what? I smoke weed only, smoking weed is not a crime." Ken said defensively.

He was about to light one roll when I motioned him to stop it.

"Ken, you are not going to smoke that thing here!" I told him firmly.

He looked at me, smiled and said, "All right, let me smoke it in the shamba, see you later. I need to work over there, there is a lot of bushes that need to be cleared." Ken said, picked one of the fork jembes that was lying there and walked over behind fence gate towards our vast shamba behind our compound.

=====

"Madam, this man is dangerous!" Miriam told me as soon as Ken left.

"I don't think so, he never harms anyone." I told Miriam.

"What if his bhang makes him do something bad?" Miriam asked me.

"Bhang does not make anyone bad, but your characters determine if you are good or bad." I told Miriam.

"All right, as you say." Miriam said and was about to leave when I stopped her.

"Miriam, you need to get some Sukuma wiki from the shamba." I told Miriam. She looked at me as if looking at a stranger.

"Sorry madam, I am not going there when Ken is out there smoking weed." Miriam told me and casually walked into the kitchen.

"All right, listen over to the baby, I am going to pick some." I told her and wore some shoes, then walked to the shamba.

"What brings you here? It is almost dark and wild animals might come from the forest." Ken told me. He had already slashed a huge chunk of bush, so big I wondered whether he did it all alone. He was sweating profusely and he had taken off his jacket and shirt, he remained with only a vest. His muscles were bulging and shiny from the sweat.

"I have come to pick some Sukuma wiki. I sent Miriam and she told me she cannot come here to meet you smoking weed." I told him smiling. He laughed.

"Grace, tell her I do not eat people, I am totally harmless." Ken said. I however concentrated on picking some Sukuma wiki. I chose from the side of the shamba where they had grown to be too tall, almost my height and it made it easy for me to pick them. As I was walking around, I saw a huge log lying down.

"Ken, will you come with an axe to cut this into pieces so that we can get some firewood?" I asked Ken.

He walked over to where I was standing, looked down at the log.

"I will carry it. It will be easier to work on it when it is in the compound." Ken said. I laughed.

"Ken, you joke a lot. You cannot lift this log." I told him.

"Carry for me this jembe." Ken told me. He wore his shirt and jacket fast. Before I even asked him whether he could carry the huge log, he bent over, lifted the log with minimal effort onto his shoulder and began to walk towards home. I walked slowly behind him.

When he got home, he dropped the log so hard on the ground until the ground under us trembled.

"Ken, this weed makes you so strong." I told him jokingly as I handed over his Jembe.

"Not really, I actually eat more food. Weed alone cannot make anyone strong. Hey, I want to make for you some firewood. Where is our axe?" Ken asked me.

"But you are the one who puts it in the store." I told him. He scratched his head while walking around as if thinking.

"Grace, the axe is not in the store. Check it in the kitchen." Ken told me. That was puzzling since it never stayed in the kitchen.

"Miriam, is the axe inside there?" I asked Miriam who was already in the Kitchen cooking.

"No. Mama Kamau borrowed it and has not returned it." Miriam said. I felt annoyed since it was not right for anyone to not to return a borrowed item.

"When was that? And I told you not to be giving out our items when I am not here." I rebuked her.

"Sorry Madam. I can go for it." Miriam said.

"No, you shall go for it tomorrow. It is almost evening and Mama Kamau's place is far." I told Miriam.

"Jesus will protect me on the way, let me go for it." Miriam said. Ken just smiled at the mention of Jesus.

"Perhaps you should go with Ken." I told Miriam. I was sure she would decline.

"No. I will go alone." She came out ready to go. As she made to head towards the gate, Ken followed her.

"Listen, Miriam. This is not Kitui. This is Limuru and you might get mugged or raped or even attacked in the bushes. I am going with you whether you like it or not." Ken told her firmly. She looked at Ken as if weighing her options.

"All right, let us go." She told Ken and both left.

I however went over to my bedroom where I found the baby had woken up but was silent on the bed. I took him to breastfeed him.

I then went over some items that belonged to my late husband and saw some cheque books, some bank details, some other confidential documents but what caught my attention was a note book that was totally red. I opened it and began to read. It was like a diary with a chronology of events that he intended to accomplish. Some were accomplished according to the indicator and some were not. They all had dates.

I went over and as I was reading things he intended to do, I got so shocked to see in the notebook the day he intended to kill me and Ken, and burry us in the flower plantation in Naivasha. Apparently, according to the notebook, he had hinted that to all employees and that was why they all vanished when we got there, apparently not to be caught up in the crossfire or to be witnesses. It made sense since none of them returned even after Douglas was buried. But what remained a mystery was, if Douglas all along knew about our affair, then why did he take so long to bust us? Did he tell Ken to spy on me to divert his attention not to be suspicious? It was all a big puzzle.

I also discovered that Douglas had businesses in Mogandishu, which I never knew existed. But there was no evidence of him ever having another family or another woman.

Also, in the notebook, which he always carried, he had indicated that he installed a car tracking system in my car when he went to change the headlights.

I however felt like I was missing him.

Suddenly, I felt something fall in the kitchen and I walked fast to go and see what it was only to realize it was one of our dogs which had gotten inside the house and accidentally hit a sufuria that was hanging on a bucket. I thought it must have been hungry and that was why it was looking for food.

I took some food and placed on it outside and it began to eat fast. I was about to return inside the house when Miriam and Ken suddenly opened the gate and walked fast towards the kitchen. Ken was holding the axe with his left hand and was walking right behind Miriam as if trying to keep up with her pace.

Without even thinking much, I could tell something was seriously wrong. Miriam was crying and had her Lesso wrapped on her face. She came over where I was standing and without even saying anything, she passed me fast and went inside. Ken stood there looking at me awkwardly. My heart raced as my mind spun with a lot of imaginations of what could have gone wrong, or what was wrong. I looked at Ken for clues but his expression was just hollow. His face was devoid of any hint whatsoever of what could be wrong.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony KERRY.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: FIFTY-FIVE

I followed Miriam to where she was seated crying silently. Then I turned and walked to the door, where Ken was standing outside.

"Ken, what did you do to her?" I asked Ken feeling furious.

"What? Me? I did not do anything to her. She just received a phone call and began crying." Ken told me holding his head. I felt confused as I approached Miriam to know why she was crying.

"Miriam, what is the problem?" I asked her going to sit closer to her.

"Madam, there was this man who I loved so much. I used to think he shall marry me. Now someone called me and told me that he is getting married. I confirmed and was told it was true. This has really broken my heart considering how I trusted him. He is a pastor's son. I cannot imagine him leaving me. What did I do? What do I lack as a woman? My God this is too much for me." She continued to cry.

I had thought something so different!

"All right, my dear. These things do happen, this is not the end of life. If a man was never meant to be yours, he shall go sooner or later. Be glad at least it is engagement he broke not a marriage." I told Miriam. I continued to console with her until she composed herself.

"Men are bad, Madam, men are bad. This is the man I was preserving my virginity for. How could he do this to me?" She told me still shedding tears. Indeed, she was broken hearted.

"He probably never loved you, or he wanted something from you and you denied him." Ken said. I did not realize he was standing at the door all that time. HE looked at Miriam and smiled. I knew what he meant.

"Ken, I shall never do that as long as someone has not married me. I would rather end up in old age still single." Miriam told Ken looking at him with some serious eyes.

"Oh! Easy, girl. At least no one is dead. You were crying like someone has died." Ken told Miriam. Miriam was about to say something when Ken stood up and left slowly.

"Don't mind about him, he is a mad man." I told Miriam.

After much talking to her, she composed herself enough to be able to continue with her work. Indeed, she was still a tender heart if she could cry over a mere break up.

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"Imagine she was crying because of a man who is not even her husband!" I told Ken in the morning as I met him doing some clean up in the cow sheds. He however was not wearing gumboots as usual, for whatever reasons.

"She will get used to the world of break ups, I even thought someone died." Ken said as he leaned on one side of the shed to take some rest.

"I thought you have done something to her, like, raped her." I told Ken teasingly. He turned fully to face me.

"Grace, what do you take me for? You once thought I am fucking your daughter, you now think I am raping the house girl???" Ken sounded annoyed.

"I am sorry, I now know you are a good man. Hey, where is Sherry? It is long time since she came to visit you. Is she all right?" I asked Ken.

"Oh! Yes, she is all right. I will invite her over the weekend." Ken told me.

"Ken, why are you not on your gumboots?" I asked him.

"I just felt like being bare footed. Sometimes it feels nice." Ken told me looking at his legs. At least the cow shed was cemented and did not have much dirt or cow dung, but I thought it was not hygienic to be barefooted.

"Don't break her heart." I told Ken.

"Who?" Ken asked.

"Of course, Sherry, she is such a nice girl." I told Ken. He laughed.

"I am serious, the girl loves you." I told Ken.

"She loves me, yes. But I am yet to know if it is me or the financial assistance that I give her regularly." Ken said.

"I hope she won't be like some girls who use their men then after they get educated they dump them." I told Ken.

"I would just let her go." Ken said, resuming his work slowly of cleaning up the cow dung.

It reminded me of how my husband used to say if he ever realized I was cheating on him, he would just let me go but ironically, he even tried to kill us. I was sure he would have killed us and buried us in the Naivasha plantation.

"Ken, are you aware that Douglas meant to kill us that day?" I suddenly asked Ken. He became more attentive.

"I saw the fury in him, but it was not necessary for him to die. The police would have at least arrested him." Ken said. I also felt the same.

"Anyway, that is gone." I said.

I needed to keep my mind busy since I had a 2 more months of maternity leave.

"Madam, someone is calling you." Miriam told me coming over to where we were standing to give me my phone. It was a strange number.

"Hi, it is me, Lillian, I called using this number which you do not have; sorry. How are you?" She sounded so excited over the phone.

"I am fine, how have you been?" I asked her.

"Been fine, I have a business proposal for you if you don't' mind. But would prefer to come over and discuss with you, it is confidential." Lillian told me. After thinking for a few seconds, I told her she was free to come anytime. She told me she was coming right away.

I went to the table room to fold some clothes that were there as the baby slept in the bedroom. After about an hour, Lillian came.

Miriam served us with some hot chocolate drink since the morning was a cool one.

"So, what is the business?" I asked her.

"Feel free to turn the proposal down." Lillian told me upfront making me wonder what the type of business was.

"There are so many young college girls who are desperate for quick cash. I am establishing a club in Kiambu where we can be linking them up with potential clients, they will be booking them online through a system, then they come over to the club and meet their men there, privately. The girl gets a certain

percentage and we get the rest of the profit." Lillian told me while holding his cup close to her mouth such that immediately she finished talking she just sipped her chocolate.

"Hmm, where will we get the girls?" I asked her.

"Stop being naïve, we do not go searching for them, they will come searching for us. Our work is to vet them either online or offline." Lillian told me.

As we were talking, Ken came in after excusing himself.

"I forgot to tell you that I need some more money for animal feeds." Ken told me, extending his hand to greet Lillian.

"All right, I will sort you out." I told him as I dismissed him to go and continue with the rest of the work.

It was almost lunch time and I could hear Miriam busy in the kitchen preparing some lunch. I was hungry. I heard the baby crying and I went to pick him.

"Wow! Cute kid, give him to me." Lillian told me and I handed the boy to her.

She looked at him as if she had questions in her head. I smiled.

"Don't ask anything." I told her jokingly as I could read her face. She laughed.

"It is very obvious, lucky you." Lillian said. I just laughed.

"I, sorry for my manners, I know now you have exclusive access to Ken." Lillian suddenly told me.

"Yes, and no. You know he is still a shamba boy to me." I told Lillian who winked at me as I spoke.

"Anyway, back to our agenda. Are you in for the business? I want you as a partner too." Lillian's proposal was so enticing as it promised quick money, which would come effortlessly. I knew girls who were desperate for money would jump into the deal fast.

"And it is long since you came to our club." Lillian told me.

"Why would I need to come there? I am no longer restricted here." I told her. I meant with no husband around, I could do anything.

"You promised me a lawyer, what happened?" I asked Lillian.

"Just a phone call away. Once you see troubles, just call me and I will link you up. However, here is her business card. But I would rather introduce you to her so as to negotiate a better price. "Lillian told me handing me over a business card. I placed it on my magazine that was close there.

Miriam served us lunch. We talked a lot of things until Lillian told me she wanted to go.

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"What did she want?" Ken asked me as soon as Lillian went.

"She wants us to do some business." I told Ken.

"Isn't she done with flesh peddling business?" Ken asked sounding disgusted.

"We want to start a social welfare organization to help college going students." I lied to Ken. Ken's eyes brightened.

"Wow! Such a nice idea, will it be soon? You can help my Sherry. She needs more money for her project and research and I am unable fund her." Ken told me.

"We shall consider her as soon as we begin, relax." I told Ken. However, I was not for the idea of her being introduced there as I knew if Ken would later know what sort of business was there, he would hate me for life.

"Now that Miriam has been dumped, I will win her." Ken told me jokingly.

"Ken, stop it. She is still hurt. Besides, Miriam is such an innocent young woman, don't mess with her." I told Ken. He laughed hard.

"No, she is now lonely, I can try and keep her company, and give her some love." Ken told me and winked at me.

"Ken, if you do anything to Miriam, I will never forgive you." I told him. I meant it.

"Relax, I am only joking. Hey, you haven't given me the money yet to buy animal feeds." Ken reminded me.

"Oh! Yes, wait." I went inside the house and brought him Kshs 20,000.

"Use my car, and I think we soon will need a pick up." I told Ken.

"Why can't I use that other car? It is bigger." Ken pointed at Douglas' car. But I could not let him use it. It had not been used since my husband died.

"No, use mine, go two trips if you have to." I told him firmly. He did not object.

Ken was about to leave when suddenly Miriam came outside.

"Hey, Ken, if you are going to the shopping center, give me a lift up to there. I want to go and buy some items." Miriam told Ken hurriedly.

Ken looked at her for a few seconds and told her, "All right, hurry up I want to return earlier so that I can deworm the cows."

Miriam went inside and came out ready to go with Ken. I hoped they would just go and come back without any incidence as Ken was so unpredictable.

"And Ken, please, I don't want your jokes. I am not in the mood for jokes." Miriam told Ken as she got into the passenger's seat.

"Miriam, relax. I don't eat people. Besides, you are like my younger sister." Ken told Miriam as he reversed. I went over and opened the gate for them as Ken drove slowly towards the gate. I could see Miriam comfortably. As Ken drove slowly towards the main road, I could see him looking at me over the side mirror and in his face was a mischievous smile.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony KERRY.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: FIFTY-SIX

As soon as Ken went with Miriam, I went to my bedroom and looked into some documents just to have a rough estimate of the amount of wealth I was heir to as Douglas' next of kin. I discovered that Douglas had another shamba in Malindi, a place called Dabaso near Watamu. The shamba was a total of 75 acres. According to the document, the land was undeveloped. He also had some rental houses in Githurai 45, a canteen in Thika and a night club in Mariakani. I felt so disappointed at his secrecy. There was also some unspecified amount of money in the bank, actually, he had 4 bank accounts and one was in South Africa. It also seemed like he had some investments in South Africa which I was yet to know.

"Jesus Christ! Why was this man so secretive?" I found myself asking myself out loudly.

It seemed like despite him being a criminal, he also had really invested. I however did not know how to approach the while issue of following up with everything and that was why I felt that I needed a lawyer. I however chose to wait until I was strong enough to pursue some matters.

"Godwin, your dad was such a hardworking man!!" I told my son who was silently smiling looking at nothing in particular. I suddenly remembered that the son was sired by the Shamba boy and I smiled at the irony of it. I looked at his nose and it was apparent he really took after Ken.

Ken's wedding was getting closer if at all he was serious and I knew it would be a matter of time before he became totally unavailable to me as I knew it was possible Sherry would take total hold on him. I however was trying to figure out how I would continue to get him even after he got married. I knew there were chances he would go to where he came from, Nyeri and get out of my life.

It was when an idea came into my mind. As I was thinking, I heard the gate opening and I heard Miriam talking, "Let me open the gate for you." She said and I knew they were back.

I called Celestine.

"Hello dear, can you come to my place in the evening if you are not busy? I need to see you." I told her and she agreed immediately.

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As soon as Celestine came, she gave me a tight hug.

"How much we miss you at work. Look at you, you have gotten younger. What are you eating of late?" Celestine asked me.

"Freedom." I told her and winked. She laughed hard and nodded.

"Celestine, I want you to help me get a shamba in Limuru or close, but Limuru is my first priority." I told her. She looked at me for a few seconds. Miriam served us with some tea.

"Tell me your budget. And you will pay me for searching for you." She told me jokingly, but I was serious I would pay her if she would get a shamba for me.

"There is a family that is selling their shamba over that other side of the ridge, they are selling it at Kshs 1.2 million per acre considering it is close to the tarmac road and there is a water pipe going through it." Celestine told me.

"Please get it for me." I told her excitedly.

"Really? The man is not willing to cut it into pieces; he want to sell entire 10 acres." Celestine told me.

"I will buy it." I told her.

"Done, I will go there tomorrow to look for you." Celestine promised. I was glad she was no longer asking about my husband.

Celestine promised to do that soonest for me.

"How is the little boy doing?" Celestine asked me.

"Growing strong like his father." I told her and winked. She laughed.

"At least you will have a boy who is strong. By the way why don't you just get married to Ken?" Celestine asked me, making me suddenly feel goose bumps.

"Tell me you are joking, I do not intend to get married anyway." I told her.

"After all, why buy an entire pig if you can get sausages?" Celestine asked me and laughed hard.

"You are so naughty!" I told her as I pointed a finger at her. She cleared her throat as if to say something but did not.

We continued talking about so many other issues, work as well us personal issues until it was late at night. She left at almost 11 pm but since she was driving, she felt safe. She arrived at almost midnight at her home.

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True to Celestine's word, she helped me own the Shamba which was about 3 KM from my home. I told Ken to accompany me to go and see the new shamba.

"We are expanding our farming activities and I have acquired the shamba so I want us to go there and see it. You will drive. But it is on the other side of the ridge so it is some distance." I told Ken.

"You know that I am a good driver." Ken told me jokingly.

"You are a bad driver, you drive too fast." I told Ken as soon as we left our home. I carried the baby.

We arrived at the shamba at 11 am. There was one hut which was abandoned in it and there was nothing inside it. It was mostly flat except on one side of it which was slopping towards a river. One side of it was a manmade forest and the rest were just bushes and weed.

"This place is like a grazing field!" Ken noted seeing how flat the land was. We walked for a short while and returned to the car since I did not want to expose Godwin to too much open air which was cool.

"Ken, do you intend to go back to Nyeri as soon as you get married?" I asked him once we got seated in the car.

"Yes, I have a small shamba where I want to build a decent house." Ken told me. I always suspected that.

"Ken, I want to change your plans." I told him. He looked at me as if he wasn't hearing me right.

"What plans?" He asked.

"I want you to build here, at least continue working for me. This is why I bought this shamba." I told him. He looked at me and laughed. He however stopped laughing as soon as he realized how serious I was. He paid his whole attention.

"Ken, I know you are about to get married but I cannot live without you. I want you close to me. This is why I want you to build here. I can give you one acre of this land then you can be managing the rest. Furthermore, this place is better than Nyeri. I cannot get someone to work like you and I would rather make sacrifices to ensure that you remain here." I told him.

"But..." He stopped talking.

"But what?" I asked him.

"But, I want you to promise me you won't interfere with my marriage. I cannot afford to lose Sherry because of you." Ken told me firmly.

"I promise, I am not that selfish." I told him. I meant it.

The only sounds outside were birds chirping, gently blowing wind producing humming sounds in the trees. I could hear some domestic dog barking in the next shamba and some other sounds I could not really make what they were. However, the whole place was so nice and serene. The shamba was at a higher altitude as compared to the one with my home and it felt like it could get colder during the nights.

"Grace, show me where I will build. I want to start building soonest and plant a high hedge to surround the compound, this place is colder compared to home." Ken said.

"I noticed. But seems more fertile." I told Ken. I was holding my son on my arms. Ken looked at him sleeping.

"May I hold him." Ken told me. I smiled as I gently handed the boy to him. The boy moved a little and continued sleeping.

"Do you know this is your son?" I asked Ken. He gave me a broad smile.

"Yes, but that should remain between me and you." Ken told me. He keenly looked at the child's face as if to confirm its appearance.

"He will grow as big as you." I told Ken.

"Probably bigger, some children end up bigger than their parents." Ken said looking at the baby. Ken looked so fatherly holding the baby and I knew if he continued like that, Sherry was a lucky lady to have him.

Suddenly, his phone rang.

"Sherry calling." Ken said and received the call. They talked for a few minutes and he finished the call with, "I love you, mwaaaah."

"Ken, you are so romantic, I also want a kiss." I told him. He looked at me then shifted his eyes ahead of the car, making me to suddenly wonder what he was looking at. It is when I saw two boys chasing each other running fast across the shamba.

"I think we should fence this shamba. Do you have the money for that?" Ken asked me.

"What a question!? There is enough money to fence even the whole country. Do the budget, tell me how much you need. Hire some village boys to help you in fencing it and be fast, do that within a week." I told Ken. The boys continued to jump and down all over and were joined by some other boys who seemed to care less that our car was standing there at the edge of the vast shamba.

"They must be so used to this place, they will miss it once we fence it." Ken told me, seeing how the boys were rolling with summersaults freely. Suddenly, Ken opened the car's door, handed me the baby and approached them. As soon as they saw him they wanted to run away but Ken shouted at them, "Hey, I will not beat you, don't run. I want to talk to you." Ken told them. They all stopped several meters away from Ken.

"Come and greet me, my name is Ken. What are your names?" Ken asked them. They all told Ken their names. Ken called them slowly and they surrounded him as if it was a preacher preaching at them, he squatted to be their size. Seeing that he was harmless, they sat in front of him and they seemed to be talking about what I could not hear. They talked for almost 20 minutes. I could hear them laugh from time to time. Suddenly, Ken stood up. It was as if he dismissed them as they stood up and ran away, disappeared behind the bushes and I knew they were either going home or to their shambas.

"What did you tell them? They seemed excited to be with you." I asked Ken as soon as he returned in the car and closed the door.

"I was asking them questions about this Shamba. They told me the owner lives in Nairobi. I also asked them of some people play in this shamba and they told me no one steps on it since the owner is a dangerous man. They also said..." Ken stopped talking and laughed.

"Said what?" I asked Ken.

Still laughing, Ken said, "They said they bring their girlfriends in this shamba to fuck them." Ken burst out laughing even harder. I laughed too. How now? They all seemed between 7 to 14 years old!

"Children nowadays learn fast! How now?" I asked.

"Have you forgotten that your daughter who is barely their age mates wanted me to fuck her?" Ken asked me.

"Oh! Yes, I remember. So, these boys are serious." I told Ken.

"Anyway, they promised me they will be looking at who comes in this shamba and will be telling me whenever I come here. I promised them that I shall be giving them sweets and a bread whenever I come." Ken told me. He looked at his phone to look at the time.

We had been there for almost 3 hours!

"We need to go. Get the amount needed and tell me to fence this place. Leave a gate for your boys to be coming to play. You can create a small field for them to be playing in the meantime." I told Ken.

"Yes, they seemed friendlier. Now, your kiss." Ken told me. I suddenly felt some excitement and anxiety as Ken reminded me that I had asked for a kiss from him.

I looked outside the car.

"Don't worry, the windows are tinted and besides, there is no one around." Ken told me.

I slowly leaned over to kiss him. I had just breastfed the boy and he went to sleep. Ken gave me a nice, long French kiss that made me feel suddenly hot all over. As he was kissing me, he was caressing my neck making me feel so nice and aroused. I could feel my vulvas throbbing with desire for his dick. My clitoris was beginning to itch and my nipples were getting harder and harder. My entire body was reacting to his tender and passionate kiss that was so sensual I just found myself closing my eyes to feel his kiss. I felt light, like I was flying. I began to fantasize and wished I was not with the child as I would have mounted him there and then and rode his dick hard until I get an orgasm. We kissed for almost 10 minutes, pausing to just breath.

I then stopped kissing him and looked at his trousers. His erect penis was pushing his trousers very hard, so hard it scared me. I smiled awkwardly and pointed at it.

"How comes it is so...high?" I asked him. I was tempted to touch it. Ken laughed a little, more of a chuckle.

"Can I tell you why?" Ken asked me.

"Yes, please do." I urged him. I knew he was about to say something naughty.

"I am wearing nothing inside, no boxer. I wanted my balls to hang loose and my penis to feel some freshness of swinging freely from left to right as I walk." Ken said smiling. I burst out laughing.

"You are so funny, Ken, you are mad." I told him still laughing.

"Shh..." Ken motioned me to keep quiet.

"What? The child is fast asleep, he cannot hear me laughing." I told Ken.

"No, it is not about the child, but listen, where is that noise coming from?" Ken asked me. He was keenly listening to what I could not hear.

"What are you talking about? What are you hearing?" I asked Ken.

"Silence, listen..." Ken told me, he was so damn serious!

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony KERRY.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: FIFTY-SEVEN

I paid much attention until I could hear some voices coming from the bush. I could not make to get them clearly what the noises were about.

"Let me go and check." Ken told me.

"No, wait, I cannot make it clearly what the sound is all about, be careful. Carry something like, a machete..." I told him. He just smiled and walked away towards some bushes ahead. As I was trying to shift my view to see ahead, the baby woke up and began struggling to get to breastfeed.

Ken disappeared behind a bush and stayed for a few minutes. I was not comfortable. I wanted to call him but he had left his phone inside the car.

Suddenly and without a warning, I saw a naked woman running towards the car but immediately she saw the car, she turned and run in another direction. She was rather fat with big breasts and she was running with difficulty. I heard someone speak but could not hear what he was saying but it was not Ken's voice. No one came out of the bush but after a few minutes Ken came out, much to my relief. He was smiling like it was something funny.

He got into the car and laughed.

"What is it?" I asked him. The boy was just sucking the breasts hungrily like his life depended on it.

"I found them having sex, apparently it is like the woman is someone's wife and the man knows that. So, when he saw me he thought I have been sent to attack him. He pleaded for his life but the woman opted to run away naked. I even don't know where she has gone or how she will go all the way home naked. Very funny." Ken said and laughed until I began laughing.

"How is the man?" I asked Ken.

"Just a young man, probably younger than me but the woman is clearly older than you." Ken told me still smiling.

"Wow! You caught them on the act?" I asked Ken,

"Yes, the man was busy fucking her could not even hear me approach. The woman was moaning but suddenly saw me. She immediately pushed the man away, stood up, tried to wear her clothes but realized it was not possible due to her size and she opted to run away. The young man knelt down and began

pleading with me to spare him. I told him I have no problem with him. But he has also run away in a different direction. Seems this shamba had not been farmed in a while no wonder it us used as a play field by so many people." Ken told me.

"Another reason why we should fence it soonest." I told him. He closed the door and ignited the car for us to leave.

"Let me inquire the much money that is needed to fence it then I will let you know." Ken told me as he reversed.

"Ken, why don't you also build a house here fast enough?" I asked him.

"But, I have to update Sherry first, she knew we would relocate to Nyeri so she has to know. By the way, I cannot tell it is your shamba since she will wonder why I am opting to live with her on your shamba." Ken told me. It is when I realized it might not be as easy as I thought it would be.

"What now?" I asked Ken. The baby was chuckling and giggling and I began to playfully smile at him. Ken looked at him and smiled.

"I will tell her it is mine I have bought." Ken told me.

"Why would anyone fuck in the bush?" I suddenly found myself asking Ken. Ken laughed.

"When the itch strikes, it does not care where you are provided there is some privacy you can fuck. Have you ever been fucked in the bush?" Ken asked me.

"Hell no! There were huge snakes where I come from you could easily get eaten there." I told him feeling a little shy.

"Maybe I should fuck you one of these days in this bush." Ken told me jokingly.

"Try me." I told him. In fact, I already wanted him to fuck me in the bush.

"I am serious, I am going to, the next time we will come here. We shall leave Miriam with the baby for just an hour and I shall show you how it goes." Ken told me. We had driven fast and we were almost home.

"Ken, you are very crazy!" I told him laughing.

He did not answer me but concentrated on some boda boda riders who were blocking the way. He hooted at them but they did not move. He rolled down the window to talk to them.

"Hello buddies, I want to pass give way." He told them. One of them approached Ken at the window.

"Oh! Sorry sir, we are contributing some money and every motorist passing through here has to pay Kshs 300. It is for the burial of one of us who was run over by a hit and run motorist." He told Ken. Ken briefly looked at me and I nodded at him. I wanted him to sort out the boys since I knew what they were capable of doing when they are angry.

"All right, am so sorry about that. When is the funeral?" Ken asked as he dished out a Kshs 500 note from his pocket and gave the boy.

"Coming Friday." The boy said. He looked at the note that Ken gave him.

"Let me fetch some change for you." He told Ken.

"No, no, don't worry, use all if it. We all shall die and shall need people's help to be buried." Ken told the boy.

"Thank you so much, sir. God bless you so much. May you and your wife have a long life ahead." The boy said but was looking at me. My heart skipped a beat at the mention of the word wife.

"Together, brother. I am Kenneth, we shall hook up later since I live and work around here." Ken told the boy.

"I am Francis, Francis Kagia." The boy said, nodded at Ken and went away. He seemed to be so happy about Ken giving him so much money.

Ken drove past them as soon as they let us pass.

"You never argue with these boys, they can do a lot of harm when angry." Ken told me.

"I know, I once witnessed them torch a vehicle after it hit one of them. They are like a swarm of bees. By the way did you notice something about Francis?" I asked Ken.

"Something? What" Ken asked me.

"He seemed like he was their leader, the way they were listening and obeying him when he talked to them." I told Ken.

"You are so observant, all I wanted was to go past their barrier." Ken told me as we approached our gate.

"Ken, just drive to the market and purchase some barbed wires. Use this cash." I handed him Kshs 15,000." Add with your money and come and tell me how much I should refund you, I don't want people fucking in that shamba again." I told him jokingly. He laughed. The gate had already opened but I knew as soon as Ken reversed, it would close itself within seconds.

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"Madam, I want to have a word with you." Miriam told me as soon as I settled in the house.

"Sure, tell me." I told her. She served me some coffee.

She sat across facing me with also a cup of coffee.

"Madam, it is just a request but not a must." She began by telling me. Her voice was trembling.

"Feel free." I told her and smiled at her to put her at ease.

"I feel like I am doing a lot of work which does not correspond with the salary I should be getting. Right now, you pay me Kshs 6,000 per month but I was requesting some increment." She told me clearly.

I thought for a while on what to tell her. But I saw some sense in what she was talking about.

"Well, let me increase your salary to 8,000 per month. I also want you to continue working hard. I also love the fact that you take time to learn new recipes and cook for us here. Nice work." I told her. She gave me a broad innocent smile.

"Thank you, Madam." She told me excitedly.

"Also, be saving as much as you can. By the way you told me you wish to go for college, you can still learn from here. Look around Limuru and see if there is a college nearby and see if it can help you perhaps before you do your major course." I told Miriam.

"I will, I wanted to do some computer lessons. Maybe I can be doing in the evenings." Miriam said.

"Yes, that is a good idea." I told her.

"By the way, did Ken go up to form four?" Miriam suddenly asked me. I did not wish to tell her as I would have wanted Ken to be the one to tell her.

"I really don't know, but what I know is, he is a smart guy and works really hard. When he came here he did not know how to drive a car and now he drives himself all the way to Nakuru whenever he wants to." I told her. She just nodded.

"Thank you, Madam. I wish to go back to my work." She told me and stood up to leave. I noticed her skirt was torn and I could see her pantie.

"Hey, wait. Your skirt is torn. Look there..." I pointed at where it was torn. She got surprised.

"Oh! I did not know, I am going to change it, thank you!" She literally ran to her bedroom and wore another skirt. I nearly laughed.

Ken came back with 10 rolls of barbed wire and 5 KG of nails.

"There is someone who will transport for me the pillars to help in fencing. I have requested for concrete pillars." Ken told me.

"Damn! Couldn't you go for logs? Those ones are expensive." I told him.

"No, they are cheaper. Considering that trees are getting scarcer, the logs are more expensive in comparison." Ken told me and explained some little more as to why he opted for concrete pillars. It made sense.

"Ken, you should be a manager, I like your brains!" I told him smiling.

"I am already a manager, I am managing the farms now. Remember I still have to go to Naivasha and see the progress of the farm there. I managed to trace Jane Wangui, the lady who was my assistant in Naivasha but the other workers disappeared." Ken told me.

"No, get someone else. Get new people, replace her too." I urged Ken.

"No, I cannot replace Jane Wangui, she was the best. She was running the farm like it was her own. She is totally dedicated." Ken was adamant.

"Ken, why are you even arguing with me?" I asked him.

"Madam, this is not about you, it is about the well being of the shamba. The better the workers, the better the work. I do not want to bring someone who will be oriented from the beginning. I can replace her later but not now. Right now, I need someone who knows the shamba best. Jane Wangui is my choice and I am not about to change that." Ken told me. He was very firm.

"As you say." I told him and let him have his way. He looked at me for a few seconds.

"Leave the work to me, I will do it to my best in my own way. I have never failed you remember." Ken told me in a reassuring manner.

"Indeed, you have never." I told him jokingly. He smiled at me.

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Over the following days, Ken concentrated on fencing the farm that we had bought. Each evening he would come and give me a report. The work was done in 4 days as the concrete pillars had to be erected with concrete and some bushes had to be cleared. He told me he had 5 men he was working with and was paying them Kshs 500 per day after negotiating with them.

After the fifth day, Ken told me I can go and see how the work was done.

"Miriam, can I leave you with the child for an hour? I want to go over the other ridge with Ken to see some work." I told Miriam.

"Yes, sure. At least he is not hungry but don't stay so long, he might want to be breast feed." Miriam told me. When I gave her the baby, he did not even refuse to be left with Miriam.

"Ken, drive fast, I want to go and be back within 1 hour." I told Ken.

"Even one hour is more than enough, relax and see." Ken told me as he accelerated towards the farm. The road was dusty as it had not rained in a while.

"I have also cleared some bushes." Ken told me as we got closer and closer to the farm.

"I know why." I teased him. He looked at me and smiled.

"Why?" He asked me.

"You do not want to fuck me in the bush." I told him jokingly. He laughed.

We soon arrived at the farm and the fence was just marvelous with some sharp spikes at the top all-round the farm.

"Wow! You will make people think it is a millionaire coming to live here!" I told Ken as I got outside the car. There was a wooden gate.

"This gate will be replaced, but not now." Ken told me as he opened the gate. I got into the car and drive inside the farm as Ken closed the gate behind me. There were some men still doing some clean up of the debris left during the fencing. I greeted them and they replied casually and continued with their work.

We walked towards the bushy side of the farm which was slopping towards a river.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony KERRY.

SAGA MAN.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: FIFTY-EIGHT

The scenery was so beautiful, and all natural. There was some fine grass close to the river with some rocks and flowers like someone planted them. Bird were singing and the hum of trees as gentle wind passed over the trees.

"Wow! What a beautiful place!" I found myself marveling at the serene environment.

"The river marks the end of the farm; the other farm belongs to someone else." Ken told me.

"It is ok, at least it is all our farm." I told him. He was holding a machete which he used to cut twigs. Suddenly, as we were walking, Ken slowed and told me to remain silent. I obeyed without caring much the reason why. He told me to stop walking as he approached some bushes. I thought he was about to catch some other people fucking when he suddenly lurched forward raising his machete to strike.

He struck something hard, really hard until it belched. Then he dived. I watched as he struggled in the low-lying bush with something strong.

After almost a minute, he lay still, panting. I was watching from a safe distance.

"Help me!" he suddenly shouted.

"With what?" I asked.

"Cut some bark, make it into a rope and bring it to me. I have caught a wild goat." Ken told me. I did fast as directed and true to his word, he had caught a large wild goat. He cut it so hard across the back of its neck and then twisted its neck so hard such that it literally ran out of breath.

"Wow! Ken the hunter!" I told him as I handed him the rope.

"Today we are feasting on this meat." Ken told me tying the animal which was seriously bleeding. Ken was covered with blood all over his shirt, and it was torn a bit from the struggle.

"How did you spot it?" I asked him.

"I just saw some movements in the bush, followed and found it lying down. It thought it is safe." Ken said and laughed hard.

"Are you going to carry it to the car?" I asked him.

"Of course! Who else is gonna carry it? Call Miriam and tell her to start preparing my roasting mesh, I will roast some meat." Ken told me, finalizing tying the animal to carry it away.

I looked at my phone and realized my phone did not have cell network signal.

"Does your phone have network? Mine does not." I told Ken. He looked at his phone and nodded to the negative.

"Funny, I thought there was maximum network coverage in Limuru?" Ken wondered out loud.

"All right, let us go. This is enough meat to last us for a week. Help me carry the machete." Ken told me. I went over and took the bloody machete.

"That shirt will never get clean, too much blood on it." I told Ken noting how much bloody his shirt was.

"It was old anyway." Ken told me as we went up the hill towards our car.

I noticed my phone begin to receive some signal and I immediately called Miriam.

"Miriam, we are coming with some meat, prepares the roasting mesh for us. Also get some spices ready if possible. How is the child?" I asked her.

"She cried for a while but went to sleep after I soothed him. But hurry up he wants to breast feed." Miriam told me.

"All right, we are on our way coming." I told her and hung up. By that time, Ken had already placed the animal at the car boot. He completely tied the bleeding area with some polythene paper until it would not pour even a drop inside the car. But his shirt was too bloody it looked like he was a vampire.

"Damn! If someone sees you now, he will run away." I told Ken as he turned to face me. He grinned at me.

"Get in the car, let us go home for some meat." Ken told me getting into the driver's seat. I got inside too.

"I hope we just get home straight." I told Ken as I just wanted to see him clean.

"I thought there were no more wild goats in these bushes." Ken told me.

"How sure are you it is not a stray goat from neighboring farms?" I asked him.

"Wild goats have a peculiar smell and are so strong, I would not need to break a domestic goat's neck in order to subdue it." Ken told me. The imagination of him breaking its neck made me shudder.

"Did you really break its neck?" I asked him as we accelerated towards home.

"How else would I have subdued it? These goats are strong they can drag you or even hurt you if you are not careful." Ken told me.

"Are you sure you are not hurt?" I asked Ken. He looked at me briefly. Then he stretched his left arm towards me. I saw some swelling around the forearm.

"What happened?" I asked him out of concern.

"When I was twisting its neck, it turned so hard it nearly broke my arm." Ken told me.

"does it hurt?" I asked him.

"A little, not much. It will be ok in a few days." Ken told me.

"I will give you some deep heat to apply." I told Ken who was concentrating much on the road as there were some motorbike riders who kept speeding in both directions.

"I need massage." Ken told me jokingly. He was smiling.

"Ken, we missed something." I told him teasingly.

He laughed.

"I know, the bushes are still there, we shall come back and make sweet love just next to the river." Ken told me with a broad charming smile. It made me feel lonely to imagine that sooner he would get married and would not have much time with me.

=====

"Wow! Was someone killing you? What is it with so much blood?" Miriam asked Ken as soon as she saw him.

"This is animal blood." Ken told Miriam. He went ahead and opened the boot, came out with the animal which he carried to the other side of the compound close to the kitchen. Miriam followed him as I went through the front door. I emerged from the back door after picking my child from bedroom.

I was on time to catch Ken taking off his shirt and he took some water to rinse himself. He cleaned himself and stood upright. I could see Miriam keenly looking at Ken's rippled abdomen and I could see admiration written all over her.

"Miriam, assist me with some hot water please, Madam, assist me with the deep heat." Ken told us and went over to sit at a stone close to the water tank. Within a few seconds, Miriam brought Ken some hot water. Ken used the water to massage his injured hand then applied deep heat.

"It is not hurting that much." Ken said handing Miriam the deep heat to bring it to me.

"I know you men can withstand so much pain, I would be crying." Miriam said smiling at Ken.

"I need a knife now." Ken told Miriam.

"How many knives? That animal is big." Miriam told Ken. Before Ken would answer she had already gone into the kitchen and came out with 4 knives!

"Miriam, stop joking, this isn't a fight." Ken told Miriam. Miriam laughed.

"You will need them, I once saw my uncle slaughtering a wild animal and it had some tough meat. You will need the knives." Miriam sounded so serious!

Ken set out to slaughter the animal as we got busy with our individual works. I went to bedroom to fold some clothes.

"Ken, don't forget to make Mutura! I really love it!" Miriam shouted at Ken.

"All right, I also love it, and some soap. Get some pepper please, make sure there is kachumbari in the evening." Ken told Miriam. I stopped following their conversations and paid attention to my work.

After about an hour, I could get some aroma of roasting meat from outside. How fast? I wondered.

I took my son and went outside where I found Ken roasting some meat. He smiled at me and motioned me if I wanted some meat.

"Is it even ready or you are eating raw meat?" I asked him.

"Cave men ate raw meat for millions of years and they never died. I would not care if it is raw." Ken said.

"Oh! No, I cannot eat raw meat, roast it properly." I told him.

"Relax, this meat is ready, have a taste." Ken handed me a piece of meat. It tasted really nice!

"I hope you set some aside in the freezer." I told him.

"How could I forget that? This is enough meat to last us for days. I have given Miriam some." Ken told me.

I went over to the kitchen where Miriam was preparing some meat stew and some ugali.

"How did he catch it?" Miriam asked me.

"I just saw him struggling with it, I also don't know." I told her.

"Ken is so strong; did you see his arms when he was shirtless?" Miriam asked.

"Yes." I feigned innocence. Otherwise, I knew Ken even better and I loved his strength.

"He looks like a lion!" Miriam continued.

"Do you admire him?" I suddenly asked her.

"As in how? No! I only like how he looks." Miriam told me with sudden surprise.

"He has a nice body." I teased her.

"I do not lust at men. But it is good he stopped bothering me." Miriam told me as she continued with her work.

"Anyway, he has a girlfriend whom he intends to marry soon." I told Miriam.

"I know, he told me already. He even told me the girl is pregnant with his child." Miriam told much to my surprise as I had not heard that from him. But I knew Ken was capable of anything.

=====

After much waiting, dinner was finally served. Ken took it upon himself to serve the roasted meat.

"Ken, who showed you how to cook?" I asked him noting how sweet the meat was.

"I don't know how to cook." Ken said smiling.

"But, this meat is so sweet." I told him. Miriam was busy munching some meat. She did not even remember to tell us to pray for the food.

"I only know how to roast meat, my grand father showed me how to." Ken told us.

"Is he still alive? I need some lessons from him." Miriam said smiling.

"He is dead, he died when I was 16 years old." Ken told us.

"Oh! Sorry, may God preserve his soul." Miriam said.

"May the earth preserve him." Ken said and teared some flesh from some bone.

"What?" Miriam asked Ken. She stopped eating.

"When people die, they do not go anywhere, they simply get buried. And stop looking at me as if you can resurrect my grandfather!" Ken told Miriam and laughed hard.

"When people die, they either go to heaven or to hell." Miriam told Ken.

"Rubbish! We go to the soil. There is no heaven or hell." Ken told Miriam sounding so serious.

"Ken, you can never win against Miriam with matters of religion, just let her be." I told Ken. I did not want them to continue arguing.

"Hey, I just remembered, I forgot to prepare kachumbari!" Miriam suddenly said and stood up to go to the kitchen fast. It was already a little past 8 pm.

"It is already late, why not just let us eat the meat like this?" I asked Miriam.

"No! I promised Ken some of it. I always keep my promises. The meat is so sweet it even made me forget to pray for the food before eating." Miriam said from the kitchen where I could hear her moving utensils to prepare kachumbari. Suddenly she dropped something.

"Miriam! Careful! Do not break my utensils in the name of kachumbari. The meat isn't ending today!" I shouted at her.

"Nothing broken, Madam. I will be ready in a few minutes." Miriam said. Ken smiled at me.

After a few minutes, Miriam was back with a lot of Kachumbari.

"Wow! You made all this that fast?" Ken wondered out loudly as he scooped some and placed it on his plate. He took some meat and began to mix it with kachumbari. After a few bites, Ken looked at Miriam

"Wow! Wow! This is so damn delicious! Miriam, you should prepare more of this daily!" Ken said excitedly.

"And you should catch more wild goats daily." Miriam told Ken while laughing in between. Ken was about to answer when I suddenly heard someone knocking at the gate, loud enough for us to hear.

"Who might that be? Ken, go and check." I told Ken. Ken stood up slowly and went outside. After a few seconds, he came back and got inside the house from the front door without knocking.

"Madam, there is a man who wants to see you." Ken looked puzzled.

"Who is it?" I asked Ken.

"I don't know, but... you just listen to what he is saying." Ken told me and moved aside from the door.

"Tell him to come in, we are having supper he can as well join us." I told Ken.

"Come in, sir." Ken told the man.

A stocky, short middle-aged man got inside the house.

"Good evening everyone." He greeted us.

"Good evening, visitor, feel welcome. We were just having our supper and we thought it would be courteous enough to invite you in to join us, please do get seated. Miriam, serve our visitor too." I just finished saying that when the man smiled and politely declined.

"Oh! No, thank you. I won't be long." He said as he took a seat close to the door. He was smiling and he seemed totally harmless.

"My name is Kienjeku. My farm is neighboring your farm over the other ridge. Today, one of my goats strayed to your farm when they were grazing and disappeared inside there and since your farm is almost entirely fenced, I have come to ask you that in case you see my goat, please do return it to me."

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony KERRY

SAGA MAN

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: FIFTY-NINE

The moment Kienjeku talked of his goat, everyone literally froze. Miriam was still holding a rib and chewing some meat. She swallowed immediately and said, "Jesus Christ!!"

Ken slowly took a seat. We all took turns looking into each other.

"Can, you come again please? I have not gotten you well." I told the man.

"There were my goats grazing in the adjacent ridge across the river, one goat strayed. It is the largest and still very young. Male goat." He said, calmly and clearly.

Ken looked at him like he wanted to say something. I could not let Ken speak as I knew he was capable of saying anything which might not be good or so nice to hear.

"Mr. we saw a goat in our farm today, but we caught it and we have just eaten it. Sorry, we thought it was a wild goat." I told the man.

"What??!!??" The man exclaimed and stood up holding his head.

"Relax, this is not the end of the world, just the end of the goat. I can pay the goat how much is it?" Ken asked the man.

"Young man, do you know that happened to be the best goat, top breed, imported from Australia? I am a goat farmer, a commercial farmer for that matter. Now I have to import another! What the fuck have you just done??!" The man was so annoyed, almost mad until he was using the F word. I did not want it to escalate into an argument.

"Kienjeku, we are really sorry. We honestly did not know if it was your goat. Now, please let us just pay you the goat. What is its value?" I asked him trying to be as calm as possible. Miriam had long stopped eating and was just staring at the man.

"It cost me Kshs 200,000 to bring the goat here! And another Kshs 150,000 to clear it to come to Kenya!" the man said.

"Hell no! No goat can cost that much. Stop joking with us." Ken said and stood up. He went over to the dinning table and began tearing some ribs ferociously. The man looked at Ken like he would kill him that instant.

"Join us to eat, after all, the goat won't come back to life anyway." Ken was speaking like he was high in weed.

"Young man, I am not joking with you at all. And for the last time, stop talking like that to me or I will take action against you." The man said. Ken looked at him and just smiled.

"All right, let me write a cheque for you." I told the man. I went over to my bedroom and came with a cheque book. I wrote a cheque worth the amount and handed it to the man.

"Sorted?" I asked him.

"No, I still have a long way to go to import that goat, anyway, thank you. I can now join you and have some meat." The man said and stood up. He walked slowly to the dining table and sat. Ken slowly moved the bowl of roasted meat close to him and told him, "Welcome, and please when the hybrid goat arrives, allow me to breed it with my goats here." Ken told the man. He took a few bites of the meat.

"Now, I have to leave." The man told us standing up.

"Eat some more please." I urged him.

"I have to go, thank you for the meat." He told us.

"Hey, let me escort you, the dogs are out and they do not know you." Ken told the man.

"Thank you, young man. Up to the gate is enough. I will walk the rest of the way." The man told Ken. They both left.

"Madam, is it his real goat we are eating?" Miriam asked me after they left.

"Most likely, the goat we have fits the description." I told her. I actually hood winked the man to leave us in peace.

Within a few minutes Ken returned.

"Come with me outside." Ken told me. I followed him.

"Did you actually write a cheque to him with all that money?" Ken asked me.

"No. The cheque will bounce. Let him go drying! Who told him to leave his stupid goat to stray?" I asked Ken. Ken laughed.

"He told me he is depositing the cheque first thing in the morning and fly to Australia to get another hybrid." Ken told me smiling from ear to ear.

"And how did he know our home?" I asked Ken.

"I also don't know; the guy is kind of creepy. I did not like him. I also noticed something." Ken said and paused talking as if to make sure no one was listening to us.

"What?" I asked him curious to know.

"The guy had a pistol tucked under his big coat." Ken told me.

"What the hell? How did you know?" I asked Ken. Chills of fear ran down my spine.

"He hit a tree stump and fell, then the pistol fell. When I saw it, he told me he normally carries it for self defense at night. Imagine? The guy seems dangerous!!" Ken told me. He sounded scared and it was rare for Ken to sound scared.

"I hope he never comes back here again, ever." I told Ken.

"Damn! I hope so too. Anyway, let us eat our goat in peace, at least we bought it!" Ken said and laughed so hard.

We went back to the house where we found Miriam cleaning up the table.

"Ken, this amounts to stealing." Miriam told Ken, I knew she was talking about the goat.

"No, I did not steal from anyone. I just found a goat in the bush." Ken said and took some pieces of meat to continue eating.

"Hey, pack for me a few more ribs, I want to eat at my house. Grace, have a good night." Ken told me and as soon as Miriam gave him the ribs, he left.

=====

"Ken, we should begin farming in the farm, clear the bushes. Will you need to hire another person to help you?" I asked Ken the following morning.

"No, that farm is small, I will clear it all alone. In fact, was planning to begin next week. Today is Friday, I will begin on Monday or Sunday." Ken said.

"Sunday? Sunday you are supposed to go to church!" Miriam protested.

"I don't go to church, I work any day." Ken said looking at Miriam.

"Grace, I will need a hot pot to be carrying some food, shall be leaving in the morning and come in the evening." Ken told me.

"Miriam, take note of that." I told her. She nodded. She was the one to be preparing food for Ken.

"I shall be going with the bicycle." Ken said.

"How shall you be carrying the tools?" Miriam asked Ken.

"Just tying them at the hind seat." Ken told Miriam smiling at her obviously ignorant question.

When Sunday came, Ken woke up earlier than usual.

"Good morning, Miriam. Prepare some food for me I am going to the farm." Ken told Miriam.

"You must be joking! I had not prepared anything. Today is Sunday, a day to go to church!" Miriam protested.

"You and your churches! I am leaving, I am going to spend the whole day there hungry thanks to you!"

Ken sounded annoyed. I heard him open the gate before I could talk to him and off he went.

"Miriam, prepare some food, I shall take some to him during lunch hours." I told Miriam.

"Won't you go to church?" Miriam asked me.

"No." I told her. She looked at me for a few seconds.

"Jesus said, when a donkey falls into a pit on sabbath day, you can remove it. I will remain with the child when you take food to Ken. But please allow me to attend the morning service." Miriam told me. I simply laughed and nodded at her.

However, Miriam took too long to come back and as soon as the child went to sleep, I went to the kitchen and prepared some meat stew and ugali to take to Ken. I was just packing when Miriam arrived.

"Sorry madam, our pastor made us stay longer. We had some youth counselling." Miriam told me politely.

"No problem, I will take the food to him. The child is sleeping watch over him for me." I told Miriam as I packed the food into hot pots ready to take to Ken.

I drove fast to my farm. The first thing I noticed when I got to the farm was some bushes that had been cleared closest to the gate. Ken was nowhere to be found.

I called his phone and it was not going through. That is when it occurred to me he could be by the river where there was no network. So, I took some food, locked the car, closed the gate and went downhill.

When I got there, the first thing that surprised me was Ken's clothes hanging from a low-lying branch. Where could he be? I wondered!

I approached the clothes. I could not see Ken.

"Ken!" I called out.

"Yes, I am over here!" He answered as if he recognized my voice.

I went around the bush and...the instant I saw him, I did not know whether to laugh or to simply tell him off. He was stark naked bathing by the river! He completely did not care if anyone would come and find him like that!

"Ken! You can't be serious! What if someone finds you like this?" I asked him. He turned fully to face me and his penis had shrunk due to the cold water. He laughed.

"Relax, all people are un churches. I am completely alone here, not a single soul is here!" Ken said, then turned and continued to bathe.

"Why are you bathing now anyway?" I asked him.

"I wanted to bathe and go home, I am very hungry." Ken said.

"I just brought you some food." I told him. Immediately he heard the word food, he turned around excitedly.

"Some meat stew, vegetable and ugali." I told him as I pointed the hot pots towards him. He walked to where I was still stark naked. His penis was dangling from left to right as his testicles swayed with each step he took. He took the food from me.

"Ken, cover yourself!" I told him.

"This place feels like the garden of Eden, surrounded by trees, a river rolling with super clean water, flowers all over, and just birds and animals." Ken said smiling.

"Animals?" I asked him looking around.

"Relax, in my imaginations not real. I would not be here if lions were here!" Ken told me. I relaxed a bit.

"You are making me shy, cover yourself a bit." I told Ken. He instead began to dance in front of me like a mad man slapping his penis against his thighs. This was so funny I just had to laugh.

"Stop this madness, eat now!" I told him.

"Eat with me." He told me. I reached for his shorts and handed them to him.

"Not when you are totally naked!" I told him. At least he heard me and wore the shorts.

Ken instead of eating, he began by feeding me as soon as we sat in the grass to eat. Ken kept teasing me with the food but he finally ate until he was full. Then he drank some water from the river. He did not take the bottled water I brought to him, saying he wanted natural water.

I was about to begin packing the containers when Ken suddenly grabbed me from behind and began to caress my buttocks while teasing me with his already erect penis touching me with it on my buttocks.

"Did you eat and get sexual energy?" I asked him jokingly.

He began to undress me. I tried to resist since I was feeling so shy undressing in the open bushes. Ken turned me and began to kiss me hungrily like he was sexually starved. When he tried to remove my pantie, it got stuck across my buttocks. I was about to help Ken to remove it but he pulled it so hard until it got torn.

"Damn! You Ken!" I told him as he got me stark naked, just like him. I did not see him take off his shorts.

He pushed me to lie on the grass. The grass was cold!

"Ken, the grass is cold, let me lie on my skirt please." I told Ken. He smiled and pulled the skirts over for me to lie on.

He began to kiss me all over my body beginning from my forehead, kissed my neck, me ears, my breasts and nipples, abdomen, clitoris as he parted my thighs, my thighs, legs etc. the gentle wind that was blowing had a relaxing and sedative effect upon my senses. Slowly, he began to suck my clitoris, beginning softly increasing his tempo until I was just moaning with pleasure.

"Ken! Ken...oh! Ken!" I found myself saying repeatedly.

He sucked my labia majora slowly and sensually really stimulating me, all I wished, was for him to penetrate me and fuck me so hard. I was literally suspending my waist in the air for him to suck me better as he sucked my vaginal orifice until he was inserting his tongue inside my warm wet honey pot.

I reached for his hard penis and began to caress it. It was hot and so hard like a metal rod. I caressed all the way to his balls. He was literally trembling with desire. I was also dripping wet with desire.

I slowly pushed him to kneeling position as I also began to suck his hard penis. I pushed it deep into my mouth until I could feel it down my throat. He was literally fucking my mouth!!

Slowly, I withdrew the penis from my mouth and I began to kiss him all over where I could reach. I sucked his nipples. He moaned. I caressed his hard butt.

Slowly, he pushed me in front of him and I instantly knew he wanted to enter me from behind. He felt my vagina with his fingers, finger fucked me for a while before he finally pushed his penis inside me. It was so ecstatic I literally screamed and hoped no one was around to hear me scream! He pulled out again, sucked my pussy from behind and then repenetrated making me scream once more! He held me by my neck and pulled me hard as he began to fuck me with so much force until I could feel vibrations all over my body. He was literally tearing my pussy apart! My g spot was on fire!

He was caressing my clitoris, my nipples in turns, sometimes pressing my nipples so hard heightening the pleasure.

He pushed himself so deep into me literally pushing my Anterior Fornix Zone. This made me weak instantly and I rose to suspend my hands in the air. I felt orgasmic waves begin to rock my body one after another until I began to see darkness. The build up of the pleasure inside me was so much such that I felt like I was about to explode. I could no longer suspend myself, I placed my hands on the ground and felt my vagina literally sucking his penis! I began to cry as I closed my eyes tightly.

Suddenly, I felt a mighty blow on my head and knew that had nothing to do with my intensive sexual pleasure or orgasm. It was hard and so painful I could feel it in my neck and my head felt like it had been hit by a blow.

I opened my eyes and looked straight ahead of me but what I saw made my heart literally stop beating!

>>to be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony KERRY.

**SAGA BY ANTHONY KERRY
CALL 0711403777 FOR MORE SAGAS**

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: SIXTY

I screamed. Instead, Ken pumped harder thinking I was screaming due to pleasure. The goat charged again and was about to hit me when I suddenly disengaged.

"What?!" Ken asked. It was obvious he had closed his eyes too.

It is when he saw what was making me scream.

"What the hell? Where did this devil come from?" Ken asked. I ducked away and the goat's head nearly hit Ken's still erect penis. I quickly wrapped myself with a piece of cloth, picked the machete and was about to hit the huge grey goat when Ken told stopped me.

"NO! Don't harm the goat, let me handle it." Ken said. His erection waned fast.

The goat did not seem in a hurry to go away.

Ken wore his pants fast but to my surprise, when he approached the goat with a rope, it did not move away.

"What is the meaning of this?" I asked Ken as he began to tie the goat.

"My guess is, this is Kienjeku's goat. The one that disappeared. The one we ate was indeed a wild goat and this one been roaming in these bushes since then." Ken told me as he fasted a rope around its neck. It was such a huge goat even bigger than the wild goat.

"Then we should return it to him!" I told Ken as I got dressed. MY head was aching.

"What? Are you mad? This now belongs to us!" Ken said. He pulled the goat and tied it to a tree.

"Who? This mad goat!?" I asked her caressing my head.

"You provoked it to hit you when you were in that position. How comes you never saw it coming to hit you?" Ken asked me.

"I had closed my eyes. Ouch! My head hurts, let us go home now. Take the goat if you wish to, I am not a part of this." I told Ken and began walking uphill. Ken scanned as if to make sure no one was seeing him and he began to pull the goat uphill.

The goat willingly followed him. It was like it was missing to be with people.

"This is really a domestic goat." Ken told me.

"Just pack it in the boot of the car. Will you drive?" I asked Ken.

"Yes." Ken suddenly stopped.

"What?" I asked him.

"Oh! I forgot my underwear down there, I was in a hurry to catch this goat. Wait for me I cannot leave it there!" Ken quickly tied the goat at a tree stump and ran downhill. After a few minutes, he returned.

"You could as well have pushed it to enter!" Ken told me.

"I cannot handle it, it is too big. This indeed is a hybrid." I told Ken as he struggled to force it into the car. Finally, we got it inside but it had to lie down.

"So, you are serious on taking this goat home? What if someone sees it?" I asked Ken.

"Who will see it? No one has all that freedom to come to our place looking for a goat, or our cattle for that matter." Ken told me. He was driving fast towards home.

"This goat is too unique! I have never seen another like it." I told Ken. The goat was making some noises as if struggling to stand up.

"We will breed it with our goats. We shall build it its own place." Ken told me as we got closer home.

"Wait, what will you tell Miriam?" I asked Ken.

"I will tell her we bought it." Ken told me as the gate rolled open.

I could see Miriam cleaning up the windows from inside.

Ken packed the car in such that it would be easier for him to offload the big goat.

"Where did you get that calf?" Miriam asked as soon as Ken got the goat outside.

"This is not a calf, it is a goat." Ken told her while struggling with the animal.

"Wow! What a huge goat? Is it another wild goat?" Miriam asked.

"No, we bought it so that we can breed it with other of our goats. It is a hybrid." Ken told Miriam.

"God really created some animals." Miriam said as she came closer to the goat.

"This wasn't created, it is genetically modified by scientists. Man made." Ken told Miriam. He took the goat by its horn and began to lead it towards the shed.

"Ken, you will end up being an atheist!" Miriam told Ken, sort of a rebuke. Ken just laughed and went on his way.

I followed him to see where he was to place the animal. He placed it with other goats and they looked like dwarfs in front of the huge goat.

"How are they going to mate? I mean, how will it mount them?" I asked Ken looking at the sheer size of the male goat. Ken laughed.

"It is not a laughing matter." I told him but I was already smiling.

"Easy, a man like me, weighing 112 kg. how would I mount a small lady weighing 40 kg?" Ken asked looking at me.

I laughed. "So, you are now a hybrid?"

"Of course, I am. Most men my height, do not weight anywhere close to 80. This goat is not only big but muscular. In fact, this goat will be called Ken junior." Ken told me jokingly. I looked at the goat which was now eating some leaves and indeed, its hind legs looked more muscular than fat. It was not a wonder it was such a heavy animal and bigger than a wild goat. In fact, I began to think perhaps it was a domesticated wild goat.

"Anyway, I shall ensure that they mate even if it means holding a female goat for it to mount." Ken told me as he placed more leaves for the goat. It had a huge appetite.

"Can't we call a veterinary to handle that?" I asked Ken.

"Why would we incur cost for making two goats fuck?" Ken asked more of a joke until I was left laughing. All along, I was holding my little boy who was awake and struggling to reach for the breasts. He suddenly sneezed.

"The real Ken junior is feeling cold, let me go back to the house." I told Ken jokingly and began walking towards the house. I turned briefly to look at Ken, who was all along watching my buttocks as I walked. Besides, I wanted to go and have a shower after having sex in the bush. My head was no longer aching but I was feeling some little pain where the goat struck me.

=====

I had thought that perhaps Kienjeku would return once his cheque bounced but he never returned. I was not bothered either with that. Over the few days that passed, Ken was busy trying to make the goats breed.

I one day went over and saw how he was doing it. He had taken a small table where he was forcing our smaller goats to stand on, then he would hold the huge goat with his arms as it mounted the smaller goats so as not to crush them with its weight.

"Ken! This is madness! What are you doing?" Miriam asked Ken as he saw how he was making the goats mate.

"I am facilitating their mating or having sex." Ken told Miriam while still holding the goat. The goat kept on making noises.

"But that goat is huge! It will crush the smaller goat!" Miriam said. I was laughing seeing how the whole thing was being done.

"That is why I am holding the bigger one, failure to, the female ones will be broken." Ken told Miriam still struggling with the big goat, whose penis was being directed towards the vagina of the smaller female goat.

It however seemed like when it was ejaculating, it used so much force such that it pushed forward with so much force until Ken lost his balance. The goat went forward with Ken, who staggered backwards while still holding its legs. Luckily, the female goat slipped away with no harm but the goat fell squarely on top of Ken. Its penis which was still pouring semen landed on Ken's T shirt. I laughed until I nearly fell.

Ken struggled with the goat and placed it aside; the goat stood up, looking at Ken as if it wanted to attack him.

"Damn! Instead of helping me you people are laughing at me!" Ken said. He got on his feet and came towards us and stood there with us.

"Finally, the goat brought you down!" Miriam said still laughing. Ken just smiled.

"This beast is powerful, it can kill someone!" Ken said. He looked at his T shirt. Some semen residues were still there.

"Hey, what is this? It looks like mucus?" Miriam asked pointing at Ken's T shirt.

"These are sperms. Even human sperms look like this." Ken told Miriam without a second thought.

"Damn! So ugly." Miriam remarked.

Ken laughed.

"What are you laughing at?" Miriam asked Ken.

"At you, damn you girl something should be done to remove your stupidity. At your age and you have never seen human sperms? It is high time you got someone to fuck you." Ken told Miriam pointing at her.

"Ken, how can you tell her like that?" I asked him.

"I rebuke you in Jesus name! be defeated!" Miriam was looking at Ken as if she was seeing a demon.

"Hey! Have I turned into a demon now? What lady your age has never seen sperms? Get serious you little woman!" Ken told her and before she could answer he walked away towards his house, perhaps to change his soiled T shirt. I was glad he went since I did not want their conversation to continue.

"Don't mind him, he talks like a mad man sometimes." I told Miriam. She however smiled at me in an awkward manner.

Ken came with another T shirt and set up the table ready to make the goats continue mating.

"Ken, let the goat rest. It needs time to regenerate more sperms." I told him openly. Miriam laughed. She was in the kitchen doing her work. Ken just looked at me.

"Ken, even when a man ejaculates, he needs at least 3 days for his sperm ducts to fill up, won't you let the goat rest? Stop it you shall resume that work later." I persuaded him.

"I wanted to be done with this dirty job by today. It is tiring holding this huge goat with my hands." Ken said pointing at the goat which was slowly grazing on the compound grass. As if it heard Ken, it stopped and looked at him.

"What is it, Ken junior? I want more of your offspring!" Ken told the goat.

"I shall help you, three days from today." Miriam suddenly told Ken.

"You? Of all people? No way, I do not want an accident happening here." Ken told Miriam. Miriam laughed.

"Do you think I am as weak as a child? I am strong too. You shall see, I shall assist you on that dirty job. But at least let it relax. Didn't you do biology in high school?" Miriam asked Ken.

"I did not do biology." Ken just answered but I knew he was simply dismissing the question as he hardly went past class 8.

"Then listen to us; let the goat rest. Just feed it more to be stronger, like you." Miriam told Ken.

"Phew, you both win! I give up." Ken said and took the small table towards the water tap running from the tank. He began washing it.

"I will wash it for you, just go on with some other work." Miriam told Ken.

"Thank you, hey, do you have something I can eat in there? I am famished already." Ken told Miriam.

"Yes, some left overs from yesterday's supper." Miriam went inside and brought Ken a plate full of food.

"Thank you." Ken said and placed the food on the table he was washing. He then went to take a stool that was close to his house. I went inside to check on my son who was still sleeping to see if he had woken up. Miriam returned in the kitchen.

I suddenly heard our dog which always stayed loose in the compound barking intermittently.

"Hey, you idiot! Who told you to eat my food?!" I suddenly heard Ken shouting from outside.

>>to be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony KERRY.

SAGA MAN

****THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: SIXTY-ONE****

I went outside to see what Ken was talking about only to meet the huge goat eating his food from the plate hungrily like it was famished for a long time. Within seconds, the goat had literally swallowed all the food that was on that plate.

Ken went over and pushed the goat, took the plate and began walking towards the kitchen.

"I want some more food. This foolish animal has eaten my food." Ken was saying when the goat followed him from behind and before Ken knew it, the animal hit Ken from behind, on his waist so hard until Ken fell down. The plate literally flew from his hand!

"Oh! My God!" Miriam exclaimed. She took a piece of firewood, went and hit the goat so hard. But the goat just looked at her. It wanted to hit Ken again but Ken rolled over, then with one sweep, he caught the goat on its front legs and suspended its front legs in the air.

"You, foolish goat, you think you are stronger than me?" Ken pulled the animal and led it back to its shed and locked it in there.

"Sorry." I told him but I was nearly laughing.

"Damn! The animal has hit my buttocks!" Ken was limping, just slight limp like somehow pretending to limp.

Miriam burst out laughing.

"You have to be careful with that goat, it is very strong." I told Ken.

"Why would it your food?" Miriam asked Ken.

"It is lacking some minerals. I will go and buy for it a salt lick." Ken said.

'Do you have some money?' I asked him.

"Oh! That is small money, I will handle it." Ken told me.

"No, you need more money to buy more salt lick for the cows too." I told him and went to the bedroom, came out with some money and gave to him.

=====

When Ken returned, he went to the shed and gave the cows their salt lick, but the goat would not lick it at all, which was a puzzle.

"Does it want some imported salt lick?" Ken asked himself and left it on its own.

I was looking at him holding the baby outside for some fresh air.

"Very soon, we shall have a lot of goats like it." Ken told me smiling. I smiled at him. The baby was struggling to turn to see who was talking.

"It wants to see its dad." I told Ken teasingly.

"My wedding committee starts soon." Ken suddenly told me.

"When are you getting married?" I asked Ken.

"In three months' time, I want to have built a house by then. So, I want you to show me where to build my house in that new farm so that I can go ahead with the plans." Ken told me.

"Has sherry graduated?" I asked him.

"She will get married to me first then graduate later." Ken told me.

"Wow! All right. I will be in the wedding committee." I told him softly. He just smiled at me.

"Sherry is coming to day to visit me too." Ken told me.

"Why wouldn't you tell us early?" I asked Ken.

"It is not a formal visit. She just called me and told me she wished to see me today." Ken told me. He was looking for something.

"What are you looking at?" I asked him.

"The hammer was here not a long time ago, where is it?" Ken asked looking more.

"But, isn't that one you are stepping on?" He was literally stepping on it. He looked at it and laughed.

"Damn! I am getting mad now." Ken said.

"Weed is not Sukuma wiki, go and drink some milk I know you smoked in the morning. See you later, I am going to meet Lillian we had a business we were coming up with." I told him and walked towards the house to change and go.

"Miriam, I won't be long, I will leave you with the baby and will come after around 1 hour." I told her as I was leaving.

=====

"The facility is nearly done, here are the photos." Lillian showed me some photos taken with her tablet.

"Wow! You are a bad girl, so how much did this cost?" I asked her.

"It is a 70 million facility. Very secure. We are launching it in 2 weeks' time. Girls will be coming there to meet men. The hook up is anonymous and privacy is paramount. So, get ready. You can come with Ken, he might give you a few orgasms to bless the place. I am also coming with my boy." Lillian told me.

"Ken is getting married soon." I told Lillian.

"What? Does that mean you will no longer get him?" Lillian asked me.

"I don't know, who knows, may be this time is the last time I am fucking him." I told Lillian. I was feeling a little sad about it.

"Fine, but you are a woman, use your wits to get what you want." Lillian told me.

We talked much more about our lives and I knew loneliness was ahead of me since if Ken got married he perhaps would be so much into his young marriage until he would not have time for me.

I went home in the evening and did not get a chance to meet Ken's girlfriend. But Ken was smiling when I saw him.

"What is making you so happy?" I asked him.

"Sherry finally got herself a job. At least she won't rely on me so much." Ken told me sounding so happy.

I was about to ask what job when I suddenly heard my baby crying. I rushed to the house to see what was wrong. I met Miriam totally confused.

"I don't know, he heard you and began wailing!" Miriam told me looking helpless. I took the baby into my arms. Immediately I took him, he stopped crying.

"See, he wanted his mum." I began to breastfeed him while Miriam looked over my shoulder where I was seated.

"This baby will grow to be as big as his father." Miriam suddenly told me. My heart skipped a beat upon hearing that. I was about to ask myself a question when she continued, "Too sad the father passed away." I sighed.

"Thank you." I told Miriam feeling relieved at her statement.

"Let me go and cook." She went away.

"Did she say he will grow as strong as his father?" Ken asked me smiling teasingly. I waved at him to silence. He smiled and walked away.

=====

We made all the arrangements with Ken to attend the ceremony ushering the opening of the club we had invested on with Lillian. There were few clients to grace the event but we were not to meet them or to see them at all as each were coming with their own girls. But Lillian told me some were top politicians who would never want to be seen.

Everything was highly organized.

"Wow! I don't know women. So, you mean you came up with this facility all for sex?" Ken asked me when we got there. I left my child with Miriam.

"Yes, don't seek to know women, you won't." I told him. I meant it.

"All this secrecy?! I fear women now." Ken told me. He was however smiling.

I later met Lillian.

"Hello, Ken. We wish to leave you here for a while as I take Grace through. Hope you won't get bored. I can call a girl to keep you busy, but don't fuck her." Lillian told Ken. Ken laughed.

"Oh! No need, I am comfortable with the drinks and the TV. Take your time." Ken told Lillian as he poured some more wine onto his glass. He looked like a business executive on a nice blue suit and a white shirt.

"I want to show you the control room." Lillian told me as she led me towards one corner of the vast facility.

We got into the control room which had CCTV screens and some other security gadgets. I could see literally all rooms clearly, outside the facility and even a mile-stretch of the road from where the facility was located. There were two young girls manning the room.

"Lillian, do you have to monitor people fucking? Why the cameras in their rooms?" I asked her out of curiosity.

"I need to be sure the girls are safe whether being fucked or not. But 4 executive rooms are not monitored; my room, your room and two others for top level visitors. Let me take you there. The clients will arrive soon." Lillian told me as she led me towards the executive rooms. They were the best thing in that vast facility. Completely self-contained and the room service was also the best. You did not have to open to receive your orders, the attendant would come, place the items in an artificially hanging tray on the wall, then the tray would get sucked into the room as the hole got sealed such that you would never know there is a way into the room using that point. The whole set up was insane!

"Wow!" I exclaimed.

"I had to be sure we are safe, you cannot trust all the people in here including the attendants." Lillian told me calmly.

"What about you? Can I trust you?" I asked her.

She turned to face me, "Of course! Why wouldn't I? I am giving you a tailor-made tablet connected to the security system around here, you shall be able to monitor the situation from wherever you are. If you see some danger in, say, room 21, just dial and press 21 and my bouncers will be in that room within seconds to handle the situation." Lillian told me.

I was really impressed.

"Lillian, I feel horny already." I told her jokingly.

"Well, Ken is lonely wherever he is, go for him." Lillian led me towards where we left Ken.

"Ken, I am done with her, go and service her. Later join me for the party at the VIP lounge." Lillian left me and Ken seated there looking at each other.

Ken was looking at me awkwardly.

"What? What is it with my mini skirt?" I asked him.

"I just feel like fucking you now!" Ken said. I looked at his trousers and he had an erection.

"How?" I asked him.

"Can we just go to the room?" Ken asked standing up. I laughed seeing how funny he was walking due to his massive erection. I led him to the executive room and punched in the code that Lillian gave me. I wanted but the door did not respond. I was puzzled. Did Lillian give me the wrong codes? I punched in again but there was no response.

I thought for a while. I went over to the next executive room and punched in the access codes and before I could blink, the door was already opening.

"Lillian gave me this other room, but the codes belong to this room." I said as we got into the room with Ken.

Before I could even think of anything else, Ken was already undressing me. I kept wondering, did anyone give him Viagra?

He literally pushed me towards the bed as he got undressed fast. No sooner had I touched the bed with my back than Ken already got on top of me and was struggling to push his penis inside me. But I was not lubricated!

"Ken, no Ken wait, you will hurt me!" I was pleading with him but he was not even listening at me. He tried to push but his penis would not go through. He suddenly went onto my pussy with his mouth, sucked and licked me for almost a minute until I was a little moist. Then he lifted himself, and before I could think of anything else, he pushed his penis inside me so hard until I felt like he was tearing me into two!

Ken fucked me hard, fast and furiously until I got aroused as he continued. My vagina was feeling hot as he fucked me with so much vigor.

I had not gotten my first orgasm when suddenly he trembled hard and I knew he was ejaculating. He clenched his fists, moaned loudly, pushed his penis so hard until my cervix hurt. I wanted to push him away but he was too strong I could not even manage to push him an inch! He was like an animal.

He exploded so hard inside me until he shook the whole bed! He began to cry, real tears!

He rolled over me as he withdrew. His penis was still erect.

"Gosh! What is wrong with you?" I asked him. He looked at me with tears on his eyes. Before I could think of something else to ask him, he began rolling to penetrate me. But my vagina was still aching.

"No, Ken, no. What is wrong with you?" I asked him. But he overpowered me and penetrated again.

He fucked me so hard until my vagina felt numb. I pleaded with him to stop but he would hear none of it. I ended up crying due to pain.

When he was finally done, I could not sit properly.

"Ken, why do this to me, why?" I asked him.

"I don't know what, but the coffee I was given, immediately I finished drinking I began to get an erection. A girl served me and told me she would be back. Luckily you came." Ken told me.

"Is this why you wanted to destroy my vagina!?" I asked him. I looked at him. His penis was still semi erect.

"I need some more." Ken told me and began coming towards me. I got afraid.

"Hell no! call your girlfriend now, I am not going to handle this anymore." I told Ken and stood up, walked to the bathroom and bathed. I came out and found Ken holding his phone looking puzzled.

"I told you to call Sherry!" I shouted at him.

"Yes, I am calling but, she is not available, her phone is off!" Ken told me. I laughed.

"That is your problem not mine. I cannot take that dick again in my pussy, I do not want my pussy tattered." I told Ken. He looked at me as if begging. I shook my shoulders.

"Ken, even if I want to help you, I cannot." I told him. His penis was still erect. I was sure they put him something like Viagra or Cialis. I wondered, with his usual sexual energy, why would anyone put Viagra for him?

He was holding his penis. I went over to where he was seated. I touched his penis and lo! It was so hot and hard! its veins were protruding.

"Grace, please, do something, this is killing me." Ken told me pointing at his erect penis.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony KERRY

SAGA MAN.

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****THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: SIXTY-TWO****

"What do I do to help you?! I cannot give you again. I am hurting. Besides, I need to go home to my child. By now he must have woken up." I told him. He looked at me like he would jump on me any moment.

"I cannot go home like this, not possible at all. Grace help me." He was holding his erect penis and massaging it. He seemed to be in pain.

That is when a thought came to me. I took out my phone.

"Lillian, you told me that there are girls available here who were to come and attend to some clients in today's opening ceremony?" I asked her.

"Yes, why?" she asked me.

"I want one to come and attend to Ken, will explain later." I told her and hung up. After all, that was like a brothel house and any person would know why we were there!

After about 10 minutes, I saw a girl standing outside via security camera. She was brown, petite tall girl who was wearing some blue jeans and a white T shirt. She was beautiful and innocent looking making me wonder what she really wanted in the facility but then I remembered they were college girls after quick cash. I went and opened the door for her. She came in hesitantly.

"Hi, my names are..." She was introducing herself when I cut her short.

"Names are not important, see how you will help him." I told her. She smiled.

"My names are Evelyne Nkatha. A little courtesy madam, we have been trained to always introduce ourselves to our clients. Sorry." She told me politely and then focused with Ken.

"All right, help him since you have come. Good luck." I told her.

She was so business like and began to undress in total disregard that I was standing there looking at her. She got naked within a minute. She had a nice body and breasts matching her body size. I was tempted to stay a little longer.

Immediately she saw Ken's erect penis, she reacted in surprise but I read some admiration on her face. She was not shy as I had expected. She went over and began to suck his erect penis as she knelt besides the bed. Ken began playing with her erect nipples. Within some minutes Evelyne mounted Ken and I was surprised at how her vagina easily accommodated Ken's big penis! She moaned so loudly the moment she

mounted him and began to ride Ken's dick furiously. Ken was literally supporting her by her buttocks and fucking her like I was not even there standing near them.

I just opted to go and wait for them in the main lounge.

"What happened?" Lillian asked me.

"Seems like someone put Viagra on his drink or something, the man cannot seem to get enough of sex today." I told Lillian.

"Oh! That is unfortunate, who did that?" Lillian asked me.

"My vagina hurts, ouch!" I could not sit properly. Lillian laughed.

"Who gives Viagra to a bull? This is so wrong! I hope the girl won't end up dead." Lillian told me still smiling.

"I cannot wait for him, I will have to go. He will have to find his own way out later." I told Lillian.

"No, you cannot leave him here, it is against protocol." Lillian sounded so serious.

"Then let them sleep here, I shall come for him tomorrow morning." I was adamant I wanted to go and Lillian could not stop me.

=====

I arrived home at almost 8 pm. I could hear two ladies talking inside the house and could not get clearly who the other lady was. It was when I got inside the house I realized the other lady was Sherry, Ken's girlfriend.

"Hi, how are you?" I greeted Sherry. She seemed excited to see me.

"I am fine, how are you?" She stood up and hugged me.

"Welcome." I told her. Miriam seemed puzzled, for whatever reasons.

"Where is Ken?" Miriam asked. Sherry looked at me. I would have wished she kept quiet. I did not know what to say.

"I came to see Ken. I got attacked today and my phone was stolen and a few more valuables and I did not want him to wonder where I could be, so I came to see him and tell him my phone was stolen too and so he could not reach me." Sherry told me.

"Oh! Am so sorry. Actually, Ken got some situation and he will come tomorrow morning." I told Sherry.

"Oh! Thank God he is safe. Can I call him with your phone, please?" Sherry asked me.

I took out my phone and called.

Ken picked.

"Hello, someone wants to speak to you." I told him. Just before he could answer I heard from the background.

"Ken, get off that phone and just fuck me, I had missed such a dick in a long time, now come and tear my pussy apart!" The girl was shouting. I just terminated the call.

"What? Can't I talk to him?" Sherry asked.

"Wait, seems like he is not with his phone." I told her and began walking towards bedroom. Miriam was with the kid.

I called Lillian.

"Lillian, get that girl off Ken's room. His girl friend wants to talk to him and it seemed the little bitch you sent to him is all over him." I told Lillian.

"No, you cannot interfere with a client, let him finish with her, she is being paid for that remember!" Lillian told me.

"Then get Ken to speak to his girlfriend...Lillian..LILLIAN!" She terminated the call.

"Now what?" I exclaimed.

"Why can't I talk to him?" Sherry asked me when I sat at the table room, she sounded worried.

"Is he, all right?" She asked me again.

"Yes, relax. He is all right. He shall come tomorrow morning. You can sleep over here and he will find you in the morning. Relax." I told her smiling to put her at ease.

"No, I need to go. I did not tell my parents that I was going to sleep here." Sherry told me.

"Just tell them, after all they know you are a lady who cannot walk around at night." I told her. She smiled.

"All right, as long as I will see Ken in the morning." She told me and breathed out heavily.

"Miriam serve us some food, give me the baby now." I took the child from her and she went over to the kitchen to bring us food.

=====

The first thing I did in the morning, very early before sun rise was to go for Ken. I did not find Lillian at the place but Ken was at the main lounge waiting for me. Evelyne was seated besides him so smiling and giggling.

"How was your night?" I asked them.

"Fantastic!" Evelyne told me. Ken remained silent.

"All right, can we go home now?" I asked Ken.

"Yes." He told me. He looked weak. He stood up. Just as he began to walk, he began vomiting.

"Damn! What did you do to him?" I asked Evelyne.

"Nothing, he seemed to enjoy!" she said and stood up to support him.

"Stay away from him!" I told her.

She stared at me as if seeing a stranger.

"Woman, you could not serve him to satisfaction and here you dare start instructing me. I gave him a game of a life time, he shall never forget me. And guess what? I will be seeing him again and again, I needed such a man for so long; now I have gotten him!" She told me standing beside Ken protectively.

"I told you I have a fiancée." Ken said weakly.

"I shall believe when I see her. You need to eat." The girl said and was about to go and get him some food when I stopped her.

"Thank you, girl, but we need to go home fast. His girl friend is waiting him." I told Evelyne.

"He cannot go like this for heaven's sake, let him eat something." Evelyne was insistent and brought Ken some brown break, milk and honey. Ken ate fast as I sat beside him.

"And, sorry to ask, you seem so comfortable around here, who are you here?" I finally asked the girl.

"I am supposed to serve special clients here." She told me. I smiled. She looked at Ken.

"He is special." She told me pointing at Ken. Ken just smiled.

"I am all right now, can we leave?" Ken asked me standing up.

"Yes, let us leave." I told him and we stood to go. The girl came over to Ken, hugged him and kissed him good bye.

"Ken, how was the night?" I asked him as I was driving back home.

"Damn! That girl is terrible. She nearly killed me. I have never gotten a girl who finished me like she did. She was not getting enough of it." Ken told me and laughed, making me laugh but feel a little jealous.

"Ken I am serious; do you mean to say the girl was too much for you?" I asked him again.

"Yes, she completely milked me, almost all night. She seemed like she had not had sex in years. If there is female Viagra, I think she had taken it." Ken told me.

"Can you fuck now? Your girl is waiting for you at home." I told him smiling.

"Hell no! I cannot even raise now. What did you tell her?" Ken asked me.

"Told her you had to attend to some emergency." I told him, I noticed he was sleepy and I let him sleep until we got home.

Sherry was at the table room waiting for us when we got home. Ken went over to where she was and sat down. I could feel the tension between the two and just left them there alone as I went to the kitchen.

After a few minutes, Ken came to the kitchen.

"Grace, I need to talk to you." He told me and I followed him outside.

"Anything wrong?" I asked him.

"No, nothing wrong. Just wanted to tell you that our first meeting to realize our wedding is supposed to happen next week. We are meeting at Sunshine hotel in Limuru township. Friends and family are expected to be there. And oh! Sherry got mugged and her phone was stolen." Ken told me.

"Oh! That is good news. Sorry about Sherry, she told me too. The girl is so much in love with you. I like that. Do not disappoint her." I told Ken.

"I need to make a house within two months. I will take Sherry to the farm where I intend to take her to the farm today." Ken told me.

"Yes, make sure you buy her a phone first." I told Ken. He laughed.

"I will do that. Now, I need to use your car if you don't mind." Ken told me.

"Are you sure you can drive now? You seem so weak. And what did you tell her about your not coming home yesterday?" I asked Ken.

"I crafted a sweet lie, you know how you ladies love lies, the truth would have been terrible." Ken told me smiling. He caressed his chin.

"Yes, sometimes a sweet lie is better than the bitter truth. You can use my car, no problem." I told him.

"Thank you." He told me and began going towards the house.

"Do you want to go now? Take break fast at least." I told him.

"We are fine, she has already taken breakfast." Ken told me.

I let him take the car and they both left. Ken was driving.

I was left there seated thinking about so many things in my personal life. I did not know how I was to cope when Ken finally left my compound. I always felt so safe with him around. I knew life was going to change after he leaves, but just did not know how.

>>to be continued>>

Narrated by KERRY SAGA MAN

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: SIXTY-THREE

After having been gone for almost 2 hours, Ken finally returned; he was alone.

After parking the car, he came to the table room and sat there, rotating the car keys like some helicopter blade. He seemed to be in so much thought.

"Ken, anything the matter?" I asked him seated opposite, holding my baby who was fast asleep.

"I can't believe this, but Sherry has turned down that offer of me building there, she just wants me to relocate to my home land. She won't hear anything like I want to live there. She tells me she does not like how close I am to you and she thinks you will be trouble to our young marriage. It is like she suspects something between us but just won't tell me what it is." Ken told me. I was surprised.

"Now what? Ken, do something, I really don't want you to go. You are the man, make her understand, convince her if you have to. Tell me how to help you in that." I urged Ken.

"There is only one way to do that, let us have a duplicate title deed of the farm with my name, it does not matter if it will be fake. I just want to convince her that it is my farm. She does not believe me when I tell her it is mine." Ken told me.

"Ken, that is too much to ask." I told him.

"Then, there is no other way out, I have to go home and this time, for good. Sorry." Ken told me.

"Ken, are you sure you do not want to..." I lacked the words to use. Did Ken want to con me the farm?

"Come on, Grace, we have come so far with you. We are more than friends. I cannot do such a thing. Let us just have a fake title deed and that will take care of everything. She needs to be convinced, at least. Failure to, I will have to go." Ken sounded so serious.

"All right, will look out for someone who can make a fake title deed. Is that all you need?" I asked Ken. Ken remained silent for some time. I knew it was going to be a little tricky. It also seemed like Sherry no longer wanted Ken to continue being a shamba boy.

"Does she want you to quit?" I asked Ken.

"According to how she was speaking, yes. But I told her I have no other way of surviving. She knows I do not have much of formal education." Ken told me looking at me.

"But at least she should appreciate you have a job. Ok. We will change your title into a farm manager. There is this farm in Naivasha, it should be made to look like a modern farm, horticultural farm. In fact, Ken, help me acquire other farms so that we can have more. Then your salary shall be based on the amount of income coming from all those farms on top of your usual Salary. As you manage the farms, people who are even qualified like did things like agricultural engineer, horticulture, animal husbandry etc. to work under you. That way, she will feel she has a man. I understand, I am a woman." I told Ken.

"Damn! You are such a schemer, I will tell her that." Ken told me. He stood up and went on to hang the car keys where I used to place them, stretched a little while yawning. Miriam happened to be passing over there.

"Ken, you seem hungry, can I give you something to eat?" She asked him.

"Oh! Yes, I live to eat." Ken told her smiling at her.

"No, it should be the other way around, we eat to live." Miriam told Ken and went to the kitchen to serve his food.

=====

I knew time was not on my side, I had to make a few inquiries into the adjacent uncultivated land in Naivasha close to our farm. I was lucky. Jane, who was Ken's favorite worker in Naivasha proved to be so helpful to me. She knew a lot of people in Naivasha, she was well connected. I had initially wanted to dismiss her but I found her so valuable in helping me acquire the adjacent farms. In fact, she helped me get almost a 1,000 acres of farm land which we were to develop. We were to build houses for employees to be living in as they were to be hired from all over the county or not the country.

On top of that, Ken was to have some sort of an office in the central farm, the original farm where he would be going from time to time to oversee the affairs of the farm. That was pretty easy to make as we did not begin with much structures. We got a container that was converted fast into an office. Jane was to serve as his secretary.

All plans went well since there was enough money. I also got some friends who were large scale farmers and their ideas were excellent. I did not tell any that Ken was not really a manager with some Degree sort of but I made them believe he was learned for respect sake.

When I told Ken all the plans, he looked at me and really laughed.

"Why are you laughing?" We were coming from inspecting the farm lands. I was however driving.

"These people think you have a degree. Your experience in running a farm is really vital." I told him smiling.

"I think Kenya should not reconsider its education system. Instead of taking someone through an entire cycle of 8-4-4, just expose someone to what he does best and by the time someone is 18 years old, he can do a lot." Ken told me. He was on phone chatting all the time.

"Yes, I really think so, but some works like accounting would still need someone go to university or college." I told him.

"No problem, but some technical work just requires experience." Ken told me.

"Who are you chatting with so seriously?" I asked him as I noticed he looked a little distressed.

"Who else? My Sherry, but she is now a little with the term farm manager. I told her I shall be earning Kshs 75,000 per month and she is so happy about it. Women and money, phew." Ken answered me smiling. I laughed.

"It is not about money; no woman wants to have a failure or someone without a nice social status. Understand her, she is a woman. Give her enough money, show her you are someone in some sort of power somewhere and give her enough orgasms, she will be ok with you." I told Ken. He laughed.

Suddenly, his phone rang.

"Who might this be?" Ken asked. It was a new number calling him.

He received the call and I could tell whoever was on the other end, they were not understanding each other.

"Can you imagine who that is? Evelyne Nkatha, the girl who fucked me until I vomited. She is insisting she wants to see me. Why would she want to see me? And how did she get my number? This woman is beginning to bother me." Ken told me.

"Forget about her, she does not even know where you live." I told Ken. Right on time, I noticed a black vehicle, some Toyota Prado overtake us then stabilize its speed right in front of us. Someone called Ken again.

"It is her again." Ken told me.

"Put loud speaker let me hear what she is saying." I told Ken.

"Ken, I know you are inside the vehicle that is right behind me, pull over, we need to talk." The lady said in a soft, smooth sure voice that made me feel some mysterious fear.

"What the hell? How did you know?" Ken asked.

"How I got to know does not matter, I know you are with Grace, now will you pull over or I hit my emergency brakes and you two will hit me from behind and I will claim compensation?" She was more menacing this time. Ken looked at me. We were doing 100km/h. I nodded at him.

"All right, I am pulling over." Ken told her.

"Good, I just wanted you to cooperate. Thank you." She said and terminated the call. I pulled over. We were at Kinungi. Despite it being day time, the weather was really cool and it was moderately windy.

Ken was the first to get out as the huge fuel guzzler packed in front of us. The lady Evelyne came out wearing a very long yellow dress with some red scarf and very dark sunglasses. She approached Ken majestically like she was some sort of a queen approaching her servant. I was in the car as I did not want to come out. I already hated her. How did she know we were together with Ken? Was she some sort of a criminal? Who exactly was she?

She spoke with Ken for about 15 minutes. She then came over towards me. I slowly lowered the window pane on my side.

"Good afternoon Madam, sorry for the little disturbance, I meant to see Ken." She told me.

"Good afternoon. Was this the best way to do this? And how did you know we were together on the road?" I asked her. She gave me a cold smile, stood up and walked towards her car. Her vehicle roared to life and she drove off very fast almost running over a cyclist who was passing by the road.

I felt a little shaken. I felt intimidated for the first time in a long time.

"Ken, who is this bitch?" I asked him as soon as he returned inside the car.

"I really don't know. She declined to tell me how she got my number. She just told me that I should go to her place tomorrow evening and sleep there failure to she will literally hijack me. She told me all she wanted was me to go and fuck her as I was the only man who ever fucked her until she felt she was with a man all her entire life. This is weird." Ken told me. He was no longer jovial as he was.

"I thought Lillian was supposed to just bring university girls in that club? This does not seem like a university girl at all to me." I told Ken.

"Mind you she is just 21! But she told me she is indeed in university, she declined to tell me what she is doing there. But don't worry, she will know who I am. I will break her neck if that need be." Ken was talking tough.

"Who the hell is she?" I asked myself out loudly.

"Let me drive, we shall know soon." Ken told me.

"I am glad, I don't know why but my hands are shaking." I told Ken as we switched seats. Ken got on the road and we got driving towards home.

"So, will you go to her place and where is her place?" I asked Ken. Ken laughed.

"Who do you think I am, some bull to go offering artificial insemination to random vaginas?" Ken asked so crudely until I turned to look at him.

"I would not wish to go." I told Ken.

"Of course, I will not. I am waiting to see what she will do." Ken said in a calm voice.

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When we got home, I was surprised to see a police van parked outside our gate.

"What do they want here now? I thought they were done with this case." I wondered out loudly.

We got inside and found 4 police officers inside. Onesimus Ouma the CID was with them.

"Hello, Madam. Sorry to come to you without notice. But we wanted access the under-ground chamber. I hope you have not interfered with it since we left." He was so polite.

"Oh! You can, no problem. As long as you will leave us in peace." I told him.

"No, we have nothing against you. Our investigations show us that you are clean." Onesimus said leading the way towards my bedroom.

"You should be charged for intruding our privacy." I told him but I was joking.

"Oh! Sorry, before I forget, we have our custom to compensate for such things. You have a choice. One, you can choose to sell out this house to us and we will look a convenient place of your choice for you to go to with your family, or, each time police visit here, you shall be given Kshs 100,000 as compensation." Onesimus told me. That sounded odd as I had never heard about it.

He got under ground alone. I followed him. Ken was also with us.

"Now, madam, listen. This is between us down here and I hope your guy here can keep secrets failure to we will have no choice than to eliminate him. No one on Kenya among all the police knows that this money-making machine exists here under ground. I know you do not know where to get the paper that makes money, but I know. There is no need to take this machine to the police as crime exhibit. Getting this machine is almost impossible I even still wonder where your late husband got it. Now, I want us to be making money right here. But the papers are bulky and very heavy that is why we need his help." Onesimus said and pointed at Ken.

"Holy Christ!" Ken exclaimed. I nearly laughed.

"So, you suddenly began believing in Christ?" I asked him jokingly.

"No, it was just an exclamation, so you want us to be making money here? How sure are you that you are not setting us up?" Ken asked the man.

"Relax, we are the police, we know our ranks and networks. As long as I want money and you provide the machine, nothing bad will come into the deal. Now, can we go outside and you help us ship some papers down here. It is good the place is completely sound proof and totally sealed no one knows from the outside world." Onesimus told us. He was smiling from ear to ear. I could now understand why he never wished to carry anything from the so-called crime scene.

"Will you help us with the papers?" Onesimus asked Ken.

"Oh, sure, let us go and fetch them." Ken followed Ouma. But as I remained underground, I still wondered, was my bedroom the only way into the underground chamber?

I moved around keenly studying the walls. It was when I noticed a section of the wall that was a little different from the rest but not easily noticeable. The wall overlooking towards the cow sheds. As I was still thinking, I heard Ken struggling with the bulky content to bring it underground. But the load proved to be too bulky to get through the little opening in my bathroom.

"Onesimus, please come underground and see something here." I told him. He came and I pointed at him the section of the wall that was a little different.

"Wow, madam, you can become a CID now? You are so keen into details, if am not wrong, this is a door, but how does it open and where is it leading to?" Onesimus asked himself. Ken began pushing at the wall. Onesimus looked at him and laughed.

"Oh! Boy, it is not every time you need to use your strength, sometimes you need to use your brains." He told Ken still laughing.

Ken looked around as if looking for something.

"Why can't we just break the barrier?" Ken asked.

"No, we do not want to destroy anything." Onesimus said.

"Madam, are you sure you never knew about all this?" Onesimus asked me looking at me as if doubting me.

"When I got married to Douglas, he already had this house fully built, in fact, you seem to know my house better than me..." I told him. Ken keenly looked at him.

"Well, I have been a CID for so long and I am always critical. Anyway, that is not important. Let us look around and see if we can get to know how to get through there, if at all that is a door." Onesimus told me.

But Ken just did the unthinkable, he hurled himself so hard against the wall until he bounced so hard, lost his balance and landed hard on a computer Keyboard that was in the adjacent table. The Keyboard broke into two, literally.

"You, idiot, what the hell are you doing hurling yourself here like a bull, can you stand up and stop behaving like a kid. Do you smoke expired weed or what??!" Onesimus sounded extremely annoyed.

But something happened, where I thought was some sort of a door, the wall moved aside but behind it, there was a glass door with some dial pad where you could punch in codes. The glass was translucent meaning you could not clearly see behind it. It was like when Ken landed his head on the keyboard, it activated some keys which were meant to unlock the door.

It was mystery after mystery unravelling the house I had lived for almost 16 years!

"Now what?" Onesimus said looking at the locked glass door.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony KERRY

****SAGA MAN****

**SAGA BY ANTHONY KERRY
CALL 0711403777 FOR MORE SAGAS**

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: SIXTY-FOUR

{Narrated by Anthony Kerry 0711403777}

It is when I remembered seeing in Douglas' notebook some coded message with numbers and characters Z3X45Y-JG, for some reason, I had crammed them. I approached the door and in the dial pad, I punched in the codes fast. Lo! The door slid smoothly open to reveal a tunnel, perfectly lit tunnel of about 10 meters.

At the side, there were two doors and upon opening them there were two perfect bedrooms sort of and one larger with a complete office. We followed the tunnel silently and came to a tunnel way going upwards on some steep staircase, with another door, horizontally aligned to the ground. I punched in the same codes at the dial pad and the door opened upwards.

I found myself right at the parking lot's flower bed and upon inspecting the door that opened perfectly, there were flower vases totally attached to the door such that you would virtually not know from outside if it was a door. It is when I remembered the day when I picked my husband's phone right next to there and thought perhaps he had accessed the underground chambers from outside before travelling. I did not tell anyone about my thoughts.

"I can't believe this! I have been living with a total stranger!" I said to myself. Onesimus was looking at me all along.

"And if I may ask, how do you know the access codes?" He asked me. I did not know what to answer.

"There seems to be a lot of secrets in this house." Ken suddenly said.

"We will take care of that later, for now, help us ship in the bulky paper materials to the underground chambers. It seems your husband would lie to you he is out of Kenya but all along he is inside this house!" Onesimus said looking at me.

The underground tunnel was big enough to move the bulky materials underground but I was getting worried of the whole deal since I knew if some other people got to know, and most likely Douglas' accomplices, we might be in deep shit!

After Ken moved all the materials underground, I called Onesimus.

"Bwana CID, I feel so unsafe in this house. What if you decide to turn against me? What if Douglas' accomplices wish to access some of these machines? I wish to sell of this house and move away." I told him.

"No, no, don't do that. That is what will arouse suspicion from them. Stay put and assume nothing goes on. Besides, in case normal thieves attack, you have a place to hide than virtually is unknown to them, if I were you, I would not sell if this house, not now and never." He told me. My son was so restless and was pulling off my bras to breastfeed.

"All right, let me think about it." I told him.

"Besides, who hates money? Madam, think about it." He told me.

"Phew, all right. You are in a hurry to leave; won't you wait we cook something for you at least?" I told the CID but he declined to stay any further.

After the police left, we spent sometime with Ken looking into how Douglas used to access the chambers from outside and discovered the access codes were carefully positioned at the parking lot where no one would suspect. After the discovery, I saw Ken looking at me in some funny way smiling.

"What?" I asked him.

"A problem solved. You have always wondered how I should be able to come to your bedroom at night for some night of passion without alerting Miriam, why can't I use this way?" He asked me pointing at the place where no one would suspect there was a door leading underground.

"You are so funny, so do I expect you tonight?" I asked him.

"Of course, but I don't know the access codes." Ken told me.

"You will text me to open, don't worry." I told Ken. I did not want to give him the access codes.

"All right, I will alert you at exactly 11 pm. Make sure Miriam sleeps early. Its been sometime since I fucked you where I am most comfortable." Ken told me.

"So, you always love fucking me inside my house? You are crazy." I slapped him a gentle joke like slap, he twisted my arm a little but it hurt. "Ouch! Stop it, you are breaking my hand." But Ken pulled me towards him so suddenly until my breasts pressed his chest. We were standing at the parking lot and my son was with Miriam.

"I want to kiss you." Ken told me suddenly.

"Really? Someone might see us." I told him and tried to wrestle myself free but Ken overpowered me, planted a kiss on my lips fast such that I had no choice than to just kiss him. We kissed continuously.

We suddenly stopped when we heard someone slapping his hands in slow timed beats.

"Congratulations, so you now have another husband, huh!" I heard someone say sarcastically. Upon turning, I realized it was Samantha, Douglas' sister and Kinuthia and some other man I could not remember seeing.

"What do you want in my compound?" I asked them angrily. Ken stood besides me protectively.

"Didn't I say she killed Douglas so that she can remain with his wealth? And I have a reason to believe that they planned the while thing with this dog she was kissing here." Samantha said.

"I order you to get out of my compound, now!" I roared. {{Narrated by Anthony Kerry 0711403777}}

"Who are you to chase me from my brother's residence? It is you who should get out." Samantha said.

Kinuthia began to come towards us. Sudden fear gripped me upon seeing that he had a hunting knife tucked under his huge coat. I moved a little backwards and Ken stepped in front of me.

"Hey, stop this. No need to fight, just state what you want." Ken told them calmly.

"Stay out of this, boy, unless you want to die." The man standing with Samantha said.

"Who are you? Who are you calling a boy? Imbecile idiot." Ken told the guy looking at him.

The man looked at Samantha. Samantha nodded.

"Teach him a lesson, he thinks himself as a boxer. Show him some manners." Samantha told the man.

Suddenly, the man who seemed as harmless as a dove turned into a ferocious tiger. He attacked Ken with perfectly coordinated blows and kicks aiming at Ken's knees, limbs and his head. It did not take even 10 seconds before Ken was completely knocked off the ground. I screamed but suddenly Kinuthia held me tightly and gagged my mouth. I struggled but could not free myself.

Ken got in his feet and the man attacked again, this time with kicks alone and before Ken would throw even a single punch, he was knocked off the ground once more. I had never seen Ken being so easily overpowered. Even after Ken got on the ground, the man jumped high in the air and with his knee landed squarely on Ken's chest. Ken coughed and rolled over.

"Hey! Look out!" Kinuthia suddenly shouted. I turned to see what he was pointing at. In a moment, Kinuthia released me and I managed to free myself.

It was when I realized what was Kinuthia talking about. Our largest dog, without warning pounced on the man who was beating Ken and it dug its teeth on his arm until he cried out in pain. He hit the dog severely but the dog's mouth proved to be too powerful.

That instant, Ken regained his balance fast and stood up. As the man was struggling with the dog, Ken went for him, took him by his collar, literally lifted him in the air before smashing him so hard on the ground. He lifted him again, carried him by his shoulder, aimed for the house's wall, turned around and hurled him against the wall so hard until I thought the wall had cracked. The man fell down flat seemingly lifeless.

"I am going to kill someone today!" Ken shouted and turned fast and furiously. He looked at Kinuthia who stood there like a helpless boy. As soon as Ken began to walk towards Kinuthia, Kinuthia fled. Samantha realized the situation had turned against them fast and fled alongside Kinuthia. Our dog stood there looking at the man on the ground.

"Tiger! Finish him off!" Ken shouted at the dog. The dog was about to bite the man when I shouted at it.

"Tiger! Stop!" it stopped, barked hard looking at me until I felt some fear but it obeyed.

"What? This man nearly killed me!" Ken said and went over towards the man. He was out cold on the floor.

"Ransack his pockets, look for his national ID." I told Ken. He did as I told him. He brought out an ID. His name was Peter Mbugua. There was no other documentation to indicate who the man was.

"Let me call the police to come for him." I told Ken and I called the CID man who had given me his number. He promised to send some of his boys within minutes.

After a few minutes the police arrived. The man was slightly moving but I could see he was in total pain.

"My name is officer John Kipkoech. Is this the man who attacked you?" He asked looking at me.

"Yes." I answered.

"But it looked like you are the one who attacked him." John said as I gave him his ID.

"I beat him up for trying to beat me." Ken told John.

The man was handcuffed and carried to the waiting police van.

"Peter Mbugua, the name sounds familiar." One policeman said looking at John who was keenly looking at the national ID.

"You sure you beat him up?" John asked Ken.

"No, I was defending myself, the dog came and helped me." Ken said and pointed at the dog that was standing in front of me wagging its tail.

"I noticed he has dog bites, we will have to take him to hospital. But the question is, you sure you beat up this man?" John asked Ken again.

"Of course! No man jokes with me." Ken said looking like at John like a bull about to charge.

"This man is in police records, a most wanted thug, a bullet for hire and a trained killer. If you beat him up, you need to be investigated too. No one has ever beaten this man, at least the much we know." John told Ken.

Ken was about to talk when I stopped him and faced John, "Look, officer, we do not want trouble. My sister in law came with him here and we do not know what you are talking about, just take him away and leave us alone. Isn't it enough you have him?" I told him and looked at his colleagues, 2 of them.

"As you say, let us leave." John told his colleagues.

But something happened that no one really expected. It seemed like Peter managed to undo the handcuffs, or if not, then one police man inside the van undid them. He jumped fast out of the van and within seconds he was headed towards the maize plantations, he literally jumped over the barbed wire fence overlooking the farm with maize, opposite to ours. The police gave chase. There was a dense bush at the end of the maize plantation.

"What the hell? This is why I said I should be left to finish him off, now see he has escaped!" Ken said standing there.

"Sir, the man is gone." One police came and told John.

"Idiots! How does a top criminal escape under your noses! You are in for a rough time, head to the station right away!" John, who seemed to be in command, barked at the officers.

The policemen left, it was such a long day for us but I knew Samantha was capable of anything. The woman was a total bitch. But if they saw me kissing Ken, I knew they would spread the rumors and it was a matter of time before their rumors sounded like the truth.

{{Narrated by Anthony Kerry 0711403777}}

But I was so determined to stay put in my house.

When I got inside the house, in the evening, I went to the underground tunnel and took time going through the two rooms that I had not even known existed. One was a very comfortable bedroom sort of. The underground chambers were also perfectly aerated with air-conditioned environment so conducive you would not even know you were underground. I had left my son sleeping and a thought came in my mind. I took my phone.

I texted Ken, "Look out to see where Miriam is, if not on the lookout, come via our private door within 10 minutes."

Ken replied, "All right, give me 3 minutes. Will text you when I need you to open the door."

But after a few minutes of waiting, Ken texted me, "Not possible now, let us try to night. I am going to meet Sherry she told me she wanted to meet me and it is urgent."

I felt a little disappointed but could not stop him to go to his Sherry.

I however continued to survey the place and making more discoveries.

=====

"How was your meeting with Sherry?" I asked Ken when we were having supper.

"Was fine, she has given me a go ahead to build in the other farm. She got convinced when I showed her the title deed." Ken told me smiling.

"Wow, so soon we are attending your wedding." Miriam told Ken.

Ken laughed." Apparently, and hopefully, yes."

"God be with you until then." Miriam told Ken.

"Amen!" Ken almost shouted. I laughed.

"Since when did you begin using Amen as a phrase?" I asked him.

He looked at me and laughed once more but did not answer.

"Finally, Jesus is winning his heart." Miriam said.

"Sherry won my heart before Jesus, I am ok with Sherry." Ken said jokingly.

Miriam just laughed and brushed it off.

"How will you live when I get out of this compound? Like considering what happened today?" Ken asked me. Before I could answer, Miriam said, "I am going to pray for this home to be protected by the blood of Jesus Christ."

Ken keenly looked at Miriam.

"What?" Miriam asked Ken, stopping to eat.

"Whatever you will do, do it as long as this place remains safe. I would not want anyone to hurt anyone where." Ken said looking at me and then he focused on the little boy who was just looking at my face.

"I know you would not want anyone to hurt your boy." I told him jokingly. Miriam suddenly looked at Ken and then looked at the little boy.

"How? The boy looks like Ken, but, isn't the late Douglas his father?" Miriam asked sounding like she the most naïve person on planet earth.

"No, people actually sometimes look alike." I told her smiling to put her at ease.

"Oh! Ok." She said standing up to collect the used utensils. For some reasons, I was still feeling so horny and was feeling like telling Ken to just go with me to my bedroom and fuck me.

After Miriam was gone, I asked Ken smiling at him, "Ken, will you fuck me tonight?"

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by KERRY SAGA MAN.

444

**SAGA BY ANTHONY KERRY
CALL 0711403777 FOR MORE SAGAS**

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: SIXTY-FIVE

Ken looked at me as if weighing the answer.

"Yes, I will use the secret route." HE told me and laughed.

=====

At exactly 11 pm, Ken came into the house using the secret passage. My child was fast asleep and that was to my advantage.

"Wow! This looks great. But I am still asking myself whether Samatha knows something, why is she so insistent on chasing you out of here?" Ken asked me seated on the bed holding me by my waist. The room was very warm due to the heater and I was wearing just my night dress.

I looked at him and smiled. "Ken, that does not matter, I want a fuck right now." Before Ken would talk, I turned and began to kiss him. I kissed him while undoing his trousers' zip until I began feeling his hardening penis. I slowly took it out of his boxer and began to caress it.

He slowly disengaged his lips and began to undress my nightdress while still looking at me.

"My breasts have sagged." I told Ken as he was looking at them.

"But it is because you are breast feeding." Ken told me while caressing them a little.

"And this boy sucks like you, so hard." I told Ken jokingly. He looked at the sleeping boy and smiled.

"The little boy is a heavy sleeper like me." Ken said. He slowly went over and touched the boy, who moved a little and continued sleeping.

Ken suddenly reached for my private parts.

"Lo! You did not have anything underneath?" Ken asked me as soon as he touched my pubic hair.

He caressed it for some seconds.

"I think I should shave, it is growing big." I told him as he caressed it, pulling my pubic hair gently while twisting it. He finally got me totally naked. I also embarked on undressing him until we both were naked and lying on the bed.

Ken was about to begin kissing my neck when I told him to wait.

"What?" He asked me puzzled.

"I wanted to have some romance tonight." I told him as I reached for my drawer and pulled out some chocolate cubes.

"I want you to place them on my body and pick them one by one." I told him. He looked at me and smiled. His penis was semi erect.

"Ok, lie down." He told me. He is the one who placed them on my body sometimes teasing me with them. Then he began picking them from my body making me feel some nice romantic sensation.

He was really tickling me. Then he did something I did not expect, he began to caress me with his erect penis, touching me all over.

AS I got more aroused, I felt the urge to suck his penis and I slid under him. I began to suck his penis as he licked my pussy and sucked my clitoris. I was feeling so nice until I sucked his penis so hard such that I could literally feel it pulsating inside my mouth.

It seemed he could not take it anymore and he turned to face me, began to kiss me. I could feel the scent and taste of my vaginal fluids from his mouth but I did not care. He then slowly began to caress my labia majora with his erect penis. The way he was doing it, it was giving me a lot of pleasure as he was pushing his way up and down, then hitting me with some rhythm as if he was tapping some musical notes on my vulvas. He stopped kissing me and concentrated with drawing patterns on my vulvas making me really wet until I began moaning due to pleasure. He would press my clitoris and tap it with his penis driving me crazy.

The sensation that was giving me made me suddenly lose control and it was like I erupted like a volcano. I tried so much to remain silent but I could not hold anymore, I moaned, I held his hands tightly and felt myself trembling all over as gushes of fluids kept coming from deep inside me.

Suddenly, I heard a knock at my door. Ken continued with his erotic torture until I screamed, literally.

The knock intensified.

"Madam, are you all right in there?" That was Miriam asking me.

"Yes, I am, don't worry." I told her amid panting. Ken remained silent holding his penis motionlessly.

"I heard you crying, saying someone is killing you." She said sounding so concerned. I looked at Ken who was smiling like crazy. I nearly laughed.

"Miriam, I was having a dream, but I am all right, go to sleep." I reassured her.

"All right, I will pray for you not to have evil nightmares. Good night." Miriam said.

"Wow! I thought she is sleeping." Ken said, rather whispered.

"She thinks I am crying, poor her." I told Ken giggling. I was however still horny and needed him to just make love to me.

It was like he understood me and stopped talking. He held me and turned me gently to face away from him as I leaned on the edge of the bed. He entered me from behind. I felt his penis go so deep until I could not take it anymore. I moved and held him by his waist.

"Ken, easy, you are going too deep." I told him but he did not answer. He just began to slide in and out slowly and gently. I could feel his penis really stretching my moist vagina. He would bend to kiss my back from time to time while still caressing my boobs.

I began to gyrate my hips. It was like this animated him and he began to knead my buttocks so hard. just as I thought how to ease my legs which were getting tired due to stand up during sex, he spanked my butt so hard until it trembled. This gave me sudden sensations until I could not hold myself anymore. My legs began to give way. Orgasmic waves began to sweep my body all over as he continued to spank my ass while moaning loudly.

"Oh! You are killing me, Ken!" I found myself saying. I lay on my tummy on the bed as Ken pushed his penis so hard. I held onto a pillow so that my orgasmic moans would not escape but it seemed like Ken let go his guards and he moaned so loudly as he was ejaculating.

"Wait!" I told him as his penis began to pulsate. I turned fast right on time to catch as his semen began to spill and directed all of it into my mouth. I literally sucked the penis to the last drop as he stood there shooting into my mouth.

The way he was moaning so loudly! I knew Miriam was perhaps somewhere listening.

"Wow! You were so sweet tonight!" I told him as soon as we rested on the bed.

"I just was doing that the first time, I read in that website you showed me, www.thepassionate.lovers.com, I read about Kachambari sex art." Ken told me smiling. I kissed him. He did not seem to care that I licked his semen as he kissed me back. It was like he too was enjoying the taste of our sexual fluids.

"Anthony Kerry writes fantastic sex articles, I love reading from him." I told him as I embraced him. I wished Douglas would have been more proactive in learning what makes me happy in bed but he never did.

"I am feeling sleepy." Ken suddenly told me.

"You can just sleep here." I told him.

"What if I forget to wake up early and Miriam finds me inside here?" Ken asked me.

"I don't care, everyone should mind her own business. It is my house and my life." I told Ken. He yawned. I turned to see the baby sleeping at the cot and I could see he was waking up. He began to cry.

"Oh! He needs to breastfeed." I told Ken, who turned and made himself comfortable to sleep.

I breastfed and changed my toddler's diapers. As I was changing him, his little penis got erect. I marveled at its size considering he was just 2 months. My doctor had told me that small boys do get erections but my first boy was not like it. I guessed Melvin shall be like Ken, penis size and sexual energy as the other boy shall be like Douglas.

"Ken, see your boy, see how..." I noticed I was just talking to myself as Ken was already fast asleep.

However, the baby was a little fussy until I had to sing a lullaby for him to sleep.

"See, your daddy is sleeping." I told him as I sang to him close to my breasts. He slept and I placed him gently in his cot.

=====

Towards morning hours, I woke up to find Ken's penis so erect but he was still sleeping. I went over and began to suck it until he began moving. He suddenly opened his eyes as I had switched on the bedside lamp.

"Just giving you a passionate good morning." I told him. He laughed.

"You are so crazy." He told me as I continued to suck his penis. He then slowly turned me and before I could even part my legs wider, he had already penetrated me. His morning erection was so hard and was really pressing my g spot such that it did not take long for me to get an orgasm.

He however did not ejaculate.

"Why didn't you finish?" I asked him.

"Morning erection is not to mean I really want sex, sometimes a man gets erection but not necessarily desire to have sex." He told me. I looked at him. He was damn serious.

"So, you mean you really did not want it?" I asked him.

"Somehow, but at least you got an orgasm." He told me and gently pinched my butt jokingly, I jumped a little aside and gave him a gentle slap.

"Hey, it is almost 6 pm, I should go." Ken told me and began dressing up. I wanted to escort him up to the end of the underground tunnel. But when I tried to punch in the codes, the door did not open. I tried again and again.

"What is happening? It is supposed to open." I told Ken.

"But, you opened yesterday, how comes it cannot open now?" Ken asked me looking puzzled. I did not answer. We tried for several times and no matter what we did, it would not open.

"I think you will have to use the main door." I told Ken.

"But, Miriam might see me coming out..." Ken was worried of being seen by Miriam.

"Why should you really care? I can as well get married to you." I told him.

"Tell me you are joking." Ken told me, turning fully to face me.

"What? I just said that." I told him, pretending to be very serious.

"Sherry will kill you if she knows of such a statement." Ken told me.

"Sherry can have me as her co-wife." I told Ken.

He remained silent.

"I am figuring how to get out of here." Ken told me.

"Come on, right through the front door." I told him and began to go out of the underground chamber.

Ken followed me. I knew he had to get out to go and milk the cows.

I slowly opened my bedroom door to see if anyone was awake. I even walked all the way to the kitchen and there was no sign of anyone awake. Miriam's door was still open. I went back to my bedroom where Ken was still seated on my bed.

"Is it clear?" Ken asked. I nodded. He stood up and came towards the door. He was a little hesitant to come out of the bedroom.

Slowly, Ken began walking towards the kitchen as to get out through the back door. I followed him slowly and silently just to make sure I lock the door as soon as he gets outside. It was almost 6 am. The weather was so chilly and I could see it was still dark outside.

Ken stood silently at the door looking at it, then he looked at me.

"Grace, you told me that the door was locked indicating that no one is awake?" it was more of a question than statement.

"Yes, why?" I asked Ken. I moved close to the door.

I was about to pull the door lever to open it when it suddenly got pushed gently from outside. It got me so startled that I nearly screamed as Ken moved fast behind the door as if waiting for whoever was coming inside to reveal himself or herself.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by KERRY, SAGA MAN.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: SIXTY-SIX

"Oh! Miriam, you scared me, what were you doing outside this early?" It was Miriam.

"I went to use the outside pit latrine, the one inside the house is not flushing." She told me. All along, Ken remained behind the door.

"All right. I will have it checked today." I told her and she passed, went her way.

Ken came out slowly from behind the door and after winking at me, went outside and I closed the door.

"Oh! My God!" I heard Ken shouting.

"Did he suddenly start believing in God?" Miriam asked from her bedroom. I knew something was wrong and so I went outside. I saw Ken standing close to the dog's kennel.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Come here and see for yourself." He told me. I went to see.

Behold, all our dogs, 3 of them including the largest and most ferocious of them lay there completely dead. No injury, probably all poisoned.

"Now what?" I exclaimed as Miriam joined me there.

"This doesn't look good." Ken told me.

I was still thinking when Ken turned to me and told me, "Look, I have an advice for you." HE stopped talking when he noticed Miriam was there with us. Suddenly, I heard my child wake up and Miriam just went away to look at him.

"What is it, Ken?" I asked him.

"I want you to secretly find another house, move out of this one secretly but fast enough. Move everything you can or you need, leave what is not necessary. I suspect someone is after you and this time round, he will not fail. I will help you where I can." Ken told me. I looked at him and he was very serious.

I realized even my own life could have been in danger. But I was not ready to lose my life for property.

During the day, I visited a house which was put up for sale since the owners were going to America. It was a large bungalow or rather a farm house with an expansive farm bordering it. After negotiating, we settled at Kshs 12 million both the farm and the house.

The best part of it, it was close to a tarmac road.

After a few days, I organized for everything to be moved out at night. However, I wasn't able to move the things on the underground chamber since the access codes jammed.

"What do we do now?" I asked Ken.

Ken wanted we break the door but I advised him against that. The whole mystery surrounding the failure of the access codes prevented me from even trying to access the building's underground. I had a bad feeling about it.

It took us several nights of moving out since we did not want to arouse much suspicion. We moved even the cattle and thus remained with a house with just basic things just to make it look like we were living there. Miriam was very cooperative am it was like she too understood the gravity of the situation.

Time passed fast and I resumed my work where I was welcomed back to the work through a mini party that was done at around 3 pm. We talked a lot about what I may have missed while I was away.

Also, Ken's wedding got closer and closer and he gave all his time towards preparing for the wedding. He built a house at my other farm after convincing Sherry that was his farm.

"Ken's wedding is next week, this is the invitation card. It will be at our local PCEA church." I told Celestine who kept asking my about him.

Personally, due to my love for Ken, I contributed Kshs 300,000 towards his preparation. Some other women in our club also contributed a good amount of money you would have thought they knew Ken personally after Lillian announced to them that one of our club members was to have a wedding.

When the wedding day came, I gave two of my cars. Lillian's range rover was used to carry both the bride and the bridegroom.

"Wow, what a handsome man, this girl is so lucky." Lillian said as we sat at the church while the pastor officiated the wedding. I scanned the whole place and realized there were so many people who attended the wedding whom I did not know. However, Ken's parents were also there and some of his relatives.

Sherry could not hide her joy. She was extremely beautiful with her weeding gown, she looked like an angel.

Were seated silently following up the wedding when we suddenly heard a lady walking noisily with sharp shoes and we all turned to see who it was.

It was Evelyne Nkatha who walked wearing a long grey dress and somehow managed to get a seat at the front row of the church. She took out a small mirror, looked at herself and adjusted her long hair throwing it around her shoulders like some Indian girl.

"Who is this Madam Mirrors?" Someone asked, obviously annoyed at Evelyne's showy behavior.

"I don't know, she seemed like she is obsessed with mirrors. She was even looking at the Mirrors on the wall as she came in. That lady must be very evil. My spirit tells me she is not a good girl. I hope she has not come to destroy this wedding." Another young lady talked from behind us. All along, Evelyne looked at herself in the mirror for too long until it caught the attention of the pastor.

"Praise the lord, when you have Jesus, even the mirrors on the wall acknowledge you are beautiful, Madam mirrors, you are beautiful by the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, but I would wish you put that mirror away it is distracting some people behind you." The pastor said and pointed at her.

She just smiled and slowly took the mirror back to her handbag.

"Lillian, I first saw that lady in our new club, who is she?" I asked her.

"I don't know what you are talking about, this is the first time I am seeing her." Lillian told me, much to my surprise as I had all along thought she knew her.

"That is a joke, right?" I asked her.

"No, I am very serious." She told me. Celestine looked at Lillian for a few seconds.

"Anyway, let us concentrate on Ken's wedding, we shall talk about that later."

"You may now kiss the bride..." I heard the pastor saying. I turned and saw Ken removing Sherry's veil. They looked at each other for a brief moment as if admiring each other and then slowly kissed. They kissed for too long until everyone began clapping.

But I don't know why, I found myself crying. I knew I was going to miss Ken, his mighty dick, how he made love to me, I already missed him.

The wedding was still going on when we suddenly heard a very loud explosion from the neighborhood. People stopped paying attention to the wedding and some began going outside.

"Oh! My God! Grace's house is on fire!" Someone shouted. Everyone turned to look at me.

"The devil comes to steal and to destroy." The pastor said loudly over the loud speaker. People did not even wait for the wedding to end and began going towards the villages. I looked at the alter where Ken and Sherry was standing, he gave me a soft reassuring smile. I knew everything that belonged to me of importance was somewhere safe. No one else knew that I had moved everything I needed out of that house. But the question remained, who would want to burn down our house?

I heard fire brigade's car moving with a loud siren towards my home. I too walked towards there pretending to be so devastated by the turn of events.

"Why can't people leave widows alone? She lost her husband why would someone burn up her house?" Someone asked from the crowd that had gathered. I stood there wailing at the top of my voice. Miriam was crying too. Ken had remained at the church with a few people to continue with the wedding.

"Afande, this doesn't look like a normal fire, it is like a bomb explosion. I have picked this." One police man who had come gave a small piece of metal to his boss. He looked at it for a few seconds.

"Tell everyone to move, seal this place and call the bomb experts. This is a piece of a grenade." The senior officer said.

I was however taken at the police station to record a statement, among a few people who witnessed the explosion.

"Whoever did that, did not want anyone of you dead, but wanted to destroy the house. Why would anyone target your house?" The officer, who I came to know his name was Kipkorir, asked me.

"I have told you several times, I don't know. All I remember is my sister in law had come to threaten me severally over my late husband's property, she even told me I would not get the freedom to enjoy her late brother's wealth." I told Kipkoror who was silently taking notes.

"Fine, we shall question your farm hand later, for now, let him enjoy the wedding." Kipkorir told me.

"Do you have any suspect?" Kipkorir's partner asked me.

"First suspect is Samantha. That lady should be arrested. Second her brother Kinuthia. No one else." I did not see a reason to mention Onesimus, or even Kienjeku the man who came looking for his lost goat.

However, they all remained suspect in my head but I knew mentioning them was like opening a pandora box. I was willing to have the police find about them on their own.

"We will conduct our investigations and we shall give you some report, some shall remain with us. However, we wish you find another place to live in the meantime. Our initial investigation indicate that whoever blew your house did not intend to harm anyone since according to ballistics experts, the device that blew was a remote-controlled device and it is obvious he/she waited until you are safely away from the house." The police man told me.

In my mind, perhaps it was either one of the thugs who used to work with Douglas who perhaps wanted to wipe away all evidences of their work.

=====

I knew I had to go to my children's schools and inform them about everything and that we had a new home. That was easier to do. The most difficult thing would be explaining to them why we moved into a new home. The house however was very spacious, in a very secure compound and there were a lot of cattle stables more than enough. It seemed the owner was a serious farmer. Even more interesting was the house of who used to be the farm manager, it was a three bedrooomed house located almost 500 meters away from the main house and not in the same compound. But the two compounds were separated by grassland which looked more of grazing land.

In fact, it seemed cheaper compared to the much facilities there was in the entire farm.

After several days, Ken came to visit with his new wife.

"Oh! How I missed you!" Ken's wife told me giving me a tight hug. Ken stood there looking at us.

"Welcome, welcome. Mrs. Ken, now. I can now see Ken is very happy." I told her as I led them to the main living room.

"Thank you." She told me as I led both to the house after shaking Ken's hand.

"Wow! This place is fantastic!" Ken told me as he viewed the expansive compound from the window.

"This place even has a house which used to be used by the farm manager. The owner of this place was a serious dairy cattle farmer. I can see the are switches even in the cattle sheds. Seems he used to use milking machines." I told Ken. Sherry looked at Ken and smiled.

"You see, I told you? You will no longer be a shamba boy but a farm manager, in fact, I suggest you now do some management course and learn your master's farm better." Sherry told Ken. Ken laughed.

"Can we move around perhaps?" Ken asked.

"Wait." Sherry said. She reached for a box which they had come carrying and opened. She brought out a set of hot pots, 4 of them ranging from smallest to biggest.

"I have no way of rewarding you for being so nice to us during the wedding preparations. I just want to thank you with this." She told me handing me the items respectfully.

"Wow, thank you, Mrs. Ken." I told her. She laughed.

"I feel awkward being called Mrs. Please call me by my names." She told me laughing. Ken laughed too.

"You are Mrs. Ken now." Ken told her laughing.

"IF you insist." She said while taking her seat. Miriam had served us with some coffee which we drank while talking a few things.

We then went to walk around the farm. When we came to the house of the farm manager, Sherry looked at it for almost a minute. She then looked at my house as if weighing the distance but did not say anything. It was a brick house, very strong since its design was an old design when people did not know how to reduce the size of the bricks.

"Can we see it from inside?" Sherry requested.

"Oh! Yes, we can." I told them. I had taken the keys. We slowly got inside. It also had a large living room, a dinning room, a kitchen, a store, a master bedroom complete with a bathroom and changing area and

two more smaller bedrooms. I went outside to look around the compound as Ken and his wife went through the rooms. I could hear them talking but could not really get what they were talking about. Sherry was laughing excitedly. I thought of leaving them alone and I walked around the farm. I also saw what looked like irrigation pipes lying idle in the farm which I had not really taken much time to explore.

"Wow! This was a serious farmer!" I found myself talking to myself. I picked my phone and called Miriam.

"How is the child?" I asked her.

"He is sleeping, he had woken up but returned to sleep after I sang to her." Miriam told me. I terminated the call and continued walking. I realized I had walked too far and wanted to return and the only way was to go through the route I had taken.

As I approached the farm manager's house, I heard some moaning sounds coming from inside. I instinctively knew Ken was having sex with his wife inside there. I got tempted to peek inside. I moved slowly towards the window where the sounds were coming from.

What I saw made me feel instantly horny. Sherry was leaning against a table and Ken was nailing her from behind as he fondled her breasts which were bare on her chest. I could literally see Ken's penis going in and out of her pussy and it seemed she was really enjoying as she had closed her eyes and she kept arching her back while moaning softly as if not wanting anyone to hear. Oh! My, girl had a really nice ass despite her being slim she had very wide hip bones which gave Ken a large surface area to hold on to as he fucked her vigorously.

She was calling Ken's name all along and Ken was calling out her name as he kept caressing her. She suddenly shuddered and lifted one of her legs in the air and I knew she was about to have an orgasm. She screamed. I could no longer take it anymore.

I walked away slowly towards my new house, and I could literally feel a lot wetness in my pantie which made me realize how much I missed Ken's mighty dick.

>>To be continued: SEASON FINALE:>>

Narration by Anthony KERRY.

**SAGA BY ANTHONY KERRY
CALL 0711403777 FOR MORE SAGAS**

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: SIXTY-SEVEN

"Where is Ken?" Miriam asked me as soon as I got back at home.

"He is with Sherry at the farm house." I told her and went inside to pick my son who was already awake and just playing on his own on the bed. I picked him and walked to the table room where Miriam had already served me some tea.

"Sherry really loves Ken, imagine she knows that Ken is not as learned as her but she cannot leave him? Isn't that wonderful?" Miriam wondered out loudly. But in my mind, I wholly believed that Sherry was hooked up by Ken's mighty dick and his horse power in making love which has the capacity to drive any woman wild. No woman would leave a nice dick.

"Yes, Ken is a great man. No woman would leave such a man." I told her.

"Nowadays, women are after successful men, learned men too." Miriam said casually.

I wish she knew what Ken had, that made him into a man.

"There is something about Ken that you do not know." I told her jokingly. She looked at me keenly as if wondering what I was walking about.

"What is?" She asked me, placing her cup on the table to listen at me keenly.

I weighed my words not to offend her.

"Miriam, I know you are born again, and still a virgin so probably you won't understand what I am about to tell you." I paused to weigh her reaction.

"Tell me, I am a grown up." She told me smiling. She sounded a little shy.

"Miriam, I know you will perhaps judge me for confessing this to you, but I have been having an affair with Ken for the longest time." I told her.

She keenly looked at me.

"Now, let me tell you that most of us women love satisfactory sex, something which my late husband was never able to give me so I got tempted and seduced Ken. Ken has what it takes to make a woman feel like a woman. If you must know what makes a man into a real man, energy, ability to last longer during sex

and of course a large penis." At the mention of the word penis, she held her mouth with two hands in shocked surprise.

"Come on! You are no longer a girl, some things we should talk them openly." I told her.

"All right, go on." She urged me.

"When a man has a large penis, he is able to give you nice sex. Women love to feel stretched down there." I told her looking at her studying her expression.

"But, Madam Grace, isn't a large penis painful? I can hardly insert a finger down there!" she wondered out. I smiled.

"You are still a virgin but once you get used to, you will want a large dick. Small dicks are not satisfactory." I told her boldly.

"Madam, can I ask you a question?" She asked me, she was really shy even looking at me was a problem.

"Ask, feel free. We are talking woman to woman." I told her.

"Does Ken have a large dick?" she asked.

"Yes." I answered her and before I could talk further she shot another question.

"Did your late husband used to have a small penis?" She asked me. At least she was getting comfortable with the terms.

"His penis was small, like this finger in length." I showed her my index finger.

"Oh! That is not small!!" she nearly exclaimed.

"That is small according to me. It cannot satisfy me." I told her.

"But, Madam, doesn't that also mean you have a large..." she stopped talking as if unable to mention the term.

"Of course, I knew since I was young. My vagina was big. None of men I ever had sex with satisfied me. But Ken brought a new meaning of sex into my life. In fact, I feel sad now he is gotten married and I don't know if he will continue to have sex with me." I told her. I was really feeling lonely without Ken in my compound as he had already moved to the other new farm.

Miriam looked at me for almost a minute. I thought she was going to rebuke me very hard.

"Well, Madam. I cannot judge you since I do not know how I would have reacted were I in your situation. Only the owner of the shoe knows where it pinches the most. I know it is a sin to have sex with someone else who is not your husband, but I leave that between you and God." Miriam told me.

"Miriam, to be honest, I also would pray that you get a nice man. A man who will love you, take care of you and above all give you good sex. Most marriages are dying due to lack of good sex. I lived telling my husband to change but he never changed. Pray that you get a man who listens to you, a man who will honor your womanhood." Miriam was keenly listening to me. What impressed me was how she received the revelation or confession. She was not as judgmental as I expected her to be. In fact, she was really listening to me you would have thought she was a counselor.

"Amen to that." Miriam told me. She slowly excused herself and took the items to the kitchen.

"Madam, we need other dogs. Where will we be taking these bones left overs?" Miriam asked me as she came to sit with me in the table room. I was breastfeeding the child.

Just as I was about to answer, I heard Ken talking outside. They knocked and came inside. Sherry was all smiles; I knew why.

As soon as they sat down, Miriam served them with some tea.

"Ken, I need some puppies, where can we get some?" I asked him.

"There is this boy, whose dog I know has given birth into some. I will ask him. But I also had another thought. We can buy commercial puppies of the large breed of dogs. Those dogs are the best for security purposes. A dog like German Shephard." Ken told me.

"Damn! Ken! How do you know breeds of dogs?" Sherry wondered out loudly. She sat so close to Ken until their thighs were literally touching.

"My dad was a cop long time ago and was in the dog unit so he knew all dogs by name. He taught me." Ken said feeling proud of himself.

I saw Ken's dad during the wedding day and he too had a large frame. Ken and his dad looked alike a lot.

"So, I want to bring for you a better dog which will be for security. I will look for one don't worry." Ken promised me.

"Ken, since you are still running this farm, why don't you move to the farm house? It is nearer and the house is bigger." Miriam told Ken. Ken looked at Sherry.

"It is something we will have to discuss." Ken said looking at Sherry. Sherry just smiled.

"If you won't need that house, I will have to rent it out." I told Ken.

"We shall discuss about it and see the way forward." Sherry told me, much to my relief.

"Hey, we have to go, it was nice being here. We want to be home early." Ken told me standing up.

"Ken, stay a little much more." Miriam tried to persuade them.

"No, we shall visit another day when we are not in a hurry." Sherry told Miriam.

Eventually, Ken and Sherry left and we remained me and Miriam passing the hours slowly as the evening slowly turned into a night.

=====

Over the next few days, Ken did not come to the farm. He had even hired another boy to take over the farm work as he spent more time with his wife, but the farm hand, whose name was Reuben Githinji, was temporary. He was such a hardworking boy but so silent you would never know he was around unless you went looking for him. He used to come every morning with his bicycle and leave in the evening. He also preferred eating alone outside and no one bothered with him as long as he did his work. Though sometimes Ken would come to monitor how he was working.

"This boy is creepy, I don't like how he is too silent." Miriam once told me.

"But as long as he does not bother with anyone, who cares?" I told Miriam but there was something very odd with the boy just that I could not get it clearly.

=====

"Now, are you going to continue fucking with Ken?" Celestine asked me while we were working.

"I don't know, the man is so much into his wife he no longer recognizes me. Besides, seems Sherry also has enough horse power to drain Ken's batteries." I told Celestine and we burst out laughing.

"But, I really need another man. How will I stay like this?" I asked Celestine.

"Will you get another nicer dick than his?" Celestine asked me, making me remember that she once fucked Ken.

"I wonder." I told her.

"But there is another farm boy, how about him?" Celestine asked me jokingly and laughed.

"Hell no! the boy is boring, creepy and mysterious." I told her. I meant it.

"I know we women love men who are fun to be with not just to fuck us." Celestine told me and we laughed yet again.

"Celestine, but there is this girl, her name is Evelyne Nkatha. There is something very sinister with that girl. I even doubt she is a student as she claimed. The fact that even Lillian did not know how she got into the facility we were opening makes me wonder so much about her. What is even worse, she fucked Ken a whole night until Ken was sick the following morning." I told Celestine.

"That would be strange considering Ken is such a bull. But some of these slim girls are terrible!" Celestine told me and looked herself in her thighs as if to check her body size.

"She comes into Ken's wedding, totally uninvited. My house blows mysteriously the same day. And if am not wrong, about that time she was checking herself in the hand mirror, it was around the same time my house blew into pieces. Nothing was left! Luckily, I had moved all my important items out of it." I told Celestine.

"You are thinking like a detective. But you could be right. However, it could be pure coincidence." Celestine told me.

"But in that confusion, she disappeared. No one saw her coming and no one saw her leaving. It is like she just melted in thin air. I really would like to know who she is. Furthermore, she is so much interested in Ken." I told Celestine.

"She just wants Ken's dick, nothing else." Celestine told me with some finality. Indeed, she was right.

"Ken's dick now belongs to Sherry." I told Celestine looking into her face. She smiled and shifted her weight to look at me well.

"The dick is only Sherry's when it is inside her pussy, beyond that, it is our dick. Get that clear." Celestine said and chuckled.

In the evening, I slowly drove myself home. All the while, my mind was thinking about the mysterious girl, Evelyne. My instincts were telling me she was not a good girl. But as long as she was not a threat to me, I did not care much. After all, Ken was a man and would handle himself.

I got home and found Miriam resting at the table room watching a movie.

"Hi, Madam." She greeted me as soon as I got in the house and took my handbag.

"Hi, where is the baby?" I asked her.

"Sleeping." She told me. I went and took him. I had really missed him during the day.

Miriam went outside to do some cleaning in the compound. I stayed there just relaxing stretching my legs.

Suddenly, Miriam came running into the house, panting. She looked like she had just seen a ghost.

"Madam! You need to come and see this!! Reuben is a mad man!" She told me. I felt suddenly afraid. I wanted to pick my phone and call Ken but thought against it. Before I could ask Miriam what was it, she rushed towards the kitchen door motioning me to follow her. I did not know what I was going to see, but whatever it was, I knew it was not good.

>>to be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony KERRY : SAGA MAN.

SEASON FINALE.

****THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: SIXTY-EIGHT****

I followed Miriam and went all the way to the cow sheds which were a little distance from the main house unlike in our previous home and what I saw shocked me beyond belief.

Reuben was literally fucking a calf!! He was so busy at it until he could not even know anyone was near.

"Hey! You devil! What the hell are you doing??!" I shouted. Reuben opened his eyes and stopped, his penis still inside the calf!

"Get off the calf you idiot!" I shouted at the top of my voice. I wanted to throw a stone to him but realized that might provoke him into doing something worse. That is when an idea came to me. I ran inside and called Ken.

"Ken, Reuben is fucking my cows, come quickly." I told him in haste.

"Hey, wait, what do you mean he is fucking a calf. People don't fuck cows." Ken told me.

"He is, come and teach him some manners!" I told Ken.

"All right, right away." Ken said and hung up.

I went outside and saw Reuben had stopped whatever he was doing and was even feeding the cattle as if nothing happened. Within minutes, Ken arrived carried by a motor bike rider. He went straight to where Reuben was.

"What is going on?" Ken asked him. The guy did not answer but continued with his work.

"I asked you a question." Ken told the guy.

"Hey, mind your own business, can't you see I am busy?" Reuben asked Ken harshly.

"I am not here to joke with you, what have you done to the calf?" Ken asked Reuben. Reuben turned and faced Ken. He was holding a machete.

"Nothing, I was just feeding them." He said.

"He was doing bad manners to the calf." Miriam suddenly said.

Reuben turned and looked at Miriam menacingly until Miriam began moving backwards. He looked dangerous.

"Listen, young man, I am not here to try and sweet talk you into telling me what I have been told. I want you to tell me everything or I will do something to you that you shall never forget." Ken told Reuben and began moving towards him despite him holding a machete. I knew that won't end well.

"Ken, leave him alone, just tell him to go away and never come back. I don't need his services." I pleaded with Ken.

Ken looked at me.

"Reuben, get out of here. No questions I am not in the mood of beating anyone today." Ken told Reuben.

Reuben looked at Ken for almost a minute as if he did not hear him well.

Finally, he said, "All right, I will go. Mama boy, pay me my money." He turned and told me.

"I am not paying you anything. Just go." I told him.

"You prostitute, pay me my money or I will fuck you too!" Reuben said and began moving towards me. At that point, Ken moved fast and blocked Reuben's way. Reuben pushed Ken backwards very hard until Ken fell. That was a big, big mistake!

As Ken stood up, he literally lifted Reuben off the ground, suspended him in the air for a few seconds like a wrestler and dropped him so hard on the grassy ground. Then Ken caught Reuben by his collar with his left hand and with his right hand, he gave Reuben one thunderous slap.

"Who the hell are you? No one dares me! Clear?!" Ken told Reuben. He was about to hit him again when he suddenly freed himself from Ken's grip, stood up and ran away as fast as his legs could carry him. He literally jumped over the gate and ran off. (www.thepassionate lovers.com)

"Damn! Was this man a mad man?" I asked Ken.

"I don't know, I knew him as a nice man. What came over him?" Ken asked me.

"Anyway, let him go. Come inside we need to talk." I told Ken. I walked inside and Ken followed me.

"Ken, why won't you resume working with us?" I told him as soon as he sat down.

"I still need some more time with my wife, I will return." Ken told me.

"But there is no one to work here now." I told him.

"Yes, but... just 2 more weeks and I will be back. I promise." Ken told me. He looked at his watch.

"Don't be in a hurry, you are not going far." I told him smiling.

"I had told my wife I will be home at exactly 5 pm. She had gone to the super market to do some shopping."

Ken told me.

"Ken, I really miss you." I told him. He looked at me as if I had not said anything important.

"Ken, I need you, just for a day, please." I pleaded with him. I was feeling so horny and was not ready to get another man.

"I want to go now." Ken told me, he stood up to leave.

"Ken, you cannot just leave me like that, please." I went over and stood in front of him in a provocative manner.

"Hey, just let me go, we shall talk about that later. I promised my wife to be home early." Ken told me.

I stood there not moving. I realized he was not looking at me and I went so close to him until my breasts were touching his chest. But he did what I had never expected him to do, he gently pushed me away.

"Not today. Minutes are ticking and I should be home now." Ken told me. I suddenly held him.

"You are not leaving." I told him. We had spent almost 25 minutes as I pleaded with him. I wanted him to fuck me and I did not care if Miriam would catch us or not. I was on fire.

Suddenly, his phone rang. He took it.

"My wife." He said and picked the call.

Immediately he began talking, his expression changed.

"What....our house...on fire....are you sure...." He was talking and suddenly dashed outside. I followed him. We looked at the general direction of his home and we saw some smoke rising from a distance, a huge billow of smoke.

Ken got mad and literally ran across the farms instead of following the normal route on his way home.

"What has happened?" Miriam asked sounding concerned.

"Ken's house is on fire." I told her.

"I suspect Reuben. Why would he do this?" Miriam asked.

I also suspected Reuben. Perhaps after the disagreement with Ken, he probably decided the only way to avenge was to burn Ken's house. I however could not go to Ken's place since it was already late in the evening.

Ken called me. (www.thepassionate lovers.com)

"Grace, my house is no more, we did not save anything. The whole house got burned but we are ok." Ken told me. He was really sounding sad indeed.

"What will you do now?" I asked him.

"I want you to give us the other farm house. Lend us one mattress and a few beddings to sleep tonight as I prepare to go tomorrow and buy a few items. I have also alerted the police about the little incidence as I suspect Reuben burnt my house. They better catch him before I do." Ken told me.

"It is ok, you have nowhere else to go for now." I pitied him.

After a few minutes, I called him again.

"Grace, will you come and pick us with your car?" Ken requested me.

"No problem." I prepared fast and went over to pick them. I found people surrounding the remains of the house which were still smoldering.

Sherry stood there, not crying but she looked so sad. But as soon as she saw me, she smiled.

"I reached here and saw him jump over the fence. I highly suspect him too." Sherry told me.

"All will be well, you can stay in the farm house for now. I am really sorry for everything." I told her. They did not save anything, literally.

We stayed there for a few minutes and as soon as people began going away, we drove away slowly.

"What did you do to him to anger him that much? I thought he was your friend." Sherry was asking Ken.

"He...I thought he was too, I don't know what came over him." Ken said.

"This is too bad. What if he burnt the house while we were asleep?" Sherry wondered.

"At least we are safe." Ken told Sherry.

"Safe? No! All my documents got burnt inside there." Sherry said.

"Sherry, after you recorded the statement with the policemen, you can use that to help you to get other documents. You can go to KNEC and get another KSCE certificate, you can get another Degree certificate too." I told her.

"Thank you, but remember I was still searching for a better job. Now it will not be possible to get another job." She lamented.

"I will help you get another job. I will talk with a few people and see how we will help you. Nothing is impossible in this world." I reassured her.

"Thank you so much, be blessed." She said.

We finally arrived at our place.

"Welcome, Sherry. I am so sorry about what happened." Miriam received Sherry.

"Thank you, thank God we are safe." Sherry said as she got inside the house.

"Let me cook, we will talk later." Miriam said and was about to leave to the kitchen when Sherry stopped her.

"Let me help you. If I stay here alone, my mind will wander so far." Sherry said and both girls went to the kitchen as Ken carried a spare bed to the farm house. I decided to help him as the child slept.

"Let me tell you, Grace. If that boy did anything to my wife, I would have killed him. In fact, anyone who would touch Sherry is like touching a lion's testicles." Ken said. He sounded so serious.

"No one can joke with your wife." I told Ken as I helped him carry some items to the farm house. I wanted them to be cooking from there so I gave him a few utensils too from some that I had never used. There was a spare bed of 4 X 6 which was no longer used and I gave it to him. There was also a mattress too which I found Douglas with when I got married to him.

We carried some buckets too and anything else that we thought necessary. The farm house had even a water heating system for the shower.

"This place might be comfortable after all." Ken said as soon as we finished carrying some items. It was almost 9 pm. He sat there on the bed looking at nothing in particular.

"Ken, I am really sorry for what has happened." I told him. I wanted to move closer to him and comfort him but I did not know how he would react.

"No problem, I just want to sleep. My mind is so tired." Ken said and lay on the bed.

"Won't you eat something?" I asked him.

"No, I would rather smoke some weed." Ken told me. He sounded funny.

"Ken, stand up and let us go. I know by now food is ready." I told him. He stood up and we headed towards the door. It was too dark outside and a little misty. But we had a torch. Ken carried a metal bar, for whatever reasons.

"What a cold night!" I remarked as soon as we got to the field separating my house and the farm house.

"Yes, it is extra ordinary cold tonight." Ken admitted that too.

"But you are lucky you have Sherry, as for me, I just have my son and blankets." I told him jokingly as I walked ahead of him and he followed me some few steps behind.

"We need to plant some trees here; these fields are too open and that is why it is this cold. Whoever was living here thought he was in Europe or what?" Ken asked.

I turned.

"Have you ever been to Europe?" I asked him.

"Ah! No, just see in movies with farm houses built on large farms surrounded by flat grass land." Ken said as he looked at me.

"Hey, let us go. Sherry might get worried at where I am." Ken suddenly told me and began walking. I walked besides him until we got to the house.

"Welcome back, my dear." Sherry told Ken. She took over serving and made sure she served Ken before anyone else. That was a nice gesture.

"I am learning something from you..." Miriam told Sherry observing at how she treated Ken.

Sherry laughed.

"Yes, you should put your husband as number one." I told Miriam. Ken sat there looking proud of himself.

As soon as they finished serving the food, Sherry went and sat so close to Ken as if protecting him from the unknown. We passed the evening having random chatters.

Finally, Ken and his wife left.

"I just love how the two treat each other." Miriam remarked as soon as they left.

"That is love, but they just got married and that is expected. Ken told me he would kill anyone trying to harm Sherry." I told Miriam. She looked at me and laughed.

"What? He was not joking. Ken will kill someone if he touched Sherry." I told her.

"Indeed, even Sherry told me so when we were cooking, that Ken told her if any person jokes with her, he shall see fire." Miriam said.

"I hope no one is stupid enough to try that." I told Miriam. I was feeling too sleepy.

"Hey, Madam, go to sleep, you look tired. Remember tomorrow you are going to work very early in the morning." Miriam told me.

"Yes, indeed. Have a good night. And please, stay alert so that the stupid boy does not come to burn us inside the house." I told Miriam as I went to sleep.

"I will pray for the blood of Jesus Christ to surround us. Good night." Miriam said. I hoped her faith really worked that night as I was even feeling afraid of going to sleep.

>>To be continued: SEASON FINALE>>

Narrated by ANTHONY KERRY.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: SIXTY-NINE

The night however passed without any incidence but I felt like we needed to employ a watchman to be guarding the farm overnight.

"Ken, how about we get a watchman?" I asked Ken in the morning as he was doing his work.

"I don't think it is necessary." HE said turning to look at me.

"What? We need to be safe here." I told Ken who again went on doing his work.

"Grace, that is the least of my concern now. You see, this farm is huge and we need to explore it to the maximum, that is what should be concerning us." Ken told me.

I thought for a while and saw the sense in what he was saying.

"All right." I told him. I however needed to go to work and so I left him to attend to his chores.

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Over the following weeks, we spent so much time going through all corners of the vast farm. I even took a one week off which was granted since I had forfeited my leave sometimes back to spend more time in the farm. Ken was more of a farm manager than shamba boy as his knowledge in running the place had really increased.

One day we were going through the farm when Ken stopped me to talk to me.

"Grace, I will have to spend more time with my wife, she has complained that I am too much into my work yet she took an extended leave to be with me before she gets a better job." Ken told me, rather sounding like he was asking for permission.

"Ken, we have no one else to run this place. I need you." I told him.

"You don't understand. Our marriage is still young and we need more time with each other." Ken told me.

"Ken, can you be serious with your work. It is not like you spend the whole day in the farm, you go home to sleep there daily." I told him.

He turned and faced me. He looked at me for some seconds.

"Grace, you had your marriage, it worked for that long time. I cannot afford to risk mine when it is still too young." Ken told me. He sounded very firm. But he looked so masculine when talking tough almost making me aroused.

"Ken, I do not want to discuss this anymore." I told him. He stopped walking.

"Hey, and I am not begging you anymore about it. You either give me more time, or I give myself more time" Ken told me. I was pissed off at how he was talking to me.

"Have you forgotten that you are an employee here?" I asked him.

"No, I have not. Sorry. But I have to get more time with Sherry." Ken said. I thought he would walk out on me but he did not. He however remained silent as we walked along.

"You know, I find it odd that this farm was sold to you at that price, it is just too big. Was the owner in some financial problems?" Ken asked me, noting at how expansive the farm was.

"Why? I guess I was just lucky. Sometimes you get lucky in life and get the best." I told him.

I was feeling like I wanted to hold him but I knew he would not accept it since Sherry would perhaps appear anytime since she was home. We had been gone for almost an hour.

Suddenly, someone called his phone.

"This strange number has been calling me for the last few days and when I receive whoever is in the other end does not talk." Ken told me looking at his phone.

"Just pick it." I told him and moved a little distance in case he needed privacy to talk, he however did not understand that and just followed me.

"Hello...Yes...see you...where.... I don't have the time.....what?" Ken was speaking. HE talked for almost 5 minutes and when he terminated the call he looked at me.

"What?" I asked him.

"It is Evelyne. This lady is becoming into a serious bother. She insists she wants to meet me tomorrow evening." Ken said. I felt my blood boil suddenly. That lady was getting into my nerves too. She was too daring!

"Go and see what she wants. Meanwhile, I will talk to Lillian about her behavior." I told Ken as he turned to walk towards home.

"Ken..." I called him out.

"What?" He asked as he turned.

"I really miss you, Ken. At least give me a hug." I told him.

"I need to get home." Ken told me. He did not seem interested in even touching me. I even wondered if he really admired me anymore like before.

Ken began walking in total disregard of the fact that I was standing there looking at him. I had no choice than to walk alongside him at his pace which was rather fast.

When we got home, we found Sherry picking some clothes from the clothe line.

"Good evening. Madam." She greeted me casually.

"Good evening, Sherry." I greeted her as I passed by their compound on my way to my house.

That evening, I could not stop thinking about Ken. I felt like Ken was tormenting me. My desires were burning inside me but Ken wasn't willing to have sex with me anymore. I wanted to seduce him but how?

Ken came and began to kiss me from my forehead. He kissed my eyes, a soft gentle kiss. I looked around and realized that we were all alone in the farm. Jane, who was the farm's assistant manager was not around too.

Ken began to undress me without touching me. He kissed me all along until we were both naked as I also undressed him. We were inside the small office which was being used to run the farm. I wondered why he wasn't talking to me yet he used to talk to me erotically whenever we were having sex.

He began to caress my clitoris with his fingers after dipping them in my vagina to make them wet giving me some sensations that made my knees weak. Slowly, he placed me properly on the table and parted my legs wide. He slowly kissed me downwards until he was literally kissing my clitoris. He then began sucking my clitoris making me moan with pleasure beyond telling. He licked and sucked me for almost 5 minutes driving me completely crazy.

Suddenly, he inserted his finger inside my vagina and caressed my g-spot while still sucking and licking my clitoris. He pressed my g spot so hard until I began getting bodily spasms due to the ecstasy that was giving me. I felt my whole body getting warm and cold in sequences and suddenly, I erupted. I splashed Ken's face with my squirting fluids as I screamed due to pleasure. It was like a fountain had been opened suddenly.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK Someone suddenly was knocking at the door. I could not remember closing the door.

"Madam, are you all right inside there?!" I heard a voice outside, the voice sounded familiar and it was not Jane's voice. Who was it?

"Madam, are you ok?" She asked again.

I suddenly woke up and realized all along I was dreaming.

"Madam, answer me please, why are you screaming?" Miriam asked.

"Sorry, I was dreaming. Go to sleep I am ok." I told her. I was feeling exhausted but wondered, how could a dream exhaust someone?

It is when I touched myself down there and realized how real that dream was. I was completely wet! I touched my beddings and they were wet too. I had literally squirted in my dream. But the worst thing was, it looked like I had just urinated on my bed. All because of dreaming with Ken!

I looked at my watch and it was around 4 am. I woke up to change to beddings. The baby woke up too, perhaps she heard me screaming and woke up but she was not crying. I however after changing my beddings, I breastfed him. But as he sucked my nipples, it was pure erotic torture as it was arousing me and making me wet.

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"I told you, you need some lessons from me. To get a man is not just about showing him your thighs, buttocks, etc. We have something else we use." Lillian told me as we met after 3 pm.

"What is it? I am listening." I urged her as she sipped in her coffee. She was wearing like a school girl and looked so innocent that day.

"There is this perfume with pheromones. Once you buy and apply it, then wear just nicely not provocatively, any man who comes near you will see you as a sex goddess. It enters into someone's senses, stimulates them sensually and the next thing, they are aroused like a goat on heat." Lillian told me.

I nearly choked on my drink in awe.

"What? That is crazy. How now?" I asked her. She laughed at me.

"I told you, you need to know. I never miss any man I want. This is how I get them. Try with Ken and you will see the power of a woman." Lillian told me still laughing softly in between.

We talked more until we exhausted that bit of me re winning Ken.

"Hey, this girl, Evelyne. Who does she think she is? She called Ken to meet her today." I told Lillian.

"Relax, she just wants his dick nothing else." Lillian told me affirmatively.

"But, she is more of demanding!" I told her.

"Let Ken handle her, she is a little naïve girl who just discovered she has a vagina. By the time Ken is done with her, she will be out of the game." Lillian told me.

"But, Ken just got married and this is why he is also avoiding me. This means trouble." I told Lillian looking into her eyes.

"No woman resists a good dick, Ken has it." Lillian told me like a joke.

"Lillian, you are joking here and I am serious, if that lady crosses Ken's path, Ken might harm her. Keep her away from Ken. Not for the sake of anyone except herself." I pleaded with Lillian. I was beginning to feel like Lillian knew something I did not know about Evelyne Nkatha.

"Rather, it is you who should be careful, at least for now. If Sherry finds out you want to fuck Ken or you are fucking Ken, she will be very mad at you. Watch out." Lillian told me.

"As long as they are living in my farm, I will get what I want. Now, get me the perfume please." I told Lillian. She picked her handbag and handed me some perfume with Arabic names but had on it {contains pheromones}

"This perfume should be used when you expect sex, do not go attracting all men on the road." Lillian told me and laughed making me laugh too.

"I will try it in the evening." I told her. She laughed even harder.

"Hey, I have to go. My husband is coming today from Israel and I have to seduce him too. I need 3 million for some project and of late he keeps telling me he does not have any money. Today is our day, girl, let us go and seduce these dicks!" She told me and stood up ready to go. We hugged each other and we both walked outside to our individual cars.

As I got towards home, I sprayed myself some perfume that had been given to me by Lillian fast. As I got outside my car, I felt like a conqueror about to conquer some new territories. I needed Ken more than ever before and did not care how it would go between him and Sherry.

>>To be continued: SEASON FINALE>>

Narrated by Anthony KERRY.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: SEVENTY

Immediately I parked my car, I heard Ken cutting some twigs close to the cow sheds. I got out and approached him silently before the perfume evaporates.

"Hellooooo...good evening, Ken." I greeted him jokingly. He immediately turned and faced me.

"Wow! Today you are so damn beautiful." Ken told me. I knew that must have been pheromones working almost as anticipated. I approached him and gave him a hug and he did not even resist. I was tempted to kiss him but did not know how he would react so I resisted.

I knew I had to be fast and confuse his senses.

"Ken, I have some heavy thing I want you to help me move, would you please come and assist me?" I requested him. I began walking towards the house and he immediately followed me. We went all the way to my bedroom.

"Yes, what is it that needs to be moved?" Ken asked me sounding excited.

"Me." I told him teasingly.

"Oh! Really? Show me how..." HE told me jokingly too.

I turned and gave him a charming smile. He smiled back. A crazy thought came into my mind. I began to undress.

"What are you doing?" Ken asked me still looking at me. I undressed slowly until I got stark naked. I turned and looked at him. I began to touch myself sensually to stimulate his senses. He looked at me and I saw pure lust in his eyes. I looked at him and I realized he was hard erect!

"Ken, I also know you want me, come have me." I told him.

He seemed to be thinking about it. I suddenly closed the distance between me and him. I touched his hard penis and he breathed in hard suddenly. I wanted to undress him.

"Grace, I have to go, I was having some work to do." Ken told me and pushed himself away from me.

That got me really surprised; I never expected that from him. Just as I was thinking what to do next in order to seduce him, he turned and walked slowly to the door.

"Ken, are you going outside like that?" I asked him pointing at his erect penis.

"Yes." He told me, turned and walked away.

I was left there feeling more confused than ever. Why would Ken leave me like that? Wasn't I admirable to him anymore? That was really discombobulating for me. What?

"Jesus Christ!" I heard Miriam shout from outside. I suspected she might have seen Ken walking out with his penis still so erect.

I had never felt that ashamed about myself than that day. I threw myself on my bed and surprisingly, I found myself crying.

=====

I must have slept since as I woke up, I found it was already dark. I took my phone to look at what time it was and realized it was some minutes past 9 pm. I went to bathroom, switched on the water heater and just stood there for the water to roll on my body smoothly.

After bathing, I wore my night dress and went to the table room.

"Hello, is food ready?" I asked Miriam who was cleaning up the table, probably after eating alone.

"Yes, let me serve you please." She told me and went to the kitchen, brought me some food immediately. I ate silently.

After eating, I took my phone and called Ken, he however did not pick my call. I gave up and went to sleep. The following day was on a Saturday.

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"Ken, I am sorry about yesterday." I told Ken when I found him feeding the cows.

"No problem. I have nothing against you." Ken told me. It was wonderful how he would resist my advances even when I was naked.

"Ken, I won't do that again." I pleaded with him.

"Right now, I just want to be with Sherry." Ken told me and continued with his work. He was wearing a tight T shirt with army colors and some black jeans.

"But this little girl called Evelyne is really nagging me. She told me she wants me by all means, in fact she wants me to be fucking her regularly but I turned her down. But the worst thing is, she knows my wife so

much such that I am beginning to fear for my wife. I will do anything to protect Sherry." Ken sounded disturbed.

"What? Is it that serious? Is it a police case?" I was concerned too.

"No, just more of a domestic issue, I will handle it at my own level. The girl is filthy rich she wanted me to be fucking her for payment; I am not interested." Ken told me.

"Why is she forcing things?" I asked Ken.

"I don't know. She was telling me she has never been fucked by a man like I did to her that day. But she was too energetic like someone on some drugs or something like it." Ken told me. I nearly laughed hearing Ken describing her like that.

"All right, you will know what to do. Did you scare Miriam yesterday on your way out?" I asked Ken. He laughed.

"Yes, she saw my erect penis on my way out and she got really scared, like she thought I was going to jump on her and rape her. I however went straight home, got Sherry cooking, stopped her from cooking and went with her to bedroom and she took care of it." Ken told me so boldly as if narrating a sweet episode of love.

"Sherry must be so proud of you." I told Ken.

"She is, girl loves my dick like her own life." Ken said and laughed hard, making me feel a little jealous.

"Ken, can't you be fucking me just once per week and then the rest of the days you be with your wife? Ken I am suffering, I cannot do without you and I do not need another man." I told Ken, who stopped what he was doing and faced me.

"But, Grace, you can get married you are not too old." Ken told me.

"Ken, I do not want to get married again. I will bring up my babies alone. All I want is a dick nothing more." I told him. I felt my body suddenly get spasms at the thought of what I just said.

"Right now, Sherry is taking all my energy, even that Bitch called Evelyne won't get me." Ken told me sounding a little proud of himself.

"But, at least give it to me, just once. It is more than a month since I had sex, please, Ken." I was literally pleading with him.

"I have decided to be faithful to Sherry." Ken suddenly told me, sounding so firm. My heart raced at the statement. That meant there were no plans of me getting laid anytime soon. My heart sank. I began having wild thoughts even considering telling Sherry to allow me to share with her, her husband. I knew that was a very crazy request to make but I was willing to. I was running mad due to missing Ken's dick. I was so unsettled.

"Ken, men are naturally polygamous. You are not breaking any rule of nature by loving me. Ken, remember we have a baby together." I told him.

"I never wanted a baby with you, so deal with it." Ken told me sounding like a total idiot.

"So, the baby does not matter to you??!" I asked him feeling a little irritated.

"I never told you I wanted a baby! Ok, I have nothing against the baby but that is your baby not mine. Stop bothering me now." Ken said and began to walk away from me.

"Ken, come here." I told him, almost a command. He turned and came to stand by me.

"Do you know you are still my employee? My shamba boy?" I asked him.

"No, you want to make me your husband and I am not going to allow you to do that. I have one wife, Sherry and she is the one who is going to bear me children." Ken told me firmly.

"Ken! Goodness! What came over you!?" I asked him feeling angry now!

"Nothing, I mean, you are now harassing me. Even if I shall have sex with you, it is within my terms not because you want it. I now have a wife and she is taking all my energy, sorry." Ken told me, touched my shoulder as if to make the point sink harder. I slowly removed his hand off my shoulder.

"You are going to do as I want you to, am I clear?" I asked him.

"Of course! Tell me to do any job, but sex isn't a job, it is pleasure." Ken told me sounding very sarcastic. I was almost fuming with him.

"Ken, will you stop talking to me like that?" I asked him.

"Sorry." He told me.

"Thank you. Now, listen to me, you either come to me, give me what I want and I know you know what I want, or, you will be out of my farm very soon, the choice is yours, have a good day." I told him and walked away swinging my buttocks hard since I knew he was looking at them as I walked away.

I heard him using swearing words, but he was not comprehensible enough. I did not care what he was saying.

I went inside to watch some Nigerian movie as I held my baby and played with him gently.

"Miriam, please get me a glass of water, I feel thirsty." I told Miriam who was in her bedroom, probably resting.

"Yes, Ma'am." She answered and walked to the kitchen, brought me a glass of water. I looked at her and noticed she had gotten a little shapelier since she got to my place. Her breasts showed a clear cleavage outline, were firm and well-shaped like twin apples perhaps due to the fact that she was a virgin. She had some nice rounded hips, smaller than mine but shapelier since she was not having a layer of fat on her body.

"Madam, why are you looking at me like that?" She suddenly asked me, bringing me back to my senses.

"Oh! Sorry, I was admiring your dress, those patterns, colors and its design. Where did you get it?" I lied to her.

"Oh! Thank you, I bought it in Kitui." She told me, actually I was not interested in it, just her.

In my mind::: What if I try to be a lesbian, won't I teach Miriam how to do it until she will be satisfying my sexual urges? I was going mad.

=====

The following day, Sunday, I woke up feeling so lonely. I knew it was out of question approaching Miriam. Her faith would only make her rebuke me.

"Good morning." Ken's wife greeted me. I did not see her approach me.

"Good morning, how was your night?" I asked her.

"Mine was fine, how about you?" She asked me.

"I am ok, welcome." I told her.

"I came to greet you, where is Miriam? Let me greet her too." Sherry told me and began walking towards the kitchen. Miriam came out to meet her and both girls hugged each other.

"I have missed you so much, what have you been doing all along? And you are getting more beautiful each day, Ken must be taking good care of you." Miriam told Sherry, who in return laughed.

"God's Grace." Sherry said.

"I should get married now, it seems when someone gets married, you become cuter." Miriam Told Sherry as both girls walked past the kitchen door and went inside. I wondered where Ken might have been as Sherry came alone.

I could hear the girls talking excitedly and did not know what they were saying. I was basking outside feeling the morning sunshine which was so sweet. But the temptation to make my crazy request to Sherry about her husband was overwhelming me. What if I ask her and she gets mad at me? What if she accepts it? What if? What if?

There were so many questions in my mind. I was still lost in my wild thoughts when suddenly Sherry came to where I was seated with a stool.

"Do you mind if I join you?" She requested politely.

"Yes, please sit down with me here." I told her. She sat slowly next to me, took my baby from me and held him. I could however see her looking at the child keenly and that made my heart beat faster knowing what she might see.

"Madam Grace, there is something I want to talk to you." Sherry suddenly told me in a flat tone.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony KERRY.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: SEVENTY-ONE

It made me really think about what it was that she wanted to tell me.

"Go ahead, tell me what you wish to tell me." I told her forcing a smile.

"It is about me. I need a better job and I have applied severally without success, would you please help me to get a job?" She politely asked me, much to my relief as I was having wild thoughts.

"Oh! Yes, I can. I will help you get a job." I told her.

"Oh! Thank you! I will really appreciate." She told me.

"But, I also need to discuss about the job with your husband." I told her.

She immediately took out her phone and called Ken without much of a thought. Ken came immediately.

"Ken, I have a proposal. Secreto Bliss needs a manager and your wife needs a job. Why can't we organize for her to be the manager? They are paying good salary." I told Ken and winked at him once I realized Sherry was not looking at me. Ken smiled.

Secreto Bliss was our latest club where we met Pastor Alex right before his death and they wanted a manager to run the facility at a Starting Salary of Kshs 65,000.

"How much will they pay her?" Ken asked.

"Kshs 70,000." I told Ken without hesitation. On hearing the amount of money, Ken nearly jumped up with joy. Sherry's face got bright suddenly.

"Hey, honey, listen. Start that job as soon as you can. Do not let anyone take it. How didn't I know about it?" Ken asked. Sherry however gave him a puzzled look.

"Like? How? How would you have known about it?" She asked Ken. I knew Ken would easily get cornered so I intervened.

"I know the job will best suit you since it is still a new facility. We can even go for orientation soon. I know the owner." I told her as I did not want her to know I co-owned the place and Ken knew the place. Besides, her office would be very secure she would hardly know the clients who come in and out her work will be purely management.

"So, when can we go there?" Sherry asked me.

"Even tomorrow." I told her.

"Don't worry about papers, we shall handle that with my friend." I told her. She almost jumped in excitement.

=====

We arranged with Lillian so that when I meet her there, she shall talk like she owns the place and I am only helping a friend. She did not have a problem with that.

The following day, Ken fed the cows early enough so that we would leave for Mangu. Sherry prepared early enough so that we could leave early. By 7 am, we were already on the road towards Mangu. Ken offered to drive and they sat with Sherry at the front as I offered to sit at the back.

"Wow, Ken. You are driving so fast!" Sherry remarked when Ken overtook two lorries uphill as if they were stationary. Ken just laughed. But he was indeed driving fast until he was rising my hairs up.

"I want us to arrive on time." Ken told Sherry. Ken was pretending to be following google map on the car's dashboard but in reality, he knew the way properly.

We got to the facility at almost 8:40 am. The gate opened on its own as programmed and Ken rolled the car to a secure carpark.

"Here we are. Ken, do you mind waiting for us here?" I told Ken as soon as he stopped.

"No problem. I will listen to some music as I wait." Ken told us as we got out.

We walked at the reception and waited. There was a new lady who I had not known. Her name was Sharon Cheptoo. She had an easy charming smile.

"Oh! What drink should I serve you as you wait?" She asked us politely.

"Oh! No, thank you. We are all right. May be ask our driver outside, he is in the parked car at the car park." I told her. She walked out and returned after a brief moment. By the time she came, Lillian had come out to meet us.

"Come on, please." She told us and we walked into her spacious and luxurious office.

After a few introductions, Sherry was briefed on what type of facility it was except the sexing part with clients who were our major clients, but she was told it was a secretive entertainment joint.

"So, you can start working as soon as you can, I can take you to what will be your office." Lillian told us motioning us to stand up and follow her.

We went to a brand-new office overlooking the carpark, with blinds on the windows. It was completely furnished fully with visitors' lounge, a TV set flat screen, office phone, intercom, etc.

"Wow! This is my office?" She asked.

"Yes." Lillian told her with a smile. "And if you wish to stay here, you can. There is a living lounge at the corner of the facility completely furnished."

That caught me by surprise as I had not known about its existence. We went there too and found a large 3 bedroom with a huge sitting room, a dining room, 1 master bedroom among the bedrooms and the best part of it was the house was fully furnished.

"This is great!" I told Lillian.

"She can handle this place. May I have a word with you, please." Lillian told me as we walked towards a restaurant. We went and met Ken already seated there alone watching the TV.

"Wow! How did you get here?" Sherry asked him.

"The receptionist brought me here, figured out I am getting bored in the car and brought me here." Ken said as Sherry joined him where they sat together as I went with Lillian to her office.

"She is qualified, but how will she work from Limuru?" Lillian asked me.

"But you just showed her a house she can stay in." I told Lillian as she served me some coffee from coffee dispenser.

"I am not sure Ken will allow her to stay this far." Lillian told me. I had not thought of that.

"So, what do you suggest?" I asked Lillian.

"We get her a car. She can be leaving very early in the morning. But if she chooses, she can stay in that house." Lillian told me. But in my mind, I wished she would simply stay there and I would try to have more time with Ken.

"Besides, she need not know what goes on here. She will be handling the logistics as the maids handle the rest." I told Lillian.

We discussed a lot more issues before calling it a day.

I went to where Ken and Sherry were seated. They did not heat me approach and I found them petting and playing on the coach laughing at each other. I had to clear my throat to alert them I was right behind them.

"Ken here is calling me Madam Sherry. Saying if I manage this place I will be very senior." Sherry said sounding excited.

"I told her I will be her personal driver." Ken said. It was when an idea came into my mind.

"How many minutes did we take to arrive here?" I asked Ken.

"Why?" he asked but before I could answer, he said, "Around 40 minutes."

"I did suggest indeed you become her driver. You be bringing her very early in the morning then come back for her in the evening. I will give you Douglas' car keys, after all, that car is lying there idle with no one using it. You can be using it." I told Ken.

"Oh! I had not thought of that; this place is not far if you drive fast." Ken said looking at his wrist watch as if to gauge his statement.

"But you be careful on the road." I told him.

"I will." He said.

"Now, as we go home, drive at good speed and time how much time we will use on the way." I told Ken.

We walked around the facility for another round and we went back to our car. Lillian came to see us out.

"So, I will start on Thursday this week." Sherry told Lillian and both looked at each other smiling.

=====

"Sherry, I think you should also know how to drive." I told her as soon as we got on the road.

"Ken here will teach me." She said confidently. They both laughed.

"You are too much afraid of driving." Ken told Sherry as he accelerated. The road was a little dusty and I told Ken to watch out for potholes.

"The car is classic, we will move at good speed." Ken said.

Ken suddenly overtook a long lorry which was moving at great speed but just before he would return to his lane, another lorry rolled fast towards us downhill. He however moved so fast to the right missing the lorry with a whisker.

"Wow! Do you want to kill us?" Sherry shouted at Ken and slapped his hand hard.

"Relax, I am a driver, not a cyclist!" Ken said and laughed hard.

"Ken, please be careful, I have a young family that is depending on me." I said and I meant it.

"Yes, and a little handsome boy who is now 6 months." Sherry said and turned to look at me. Her eyes were so penetrating such that they made me feel guilty. Did she know that the child belonged to her husband and was perhaps just playing cool?

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by ANTHONY KERRY.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: SEVENTY-TWO

"Very soon, we shall have one of our own." Ken told Sherry and laughed hard when he noticed at how Sherry had reacted.

"What gender do you prefer?" I asked Sherry.

"To me a child is a child, regardless of gender. I love children, babies are cute, like little angels." Sherry said and began to play with my little boy who was awake and giggling at her. "Antie wants to sing a song for you..." Sherry said to the baby.

"Oh!♪ little junior, ♪ mama loves you, ♪ mama loves you, ♪ oh! Handsome junior, antie loves you, ♪ antie loves you, ♪ oh little boy, we all loves you, ♪ we all loves you..." Sherry continued until the baby stopped chuckling and just looked at Sherry really concentrating on her face.

But when Sherry stopped singing, the baby screamed.

"Damn! Continue singing to him, we can't go on like this, he is too loud." Ken suddenly told Sherry, I nearly laughed knowing that he was talking about his baby who was growing up to be as naughty as his father.

"I think the baby has soiled himself." Sherry suddenly said.

"You can change him." I told her as I began to hand her some diapers and new set of clothes.

Sherry could not hide her surprise the moment she saw the size of the boy's penis. She gasped in surprise.

"Wow!" she said and remained silent. Ken looked at her as if wondering what was making her surprised. She continued to change the boy. She then looked at me and smiled.

"This boy, is growing into a great man." Sherry said as she held up the baby upright.

Ken, who was overlooking at me through the rear-view mirror looked at me and smiled. Sherry did not notice as I winked back at him.

Sherry continued to sing to the baby until he slept.

=====

"So, how soon do you think you can comfortably begin working?" I asked Sherry as soon as we got home.

"Even tomorrow." She said, she looked at Ken and asked him, "My dear, will you please offer to take me to work?"

Ken looked at me suggestively.

"Ken, take the other car and be using it in the meantime." I told him. He obliged.

Over the following days, Ken would wake up so early to take his wife to work and return home to continue with the rest of his work before going in the evening to bring her home.

One day, I returned home early so determined to win Ken over once more as I was really sexually starved. I could not take it anymore. I went home and found Ken had gone to the riverside to till some land and Miriam was in the kitchen cooking some porridge. I bathed and sprayed myself with some pheromones perfume, wore a provocative short dress and walked down the riverside where Ken was working.

"What makes you come home so early?" Ken asked, noting it was a weekday and it was not usual for me to be home that early.

"I just missed home. What are you doing?" I asked him, seeing he was planting some strange plants in between some kales.

"I am planting weed. I am tired of having to buy weed all the time." HE told me so casually as if he was planting the next plant that would solve world hunger.

"What??!" I was so shocked.

"I do not want to buy weed anymore, I did rather plant some here. Hey, no one will know." Ken told me and continued planting.

"Ken, you cannot plant that thing in my farm." I told him.

"Come on, it will also make me some extra cash, why should you worry? We will share the revenue." Ken told me.

"Ken, you will bring me trouble. I do not want any trouble please." I told him. I went over and began uprooting them. I was not going to allow him to plant them.

"Hey, come on! What are you doing?" Ken asked me. I continued uprooting them.

"Hey, stop it!" Ken told me.

"This is my farm and I decide what to do with it. No Bhang in my farm!" I bent over and continued to uproot them. The farm by the riverside was overlooking a dense bush and I thought perhaps Ken viewed

the place as hidden from most people thus no one would know what he was planting there. I was uprooting the fifth weed plant when Ken suddenly grabbed me from behind as I was bending. He pulled me to stand upright and turned me hard to face him.

"Grace, stop being stupid. Weed fetches good money. This stuff will make us into millionaires, come on! Think." Ken told me as if he was pleading. I fought him and got myself from his grip. I was about to uproot another weed plant when he suddenly grabbed me again harder and held me tightly close to his firm body. I was about to talk when he grabbed me by my ass, pulled me hard against himself and planted a sudden kiss on my lips. I tried to fight him not to continue with that kiss but it was so enticing I could not resist as I had really missed his kiss. He kissed me for almost a minute. He then began playing with my nipples as he kissed me, slowly began to undo my bras from behind until they were unhooked. He pulled them off me and my breasts hung loose against my body.

He then pulled over my pantie and dropped them on top of some grass, looked at them, smiled and continued kissing me while caressing my bare buttocks. It was feeling so nice and erotic.

I unzipped his trousers and brought out his penis which was already hard. Seeing that there was nowhere he could place me, he pulled me down and sat while positioning me to sit on top of him as he began to caress my labia majora with his hard penis making me moan due to pleasure and the desire that was in me was so intense such that I began to shed tears the moment he touched my clitoris.

He was sucking my breasts so hard as he caressed my clitoris with a wet finger that had been made wet as he touched my lubrication that was freely flowing from my highly aroused vagina.

"Ken! Fuck me, just fuck me!" I pleaded with him. He pulled me hard and before I knew it, he was pushing his very hard hot penis deep into me. He held me by my shoulders and pulled me hard until his penis was so deep into me I could feel it pushing hard against my cervix. I could feel it touching my Anterior Fornix Zone giving me tremendous pleasure I had not felt in a long time. I screamed.

He suddenly touched my clitoris and I went wild, began riding him with so much force; I wanted him to tear my pussy into pieces! He kept tapping my clitoris as he pressed my vulvas, alternating from sucking my nipples, pressing them hard and kissing me, licking my neck, giving me love bites all over my neck and it was not long before I got my first earth shattering orgasm that made me cry while arching my back like I was going to break it.

I continued riding him but my energy was getting drained. He realized that and he literally turned me to face away from him as he twisted me into dog style and fucked me so hard from behind until I rested my head on the garden soil, not caring if my hair was touching the dirt or not. I cared less. The world was mine.

{{{Narrated by ANTHONY KERRY: 0711403777}}}

Almost the whole afternoon, Ken fucked me and it was orgasm after orgasm until he finally finished inside me so hard making him groan like a lion scaring enemies away. I could feel his penis pulsating inside me as he spilled every drop deep inside me.

We remained locked as his penis was still inside me and getting flaccid. I regained my normal breathing rate while still relaxing my head on the soil.

"Wow! Ken, you want to kill me with your penis?" I asked him as I lifted my head off the ground. HE did not talk but stretched his hands, began cleaning my hair with his hands gently removing some pieces of dry grasses and soil that was on it.

"No, I do not want to kill you, I want to give you life." Ken told me jokingly. I realized my head had crushed one of his bhang plants. I carefully picked it, positioned it where it was and replanted it.

I reached with my hand and replanted 2 more that I had uprooted. Ken slowly pulled himself out of my vagina and suddenly, semen spilled off my vagina and I experienced some vaginal flatulence. I felt embarrassed but Ken did not react to it. I continued to replant the bhang seedlings that I had uprooted, all of them.

I stood up and looked at Ken, realizing that his penis was still outside his trousers. It was still wet with my vaginal lubrication.

He smiled at me.

"Thank you." Ken told me.

"For, giving you my pussy?" I asked him.

"No, for replanting my weed." He told me and looked behind him as if he was contemplating planting more weed in the farm. I cared less anymore.

For about 30 minutes, I assisted him to plant more weed seedlings, not caring whence he got them.

"No more of them." Ken told me as he planted the last one.

"Ken, I want another round." I told him as I looked at him suggestively. I had not worn my pantie. My vagina was feeling hot due to intense fucking but I still had a lot of desire in me.

Ken began walking towards me and I covered the little distance between us. I was about to embrace him when I suddenly felt something dash in the bush startling me.

"What is that?" Ken asked suddenly turning to face the direction of the noise. He moved towards the little bush.

"Careful." I told him. I did not trust my instincts on that one thinking it could be something dangerous. When Ken reached there, something dashed again and the noise was such that it was moving fast into the forest.

"Ah! It is a hare, it has run away into the forest." Ken told me.

"All right, come over and let us finish what we started." I told him. He however looked at his watch.

"Time to go for Sherry, I don't want to be late." He told me. He came over, picked my pantie and handed it to me. I hesitated picking it.

"Come on! Let us go." Ken told me and forced me to take my pantie. I had no choice than to wear it fast.

"Ken, thank you so much. I was suffering." I told him as we went uphill. He looked at me and did not say anything. He continued walking. I realized he might be angry with me.

"Ken, I am sorry." I suddenly told him. He looked at me and smiled.

"No problem." Ken told me as we went uphill. We came to a point where the hill was ending when Ken suddenly looked at the ground.

"What is it?" I asked him.

"This shoe print was not here when I went, and it does not belong to you. Who else came via this route?" Ken asked me.

"I thought you told me that no one goes by the river side..." I told him as I went over to look at the shoe print. Its patterns were almost invisible making me wonder how Ken spotted it.

"Ah! No problem, it is probably a lost person wandering in the bushes. Let us go home." Ken told me and moved on towards home. I walked close to him.

"Ken, ...hmmmm....." I forgot what I wanted to tell him.

"What is it?" HE asked me not looking at me.

"When did you last go to the Naivasha farm?" I asked him.

"Long time ago, I should go there soon. I will go on Saturday and shall go with Sherry." Ken told me. One thing I loved about Ken, he really respected and loved his wife despite all.

"Ken, you really love Sherry." I told him smiling at him. He laughed softly.

"More than anything else. What that girl gives me, no woman can." Ken told me and smiled.

"Eh! Is she more fire in bed..."? I asked him jokingly.

He laughed. Looked at me, winked at me and said, "Yes, moreover, she sucks my cock and swallows everything out of it, a woman who does that is of rare kind." Ken told me and accelerated towards home. We had to pass by his home, besides his compound before going to my home.

Finally, we arrived at Ken's gate.

"Let me change into clean clothes then come pick one car and go for Sherry." Ken said and began to walk towards his house.

He was about to open his door when it suddenly got pushed from inside. Ken looked so surprised and moved a few steps away from the door.

>>to be continued>>

Narrated by ANTHONY KERRY.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: SEVENTY-THREE

"Surprise!!" Sherry suddenly burst out of the door, ran after Ken and literally jumped onto him giving him a tight hug. Ken hugged her, lifted her in the air, turned completely around before placing her down.

"Wow! When did you get back here? I was going to take a car and come for you. Why this early?" Ken asked her. She seemed extra jovial.

"Good evening, Madam Grace." She said while waving at me.

"Good evening, I was on my way home. See you later." I told her smiling. She smiled back, a slow charming smile as I turned to walk away.

But I had questions in my head, who was the woman's shoe in the farm?

I did want to think much about it as I thought perhaps it was just someone who wandered into our farm. But I kept wondering whether whoever it was so us having sex with Ken or not.

"Madam, you are smiling alone. You seem to be so happy." Miriam noted as I sat alone in the table room. It was when I realized how much my body had relaxed after having sex with Ken. I had really missed to have a nice orgasm.

"I just got what I have been missing all along, for some time. I feel so relaxed." I told her, not hiding the fact that she could as well interpret I was from having sex with Ken. She slowly came to sit next to me.

"Madam, don't you think it is dangerous? What if Sherry catches you sleeping with her husband. She might do something harmful to you. Women can be very protective to their men, remember." She told me.

"I know, just that I cannot help it. I do not desire any other man except Ken. He really knows how to satisfy me. What Ken gives me, no man has ever given me." I told her, from the bottom of my heart.

"The bible says widows can get married instead of burning with passion." Miriam told me sounding spiritual.

I thought about her statement for a while. Indeed, she was right.

"If I was to get married, it would mean getting married to Ken, no other man and as you know it is not possible now. He has Sherry." I told her.

"Let me pray for you over this matter." Miriam suddenly told me. I was surprised at how she calmly told me.

I nodded.

She held my hands with her hands.

"Father in the name of Jesus Christ, I present to you your faithful servant, Madam Grace. I beg for your forgiveness on her behalf. Father, I know you are both a father and a husband to widows, please see Grace's case. She is burning with carnal desires which is normal and natural. Father I pray that you perform a miracle and give her a husband of her own. Grant her the wishes of her heart and the desire of her soul. Be merciful upon her, please give her a husband.

In Jesus Name, I pray and believe."

We both said Amen.

"Grace, Have Faith and God will give you your own man." She told me looking me into the eyes. I just had to look away.

"Can I give you some coffee? There is some in the flask." Miriam told me and before I could answer she stood up and went over to the kitchen. She served me some coffee and some cookies.

"Miriam, when do you intend to get married?" I asked Miriam once she sat with me on the table room.

"When God shall give me a nice man, I shall get married." She answered me smiling at me.

"How do you deal with your, hmm....eh.... physical desires." I asked her. She looked at me as if not sure what to say.

"Madam, remember I have never had sex and I really don't know how it feels to have sex. I even don't know what it is that I feel but when I feel like I need a man, I get busy with my work and just wish it away." She told me. Indeed, she was naïve and she could not really help me on that.

"But for me, I have tasted it, done it and I know how it feels to miss having sex, it is difficult to stop having it once you are used to having it." I was being genuine to her as much as I was concerned.

"How does it feel like, to have a man inside you?" she asked.

"Well, can I talk openly to you? Won't you feel offended?" I asked her.

She nodded.

"Well, a woman has an organ called clitoris. When that organ is touched, you feel so much pleasure you cannot even describe the feeling. When someone touches it while the penis is inside your vagina, you get an orgasm or a highly exciting feeling that is difficult to describe." I told her.

"Wow! That sounds fantastic, please continue..." She told me while shifting her weight to face me fully and being very attentive.

"When you get aroused, your vagina gets lubricated, as in some fluids comes out to make it easy for the penis to get inside. Inside, there is an organ called G-spot. When the penis is going inside, it touches the g spot and when the man pumps, the g spot feels so nice you will get an orgasm. Some fluids might come out. In fact, you might feel so nice until you scream." I told her.

At the mention of the word scream, she laughed very hard. She thought it was funny that someone can scream due to pleasure.

"I only thought people scream due to pain." She said.

"Also, when someone touches your breasts, caresses them, or sucks them....you will also feel a lot of pleasure." I told her. At that point, she looked at me as if I had said something strange.

"Do you mean? Sucking like how a little child sucks them?" she asked.

"Yes." I told her.

She looked at her breasts for a few seconds.

"Eh! Things adults do are strange." She said.

"But take your time, only have sex at the right time. Like when you shall get married it is the best." I told her.

"Did you have your first-time sex after you got married?" she asked me.

"No, I was a naughty girl who loved to experiment a lot. I had first time sex when I was around 13 or 14." I told her.

"Gosh! Didn't you feel pain? That was young!" she was surprised, but she was not judgmental.

"I think, I just loved sex." I told her.

"You still do." She said looking at me. I nodded smiling shyly.

"I wish I would get married to a man who would satisfy me. My sexual libido is always rather high." I told her.

"Is it true what people say about Kamba ladies, that we love sex?" she suddenly asked me.

"Those are social stereotypes. I know so many ladies from different tribes who love sex. Sex is sex regardless of which tribe you belong to." I told her.

"Even when I was in high school I used to hear people talk about it all the time." She said while fidgeting her fingers.

"In fact, any healthy woman is bound to love sex." I told her wishing she understood it.

"I shall know when I get married. For now, it is just to pray to get the right man." She told me.

I wondered how comes she was praying for me to get a good husband while she herself had not gotten a husband....

===== {{to get more sweet sagas, contact 0711403777}}

The thought that Ken was planting bhang in my farm made me uncomfortable knowing how dangerous that would be if the police found out. I continued to visit the farm by the river side where Ken had planted weed and noticed they were really doing great.

"Ken, is it possible you teach Sherry how to drive? She can be driving herself to work daily." I told Ken one day as we were going to the farm in Naivasha.

"I am already teaching her, she is catching up fast. In fact, we are at the final stages where I will take her on a long road trip and test her driving skills before finding ways to secure her a driving license." Ken told me as we passed past Kinungi on our way to Naivasha.

"Now that you just mentioned driving license, do you carry your license always?" I asked him.

"No, in fact I am not carrying it today." He told me and continued to drive.

"Ken, stop. This is a joke. Hand me the vehicle we cannot risk being arrested. I have mine." I told him.

"Relax, no one had ever caught us." He told me and continued driving.

"No, I am serious, stop this car, right now!" I told him firmly. He looked at me and seeing how serious I was, he stopped.

"All right, take over." He told me. I went and sat on the wheel, fired the car to life and we continued. After a few kilometers, we came to a road block.

"You see, we would be in serious trouble now had you not heard me." I told him as the police waved us to stop. One came over to my side and inquired my license.

"Madam, your license is expired." He told me. I could not believe it. I looked at it and indeed it was expired.

Even before I could try to negotiate with the driver, he told me, "Just go, we have a lot to do than to worry about careless drivers."

I breathed a sigh of relief as soon as I drove away from the policemen.

"Damn! Unbelievable, they just let you go like that? How now?" Ken was so surprised.

"I don't know, it is my lucky day perhaps." I told him.

"Well, maybe they are after something and thought you would be a distraction." Ken told me as we came close to the diversion where we went into our farm. Just as we were about to go into the rough road, a police van roared past us and stopped in front of us.

"I guess we are not so lucky." Ken told me as I pulled over since the police van was blocking me. As I thought what next, out came a lady wearing a really long blue dress with shinny buttons to the left, she was wearing a large head gear like those Nigerian women.

She came over to where our vehicle was parked.

"This is not a police woman. What does she want?" I asked Ken, feeling a little anxious.

"This is Evelyne, this woman is turning out to be serious trouble to me." Ken said. I looked at her as she came over to my side and knocked my window. I slowly lowered it.

"Good morning, Madam. Sorry to stop you. I want to have a word with Ken." She told me, then shifted her eyes to Ken. She gave Ken a smile.

"All right." Ken told her as he opened the door from his side. He followed her to where her vehicle was parked.

I could see them talking in low tone but gauging on facial expressions, all was not well. But why was she driving a police van? They talked for almost 20 minutes. I could see Ken shaking his head as if in disagreement but Evelyne remained so calm looking into his eyes all that time.

Finally, Ken approached me.

"Grace, come over and hear her out." Ken told me.

"What? Tell her to come over." I told Ken. Ken was about to go when I called him.

"Ken, is there any problem?" I asked him.

"No, let me tell her to come over." Ken went over and came with her. I got outside my vehicle.

"Sorry Madam Grace, but I need to come with Ken to where I am going." Evelyne told me, while looking into my eyes so intensely until she made me feel afraid of her. She was taller than me and her heels made her even seem taller.

"What is it all about? We were going to our farm." I told her.

"I know. Now, if you will excuse us, Ken will join you later." She told me and began walking towards her car in total disregard of whether I wanted to tell her something else or not.

"Ken, will you...." I was about to ask him if he will follow her but before I finished the question, he walked towards her, got into her car and they both drove away leaving me stranded there looking at them as they drove towards Naivasha town.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by ANTHONY KERRY.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: SEVENTY-FOUR

I had no choice than to drive alone all the way to the farm where I met Jane who was in charge of the Naivasha farm.

"I thought you were coming with Ken." She told me after our formal greetings.

"Ken has gone to attend to some duties he will be back." I told her.

"All right, I hope he will be back soon." She said as we began to walk around the green houses to inspect some insects which were damaging our flowers.

"How much did you budget for the pesticide?" I asked her.

"Ken has the budget." She told me.

"Call him and let him give you the estimates." I told her as I lifted a flower which had been totally eaten by the insects. It was terrible.

"Ken's phone is off." She turned and told me. I took out my phone and called Ken, indeed it was off.

"Where could he be? This is unusual of him." I began having a bad feeling about it.

We however went back to Jane's office and did other estimates.

"Workers want pay rise." She suddenly told me.

"Getting pay rise is not a problem, as long as they will take care of the farm better than they are doing now. How could you leave the insects to spread out to several green houses without ever informing me?" I asked her.

"I told Ken, I am not aware that he never told you." She told me.

"Ken never told me. Anyway, be communicating direct to me whenever it has to do with money." I told her as it was obvious Ken had a lot in mind to an extent he was forgetting a lot.

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When it finally got to time for going home, Ken was nowhere to be found and worse, his phone was still off. I could not imagine going back without him. What would I tell Sherry? Furthermore, he was to drive to pick her...

I called Lillian.

"Lillian, Evelyne has hijacked Ken and she has not returned him yet." I told her.

"How possible is that? I told that little girl to keep her lanes. What has she done this time again?" Lillian asked me.

"She came driving a police van, picked Ken, drove away with him and up to now I have not heard from Ken." I told Lillian.

"Tell me you are lying, a police van? How?" Lillian sounded surprised too.

"You tell me, I feel you know this lady more than me." I told her.

Lillian remained silent for a while.

"But, how could she take Ken just like that? Was she supposed to return him or what? I don't get it." Lillian told me.

"Well, let me wait." I told Lillian and disconnected.

I drove home slowly and silently, not bothering to even switch on the car stereo. I got home at around 3 pm.

"Where is Ken?" Miriam asked me as soon as I got home since she knew we had gone together.

"He will be back, he is attending to some duties." I told her even not being sure what to think about the whole story.

I then drove all the way to pick Sherry.

"Where is my husband?" She asked me light heartedly as soon as she saw me and after telling her I was there to pick her. Lillian was not around.

"He went to Nakuru to attend to some duties and I thought he was getting late and came to pick you." I told her as we got rolling towards main road.

I had not driven for a few miles when I felt suddenly dizzy, making me to suddenly slow down.

"Madam, are you, all right? Park by the roadside and relax." Sherry told me. I parked and closed my eyes.

"I don't know what is wrong with me, I feel suddenly ill." I told her.

"Can I drive as you relax a little?" She asked me. I looked at her.

"Do you know how to drive?" I pretended not to know that Ken was teaching her how to.

"A little, I have done a few practices and I can drive. I will be slow and careful." She told me. We switched seats and she drove. I did not care if she had a license or not.

"You are driving really slowly but I love at how careful you are on the road." I told her.

She laughed.

"I would not want anything to happen to us." She said light heartedly.

"Do you mean me and you?" I asked her as I relaxed and let her drive. I was beginning to get comfortable being the passenger.

She looked at me.

"No, sorry, yet and no. Actually, I am pregnant, a few weeks and I was referring to me and the little being growing inside me. I am soon going to be a mother and Ken will have his first born soon." She said sounding so excited.

"Oh! Wow! Congratulations! And you had not yet told me so?" I asked sitting upright to look at her.

"I was waiting for the right time. I am sorry." She told me politely. We came to a slow-moving lorry. She looked at me as if seeking my approval to overtake it.

"Don't bother overtaking it, let us maintain that pace as you tell me more of the feeling of expecting to be a mother soon." I told her.

"I feel so excited. I have always wanted to have a child of my own and this is a dream come true." She told me.

"Ken will be very happy." I told her.

"Yes, he will. He told me he wishes to have a girl. I have not gone for scanning to know if I have a boy or a girl." Sherry told me still so excited.

I figured out probably he wanted a girl since he knew he already had a boy with me.

"How many children would you wish to have?" I asked her.

"Well, probably 3 like you. Not more than 3. Economy nowadays is hard and having a lot of children might make it difficult to bring them up." She told me. She sounded like a real economist.

"You are right." I told her.

We continued driving while still talking about our various social and domestic issues.

"When you have a husband like Ken, you are lucky. Most men do not bother much about their women." I told her as we got close to home.

"I really thank God for him." She told me. We finally came to our home. The gate too was automatic. She drove slowly to the parking lot where the other car was still parked.

As soon as she got out and saw Miriam, she asked her, "Has Ken gotten back home?"

"No." Miriam answered and sounded like he did not want to talk a lot about it.

"Where could he be? Anyway, he will find his way back." Sherry said as she took her belongings and began walking towards her house.

It was almost 7 pm. I was beginning to get worried about Ken. His phone was still off and I did not have Evelyne's number. It was really bothering me.

By 9 pm, Ken had not gotten back home.

"Is this normal of him? To switch off his phone?" Miriam asked concerning Ken. I was really trying to call him.

"No, this is unlike him." I was really worried.

"What will his wife say? I am sure she will come here to ask you about him anytime." Miriam had not even finished saying that when we heard a soft knock at the door.

Sherry came in.

"Madam, I have been trying to call his number and it is off, please tell me you know where he is, you went with him in the morning." Sherry seemed to really suggest that I knew where Ken was.

"I will continue calling him. I would advice you to go and get some rest." I told her.

"How can I relax while I do not know where my husband is?" She asked sounding really unsettled.

Miriam looked at her with a lot of pity in her eyes. I thought she would suggest she pray about it but she did not.

"Sherry, go home and relax. He is a big man, a strong man and am sure perhaps his phone developed a problem, he will be back." Miriam told Sherry looking at her.

"All right, if you say so." She said and breathed out a sigh of relief.

"God is with him." Miriam told Sherry.

"Let me go to sleep. I have a lot of work to do tomorrow." Sherry said and began walking towards the door. She did not sound any afraid of being alone in the house.

"Miriam, go and keep her company for the evening or the night." I told Miriam. She looked at Sherry.

"Don't worry, I am all right." Sherry said smiling softly.

She slowly got outside into the cold night and went away.

"But on a serious note, where is Ken?" Miriam asked me.

"I wish I knew." I told her. I was feeling dizzy and just wanted to go and sleep.

-----{{Call 0711403777 to get more sagas}}

The following morning, I woke up feeling unwell and I went to see a doctor. I did not want to go to Ivy's clinic.

"I want you to take pregnancy test, malaria test and tell me more about what you are feeling." The doctor told me.

"Pregnancy? I cannot be pregnant." I protested.

The man, who was in his middle age, looked at me and smiled.

"It is just a formality." He told me, meaning they used to make almost all women undergo pregnancy test.

I sat there waiting for the test results.

"My names are Doctor Desmond, Desmond Mwaniki." He introduced himself as noticed at how anxious I was about myself.

"I am Grace Nduku." I told him, not wanting to talk much about myself.

"When is the last time you tested for malaria?" he asked me.

"I cannot remember, I rarely get sick." I told him.

"It is good to always test for Malaria whenever you are ill. Let me wait for the lab technician to bring the results. How is your daily diet?" He asked me.

I explained to him and he finally told me that my eating habits were excellent.

"How old is your last born?" He asked me.

"Almost a year now." I told him.

He was about to ask me another question when the lab technician knocked softly.

"Here are the results for Madam Grace." He said, smiling at me. I smiled back. He was a handsome young man, tall and slender. He had a goatee and wore transparent glasses and was extremely smart with nicely pressed suit.

As I was analyzing him, Dr. Desmond was busy making some notes from the lab technician's report.

He then suddenly turned to face me smiling so boldly.

"Congratulations, you are pregnant!" Dr. Desmond said. The words pierced and penetrated me to the bottom of my soul. I burst out crying.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by Anthony KERRY.

**SAGA BY ANTHONY KERRY
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THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: SEVENTY-FIVE

"I can't be pregnant! No, I don't want to be pregnant!!" I found myself almost wailing. The doctor looked at me so surprised.

"Why? I thought you should be happy to get a child..." The doctor was puzzled.

"Doctor, I will have to do an abortion, please..." I pleaded with him.

"No, keep the baby. You would rather give it up for adoption later on but do not deny the baby a chance to live. What if you got aborted by your mother would you be here?" The doctor asked me. I thought for a while.

"I will think about it." I told him.

"Great, go home and think well about it." The doctor told me. Indeed, I was not sick, but pregnant.

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There wasn't much I could do about it. I drove back home and just went on to drink some porridge that had been left.

"Madam, you don't seem happy. What is it?" Miriam asked me.

I don't know what triggered my emotions while I was seated there but I just found myself crying. Miriam came closer to me.

"Madam, why are you crying? What is wrong?" She asked me. I was about to answer her when suddenly Sherry came inside.

"Madam, I am getting worried, where is Ken?" She did not even greet us. She indeed seemed worried.

"You were last with him? Where did you take my husband??" She asked me sounding angry at me for obvious reasons.

"Relax, we can as well report him as missing person." I told her.

Ken's phone was still off. Sherry was losing patience and she was really anxious. I wished I could help her but I could not.

"Look, just relax for about a week, he will be back. No need to panic." I told her. She looked at me, that funny strange look and sat down in total despair.

"I miss my husband." Sherry began to cry. I did not know what to do to calm her but Miriam went over and embraced her.

"I have been praying about him, he will be back." Miriam said.

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Almost a week passed without knowing where Ken is and I was really thinking of involving the police until one evening, Ken called me.

"Grace, I am in Eldoret and I do not have any money to bring me back." Ken said.

"How the hell did you get there?" I asked him.

"It is a long story, please send me some fare." He was almost pleading or begging.

I took my phone and sent to him Kshs 14,000 via Mpesa. I did not tell Sherry that Ken was coming.

But he did not come until he arrived the following morning at around 10 am. I had not gone to work. Coincidentally, Sherry too had an off day.

"Good morning Madam, my husband called me and told me he is coming back." Sherry told me in very high spirits.

"That is great, at least he is safe." I told her. I was still feeling so emotional for whatever reasons. I missed Ken too as if he was my husband.

At around noon, Ken indeed arrived and found all of us in my house. Immediately Sherry saw him, she sprang on her feet, went over to where he was standing, embraced him and cried on his shoulders telling him how much she has missed him. She was not at all bothered to know where he was. But I could see in his face that he was a troubled man.

Ken came over and hugged all of us.

"I am glad I am back home." He told us.

"You need to go home and rest." Sherry told Ken.

"I will, I wish to speak with Madam Grace before that, but please go and prepare for me something to eat." He told Sherry and she gladly left. However, Miriam went with her and Ken and I remained in my sitting room.

"This life is becoming hell. Can you imagine Evelyne has the guts to hijack me, if I can call it that way to just go and fuck her..." He told me sounding really angry.

"...and did you?" I asked him out of concern.

"Hell no, I did not, believe me or not, I did not. She even tried to drug my drink, I got an erection but I totally refused to fuck her. She locked me in a very secure compound and house telling me unless I agree to be her husband, she is not going to let me go. Imagine that?" Ken told me.

"Oh! I am really sorry about that. But why is she forcing herself so much into you? What is so special?" I asked Ken.

Ken laughed.

"What is funny?" I asked him.

"You are asking me what is so special? Of course, it is my penis that is special. What else?" Ken said still laughing. It sounded really funny.

"So, your special penis is now giving you trouble? You haven't heard much yet there is another trouble brewing here right inside me and I don't know what to do with it." I told Ken.

"Ah! Don't worry, I will feed the cows, the goats and of course the dogs. They should know I am back now. I will also make my wife happy..." The way Ken was talking it was obvious he was not getting my statement.

"I do not mean to talk about the cattle and dogs and...no...I mean..." I was afraid of telling it to him. I just looked at my tummy.

"What?" Ken asked me looking into my eyes.

"Ken, I am pregnant with your second baby." I told him. He was indeed shocked. His expressions changed so fast from confusion, anger, restlessness all within a minute.

"Hey, Grace, this is a joke, right? This is not a good joke. You know so well my wife knows I am so close to you but has never suspected anything, at least I make sure she is happy not to, and here you are getting pregnant? Do you know this may escalate into giving me real domestic troubles? Grace you are not being fair to me now." Ken told me.

"Ken, I got carried away by pleasure. Ken I was so sexually starved such that the day we had sex I did not take any precautions. All I wanted was to feel you inside me. But you also went ahead and ejaculated

inside me. I guess that day I was ovulating hence why I was feeling so horny. I could not help it." I told Ken.

"That is not a problem, I fact, you can have as many babies as you want after all you can take care of all of them, the problem is, how will you explain the pregnancy?" Ken asked me. Indeed, that sounded tricky considering that I had no husband and I had no man who was close to me enough to assume that responsibility.

"Ken, I really don't know what to do, I feel like aborting." I told Ken.

Ken literally stood up to make a point." Hell no! NEVER, I am so against abortion. Each child should be given a chance to live. I mean, would you be here if you got aborted? No. What has the little one done to deserve being killed even before its born?? That is so unfair, I hate all women who abort and if you abort, count me as your enemy." Ken told me before sitting down.

"But, Ken, it is me who is carrying the pregnancy, I feel I should terminate it." I insisted.

"Grace, I would rather bear responsibility, I would rather even make my wife know all about our affair but let that innocent being live. Life is precious from conception." Ken told me looking heavenward as if he just gotten religious. That was amusing. The fact that ho sounded like a deist, I had never expected he would be so particular with life.

"Ken, what is life to you?" I asked him.

He answered without hesitating, "Life to me is the climax of the existence of the universe. Don't worry about my terms I was good in science when I was young. To me, everything that is living, is at the climax of the universe on its own. Like, the universe has been evolving and growing all that along up to it reaches a time to make sure another life comes into it. Just see how many things die off even before they get a chance to live, what if we aborted all babies, would there be the sweet little innocent laughter that we get from the little children? Of course not! Grace, life to me is the exact meaning why the universe exists. Without life, with everything from its conception or where it begins up to where we are, there would be no universe." Ken sounded like a philosopher. I laughed.

"Wow, did the few days you disappeared make you more intelligent or wiser?" I asked him.

"Oh! Come on! I have always been wise, just that my wisdom is based on my own thoughts, not from learning from books in classes. Hey, I need to go home, I know my wife misses me, we shall talk more later." Ken told me and stood up to leave. I noticed he was limping a little.

'Hey, did you get hurt?' I asked him.

"It is a long story, I did rather not talk about it. At least not now. But I feel this stupid lady might try something stupid to harm my wife or to interfere with my marriage and I can tell you, she won't like it." The way Ken was talking I could tell his limping had something to do with Evelyne. But I just could not figure out what it was.

Immediately Ken left, Miriam came back. It was like she was waiting for Ken to just get into his house for her to leave. She came back smiling.

"What is funny?" I asked her.

"Madam, I cannot believe. I miss getting married. Immediately Sherry saw Ken come in, she went, hugged him and never let him go. She then looked at me, smiled as if communicating to me non-verbally. They immediately began kissing and undressing right there in the table room; I had to leave. I can tell you, love is sweeter than honey." She told me sounding so excited.

I laughed.

"When people are newly married, there is a lot of passion in them. I don't know what happens and that passion begins to get lost later in life. But somehow it has something to do with children comes, they demand attention of the mother fully, breast feeding makes some women lose interest in their husband, etc." Miriam was so attentive as I was telling her that.

"My brother's marriage nearly ended at the second year of their marriage. I guess it has something to do with what you are saying." Miriam said.

"Of course, deny a man sex, for whatever excuse or reason and most men won't understand. If you begin breastfeeding, make sure to at least find ways of making your husband happy and not to see other women, otherwise, he won't care you are taking care of his offspring. If you won't take care of his dick, your marriage is screwed." I told Miriam and I wished she was taking it seriously.

She laughed.

"You make it sound funny, you just said taking care if his dick?" she asked still laughing.

"Yes, the dick is another little man down there with his brains too and often the brains of that little head down there work totally differently with the brains of the head above the shoulders. When it comes to sex, men can be so thoughtless." I told her and she laughed even harder making me laugh too.

"I think this is why premarital counselling is important, but most people never do it. They really should." Miriam said.

"Most people assume marriage is a walk in the park, it is not." I just told her that when I heard someone knocking at the main gate.

"Who is that? Go and see." I told Miriam who stood up fast and went to open the main gate. I also stood outside the house to see who was coming in.

Two very smartly dressed men came in. They wore very expensive suits and sunglasses making them seem very intimidating.

"Good Afternoon, Madam. My name is Chris and my partner here are Silvester. We are police officers and we are here to see a one Mr. Ken, Kenneth Karuga." He said trying to force a smile but that made me feel so scared. What did they want with Ken? Did ken do something wrong? I had so many questions with no answers.

>>BY ANTHONY KERRY>>

Settle in the MIRRORS ON THE WALL GROUP soon so that when I stop posting the story on Facebook, you shall not miss out.

~Dr. Love. I love you all.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: SEVENTY-SIX

"Is anything the matter?" I asked them. Miriam looked at the two men and I could tell she was scared.

"Can we see him? We mean no harm, just want to question him a little concerning something." They told me.

"Miriam, can you take them to Ken's place?" I asked Miriam. Miriam motioned them to follow her without uttering a word.

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I never got to know what they asked him but when they came back, they were just smiling.

"We are done with him. No problem. We may need him later." They told me as they left.

"What was it all about?" I asked them.

"Don't worry, not necessary to know." One man said and they both laughed. I was however so much puzzled.

After they left, Ken came to my place. He was smiling too.

"Just exactly did they want? I mean, you are all smiling." I asked Ken.

"Not necessary to know for now, but I shall tell you later." Ken said and laughed. It did not make sense to me. I even stopped wanting to know what it was all about.

"Ken." I called him out and looked around to be sure no one was seeing me.

"What is it?" he asked me.

"Does it have something to do with the time you were missing?" I asked him.

"No, not at all." He however did not sound like he wanted me to know so I gave up.

As we were talking, I received a phone call from one of my children's teacher.

"We are closing on this Thursday, please be ready to come and pick your children." She told me.

"Oh! Time moves very fast, I will be there on time." I said. Ken was looking at me keenly as if he was concerned.

"WE shall go for them." Ken told me.

I laughed.

"You are now becoming their father very slowly." I told Ken and he laughed.

"I just miss them, that is all." Ken said and stood up to walk towards the cow sheds.

"Have you noticed something funny with these cows?" Ken asked me.

"Like what?" I asked him.

"These cows look sickly and I don't like it." Ken told me as he pushed a cow that was standing next to him. He had not even finished talking when one of the cows dropped down like it had been pushed over. That really frightened me until I moved closer.

It was like a horror movie as 5 cows literally dropped dead or dying right as I watched. I began to cry.

"Let me call a vet." Ken told me and called one of the vets who lived close to our place.

He came within minutes riding a motorbike.

"I am really sorry for what has happened but let us conduct some tests. But I suspect they were poisoned."

The vet told us as he got working. I could not bear it and I just went inside to cry.

"God will give you more, please don't worry." Miriam told me trying to comfort me. About an hour later, Ken came and called me to go and talk with the vet.

"They seem like they all died of mysterious disease. I would advice you burry all of them immediately. There is no sign or trace of poisoning." The vet told us.

"It is ok, we will burry them. How safe are the rest?" I asked him still sniffing.

"if you observed well, only cows from shed one died, the rest are all ok. So just make sure not to let them in the shed one until we can really conduct more tests on the samples that we have taken." The vet told me.

It was such a devastating loss losing a whole 6 cows in total under mysterious circumstances. It even made me wonder whether we were safe or not.

=====

The following Thursday, we woke up very early to go to pick my children from school. Josephine was so

happy to see us she came over and gave each one of us a tight hug. I noticed how she particularly pressed her breasts on Ken's chest. She had grown taller than me! It was like she just grew tall overnight.

"Wow, my child, what are you eating in this school?" I asked her as she walked close to me towards the car together with Jade who preferred to walk with Ken.

"I will grow as big as my late dad." She said smiling. It was apparent she had completely overcome my husband's death. Jade too had grown a little taller. I had really missed my children.

"Mum, I will be as big as Ken." Jade told me while holding Ken's hand. It was evident how both went well together and had really gotten used to each other fast.

However, Ken was really looking into Josephine's hips which had tremendously grown bigger. She was also walking like a socialite and it was evident she intended to be as sexually provocative as possible. I could even see some boys eying her as we got into the car.

"Ken, will you drive us back home?" I asked him.

"Oh! Yes, relax and talk with your children, they have really missed you." Ken told me as he started the car.

"Mum, can I tell you something?" Josephine suddenly told me. We were seated together in the back seat as Ken and Jade sat at the front seats.

"Yes, tell me." I urged her.

"I have given my life to Christ. In fact, I have been made the leader of the school's Christian Union. I even prayed for our exams and I am sure we shall all pass." She told me sounding charismatic and very confident.

"Wow, that is great!" I told her.

She went on, "Mum, Jesus Christ is now my personal savior. I believe I can even pray and a miracle will happen."

"Mum, she is lying to you, she has a boyfriend called Otieno and I saw them doing bad manners." Jade suddenly said, cutting short our conversation.

"Stop lying, lying is a sin." Josephine told Jade.

"Mum, I am not lying, they did bad manners in the school's field. She was lying on the grass with her legs parted. Otieno removed his thing and put it inside her until she began crying and saying it is sweet." Jade kept talking nonstop as if he had a score to settle with Josephine.

Josephine was embarrassed.

"Is it true what he is saying?" I asked her feeling concerned.

She remained silent.

"Answer me, is it true?" I asked her looking at her.

"Oh! Yes, Police in a helicopter♪ searching Marijuana♪" Ken began singing some reggae song that was playing in the car stereo. I knew he was trying to divert our attention.

"Mum, don't beat me." Josephine suddenly said looking away from me.

"What? So what Jade is saying is true?" I asked her.

"Mum, devil came over me. I felt overwhelmed and I did it. But I prayed for forgiveness." She said simply and clearly.

"Oh! My goodness!" I was surprised.

"Mum, I am trying very hard not to desire men but I just cannot. I don't know what to do. Someone told me that cutting the..." She suddenly kept quiet.

"Cutting the what?" I asked her.

"She told me that there is something that can be cut out of my private parts and the urge will go away. I want it to be cut off from me this holiday." She said.

"Holy lord! Where did you hear that from?" I asked her.

"She told me it is called Female Genital Mutilation, that something which looks like a small bean down there can be removed and the urges will not disturb me anymore." She sounded very genuine.

"No, it is wrong to cut it." We were talking as if we were all adults.

"Mum, I want it to be cut. I don't want to catch AIDS." She said looking downwards.

I was at a loss what to tell her.

"Daughter, that thing, has its purpose being there." I had not even finished talking when she suddenly said.

"Mum, whenever I touch it, it makes me want a man almost that instant. Please take me to a doctor to have it removed." She was almost begging. She was closing her legs tightly.

"It cannot be removed. When you grow into a big woman like me, you shall know its purpose." I told her.

She smiled at me.

"All right, I believe you." She said. But I knew I had to talk to her more as she was taking a dangerous route in her life.

"And you Jade, what have you been up to?" I asked him focusing my attention to him.

"I beat up a boy who called me Kihii. I am getting strong, like uncle Ken." He said and flexed his small arm muscles.

"Fighting is wrong. What if you get hurt?" I asked him.

"Let him learn to fight his own battles. Leave him to grow into a tough man." Ken said.

"Yes!" Jade exclaimed. He was happy that Ken was defending him.

"One day, one of those boys will hurt you." I told him.

"If he gets strong like me, no one can hurt him." Ken said as he caressed Jade's head. I stopped taking about it.

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"Wow! Baby girl, welcome home!" Miriam was so happy to meet Josephine. They both hugged. Jade also went and hugged Miriam.

"I miss my family, let me go and meet them." Ken said.

"Them?" I asked Ken.

"Yes, Sherry and my unborn children." Ken said as he locked the car.

I suppose he said children as he intended to have several.

"Uncle, can I go with you?" Jade asked Ken as he stood to leave to his place.

"No problem." As he said so, Jade suddenly woke up and followed him.

"This boy, you would think Ken is his father the way he loves him." Miriam said smiling. I just had to laugh considering that I was about to get another child.

Miriam served me and Josephine with some coffee.

"Mum, I love this house." Josephine suddenly said.

"Josephine, tell me the truth, are you having sex with some more boys in the school or it is just Otieno?" I suddenly asked her.

She gave me a blank look as if weighing her answer.

>>To be continued>> SEASON FINALE.

Narrated by ANTHONY KERRY

CONTINUE SETTLING IN THE MIRRORS GROUP

Be patient as we settle there too.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: SEVENTY-SEVEN

"Yes, Mum." She told me.

"Oh! My goodness!" I found myself exclaiming.

I did not know how to react to it or how to tell her what I wanted to.

After I thought about it for almost 20 minutes, I finally told her, "My daughter, if you must have sex, then at least make sure the man wears a condom."

She looked at me, that blank look.

"Mum, I use condoms." She suddenly told me.

"How did you know how to use a condom?" I was curious to know.

"Our teacher showed us in an HIV class." She told me. That meant they were having sex education in school.

There was no point of telling her it was wrong to have sex as she seemed already into it, the best was to tell her how to protect herself.

====

"Your children are on holiday." Ken told me.

"So?" I asked him. I was wondering why he was saying so.

"You should take them at a place and enjoy being with them, they miss you." Ken told me. I smiled.

"You are very fatherly of late." I told Ken still smiling at him. He chuckled.

"I am a father already, remember." He said and pointed at Godwin who was looking at Ken. Godwin smiled as if he knew what we were talking about.

"Suggest a nice place to take my kids." I asked Ken.

"I don't know, but a place where you can have kid sort of events, boat rides, bike rides, bouncing castles etc." Ken told me as he leaned against a cemented water tank.

"I will do that, in fact, today." I told Ken. A goat was making a lot of noise inside its shed which kept distracting Ken from the conversation until he decided to go and check what was wrong.

"Oh! My! The goat is giving birth, we are going to get hybrid goats now..." Ken said sounding very excited. He went and took out the goat that was heavily pregnant and about to give birth.

Miriam heard Ken talk about goat giving birth and came out to watch it, but left Josephine and Jade inside the house.

The goat was really pushing hard and within minutes, I could see a tiny goat coming out of its vagina.

"Is this how human beings give birth?" Miriam asked looking really scared.

"Yes." Ken told her as he began to help the goat to give birth.

"Damn! It is so scary, looks painful." She said.

Ken assisted the goat until it gave birth to a young one. But the goat did not stand up immediately and it seemed like it was still struggling which really puzzled us.

"What is wrong with it?" I asked Ken.

"I don't know, let me see." Ken began to press its abdomen which was still swollen. The goat seemed relieved to have its abdomen pushed gently but it continued to struggle as if giving birth and we were all worried probably it no all right.

"Gosh! It has another little one inside it, it has twins!" Ken shouted as the goat began pushing more until another little goat emerged out of it.

"Wow! This is great. I have never had any of my animals give birth to twins. This hybrid goat is so powerful." I said almost shouting due to excitement. I went over to look at the small goats which were struggling to adapt to the outside world.

Ken was acting like he was a goat's midwife!

"These are blessings now, coming in double-double!" Ken said as he brought a salt lick to the goat and gave it to begin licking.

"Hey, Ken, time is moving and I promised myself that I will take my kids outing." I told Ken and I went inside to prepare myself and the kids.

"Go well, I will handle this." Ken said as I went away from him.

====

It was such a nice place where I took my kids to play. Jade, who was always a hyper child integrated fast with the rest of the kids but Josephine was not quite comfortable with the kids partly because she was larger than her peer and looked like she was 3 to 4 years older than all of them despite them being her age. She looked more of a woman than a little girl. Compared to her peers, her breasts were larger and kept on bouncing up and down as she played with the rest, her buttocks were so visible as she wore a fitting dress.

"Wow! Look at Josephine, she looks like a mother!" one girl shouted and could see the rest of the girls turning to look at Josephine.

"Look at her breasts, I think she has children." Another said.

They kept talking about Josephine until she got really uncomfortable being among them. She came and sat with me where I sat with another mother who had brought her kids to play.

"Mum, let us go home." Josephine told me.

"Why? See how you are enjoying here." I told her.

"I am bored." She told me and looked at the kids. She was no longer a kid.

"Sit here with us, we will go." I told her and ordered for her some juice.

She however got used to the young mother with me there fast and they got talking as if they were agemates until I was tempted to ask the young mother her age.

"If I may ask, how old are you?" I asked the young mother.

"You won't believe my age. I gave birth so early in life." She told me. Her boy was 3 years old.

"Yes, just tell me please." I urged her.

"I am 19 years old now. I got pregnant at 15 and gave birth at 16 to my first born. My second born is one and a half years old now and I left her with my sister so as I can bring my boy here to play." She said. It was unbelievable!

"Wow! Mum, so I can give birth now." Josephine suddenly told me.

"Don't even think about it. You need to join form one next year and finish high school, go to college before thinking about it." I told her firmly. She however laughed.

"Mum, but she got a child at 16. We in fact are all teens." She protested.

I turned to face the young mother, whose name was Rachael.

"Rachael, why did you get children so early in life?" I asked her.

She looked at Josephine for a while as if she was seeking for my approval to speak while my daughter was there. I smiled to her and nodded to her.

"I got sexually active so early in life. I think I really loved sex." Rachael said.

Josephine looked at Rachael for a few seconds and smiled, for whatever reasons.

"But, two children and you are still a teenager! Are you married?" I asked her.

"No, I do not intend to get married either no man can live with me." She said. I wondered why she said no man can live with her.

"Rachael, don't say no man can live with you. We have men who can marry you with your children." I told her.

"All men hate single mothers; besides, I am a really bad girl and would not want to give a man a heart attack with my behaviors." She said it so casually and calmly while smiling.

"Damn! How is it being a young mother?" I asked her.

"Oh! Feels fantastic according to me. I love my kids a lot. They have inspired me and made me realize I have to work hard in order to feed them, clothe them, etc." She said.

"Do you live alone?" I asked her.

"Yes, with my children. I have a small business which I use to support myself. But from time to time, my mum supports me. My dad chased me away from home when I got my first born. I got another man who promised to marry me but ran away after he made me pregnant with the second born. Now here I am, with two kids. I don't want another man messing me. I will live alone." She was saying while looking at the children's playground.

I turned to look at the children who were playing right on time to see Jade tossing a little kid in the air across the bouncing castle.

"Oh! My God, who is this little dog tossing my child in the air like that?" Rachael asked angrily. His kid fell and screamed. He then stood up and ran towards its mother.

"He is my son." I told Rachael.

"Does he have manners?!" Rachael asked angrily noting at his kid who was crying. Jade came after him.

"Mum, I am sorry, we were just playing and..." Jade was speaking but I cut him short.

"And what? Why would you throw a kid like that in the air? What if you hurt him?" I asked as I stood up and slapped him. He wanted to ran away when I caught him up. "Where do you think you are going??"

However, the kid was not hurt but completely shaken. Rachel examined him and certified he was ok.

"Where did you learn from throwing other kids in the air?" I asked Jade angrily.

"I once saw uncle Ken throw a boy across the road who had hit him with a stone. He told me if someone jokes with me, I do likewise to earn my respect. This boy hit me with her shoe and I did just as uncle Ken taught me." Jade was too honest and forthright.

"Then your uncle must be so cruel. People don't throw each other like that, you might hurt each other. You should have reported him to me." Rachael told Jade.

"Are you his mother?" jade asked Rachael.

"Yes." Rachal answered.

Jade looked at Rachel in total disbelief.

"Hey, time to go home. It is already getting late." I suddenly told them.

"Which direction do you go? We can give you a lift with your child." I told Rachael.

"I live in Gikuni, in Kabete." She told us. I figured out which route to use in order to drop her close to her home.

"All right, come with us, we will drop you there." Since it was around 5 pm, I figured out it would be possible to pass by that route and still make it to Limuru on time.

When we got to my car, I opened the Google map to guide me on shortest route and before long, we were headed towards her home.

"Mum, is it ok to punch someone in the nose?" Jade asked me. The kids were seated at the back-row seats as me and Rachael sat in front.

"No, who told you to punch anyone in the nose?" I asked him.

"Uncle Ken told me if someone jokes with me, I should punch him in the nose." Jade said confidently.

"Damn! What else did Ken tell you?" I asked him feeling concerned. Ken was becoming so influential to the boy like a role model. He was literally emulating him and I did not like it more so with Ken's sexual recklessness.

"He told me to be tough like him." Jade told me. We both found ourselves laughing.

"Who is this Ken? I would like to meet him." Rachael suddenly said. I was still thinking what to answer her when she said, "I love tough men, or do I say, bad boys?"

For strange reasons, I felt a little protective and did not know how to answer Rachael.

>>To be continued>>

BY ANTHONY KERRY.

MIRRORS ON THE WALL COMING UP IN ITS GROUP

Stay tuned.

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: SEVENTY-EIGHT

"Ken is my shamba boy." I told her. She looked at me as if having questions but did not ask.

"Oh! Ok. I know shamba boys are always very hardworking." She said with lit eyes. I was about to answer her when she suddenly looked outside.

"Hey, I have arrived. I almost passed, I love your comfortable car and nice family, please stop here let us alright." She said.

I decelerated from 90km/h to 0km/h within seconds.

"Hey, before you go, please leave me with your contacts." I told her and we exchanged contacts.

"I shall call and come to visit one day." She told me as she got off the car with her son.

As I drove back home, I could not fail to wonder how she managed life with two kids while that young.

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When I got home, I found a strange car parked close to our gate, it had tinted windows and I could not see whoever was inside. I approached carefully knowing that it could as well be gangsters. But as soon as I stopped my car, 3 men emerged from the car, one of them Kienjeku.

"This is the woman who conned me with a fake cheque." He said pointing at me.

Before I could even answer, one of the men produced two handcuffs and told me, "Madam, you are under arrest. You have a right to remain silent since whatever you will say may be used against you in a court of law."

"No, you cannot arrest me just like that, I am a woman with a young family. Just tell me to go with you and record a statement or something like that." I told the man. He however came and began to handcuff me. They were about to push me into their car when a police van suddenly stopped close to their car. Whoever was inside switched on full lights, almost blinding us.

It was Onesimus Ouma the CID.

"Good evening everyone." He greeted us casually. He was in complete police uniform. I did not clearly understand what was going on.

Onesimus called one man aside and they talked in a low tone. Whatever they discussed remained a mystery to me, at least for that day.

"Let the woman go." Onesimus suddenly said. The man undid the handcuffs that instant. I could see Kienjeku was not happy at all but he remained silent.

"I have cleared the issue since it is just getting in our way of our investigations, you may go home. We shall however call you to the station soon for a little questioning." Onesimus told me.

"I don't understand, what is it about?" I asked Onesimus.

"It is about your late husband, your house that got bombed and your shamba boy. There seems to be an intricate connection between all these sagas." Onesimus told me. I felt confused but did not want to ask more when my children were there looking so afraid and helpless.

"I just wish to go home, give me a call, you have my number." I told Onesimus as I got into my car and went past the gate towards my parking lot.

I called Ken immediately I got home. It was almost 8 pm.

"Ken, come over to my place if possible right now." I told him. He hesitated to answer me.

"Ken, will you come or not?" I asked him firmly.

"All right but won't be long." Ken told me. I could feel him walking before he terminated the call.

Ken came in and sat down in one of the coaches facing me.

"Ken, I don't know what is going on, but Kienjeku was here claiming we conned him with a fake cheque. Then he was with two policemen as they were about to arrest me, Onesimus came and told them not to. Then Onesimus told me he will be seeing me soon and it has something to do with our house that was bombed, my late husband and you." I told him. At the mention that it had something to do with him, his expression became that of instant surprise.

"What have I done?" Ken asked me sounding really concerned.

"I don't know. Tell me what you know." I urged Ken.

Ken remained silent for a few seconds too many.

"When Sherry came back, she went to the shop. She told me that 2 strange men approached her and questioned her about me. She told them she is my wife and that seemed to irritate them, for whatever reasons. I don't know if it has anything of help." Ken was sounding very sober.

"Kienjeku is a bad man. Remember he had a pistol the other time." I told Ken.

"I have an idea, I will set him up and he will be eliminated. He also met me some weeks ago and threatened to shoot me. I never told you since I did not want to be troubled." Ken told me sounding very protective. I felt like he was protecting all of us.

"What do you mean eliminated?" I asked Ken.

"This man has to die before he kills us. "Ken sounded very serious.

"What if he is the one who poisoned our cows the other day? Just a wild thought." I asked Ken.

"By the way, how could the cows have just dropped down dead so easily?" Ken asked me. I was about to answer when suddenly my children came running towards Ken to greet him. They were all along with Miriam in the kitchen.

"Hey, when two adults are talking, you are supposed to stay away, manners." I told them.

"Let the little ones come to me." Ken said sounding like Jesus.

"Uncle, today I threw a little boy like how you showed me." Jade told Ken, feeling so proud of himself.

"Fighting is wrong, do not beat someone unless he has done something wrong to you." Ken told the young man.

"All right, the two of you, now leave us alone." I told them and they both left to their various bedroom.

"I think it has something to do with our house that was blown off." I told Ken, not really sure what to think since the whole thing was really confusing.

A sudden gush of cold air got inside the house blowing the curtains, very chilly air.

"Damn! Did Miriam leave the windows open?" I asked loudly as I went to close the windows.

"Sorry, I was washing the window panes and I forgot to close it." Miriam told us as she brought us some coffee.

"Hey, I want to go, please do not serve me anything." Ken told us and stood up to leave.

"Why so suddenly?" I asked him. He was looking at his phone and could tell he was reading something.

"I have to go, see you tomorrow." He said and left.

=====

"I want to have a word with you." That was Sherry, early in the morning before Ken drove her to her workplace.

"What is it? Please tell me." WE were alone in the house as she had come and requested to see me.

"I don't know how to put this, but I am not comfortable at how you keep calling Ken even late at night. You even make him come here and spend so much time with you here. I am growing concerned." She told me. That struck me.

"Sherry, I am sorry. I will have to change." I told her.

"Thank you, Madam. You know, I am a woman, you are a woman and I might be tempted to think other things." She told me. I knew it was easy for her to suspect something. I could also tell she was playing cool but deep down she was hurting.

=====

I went to work as usual but my mind was completely unsettled due to the latest turn of events. I was beginning to feel unsafe. I thought it would be better if I went to see Onesimus and tell him if it was possible for him to investigate what exactly was going on.

I drove to the station in the evening and found a female officer at the counter.

"Good evening, Madam." I greeted her.

"Good evening, welcome. How may I help you?" She was so courteous and polite.

"I wanted to speak with Mr. Onesimus Ouma. The CID." I told her.

She however gave me a puzzled look.

"Did you just say, Onesimus Ouma??" She asked me, keenly looking at me.

"Yes, Onesimus Ouma. Is anything the matter?" I asked her.

She turned to look at the other office and called one of the police officers.

"Afande, this lady wants to speak to Onesimus Ouma..." She said and the officer looked at me really puzzled.

"Do you mean, the CID?" He asked looking at the female officer.

"Yes, obviously." She replied.

"Madam, I don't know if you saw a ghost or a look a like or what exactly is going on but, Onesimus is dead. He was killed about a month ago. We suspect it had something to do with a case he was handling about...about...what was it about?" The male officer asked the female officer.

"About a house that was blown off." The female officer said.

"That house was mine. It was blown off the day my shamba boy was doing his wedding. But what is going on? Onesimus dead? I was with him barely yesterday!!" I was feeling so confused.

"Madam, and what about a man called Douglas? The house belonged to Douglas who was the man to you?" the female officer asked me.

"He was my husband." I told her.

I could see the shock in her eyes.

"Please come with us at the base café." The female officer told me. I followed her to an officer's small café where we sat at one corner.

"Madam, I do not want to scare you, but anyone who ever followed up the case with your husband always died mysteriously, even after the death of your husband, no one is able to unearthed anything about him. He may be dead, but I can tell the criminal underworld which he belonged is still very active. If not, then there must be some people who are interfering with this case by literally frustrating all our efforts to unravel the case. Whoever they are, they are highly intelligent and are a step ahead of all of us. Whoever blew your house, we are almost sure he did it to frustrate our investigations. Before Ouma died, we knew he was following up the case. But now, there must be someone pretending to be Ouma. Who exactly is he? We do not know." The female officer told me as one of the café attendants served us with tea.

"My husband was a very mysterious man. Always travelling, he died with so many secrets. But am glad he left us with some support for the children. I lived with him for 15 years and I hardly knew him. He was

always busy with his work and trust me, I never knew he was a criminal. He even denied me my conjugal rights making me end up with an affair with my shamba boy.” I was being open to the female officer.

She looked at me for a few seconds.

“I cannot judge you, I also have had several affairs one of them with our home driver since my husband is always on the move. He is an air force pilot and rarely in Kenya.” The officer told me smiling.

“They are our husbands.” I said in despair.

The officer seemed to be in deep thought.” But, who is behind all this? Why would anyone masquerade as our late CID? Who else has interest in Douglas’ case? This is a huge puzzle we need to solve.”

The stories were not connecting at all in my mind. At that rate, I knew it would be possible for anyone to link my affair with Ken, with something major. Random occurrences were happening and they all were ending up falling in place in one way or another.

“I have a phone call, let me take it.” I told the officer once I saw an incoming call from Ken.

“Grace, I have a little problem that I need to discuss with you.” Ken told me and terminated the call without even waiting for me to answer him. I tried to call him but he was not picking my phone.

>>To be continued>>

Narrated by ANTHONY KERRY

THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA: SEVENTY-NINE

I went home really thinking what the problem was. He sounded like he was distressed.

I was so surprised to find Ken waiting for me inside my house, seated at the table room drinking some tea that Miriam had given him.

"Ken, what is the problem?" I asked him as I sat with him at the table room.

"I even don't know where to begin." Ken said avoiding eye contact.

"Where is Sherry, your wife?" I asked Ken.

"That is hard to answer now, I actually don't know." Ken told me.

"What do you mean you don't know..." I asked him.

Ken remained silent for almost a minute. I was trying to read his mind but could not.

"Ken, talk to me, where is Sherry?" I asked him.

"Sherry has told me she knows the child is mine, she knows that we have an affair. She got so mad with me and left me standing there not knowing what to tell her. We were home. She told me she is leaving for good and will not bother reconciling with me. Grace am screwed. Your insanity has destroyed my marriage. I kept telling you to avoid me or avoid situations that will arouse suspicion but you never listened to me, your selfishness has led me into this. Are you happy now???" Ken was sounding very agitated.

"Ken, cool down, we can handle this matter amicably..." I was still talking when Ken burst again.

"Cool? Heh! Me cool down when my marriage is burning, let me tell you, you better find someone to marry you, I am not going to handle this anymore." Ken told me.

I thought about his words for a while.

"Ken, I can help you get her back." I told Ken.

"How, just how?" Ken asked me looking at me.

"Go and rebuild your house at the other farm, at least there will be a distance between two of us, then convince her it is your farm and she will come back. She is just mad but she will calm down." I told Ken looking at him.

"Right now, her phone is off and I do not know where to even get her. She is not in her home. She is pregnant remember..." Ken said.

It was almost 6 pm and we were at the table room talking when we suddenly heard someone coming in through the main gate. We stopped talking and I looked outside the window to see right in time Kienjeku coming towards my house alone.

"What the hell does he want? Hide let me see what he wants." I told Ken. He did just that without arguments.

Kienjeku came right inside the house without knocking.

"Woman, I am going to kill you. How can you con me Kshs 400,000??" He said that and drew out a gun. I had never felt afraid all my life like that time. He aimed at my head and pulled the trigger. He fired but his pistol misfired. I screamed.

My screaming must have roused Ken's protective instincts as he burst into the room so fast. He could not hide his shock the moment he noticed Kienjeku had a pistol. But before Kienjeku could aim, Ken grabbed him by his arm which had the gun and pulled him so hard towards him, knocking Kienjeku on his head with his head. But Kienjeku was a very strong man. He hit Ken so hard until Ken staggered backwards and fell over a coach. Miriam came to see what was happening.

"Call the police!" I told her throwing her my phone.

"The police won't help you, you bitch!" Kienjeku said and slapped me so hard until I lost my balance and fell on the floor with my buttocks. MY children began screaming the moment they realized what was happening.

What followed was like a wrestling match between Ken and Kienjeku. Kienjeku was stronger than I had thought as he was pinning Ken to the floor and pressing his neck. I realized things might get out of hand. I grabbed a bottle of soda that was on another table and hit Kienjeku's head so hard until I heard a cracking sound. That must have distracted him as he released Ken to face me. He was about to grab my leg when Ken stood up abruptly holding Kienjeku by his legs. Kienjeku struggled to flee himself but in the process

lost his balance, rolled over a coach on top and landed on the other side of the coach head first. I thought I heard a loud snapping sound and he groaned so hard, breathed hard in and out severally before he lay completely still on the ground.

"Damn! You have killed him!" I told Ken.

"Serves him right, what did he think by stabbing me?" Ken asked angrily and kicked Kienjeku's head so hard knocking him against a wall.

We heard some people coming in through the gate and on looking outside I saw two policemen carrying guns. I opened the door for them.

"Where is the thug?" they asked pointing their guns in front.

Ken pointed at Kienjeku. One policeman went over and touched him, felt his pulse.

"Sir, I think there is a problem." He said and his colleague went over to feel Kienjeku.

"He is dead. What happened?" The policeman asked looking around the house.

"Was there a fight?" The policeman asked again. It was when I realized Ken's hand was bleeding. He had been stabbed at his left bicep.

"He came in and attacked us, Ken fought him." I told the police.

"Ken did not fight him, Ken killed him. This man is dead." The policeman said.

I did not know what to say or to do.

Indeed, Kienjeku was dead. The police took him away but before they left one policeman came back to the house.

"Ken, this is for your own good. You have killed a gang leader. Run for your life, I don't know where you will go but just go away and if possible tonight. If his gang knows you killed their leader, you will die, no question about that." The policeman told Ken.

"Who was he?" I asked the policeman.

"Stop asking questions, organize for Ken to run away. I do not even want to complicate this by having him record a statement. We will say Kienjeku was killed by unknown people." The police man told me.

He sounded so serious!

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"Am I going to go without knowing where my wife is?" Ken asked me. He sounded so sad.

"You will have to, I will follow up to know where Sherry is, but I will have to let you go for your own safety." I told him.

"I have never felt this afraid all my life. Like my life turning upside down. Where do I go now? Criminals have an elaborate network, they can always get you." Ken lamented.

"Try going back to your rural home, we shall communicate. Or see where you can be safe, at least for now until things cool down." I told Ken.

"Please, if you get my wife, tell her everything what happened, let her know I had to go." Ken told me. He was trying so hard to sound strong but I knew he was almost crying. His day had been so bad.

I escorted him with my car up to Limuru town, almost at midnight where I witnessed him take a taxi to unknown destination. I looked as the taxi disappeared in the mist of the straight road that lead towards Kimende or uplands. As I sat there watching him go, I found myself crying real tears of hopelessness and anguish. I felt like I was to blame in everything.

A lot of questions remained in my head.

What does the future hold for Ken?

Where was he going?

Where was his wife?

Shall they reunite?

If they shall not reunite, what shall become of his unborn child and Sherry?

About my pregnancy, what next?

What shall I tell my children who went to sleep as I lied to them?

What of the lady who seemed like he was after Ken, what if she ever finds him?

Shall I get another man like him?

What shall I tell the workers in Naivasha?

I cried for almost an hour before slowly driving home.

I had millions of questions without an answer.

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THIS IS WHERE WE COME TO AN END

But do not leave here yet, Shamba boy SAGA shall resume sometime later in the future. KEN has just gone for a leave, he shall come back with a bang!

The mirrors on the wall saga will help us unlock some mysteries in the Shamba boy SAGA and partly in the Daddy's girl SAGA.

Join the MIRRORS ON THE WALL not to miss out.

Meanwhile, I will compile a PDF for this and upload here for you to read from beginning to the end.

Happy reading.

~SAGA MAN

MANVITA: RESTORE YOUR MANHOOD POWER

This herbal solution comes in tablet form or in powder form. It will help you restore your manhood vitality e.g. hardness, treat premature ejaculations, treat lack of sexual desire etc.



FEMICARE: RESTORING YOUR WOMANHOOD

This herbal solution will take care of vaginal tightness, odor etc.



FEMICARE

Female GEL that has the following benefits

- MAKING THE VAGINA TIGHTER
- ELIMINATING FOUL VAGINAL ODOR
- BALANCING VAGINAL PH TO ENSURE STABLE VAGINAL ENVIRONMENT
- WORKS WITHIN THREE DAYS

NO SIDE EFFECTS

PRICE: KSHS 800 PLUS 200 FOR SHIPPING

PURCHASE VIA MPESA BY SENDING TO
0711 403 777, PROVIDE YOUR NAMES & LOCATION
AND IT WILL BE SENT TO YOU AS PARCEL

SUPER LADY: RESTORE YOUR WOMAN'S POWER

This herbal solution will restore your female libido within 2 weeks of using it.

SUPER LADY FORMULAE



NATURAL HERBAL SOLUTION
FOR WOMEN WITH THE
FOLLOWING PROBLEMS

- LOW LIBIDO
- LACK OF SEXUAL FEELINGS
- LOW LUBRICATION DURING SEX
- HORMONAL IMBALANCES

AMONG OTHER PROBLEMS

STARTS TAKING EFFECT AS
FROM ONE WEEK OF USAGE

PRICE: KSHS 1600
PLUS 200 FOR
SHIPPING

NO
SIDE EFFECTS

PURCHASE VIA MPESA BY SENDING TO
0711 403 777, PROVIDE YOUR NAMES & LOCATION
AND IT WILL BE SENT TO YOU AS PARCEL

My SAGAs: Each saga is Kshs 100 payable via 0711 403 777

1. The romantic office saga season one
2. The shamba boy saga season one
3. The mirrors on the wall season one
4. The daddy's girl saga season one
5. The honey on top of a tree season one
6. The romantic office saga season two
7. The shamba boy saga season two
8. The mirrors on the wall season two
9. The daddy's girl saga season two
10. The dramatic December saga
11. The honey on top of a tree season two
12. The project sky reach saga
13. The romantic office saga season three
14. The shamba boy saga season three
15. The mirrors on the wall season three
16. The honey on top of a tree season three

These are complete stories

Each season is 100. Each season is a complete story. You can get the seasons that you missed. T & C apply.