

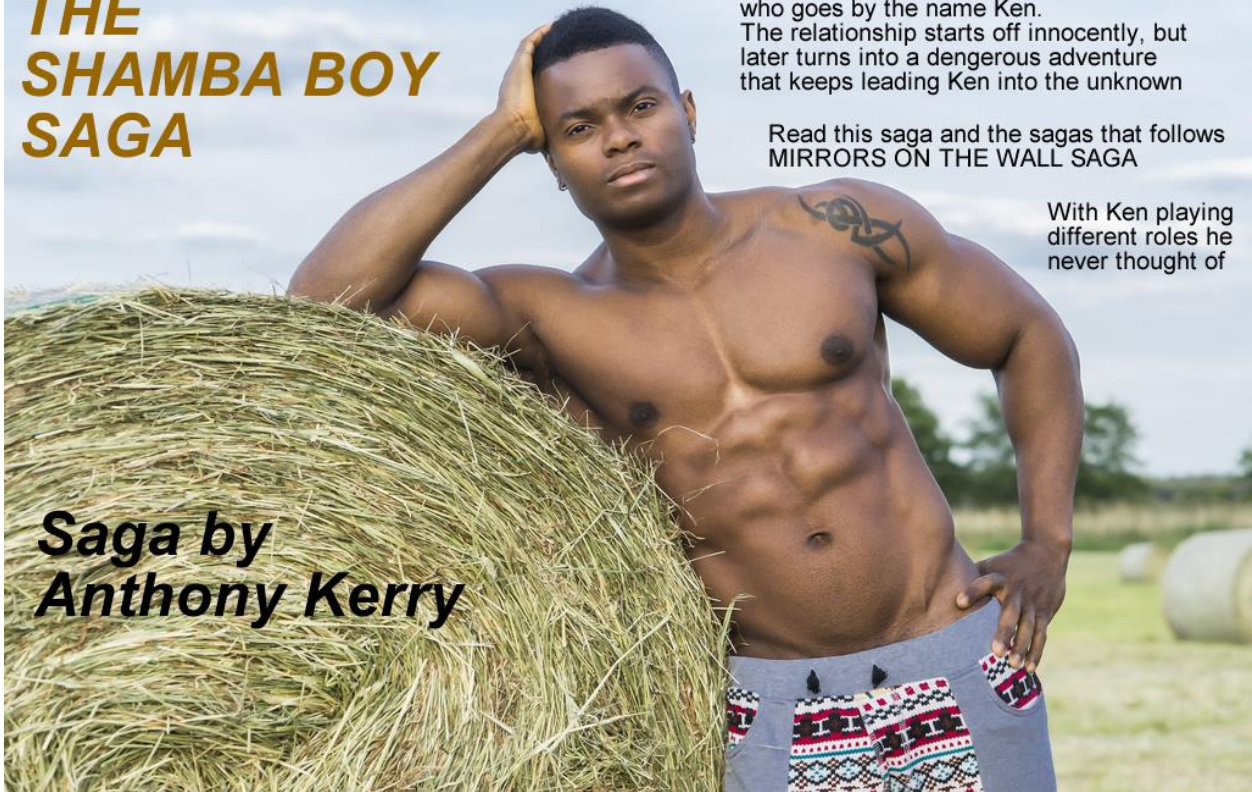
# **THE SHAMBA BOY SAGA**

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

**Saga by  
Anthony Kerry**



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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.

=====

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 last 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 ever 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 ago 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.*

=====

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 couch 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 couch 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 stories 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.

=====

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 of 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 see 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 lest 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 couch 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 gossip 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.





## **\*\*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 yello 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 basic 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 hoped 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 m 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 lessso, 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.

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“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.

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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 advises 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.

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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 hear 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.

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“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.

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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.

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"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.





## **\*\*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.

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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 heard 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, hmmm 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 5<sup>th</sup> 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 7<sup>th</sup> 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!

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“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!

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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 man 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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## **\*\*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 choked 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.





## **\*\*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 awakened 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 surrounded 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 couch together.

"Next.." Lillian said.

I was the 8<sup>th</sup> 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." Lillian 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..." Lillian 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 me 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 thought 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.”

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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 too 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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## **\*\*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.

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=One week later=  
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“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 tweper tweper tweper pwata 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 woman 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?

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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 lessso.

"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 forehead. 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.thepassionatelovers.com](http://www.thepassionatelovers.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.

"Hellooooo." 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! Hmmm, 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 couch 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 of 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.thepassionatelovers.com](http://www.thepassionatelovers.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's 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 breathe 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 for 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. Ken 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 choked me. I felt myself go stiff. Even though it was scary, it was somehow pleasurable to get choked when sexually aroused. Ken choked me so hard until I was gasping for breath. Then he suddenly pushed his hard penis so deep inside me while still choking 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 choking 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 bed 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.

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"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.

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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 lid. 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?!

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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.

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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?”



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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 of 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 Kabete?” 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 choked 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 chartered 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, hmmm...” 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. A 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.

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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!

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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.

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“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.



## **\*\*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.thepassionatelovers.com](http://www.thepassionatelovers.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 a 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 her 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 out 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 to 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.

“Waw! 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.

=====

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.

=====

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.

=====

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

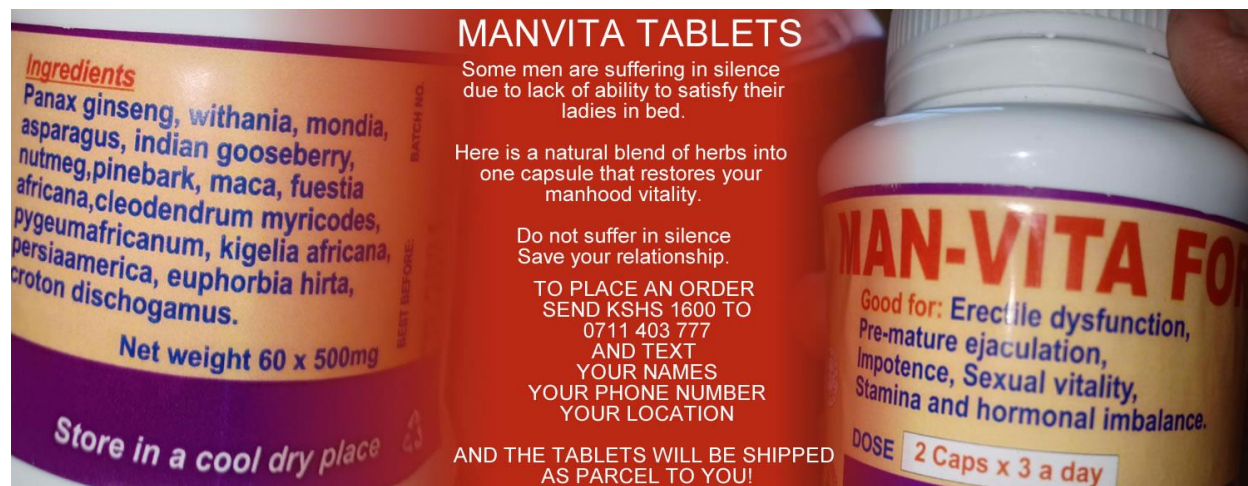
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