



Table of Contents

OVER THE MOON – CHP 1 – Passionate trap	3
OVER THE MOON – CHP 2 – Martha the Marriage Wrecker	9
OVER THE MOON – CHP 3 – A ride with Nduta	15
OVER THE MOON – CHP 4 – Martha the Schemer	21
OVER THE MOON – CHP 5 – Manipulative Martha	28
OVER THE MOON – CHP 6 –Targets and missions	34
**OVER THE MOON – CHP 7 – Enticing... **	40
OVER THE MOON – CHP 8 – Martha the angel	46
OVER THE MOON – CHP 9 – Source of money	52
OVER THE MOON – CHP 10 – Rich plan	58
MANVITA: RESTORE YOUR MANHOOD POWER	64
FEMICARE: RESTORING YOUR WOMANHOOD	65
SUPER LADY: RESTORE YOUR WOMAN’S POWER	66
My SAGAs: Each saga is Kshs 100 payable via 0711 403 777	67

****OVER THE MOON – CHP 1 – Passionate trap****

“Ooooh! Aaaah! Ooooh! Bang it darling, fuck me hard, tear it, its all yours....” Martha cried out as Fred banged her hard from behind nailing her like a hammer driving a nail on a surface, his dick sliding in and out as the beautiful woman enjoyed it like her life depended on it. His entire frame trembled due to the amount of energy he was using to fuck her.

It was a moment Fred had looked upon and waited. He had been chasing to get Martha Wangari, an extremely beautiful woman who was a half cast of a Kikuyu mother and an Arab father. Martha had a body to die for; tall, very light skin smooth all the way, with a tiny waist and large rounded hips and thighs. She was a beauty goddess.

When he was so sure of getting her, Fred even bought Viagra and swallowed on his way to the guest house where he was to meet with Martha and have sex. Now he was with her, he was nailing her like there was no tomorrow. Holding her with his big powerful hands over her waist, he felt like the luckiest man to finally get Martha.

Martha on the other hand was moaning deliberately loudly until her voice could be heard several blocks away. The guest house, one of the best in Naivasha town where they had met, was just perfect for them.

Fred felt like a bull driving his super hard penis in and out of her super wet vagina. Standing tall at 6 feet, with a small pot belly, dark skinned man from Migori, he felt like he had finally won an angel by finally being able to win Martha.

Fred concentrated on hammering her, spanking her large ass as it moved and trembled as he fucked her with all his energy. Fred had not gotten such a sweet honey pot in recent times. He felt like he was floating literally as Martha did powerful kegels to drive him even crazier. The man was moaning too. Each time he would spank her large ass, Martha would almost scream.

“Fuck me hard, baby, fuck me hard!” Martha continued. She would sometimes stare directly in front of her, smile in apparent ecstasy and make faces. She would then turn to look at Fred who was all busy banging her.

“Pull my hair!” Martha told Fred. Fred did as he was told and pulled her hair gently.

Martha loved to be sometimes tortured during sex as she was also a fan of BDSM. She wished there was a whip for Fred to use but she had not come prepared for that.

"I love you so much, I love you honey! Ooooh! Gosh!" Martha said as Fred pulled her by her neck.

"I love you so much too!" Fred replied.

Fred concentrated until he finished inside her, exploded until he felt dizzy and quickly pushed her onto the bed.

Martha lay there feeling his weight which was almost 100 kg.

"Oh! God! I could have done anything to get you, wow! this is the biggest day of my life! I had to come from Migori all the way here to meet you." Fred said as he panted on top of her.

"Get off me please, you are heavy..." Martha pleaded with Fred.

Fred, whose full name was Fredrick Ouma laughed and slowly got off her. Martha looked at him as she turned before slowly reaching for his penis which was still erect. She admired it for a while. Despite him being a Luo, contrary to popular belief, Fred had been circumcised. His penis was around 6 inches in length, narrow towards the tip but wider towards the base. He also had very big testicles.

"I love it." Martha told Fred.

"All for you." Fred told her.

Martha slowly reached for the penis and began to suck it. She made sure Fred knelt facing the front side of the bed where there were pillows as she sucked him. She would suck him, slowly kiss him while pushing his head upwards. Fred, due to pleasure, would just moan while holding her head and caressing her long hair.

Martha then slowly did a bend over facing straight ahead, her back slightly arched downwards as Fred penetrated her yet again. The second round, he did not take long, he concentrated on banging her with even more energy as if to prove his prowess until he exploded as Martha got her orgasm. She guessed he must have been on some sex drug from how his penis was behaving as it would not get soft even after he ejaculated.

"You are such a strong man!" Martha flattered him.

He felt his ego massaged by the statement and said, "I can give you even more and more..."

"I want you to give me more and more too." Martha said while looking at him, "I even want you to be your wife."

"I can make you my wife. In fact, I hate my current mama Watoto. She is a lousy dirty fat woman with big black buttocks that are never washed." Fred said.

Martha laughed hard and said, "Why not take me, as your wife?"

"I would gladly do so. You do not know how I have waited for this moment all my life." Fred said.

"I know, I realized I had been missing to have the best man there can be. I love Luo men, strong, energetic and a nice thing..." she pointed at his penis as she said so.

"I also love Kikuyu ladies. They are beautiful, hardworking and romantic." Fred said. Though he knew he was flattering her as among the Kikuyu women he knew some who were just fat, shapeless and ugly. Women you would not tell where buttocks end and waist begin. He was even surprised to know that Martha was a Kikuyu, whose other name was Wangari.

Martha slowly made Fred lie on the bed and she began to massage him from head to toe. His penis was still stiff enough to penetrate.

"If you give me the chance, I will be your woman." Martha said, "But you must be with me and no other woman."

"What about my wife?" Fred asked.

"Do you still want to live with that ugly witch of your wife?" Martha asked Fred. Fred hesitated to answer. His wife was the mother of his four children aged 16, 14, 12, and the last born 5 who according to Fred was accidentally born as he never intended to have more than three children.

"Ok, we will talk about that." Fred said. He felt enchanted. The woman was a real beauty goddess.

"What does she do at home?" Martha asked while still massaging him.

"She is a house wife." Fred answered. He was honest.

"And you want to live with a lazy woman all your life when you have a chance to marry a hardworking woman like me?" Martha asked him.

"I will consider you. I have admired you for so long." Fred said.

“Even the car I have parked outside is mine, bought with my own money.” Martha said. She had gotten there driving a blue Range rover which she had hired to make an impression to the man in order to slowly achieve her purpose.

“Wow! how much did it cost you?” Fred asked Martha.

“A lot, believe me, a lot of money. I know how to make money that should not worry you.” Martha told Fred. She then slowly slid his penis into her vagina and just sat there looking at him. Then they continued talking as the semi hard penis remained inside there.

“God must have created you with gold when he created the rest of the people with mud.” Fred told Martha admiring her beauty. He even began to caress her breasts.

“I only want a husband.” Martha told Fred.

“You now have, a strong, Luo husband.” Fred told Martha.

“No sharing, I am very jealous.” Martha said with a charming smile.

“I no longer fuck my wife. She is cold down there, unlike you who is as hot as an oven.” Fred said and caressed her thighs.

Martha smiled and began to do kegels. Slowly, Fred regained his erection and Martha began to ride his penis, pressing it with her powerful vaginal muscles until Fred began to moan. She would gyrate her hips, drive them up and down, do other maneuvers with her waist until Fred could not hold anymore. As he began to ejaculate, Martha caressed his nipples. Fred screamed as he exploded.

As soon as he had his orgasm, Martha slowly caressed him all over his chest, neck, head, as she slithered on his body making erotic motions, smothering him with her large breasts until Fred slowly fell asleep.

Martha waited to be so sure he was totally sleeping and then, she reached for her handbag. She got out her phone, went to her camera and began taking photos of Fred lying there on the bed totally naked, totally asleep. She even did a selfie lying next to him such that both of their faces were visible.

Martha then moved around taking a video of him lying there. She then checked inside the room’s wardrobe where she had set another camera to take a video of them having sex, and another camera right in front of them, hidden carefully in front of the bed. She made sure the recorder was working and then went back to sleep next to him.

After about 2 hours, Fred woke up.

"I have to go; I still have some clients to meet in Nairobi and I am late." Fred said as he slowly sat upright. He looked at Martha and smiled.

"Spend a night with me here." Martha pleaded.

"Next time, I promise." Fred told Martha.

Martha made a face as if she was disappointed. Fred gave her a gentle kiss.

"Ok. Do I go out with you or...? I know you are a married man and...." Martha asked feigning concern and paused.

"No, you stay here and let me go alone, you can come out later. I am a well known and respected man. I cannot risk being seen with you. At least not now." Fred told Martha.

"It is ok, I will wait here until you tell me I can come out." Martha said innocently.

"Good, great! That is why I love you. You are so considerate." Fred said. He then got inside the bathroom and quickly showered.

As he came out, Martha helped him wipe himself before handing him his suit. She then assisted him to wear it as fast as he could, even straightened his shirt and coat.

"If all men get a woman like you, this world will be full of happiness." Fred told Martha.

"I am your woman now." Martha told Fred.

"I believe." Fred said.

After another passionate kiss, Fred left. He was careful not to be seen with Martha. He knew so well she was probably a high-class whore but felt flattered when she kept saying she even wanted to get married to him. That softened his heart until he nearly told her he will buy for her a car, until he learned the woman is driving a bigger car than his own.

Fred drove out of the guest house. It was around 5 pm. When he got on the Nakuru-Nairobi highway, he called Martha and told her that he was gone and it was ok for her to come out too.

Martha on the other hand sat on the bed and reviewed her recordings. She had carefully and professionally recorded them having steamy sex. One camera took them from the side, and another from

the front. All cameras captured them very clearly, showing his face and his entire body. It even got the words they were speaking and every other noise in the room.

Martha also reviewed the photos she took of him lying on the bed, and the small video from her camera.

To be so sure that the videos and photos do not get erased, Martha uploaded them to her cloud storage space, in various locations.

“Fred,” Martha called out on her own while standing there still naked, “You will now dance to my tune or go to hell, woe unto the woman you call your wife, she is leaving you soon since the scandal that will hit you is bigger than the thunders of Lake Victoria.”

Martha then went to bathroom, showered and got ready to leave the guest house feeling satisfied that she had accomplished her day’s mission.

>>The drama continues>>

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****OVER THE MOON – CHP 2 – Martha the Marriage Wrecker****

“MWA is doing great so far. It is a good start. I want to show you how we do it.” Martha told the girls the following week when they held a meeting in Nakuru, at a one of the hotels. She had the videos which she had recorded of herself with Fred having sex, even photos and any other evidence enough to implicate the man and destroy his reputation.

“Someone remind me please, what is MWA? I thought we were KAC?” Alicia asked.

Martha looked at Alicia with a wicked smile for a while and told her, “MWA stands for Marriage Wreckers Association. Seems you have not been following our meetings right. Or you have been absent minded during our online meetings.” Martha told her.

“Since when did we stop being Kenya Association of Concubines and became Marriage Wreckers Association? I thought our aim was to be legally and socially recognized concubines and not to destroy marriages?” Alicia asked.

“Yes.” Martha said, “And that is who we are too. We will be recognized by force, by fire, and we will wreck their marriages. Remember, if it were not for those marriages, our girl Charity would not have been gangraped by whoever did it. I am sure some married women somewhere paid the rapists and did this evil. It is their time to pay now.”

“Don’t bother with much explanations, just take us through what you did and how you did it with Fred.” Brenda, who was their lawyer and also a member told Martha.

Other ladies were just ok with what Martha was saying and did not see a problem. Liz however had her own reservations. With her 4 months pregnancy, the bigger the pregnancy got, the more she fell in love with Andrew and the more she felt respect for his wife.

“Ok, this is how I did it, in the hotel room, before the man gets there, make sure you are already there. Be armed with a set of cameras, maybe two or three if you can afford. Set the cameras at a vantage position to be able to capture the two of you, what you are doing with him. Make sure it can get the face well, probably his dick too and anything else you want to record.

Make sure your cameras can also record voice.

After you are done, review the recordings and make sure you got the right thing. We have a video editor with us right here...” Martha pointed at one of the girls in attendance, “She will be doing the editing before

we finally release the sex tape online to tarnish a man's reputation, blackmail him and target his wife showing that the man is a whore who goes around fucking random women."

"How are you to place the cameras?" Njoki, another girl in attendance asked.

"You can place the cameras carefully below the pillows, or, check the TV in the guest room and see if there is a way you can place the camera discreetly there to be able to capture. Before you even invite the man inside, make sure to review the position and be sure it is already well placed.

Make no mistakes, if the camera falls during the act, or the man gets to see it, you might be in big trouble. The man will probably know what you want and you are done." Martha said.

"Wow! I love you already!" Brenda told Martha.

"Another way we do it, is like when you go out with that man, in a club probably, have someone, one of us can do, to take photos and a video discreetly.

Now, with this one it is easy, there are these body cams mostly used by US cops. The camera is in the pocket. Its recording device however is attached to anywhere you wish on your clothes, I prefer putting it here..." Martha pointed between her cleavage, "When it is around here, most people will just assume it is an ornament and will not bother much, but the cable is attached to the camera inside and sending the recorded video in the camera. Even detectives use such."

"Where do we get such cameras?" another girl asked.

"I will import them for you." Martha said, "I have someone in USA who can supply us with the cameras, he is a police officer in New York."

"How many marriages have you wrecked so far?" Brenda asked Martha.

"Countless, I am a serious marriage wrecker. I hate seeing other women enjoying their marriages. They think they have a monopoly of all good men and take us single mothers as losers." Martha said.

"You have a child?" Njoki asked Martha.

"Yes, a boy who is 8 years old now. My pride, the man of my life." Martha said with a smile on her face that was a bit exaggerated.

"Oh! how nice! And how do you manage to be this beautiful and you have already breastfed? Some of us got sagging breasts as soon as we got our first." Njoki said.

“Just maintain yourself. Not a hard thing to do, take care of your health.” Martha said.

“Ok, let us finish first on the part of trapping men...” Brenda said.

“I think I am done.” Martha told them.

“After you release the sex tapes, how do you go about it after that?” Brenda asked.

“Photoshop is also great. You tell a graphic designer to do several other photos of you and the man. Since you already have the man with you, probably when he is holding you in various places, you now make more and more photos and then release them online. Online idlers will take over since in Kenya, nothing trends faster than a leaked scandalous sex episode. You can even hire a blogger to do that, even make a fake story and make it trend.” Martha said.

“Through WhatsApp groups, Facebook etc.” Letisha who was also in attendance told the girls.

All the girls laughed.

“Wow! you are a genius!” Wambui, one of the concubines said.

“Then to the man, how do you explain the leaked tapes?” Brenda asked.

“You pretend to be innocent. Just say your phone got stolen and someone accessed the photos you took together. If it is a sex tape, like the one I have, just pretend to be very innocent, even cry when asked. Say someone probably wants to also tarnish your name too, or even turn the case around and accuse him of recording you secretly as you have sex. Make him feel guilty too, but remember your mission is to make the other lady as mad as possible until she leaves the man and your mission will have been accomplished.” Martha said.

“Waa! If I was married, I would not quickly jump to conclusion when I see my husband trending online on a leaked sex scandal.” One of the girls said.

“Most of these married women are stupid, they have no second thought because they think they own the man. Most are just nagging idiots who wants anything to accuse their husband on cheating. They even monitor their husbands’ movements all the time looking for anything to nag them more.” Martha said.

“That is true, I noticed something very odd with married women. instead of focusing on how to enjoy the marriage, they are often focusing on catching the man cheating. Married women are just crazy, they live

forever wanting a proof that the man is cheating. Men cannot even go to meet with his boys peacefully. The women think he is just out there with another woman.

Married men are living like caged animals. Their wives even set spies to always give them information about their husbands. A man cannot innocently stand on the road with a girl in the neighborhood without his wife ending up knowing sooner or later, probably even accusing him of cheating on her yet the man did absolutely nothing with the girl.

Some married women are even crazier, they can even hire a private investigator to keep following up their husbands looking for evidence that he is cheating. Most wives are spies on their own too. In fact, FBI should just hire married women and make use of them..." Letisha said making the girls laugh even more.

"By the way," Lucia, one of the girls in attendance said, "I have never understood why most married women are obsessed in getting evidence that their husbands are cheating on them. They are forever looking for it, in their phones, on social media, in how he makes calls, in his Mpesa statements, etc."

"Insecurity makes them," Martha said, "Most of them know they are not as beautiful like us. Also, most got married to those men for all the wrong reasons like to avoid paying bills, that is why they get so threatened whenever they see their husbands making friendships with their female colleagues at work. She knows another hardworking woman might lure her husband and take her away and should his man focus his attention on another woman, she knows she is done because she is lazy and jobless.

This is why married women hate us, we are independent and beautiful." Martha finished saying that by picking the glass of wine in front of her and finished it in several gulps.

"What else do these women offer those men except their vagina and babies? Most cannot even cook better food. We outdo them by a lot." Njoki said.

"That is why I hate their marriages and keep destroying them. I drive a man crazy, make sure he stops even supporting his lazy wife. In a way, I am also helping these lazy wives." Martha said.

"How?" Brenda asked Martha while smiling.

"If a man stops supporting that lazy cow, the woman eventually gets some brains to know she ought to pull her own weight. Most women need to be abandoned in order to learn to survive on their own. These women are just stupid, the more their husbands love them, the more stupid they get. How do you explain how a woman resigns from work and goes to be a house wife just because she got a hardworking and

responsible man? Isn't that being stupid? Or worse, a woman with her education instead of being productive even to herself, she opts to become a house wife and completely forgets she ever got educated?

She would rather have told her father not to take her to school and just wait until she grows some breasts and marry her off to a man in the village." Martha said.

"Martha, you are so bitter with married women. What did they do to you?" Liz asked Martha.

"I hate them because they think we are inferior. They keep asking us: if you are better than us, how comes you are not married?" Martha said.

Liz did not want to continue with her questions since she knew most thought of her as a sympathizer of married women.

"The girl who got married to my ex does everything she can to make me jealous. That is why I want my revenge too." Brenda said.

"We are also avenging our boss." Martha added.

"Charity is still healing, let her heal first then come to give us the way forward." Liz told them.

"Can you play the tape for us? Just a request..." Njoki told Martha.

"Why not? Nothing to hide, I am a woman just like all of you. And oh! am not a lesbian." Martha said.

Everyone got anxious to see. The girls put the lids down in the small conference hall they had gotten. Someone even went outside to make sure no one would see inside.

"Is the privacy ok?" someone asked.

"Yes." The girl who came from outside said, "all ok."

Martha set the video to play at the projector. She however muted the voice. The video was from the front camera. As the video began to play, their faces were clearly visible such that you would not even guess who it was. The man was making all funny faces.

"You must have driven him over the moon with pleasure!" a girl said while pressing her thighs together. The video was making her horny.

“Leave alone that, my vaginal muscles can make a man scream his mother’s name.” Martha bragged. The ladies laughed.

“How do you do that?” a girl asked when Fred shed tears as he nailed Martha from behind.

“When you are in dog style and you do kegels, the pelvic bone presses the dick from below, that is where it is most sensitive. Arch your back as much as you can to make the feeling even more intense. Give the man a crazy view of your ass, when you do so, the man will go crazy with you.

Even if you come out of there and tell him to buy you a car, if he is a rich man, you will get the car. That is how I drive men crazy and tell them to leave their lazy nagging wives. Most leave and think they are getting me as a wife, but as soon as they leave their wives, I leave too...” Martha said and chuckled. Brenda was so impressed such that she did a high five to Martha.

“Gosh! The things that men cannot resist from a beautiful woman!” Njoki said.

“I normally call it B squared.” Martha said and paused.

“What is B squared?” Liz asked.

“Beauty and Brains. If you are beautiful and have brains, no man can resist you. Most wives are ugly and have no brains. This is why I easily trap their husbands.” Martha said.

Liz looked at the video for a while. It was making her so horny seeing Martha driving the man crazy such that she decided as soon as the meeting would be over, she was going to call Andrew and tell him to wait for her at her home since he had a spare key to her place.

>>The drama continues>>

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****OVER THE MOON – CHP 3 – A ride with Nduta****

Finally, after all was said and done, it was time to go home. The ladies who had vehicles agreed to carry some who did not have their own vehicles. Martha carried one lady; Liz also carried one lady who was slightly older than her.

As Liz reversed to go, the lady, whose name was Nduta said, “Let me get a lift from you, since my man has not bought me a car yet.”

“What does he do?” Liz asked Nduta.

“He is a manager in one of the hotels in Nanyuki.” Nduta said.

“Does he earn good money enough to buy you a car?” Liz asked.

“Yes, I once saw his pay slip and he gets 280,000 per month. And that is besides the allowances he gets monthly, and the money he steals from the hotel too.” Nduta said.

“Then he should be able to buy you even a small vitz, a second hand vitz.” Liz told Nduta sarcastically. Nduta never caught the sarcasm.

“I want a bigger car, not a small car.” Nduta said. “You women are lucky, or some of you. Look at you, seems you have a nice man, mine is all stingy.”

Liz laughed.

“Why do you think he is stingy?” Liz asked the girl.

“He has rented for me a house he pays Kshs 12,000 per month, a two-bedroom house. He buys us food but that is all he does. HE drives the best car in town, and has bought his wife a car too but for me he has totally refused to buy me a car.” The lady lamented.

“Keep talking to him, he probably shall buy you a car.” Liz could not understand why the lady was so obsessed with having a man buy her a car, “Or you just buy for yourself a car.”

“How can I? I do not get enough salary to. I sell clothes in Nyeri town, a small stall and I barely make over 10,000 per month.” Nduta said.

“Yes, keep trying until you make it.” Liz told her.

“Did your man buy you this car?” Nduta asked.

“No.” Liz replied.

“Did another man buy you a car? I know you ladies are smart, we ladies are smart. These men think we are dumb but we know how to play our cards right. Right now, I am dating two more men and I am sure soon one of them will enter my box and buy me a car.” Nduta said.

“Nduta, let me tell you the truth that might not go well with you.” Liz told Nduta and slowed down as if to concentrate on talking to her. They were headed for Nyahururu town and then take the road going to Nyeri.

“Ok.” Nduta said and smiled.

“Do not always rely on men to do something for you. Be yourself and do something for yourself. There is joy in being able to do for yourself whatever you wish. Like me now, this is my car, I bought it with my own money. The house I am living, I am the one who pays it and it costs me Kshs 22,000 per month. I pay my own bills too.

On top of that, I am a business lady and proud of it.” Liz said calmly.

“I don’t believe you. Any woman who has all that has a rich man. Behind a woman’s money is a man who finances her.” Nduta said.

“That is what lazy women made you believe.” Liz said.

“No, that is how it is! Women out here shout all the time that they are independent but when you dig deeper, they have men who finance their lives. The miss independent tag is to lure more men into their traps. They pretend to be making their own money but it is men who give them that money, or who connect them to that money.” Nduta said.

“And that is where you go wrong, Nduta. We have women who earn genuine money for themselves. They work hard to earn a living. They go for the deals they deal with and work hard to get even more. Let me ask you an honest question and please answer it.” Liz said.

“Ask.” Nduta said.

“If the man who is supporting you suddenly stops, will you be able to survive on your own?” Liz asked Nduta.

"I will take him to court." Nduta said, "I will cause all the drama until he starts to support me and the children, I got with him."

"You still have not answered me." Liz told her. She remained silent for a while.

"I will just get another man; I am still young and beautiful." Nduta said, "I can attract another man."

"How old are you?" Liz asked her.

"33." Nduta said.

"And you think that is young? Nduta you need to get serious. At your age and you are still talking of earning 10,000, and you have two children, and talking of getting more men to fund your life?" Liz asked Nduta.

"If a man cannot support you then he is not worth your time." Nduta said.

Liz sighed. "Ok." She said.

"This is why we as concubines are taking them to court for recognition. And that is why we are bitter because of what happened to Charity. It is through her we got recognized. My man finally agreed to declare me as his official concubine. At least now I can take him to court if he stops supporting my children.

I wish I got these children with a man from another tribe, Kikuyu men have money but are extremely stingy. They never help their women, not a wonder most of their wives ends up as single mothers." Nduta said.

"Is the man married?" Liz asked.

"Yes, I am his concubine." Nduta said.

"And you say not a wonder most of Kikuyu men's wives end up as single mothers? And you even said he bought his wife a car? How do you contradict yourself this much?" Liz asked Nduta.

Nduta smiled and said, "Ok, I know he is good to his wife, and probably generous too but I like Luo men more. A Luo man even if you are not his wife, as long as he is fucking you, he will make you feel like a queen and treat you like a queen. He can even take a loan to treat you, but these Kikuyu guys, they would rather take a loan to buy a plot but not to make his woman feel like a queen."

Liz laughed. For a moment, Liz drove silently. She was reflecting. Since she began dating Andrew, Andrew had never done anything major to her, not even buying her a dress. For a while, she thought: Nduta is

saying the truth, or somehow the truth. These Kikuyu men must be stingy. But then again, Liz told herself: I do not need his money, or I need is his love, but buying even a present would make me feel nice....

“So, according to you, between Kikuyu men and Luo men, who are better to date?” Liz asked Nduta.

“Luo men. They make women feel special.” Nduta said.

“What about to settle with?” Liz asked Nduta.

Nduta hesitated to answer for a while. When she spoke, she said, “Kikuyu men I guess, they have a sharp focus for the future. A Luo man will blow up his entire wealth trying to please a woman but a Kikuyu man will invest. Like my dude, all he keeps telling me is to make more money so that we can contribute to buy a plot for me so that I can move out of a rental house. He said he is willing to buy a plot for me in Nanyuki but I must contribute at least 40% of the amount.”

“Then you are lucky and you do not know you are lucky! This is a man who has your future and here you are talking about being treated like a queen, what more would you want? Go make money, get the 40% he wants and buy a plot, settle there and make sure the plot is in your name, or co-owned proportionally to the amount you contributed so that in case you part ways, you still have something of your own.

Forget about those men who only want to treat you like a queen but do not care about your future.” Liz told Nduta.

“What about this idea of Martha? To wreck their marriages?” Nduta asked.

“Personally, I will not wreck the marriage of the man I am dating. He has been so good to me so far and I love him. in fact, let me say it to you and I do not care if you will tell Martha or not, if anyone tries to wreck the marriage of my man, I will personally deal with her.” Liz said.

“What? You defending the marriage of a man who is not married to you?” Nduta asked.

“Yes, and will do it even more.” Liz said.

“Does his wife know you are with her man?” Nduta asked.

“I don’t know, and I don’t care. He is my man too and I love him. I would not want anything bad to happen to him. I am not after anything from him but his love and affection.” Liz said.

“Does he support you financially?” Nduta asked Liz.

“No, in fact, I have supported him financially several times.” Liz said.

“Sorry to tell you this, you are the most stupid woman I have come across recently. How do you support a man financially? How? Are you his mother?” Nduta asked Liz.

“Excuse me, you are in my car and you have the guts to talk to me like that...” Liz felt offended.

“Yes, because you are stupid. You support a man financially so that he can go to support another woman and her children. Are you bewitched?” Nduta asked.

They were passing over some hills and it was raining. Liz slowly stopped and parked at the side of the road.

“Nduta, if you continue talking to me like that, I am going to let you out and let your men come and pick you right here. Ok?” Liz told Nduta feeling so annoyed.

Nduta knew none of the men she was fucking would come to pick her.

“Ok, just drop me in Nyeri town.” Nduta said arrogantly. Liz looked at her for a while and then got back on the road and kept driving slowly. Liz could not stop wondering: Why is it that women who think men should always support them also happen to be among the most arrogant women on earth? Do they think they have something special compared to other women?

For the rest of the journey to Nyeri town, the two ladies never talked.

When they got to Nyeri, it was not raining but it was cloudy and very cold.

“I will drop you where you are safe.” Liz told Nduta.

“Drop me right over there,” Nduta pointed at some boda bodas, “I will pick one of them to take me home.”

“Ok, be careful, it is cold out here.” Liz told her.

“Don’t worry, thank you for the ride. I really appreciate.” Nduta said as she got out of the car as soon as Liz stopped.

“You are welcome, be safe. Remember to call me and tell me you got home safely.” Liz told Nduta.

“I will.” Nduta said as she called one of the boda boda riders to pick her. As soon as she left, Liz also drove away taking a short cut to her home. There were other motorists on the road making Liz feel safe to be going home at that time. All she wanted was to get home and chat with Andrew, she was really missing him.

Nduta finally got home safely. Liz also got home safely. Nduta called Liz to inform her she was finally home.

“That is good, have a good night.” Liz told Nduta and terminated the call. She then sat watching the space in front of her to reflect on her day before doing something else.

>>The drama continues>>

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****OVER THE MOON – CHP 4 – Martha the Schemer****

The following day, a Sunday, Martha went to meet with a video editor, who was also a member in their KAC group, a 29 years old concubine known as Eunice. She had her work in Thika and would work even on Sundays if need be.

Martha told Eunice that the work was urgent and they needed it done before the following morning so as they can get set to be released online.

Eunice opened her cyber at exactly 8 am and checked if all her software was ready and working. Martha got to her place at exactly 8:30 am, one of the stalls in Thika town and a cyber.

“Good morning, I thought you will be late.” Eunice told Martha.

“I am never late for appointment.” Martha told Eunice while giving her a flash disk that had the copies of the videos and photos, “They are inside here, I want you to edit them into one video, be as creative as you can and make them professional. I want to blackmail this man until he gives up his family.”

Eunice laughed and asked Martha, “What do you stand to gain in all this?”

“A mission, wrecking marriages, nothing much. I will milk him dry if possible.” Martha said with a wicked smile. When she settled inside, her strong perfume filled the small cybercafe which had 6 computers and 2 servers, one for Eunice and her assistant.

Eunice laughed and said, “Ok, I wish you all the best, mine is to just work for you guys.”

“Will you do for us for free?” Martha asked Eunice and winked.

“No, this is my job.” Eunice replied politely.

“No problem, we will pay.” Martha said as Eunice got working with the available video editors. Martha sat there next to her watching as she worked.

Martha wore a yellow leather trouser, yellow shoes and a white blouse. She also had a yellow handbag. Her hair was flowing all the way to her back and she had large yellow earrings.

“You are smart, you look like our socialites.” Eunice told Martha.

“Thank you, you look great too.” Martha told Eunice who had worn a pair of dark grey jeans, white sandals and a blue T-shirt written in front: kiss me. Eunice however never cared how she looked as long as she was decent.

“Do you have a degree in IT or computer science?” Martha asked Eunice as she began working.

“No.” Eunice replied.

“What? And I can see you are so competent with computers!” Martha said.

“I learned this through practice. When I finished high school, my mother who was unable to take me to college told me I can as well get married. I however approached a certain guy who owned a cyber and told him to teach me how to work with computers in return, I would be washing his cybercafe and cleaning it regularly for him for free. We agreed on that. He was kind and taught me whenever there was free time. That is how I developed interest for computers.” Eunice said.

“Amazing! And you never went to school??” Martha asked.

“No, that was my school. I worked for him for 4 years. During that time, I learned a lot from him, from how to manage the business, how to handle clients, software and packages. I then bought my own computer and kept it at home, used it to learn on my own. I would go online and learn online tutorials. I realized I loved videos and graphics and concentrated much on them.

Now as we speak, I can edit any photos and any video and that is my specialty.” Eunice said.

“You are special, wow!” Martha told Eunice.

“Not really, I always encourage young girls not to get into prostitution once life hits a dead end. I volunteered to benefit from it and learned while working there.” Eunice said.

“That is great. I honestly thought you have a Degree or something.” Martha told Eunice.

“No, one does not need a degree to make it in life, you only need determination. Of course, some jobs it is like it is a must to have a degree but some of these technical jobs, you can just learn as you move on. I have a friend of mine, a girl who works as a mechanic somewhere in Thika. At least it is better than sleeping around with men to earn a living.” Eunice said.

“And how did you end up as a concubine now that you are...” Martha asked Eunice with a wink on her face.

Eunice laughed and said, "Let me say, just the usual madness with us women. I met this man. Knew he was married and even tried so much to avoid him but my feelings for him kept growing. We were going to the same church and I would see him regularly. Then he became a big client of me here and slowly, our relationship grew the more we saw each other.

Eventually, I accepted to date him. I made it clear to him though that I am not willing to replace his wife, all I want was some of his time and attention."

"That is nice, so, are you his second wife or..." Martha asked.

"No, concubine and thanks to Charity, I am now a legally recognized concubine. I however did not have to force him to do it. When I told him of my wish to be legally recognized, he asked me how possible is that. I told him we have an established legal framework which oversees that. He agreed on condition that I do not use it against him and his first or legal wife.

We followed the due process and eventually I got my certificate just like a marriage certificate. But even before then, he had been paying school fee for our child who is 4 years now." Eunice said.

"Does he pay your rent?" Martha asked.

"What is all this obsession with women having men pay rent for them anyway? No! I pay my own rent. I do not have to wait for him to come and pay. But at least he caters for the rest willingly. But it was not always so easy...." Eunice said.

"As in?" Martha asked.

Eunice remained silent for a few minutes to concentrate on the video she was editing and then continued and said, "One day, his wife came here and insulted me a lot calling me a home wrecker. She even threatened to beat me up. I just remained silent. I have no intentions of wrecking his home."

"Why? You should." Martha told Eunice.

"Why?" Eunice asked.

"Let her feel the heat of being the other woman too, or having no husband of her own. These married women are selfish. Now that she thought you wanted to wreck her marriage, go ahead and wreck it, let her accusations come true." Martha told Eunice.

"No, that is wrong." Eunice said.

"I am sure she called you a prostitute, a home wrecker, and other few names..." Martha told Eunice.

"Yes, she did." Eunice said.

"It is time to pay her back. Remember, it is not the man you are paying back, it is her for disrespecting you. Let her know you are a woman enough and can as well displace her. She should have kept her lanes, have you ever gone to her workplace to insult her? I guess not. Make her pay for her stupidity." Martha told Eunice.

Eunice was getting slowly convinced.

"Will that earn me any respect?" Eunice asked.

"It will." Martha replied.

For the time Martha was with Eunice, she had managed to convince her the need to displace the other woman, "Even when we are on the road, overtaking is allowed. If you sulk whenever she insults you, she will see you as a coward, but when you overtake her, she will respect you. She will come here begging for you to allow her at least have time with the man. If married women respected us, we would respect them but since they despise us, we will show them dust."

"Imagine she even spit on my face when she came here insulting me!" Eunice said.

"Why?? Aren't you a woman like her? What does she have what you do not have? You have a vagina like her, you have breasts like her? What else? She should know you are even more beautiful than her!" Martha told Eunice. Eunice did not respond to that. According to her, she did not even think she was more beautiful than her man's wife. The only thing she could remember the man saying was telling her that her pussy is sweeter and she knew how to cook better than the other woman. She was also doing her own business unlike the other woman who was employed.

"She works as a Nurse in one of the hospitals in Thika. Here, look at her photos." Eunice told Martha as she opened the woman's Facebook account. The woman was medium height, light skin and medium bult. She however had a very pretty face that was spotless.

"I see, but I am sure she cannot rival you. I am sure the man came to you because there was something she lacked." Martha told Eunice.

“She is very arrogant. He used to tell me that sometimes she comes from work and acts all tired such that she does not even cook for him. He would have to go to a hotel to eat. Sometimes she goes on a night shift leaving the man in the house alone with their 3 children.” Eunice said.

“Nice, now, let me give you a plan on how we are going to do this... that is if you want to work with me.” Martha said.

“Ok, tell me...” Martha told Eunice.

“You are a graphic designer, just take her photos, photoshop them with another man, make them look authentic and then, make a fake Facebook account or give them to me, release them online and eventually her husband will get them. During that time, whenever he comes visiting give him mad sex, make him feel like heaven is coming down through your pussy. That will draw him closer to you and I am sure the other end it will be crumbling because the man will think she is cheating on him.

I can even pay a man to seduce her and we have a video of them having sex too!” Martha said.

Eunice laughed and said, “The second option sounds better.”

Martha laughed even more and said, “I know women cheat regularly on their men, and those who have not, will do so given chance. Only that women are so secretive. I will get a man to seduce her, then we get the evidence and present it to her husband, or rather make sure he knows. That will do the trick.”

“Can a married woman be seduced and accept?” Eunice asked.

“Yes, this is how you will do it in the meantime, give him more and more sex such that whenever he goes back to his wife, he is drained and not able to fuck her. That will gradually starve her to make her vulnerable. Then I will get a playboy who will seduce her and she will fall into the trap. I will work with the playboy and get the evidence we want.” Martha said.

“How can I hook him more to myself?” Eunice asked with a smile. She was almost done with the work she was doing.

“This bitch called Liz even if she is not really supporting us, I know she knows much about beauty products. Consult with her and make yourself more and more attractive. I will help you to import pheromones too which when you spray yourself, the man will even get more hooked up to you. Then when giving him sex, give your all, ride that dick like you want to go to heaven with it, you get what I mean? That should do the trick.” Martha told Eunice.

“Wow! you really know these things!” Eunice told Martha.

“Just like how you know your work here, and by the way, congratulations, you are a real definition of women empowerment. I am sure some men went to university and did a degree in computer science but cannot do even half of what you just did here. How much will you charge me?” Martha asked Eunice.

“For you, Kshs 22,000.” Eunice told Martha, “This is a lot of work I did for this video. This is a source record edition with several cuts....”

“Spare me the trade jargons, I can see the video is great. I will pay you, don’t worry. Do I pay you in cash or through M-pesa?” Martha told Eunice.

“Pay via Mpesa, it is ok with me.” Eunice said feeling excited.

Martha paid promptly.

“You see, you even make good money more than the other bitch who came to your work to insult you, I will send to you more clients and will give you more jobs. Now, how about we go for lunch? I am hungry now.” Martha told Eunice after paying her and getting a receipt.

“It is ok.” Eunice said as she slowly shut down her computer.

“Is your car parked around here?” Martha asked Eunice.

Eunice laughed hard and said as they began to get out of the cyber, “My dear, I do not have a car....”

“Come on, with all the money you are earning, why not buy a car?” Martha asked her.

“I am saving to buy a house in Thika, for about 4.5 million. It is in its own compound and I have started paying for it.” Eunice said as they walked towards Martha’s car.

“Be careful not to be conned, I hope you followed all the legal procedures and precautions.” Martha told Eunice.

“Yes, I am buying it through a lawyer who deals with properties.” Eunice said.

“That is better, never purchase anything worth millions without involving a lawyer, a registered lawyer.” Martha said. She opened the door for Eunice to get in.

As they began going searching for a place to eat, Martha told Eunice, “By the end of next week, I will have brought down 2 marriages....”

>>The drama continues>>

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****OVER THE MOON – CHP 5 – Manipulative Martha****

The following week, on Tuesday, Martha called Fred and told him they should meet.

Fred was more than happy to get a meeting request from Martha. He even directed her where they should meet in Kiambu.

“There is a nice restaurant on your way to Ruiru, can’t remember the name but when in Kiambu, drive towards Ruiru. Get there and wait for me. They even have nice guest houses. We can have some private time there.” Fred told Martha.

“Ok, darling. Am on my way. Meet you there.” Martha told Fred.

Martha drove herself to the said restaurant. She even ordered some wine and began drinking as she waited for Fred.

Fred finally got there.

“Hey, my Queeeeeeeen! I am finally here!” Fred greeted Martha as they hugged.

“I am here my king.” Martha replied.

They settled on a reserved table and got served. Fred requested for roasted meat and Ugali. He also requested for some wine too.

“How have you been?” Martha asked Fred. Before Fred would answer she said, “I have missed you.”

“I have missed you too.” Fred said, “I still remember how we made sweet love, I miss the same. I am even having a stiff erection as we talk right now.”

“Wow!” Martha said and using her legs under the table felt for his penis. Indeed, it was stiff under his suit.

“Because I admire you.” Fred said.

They got talking for a while. Fred really wanted them to have some good time but Martha slowed everything down.

“What do you want? We do not have much time here.” Fred said.

Martha suddenly brought out her smartphone that had a large screen. she pulled her chair and sat next to Fred. Fred got eager to know what she wanted to show him. He even smiled and kissed her briefly to the envy of other people in the restaurant who thought the man had a beauty goddess.

Martha smiled. She then went to her gallery and slowly opened a video of them having sex.

“What? Who took this??” Fred asked.

“Relax and watch.” Martha told Fred.

Fred watched the video. It was so clear and bright. His face was very visible and one would not confuse him for anyone else. Martha’s face too.

“Ok, what is the motive of this?” Fred asked as he already felt shamed to even see himself fucking another woman who was not his wife.

“You asked a good question.” Martha told Fred.

Fred felt sudden anxiety.

“Tell me.” Fred said.

“You said you have a reputation to protect, you even take me to hidden places to fuck me so that your friends and relatives cannot see you.” Martha said.

“Honey, I am a church elder in an SDA church. I am a respected elder in my village and I am a dignitary too. I am highly respected in my circles and I am popular. No need to lie, I would not want my reputation soiled.” Fred said boldly.

“That is about to come down quick.” Martha said with boldness too.

“What do you mean?” Fred asked.

“I have my own demands, and if you do not meet them, I am going to post what we did online and make it trend. You will lose all your respect and dignity.” Martha told Fred.

“You are mad, try that and...” Fred had not even finished his statement and Martha cut him short.

“I am serious and I never fail with what I want. I know you are an elder in a church, a respected man in the village, a man respected worldwide if I must say, with businesses all over up to Kampala. Now, do you want me to bring you down? If not, listen to me.” Martha said with boldness of a serpent.

“You are a snake. All along you pretended to love me but you wanted to blackmail me.” Fred said.

Martha laughed sarcastically. She knew Fred had already fallen for her trap as his eyes were already red and he began to sweat.

Martha took a sip of her wine, gave Fred a small kiss to make other people looking at them think all was well and said, “You do what I tell you, or you trend, it is your choice.”

Fred knew he was cornered. He sat there faking a smile and confidence but knew things were not going to be ok. He immediately knew Martha is a manipulative woman.

“What do you want?” Fred asked.

“2 million in my account today and make it look like it is a legit business transaction or else you will trend.” Martha said.

“Never!” Fred said.

“Fine, I am gone. Have a good day.” Martha said and stood up to go.

“No, no, no! wait...” Fred said.

“What? Is it that you think I am joking? I have more to do.” Martha said.

“Sit down, let us talk this out, eh! You know who I am. You cannot do this to me.” Fred said.

“Oh! yes I can. 2 million or I will release your sex tape. And you know Kenya has idle people waiting for such to make them trend. You will be seen by your wife how you fuck with whores around, you will be seen by your church members how you fuck around with other women who are not your wife, your children will see you, your business associates will see you, your pastor will see you, everyone will see you. Think about it.” Martha said.

Fred began to shake. He never thought about such a thing would ever happen to him. He had only heard of women who would trap a man and blackmail him. He had seen a few leaked sex tapes and nudes and never thought much about them. He was facing the reality of it happening to him and the thought of it happening made him so scared.

He was an respected elder in a church and was popular in the SDA church. He was also a mentor and a counsellor to their marital problems and could not imagine him being hit by a scandal of such a magnitude. He was desperate to save his reputation.

“Martha, I cannot afford 2 million. I have no money. My wife is sick and she needs that money to go to hospital, please, tell me something else but not such money, please...” Fred begged literally.

“By today evening, I should have gotten the money, or you will trend, pick one of them, money or trend.” Martha told Fred, “And oh! your wife is your responsibility not mine; she can as well die.”

Fred was shocked to hear those words from Martha.

“And let me tell you, I know you might as well plot to kill me. I have someone following me around and if you play smart, you are dead too. And your nudes will flow online all the same. So, you can decide what you want between now and sunset. You are in fact wasting my time now.” Martha told Fred.

Fred had never felt cornered like that day. He would do anything to save his reputation. He regretted fucking with Martha. It was clear he had gotten the wrong number of a woman.

“My God! What was I even thinking to cheat on my lovely wife?” Fred asked himself loudly.

“Eh! It is now you realize you should have stuck to your wife, isn’t it? Foolish man. You will do what I want or you will never regain your respect.” Martha said.

“You are such a devil. Go away.” Fred said.

Martha laughed. “When you are ready to transfer the money, let me know via phone. You can call police for me if you wish. I am well connected. I have fucked even police commanders and they will come to my aid and you will go under very fast. So, I have given you up to 6 pm. If you will not have deposited to me 2 million, you will see your nakedness trending online by tomorrow morning. You shall have nowhere to hide. As for me, I lose nothing. I have no reputation to guard. Have a good day, Mr. Fred. I love you.” Martha told Fred. She leaned and kissed him, slowly stood up and walked away swinging her large buttocks until other men salivated for her.

Martha got in her car, slowly reversed out of the car park and left the restaurant leaving Fred there totally stranded.

“Hey, has she paid or you are paying for her?” A waiter asked Fred who was left there with mouth open.

“Oh! don’t worry, I am paying for her, don’t worry. How much is it? bring me my bill I also need to go.” Fred told the waiter.

Martha drove towards Ruiru town where she was meeting another man who was her target, a young man of 28 who thought he can win Martha as they had been chatting online for a while.

Elsewhere, Charity who had been gangraped because of her fight for concubines continued to recover both physically and mentally.

She was outside basking in the sun, going through the forum where concubines were catching up with their latest. She had not been online for a while.

“Hi guys, long time, how have you been?” Charity asked them on their WhatsApp group.

“We have been fine.” Another woman replied, “We missed you.”

“And we are plotting a revenge for you, with Martha being our general.” Another lady said.

“What revenge?” Charity asked them.

“Against men who have made you go through this.” Another lady replied.

“Ok, if it is them, you can get them and avenge for me.” Charity said. However, Charity knew nothing about their mission to wreck marriages. The women took that Charity had approved their activities and even replied with joy and happiness in the group.

“Yes! Even our leader approves of what we want to do! It is time to get them and make them pay for their actions. Men think they run the world but it is we women who run the world. Men are our servants.” Another lady replied.

Charity just smiled as she held her phone.

“I will be back and this time stronger. We will win this war, trust me. I am not out of it. they may have broken my body but have not broken my spirit.” Charity said.

“That is how leaders are. They are brave and never give up.” Brenda told Charity in her inbox, “I am waiting for you so that we can go on. I have represented enough cases in court and I am glad I am winning most of them.

Women will get their respect. No one will look down on a woman. And Martha is doing great for us. She is even connected to police bosses and has assured us of protection too.”

“Can she help me track down those who raped me?” Charity asked.

“I will ask her.” Brenda replied, “Right now, she is in Kiambu county on a very important mission.”

“What mission?” Charity asked.

“I will let you know later when she gives me feedback. But I admire her courage. I will learn a few tricks from her and fight my battles too.” Brenda said.

“Ok, but be careful. What I went through would not wish even to my worst enemies. Men are evil.” Charity said.

“Sorry darling, all will be well. You will recover and come back.” Brenda told Charity.

“I hope so too. My dad has also told me something very positive.” Charity said.

“What did he tell you?” Brenda asked.

“I will tell you when I come back.” Charity told Brenda, “Right now, let me just relax. We will chat later, goodbye.”

“Goodbye too. Let me call Martha and know how she is fairing.” Brenda said and signed out of WhatsApp.

>>The drama continues>>

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****OVER THE MOON – CHP 6 –Targets and missions****

A few days later, elsewhere in an office, Liz and Andrew were going through some reports together when Liz got an incoming call from Martha.

Liz hesitated receiving the call but Andrew told her, “You can receive it.”

“With this lady, I have to receive it outside, the things she talks are shameful.” Liz said.

“Why? Are they a secret?” Andrew asked but Liz stood up and went to receive the call outside. Andrew continued with reviewing the report until Liz was done with the call.

Liz returned smiling.

“What is funny?” Andrew asked her.

“This girl Martha, the things she wishes us to do are just terrible.” Liz told Andrew.

“What are they?” Andrew asked.

“I am not going to hide anything from you since I love you and have no intentions to do you any harm.” Liz told Andrew.

“Ok.” Andrew said.

“Martha is in our association of concubines and she wants us instead of fighting for the rights to be recognized, she wants us to instead destroy the marriages of the men we are dating. She has done a lot to convince many girls to do it and she is succeeding but as for me, am not falling for her tricks.” Liz said, “And she is beginning to hate me for that.”

Andrew stopped whatever he was doing and looked at Liz in the eyes.

“What? Is that what you people go to discuss in your meetings?” Andrew asked Liz.

“No, but some ladies just seem bitter. They want to avenge their own imaginary things and they are going to wreck marriages. I told them to count me out. But they agreed to be buying beauty products from me.” Liz said.

“Ok, so, this is the Martha who the other day told me she has repented and stopped her evil tendencies to wreck marriages...” Andrew said and paused to look at Liz, “This woman approached me in church a few weeks ago, told me she has stopped wrecking marriages.”

"Then she lied. In fact, as we speak, she is targeting a certain man to blackmail him, in fact, it is like she has already done so. The man has a serious reputation to guard and Martha demanded 2 million or to release the sex tapes she recorded of them having sex." Liz said.

"2 million! Did you say 2 million??" Andrew was shocked.

"Yes, men give even more as long as it has to do with guarding their reputation." Liz said.

"I cannot give even 20,000. They would rather release my sex tapes. They will trend for a few days and people will forget." Andrew said.

"Gosh! Honey!" Liz exclaimed.

"What? I never give out my money so easily. So, for 2 million or someone to release my video having sex? Let people enjoy free porn. I cannot." Andrew said.

"What if it will destroy your reputation?" Liz asked.

"Donald Trump had a reputation of banging porn stars when he was younger, right now he is who he is. And you think a mere sex tape can destroy your future? It cannot. People just fear for nothing. By the way, Martha will probably be killed by one of these men. Let her try some men I know and she will be six feet under before she even blinks." Andrew said.

"You Kikuyu men are difficult with your money." Liz told Andrew.

"Nothing about being a Kikuyu, but being smart. That man who paid Martha all that money is an idiot." Andrew said.

"So, you would never pay?" Liz asked.

"I would never." Andrew said, "And please, warn your friends not to wreck some marriages, some men don't take that as a joke. Some men will easily kill you if you try to mess with their families."

"Would you?" Liz asked Andrew.

"For me, am not good with some things. I don't think I can kill but waiting for me to give you 2 million so that my sex tape will not trend, you will wait forever." Andrew said and laughed.

Liz laughed too.

“Now, Martha wants us to turn against the men we are dating. She keeps urging me to turn against my man.” Liz said.

“Does she know I date you?” Andrew asked.

Liz smiled and nodded.

“That is where you people go wrong. Some things are supposed to be a secret.” Andrew said.

“What? Is there a secret between me and you?” Liz asked.

“We are the only one who knows we are dating, or in some relationship.” Andrew said.

“It is because you fail to recognize me as a concubine or as a second wife.” Liz told Andrew, “Or, do you want me to also do things my own way?”

“How? How your own way?” Andrew asked her.

“I will know.” Liz told Andrew.

“As long as you won’t put me to shame. I hate being in an embarrassing situation.” Andrew said.

“And this is our child growing inside me.” Liz pointed at her pregnancy.

“Yes.” Andrew said.

“How will your wife react when she knows you made me pregnant?” Liz asked.

“We shall know when we get there.” Andrew said. He however had no slightest idea on how to handle that.

“But I love you and I would rather opt to be a single mother than wreck your marriage. When I began a relationship with you, I knew you are married and you love your wife.” Liz said.

“True, I love my wife. Not like I am trying to replace her with you.” Andrew said.

“But dating a married man is very tricky. I sometimes want to be with you, but I just cannot. I just have to live with the little time I get from you and with you.” Liz said.

“So, what does Martha stand to gain for wrecking marriages?” Andrew asked.

“She just seems to enjoy it.” Liz said.

“Just that?” Andrew asked Liz.

“What else can I say?” Liz asked Andrew.

“You don’t know how much of a risk she is putting herself into.” Andrew said.

“A lot of men in high positions would rather lose money than lose their dignity. Like the man Martha was targeting is also a church elder and a very respected one. Do you think he would let that go that easily?” Liz said.

Elsewhere, Martha who had just was counting her profits. Fred finally agreed to pay Martha the money instead of have his reputation soiled. But Martha continued to push him to pay more seeing that he was a gullible man.

Martha also continued to influence other girls in their association to try to wreck marriages. One particular girl she was even helping her. Eunice.

“I will get a playboy who will seduce his wife, then they will shoot a video while fucking and he will use it to blackmail her.” Martha told Eunice concerning the wife of the man she was dating.

“But, Martha, what if it backfires against me?” Eunice asked Martha.

“It will not. In fact, you will not be anywhere in the picture, your work is to now show that man more and more love as the wife drifts away from him, then when the blackmail starts, the thing will be done.” Martha told Eunice.

“What about his children?” Eunice asked.

“What about them? To hell with them.” Martha said.

“No, they need their dad.” Eunice said.

“When men make women pregnant and abandon them with their children, do they even care to know what those children are eating? They leave the women to suffer alone. It is our turn to avenge our fellow women on these men.” Martha said. Eunice could not see any connection between the two but still the thrill of overtaking another woman was slowly winning her conscience.

“I want this man for myself.” Eunice said.

“You will have him. Now, are you in the game or not?” Martha asked her.

“I am.” Eunice said.

“Fine, I know of a guy, he will not disappoint me. He is young, handsome and a Casanova. Their entire family is like a family of womanizers. They never fail to bang a woman as long as he wants her. I would have gone for his cousin whose name is Alphas but nowadays it is difficult to even get him he got so busy. But this other one is his cousin and equally a womanizer.” Martha said.

“I know a guy called Alphas, maybe that is the same you know.” Eunice said, “A guy who is also a driver, very smart driver.”

“HE is the one, he would have done it perfectly for me but this other one is his cousin, his name is Killian. He says he kills them softly.” Martha said and laughed.

“Gosh! So, you want to use him to get that woman?” Eunice asked Martha. She looked around the restaurant where they sat having lunch as if to be sure no one was listening to them.

“Yes, Killian will help me kill that marriage.” Martha said.

“Is Killian married?” Eunice asked.

“No, and he does not wish to. He says why bother rearing a full cow when you can get milk and meat whenever you want for free? He has numerous women and babies too. He enjoys the thrill of fucking around just like his cousin Alphas.” Martha said.

“Ok, most womanizers never get married anyway. But have baby mamas scattered all over the globe.” Eunice said.

“Fine, so, when you meet your man tonight since you said he usually comes at your place from Thursday, give him pussy like he will never get it again. Drive him crazy until he starts to think he made the wrong decision to marry the woman he married.

As for me and Killian, let us do the rest.” Martha said.

“How is Charity anyway? It is long since I saw her, how is she doing?” Eunice asked.

“She even said she is ok with what we are doing.” Martha said.

“Really? Anyway, has she recovered?” Eunice asked.

“She has, but she is yet to resume working. She told me her father is angry and vowed he will hunt the man who raped her.” Martha said.

“Ok, I hope he does. These men are cruel at times.” Eunice said.

“Married women are the ones who sent them to gangrape Charity because they think being married is being special. It is why I hate them.” Martha said.

“Would you ever wish to get married?” Eunice asked Martha.

“And be a slave of a man forever? no! not me. I am too proud for that. No man can handle me. I just see all men as small boys. In fact, there is this man I am targeting and he played hard to get initially, he will know what I am made of.” Martha said.

“Which man? Does he have a name? maybe I know him.” Eunice said and winked.

“Andrew, and he is dating Liz one of us. Since Liz seems not to want to do what I want her to do, I will do it on her behalf. Watch this space...” Martha said and gave Eunice a wicked smile.

>>The drama continues>>

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****OVER THE MOON – CHP 7 – Enticing…**b>**

With time, the Kenya Association of Concubines was slowly breaking into two groups. There were those opposed to wrecking marriages and those who thought that they are avenging for themselves for breaking marriages.

But Martha was slowly emerging as the mastermind in breaking marriages. She even began looking for men who will be assisting her in the work of breaking marriages!!

“Wow! Martha, yours is like a freedom fighting movement.” Brenda, the lawyer of the group told Martha when she got of Martha’s plan on how to conduct everything.

“Why do you want to break the one you are targeting?” Martha asked Brenda. They were having a drink in one of the pubs in Nairobi South C where there were very few people since the pub was very expensive and targeted a certain class of people.

“Because he had promised to marry me and then ended up marrying another girl. That girl overtook me, so, I am just taking what belongs to me.” Brenda said.

“Ok, and what is your plan in accomplishing this?” Martha asked Brenda.

“I have no idea how to go about it, you can share with me your idea.” Brenda said.

Martha thought for a while and said, “Brenda, you are a beautiful woman. You should be able to do that on your own. Most men cannot resist a beautiful woman.”

“He dumped me even if I was more beautiful than his wife. So, I do not think beauty is a factor here.” Brenda said.

“Oh! really? Even if you wear sexy? Let me tell you, most men would not mind having a thing or two with their exes. They call it eating retirement benefits. Yours should be so easy. Just go for him, tell him what you want and believe you me, he will fall for it big time.” Martha told Brenda.

“Oh! really? Won’t he think I am desperate?” Brenda asked.

“To men, there is nothing like desperation, they fuck given opportunity. Men salivate for beautiful women more than dogs salivate for fresh meat.” Martha said.

“What about women?” Brenda asked.

“What about them?” Martha asked.

Brenda remained silent. She did not know how to put her point across. She looked at Martha in the face for almost 30 seconds wondering: what goes on in this woman’s mind?

“Listen, I have a network of handsome men who I use to seduce these married women. Women too can hardly resist handsome, charming men. More so these women who are already bored in their marriages. Most are in their 30s some on their 40s. Their husbands are so busy looking for money, making investments and are giving their wives less attention. These women are emotionally starved, sexually starved and want some attention.

The thing is, these young men have all the time, they are young, energetic and idle. I use them to seduce these married women, blackmail the women and strike that marriage. No man wishes to live with a cheating woman even if he fucks 100 women in a month.” Martha said.

“You are a devil!” Brenda said and laughed. Martha laughed too.

“Thanks for the complement.” Martha said.

“Do you pay these young men?” Brenda asked.

“No, the married women pay them. I only guide them. These married women will even steal money from their husbands when fucked right. Their men are usually so tired to fuck them and some of them are already fat. So, it is easy to bring down their marriages.” Martha said.

“Eh! Ok. Let me try with my ex and see how it goes. But for me, I am not after breaking the marriage and leaving, I want my ex back. I really loved that man just that, it happened how it happened.” Brenda said.

As they were talking, Martha got an incoming call. It was from Killian.

“Let me receive this man’s call. He is one of my boys...” Martha said and received the call. Brenda got busy chatting on her phone as Martha spoke with Killian for about five minutes.

After talking to Killian, Martha turned to Brenda and said, “I will be meeting Killian in a few hours.”

“Ok, I want to go to Machakos. Have just had a chat with my ex and he wants to meet me. I am so anxious.” Brenda said, “I also have a client to meet there too, so might probably spend a night in Machakos.”

“All the best. How is Charity anyway, have not spoken to her of late.” Martha said.

“She is doing fine. She will come out stronger and I think her father will avenge for her too. She told me her father is so determined to get those who hurt her. I have met that man and he is tough as steel. He also has three concubines and all of them he declared officially. He is also supporting our movement.” Brenda said.

“Wow! that is great to hear! Charity’s father supporting us?!” Martha asked sounding so excited.

“Yes. He is, even getting us donors. He is well connected.” Brenda said.

“Fine, all the best for us.” Martha said and looked at her watch, a small golden wrist watch she was wearing that day.

“Time for us to go.” Brenda said. She called the waiter and cleared the bills on their behalf.

Martha went to meet Killian. They met in Kiambu town where Killian had gone to do some business.

“How have you been? We have not met for some time.” Martha told the young man while giving him a tight hug.

“I have been fine. I also missed you. And it is like you are getting younger with time, and more beautiful. What are you doing different from other ladies?” Killian asked Martha wishing he could get time to fuck her the same day as he had fucked her before.

Martha laughed and said, “Nothing much, staying stress free. I have someone for you. You know the drill.”

“Ok, who is she and what has she done this time?” Killian asked as Martha opened her Facebook account to show Killian.

Martha smiled, looked at Killian and they walked to an empty table close to the window of the restaurant. The restaurant was also so close to the road. It was a dusty evening.

“This is the woman I want you to seduce, set cameras and come with tangible evidence of her infidelity. I shall make sure they get to her husband and the rest shall be done.” Martha said.

“Martha, some of these things are becoming dangerous. You know some men can kill you for even thinking of fucking their wives, don’t you?” Killian asked Martha.

“I know, but it is only a foolish man who will go looking for his wife’s fucker instead of dealing with the woman.” Martha said.

"You do not understand. I have seen men getting killed for fucking someone's wife. No, Martha, I am done with this. Call me a coward but am not going to do this. Let me concentrate on fucking single ladies and single mothers." Killian told Martha.

"I will help you." Martha told Killian.

"Even if you pay me, no more of married women. I am done with them. My cousin Alphas has had close encounters with death because of his recklessness in fucking any woman including the married ones. I am not willing to die young." Killian said.

"Killian, no one is going to kill you." Martha insisted.

"We might as well talk about this forever but you are not going to convince me. You hardly know what I have been through too. I am not fucking married women anymore. I nearly got castrated. Stop joking with people's marriages, some men are like wild animals. He will attack you like a lion protecting its territory." Killian said.

Martha felt defeated. She poured a glass of water and drunk all of it within seconds. She felt hot despite the cool evening.

"Killian, why have you become such a sudden coward?" Martha asked Killian.

"I would rather fuck high school girls if it is to take a risk but not married women. Yes, I know married women have money but not worth the risk anymore. Sorry, Martha." Killian said.

"Ok, go and think about it. I will be waiting for your answer." Martha said. She felt disappointed. Things had not gone how she expected and could not understand why Killian suddenly turned against her despite them having talked about it over the phone.

"Ok, any other thing that I should know?" Killian asked Martha.

"Nothing." Martha said, "In case of another I will let you know."

"Do you still live in Nyeri or you moved?" Killian asked Martha.

"I have several homes, one in Nyeri." Martha said.

"And I told you to introduce me to the business you do and you have not. I also want to make money like you." Killian told Martha.

“You will die trying to do this business. It is dangerous.” Martha told Killian.

“Just show me how, and I will do the rest.” Killian pleaded.

“The drugs and smuggling business have a lot of betrayals. I don’t want to risk. Would rather work with strangers and not friends. If you betray me, I will have a hard time killing you, but if I work with a total stranger, I will not feel guilty killing them.” Martha said.

“Ok, so in this business you must kill?” Killian asked.

“Not a must, but as I have told you, if you betray me, you die. Sorry, I am not ready to lose you as a friend. Tell me if you want some money to start another business and I will give you but not introduce you to drugs business.” Martha told Killian.

“Martha, I also want to drive a car like yours. With these businesses we do, when shall someone ever drive an 8 million fuel guzzler? Stop fooling me. Just introduce me to that so-called drugs business. I will be careful.” Killian told Martha.

“I have three of this kind, one I bought 25 million. Range Rover Velar. But when I am going to meet someone, I am not sure of, I hire a car instead of using mine.” Martha continued.

“My goodness! And you are mentioning 25 million as if it is 25,000!!” Killian said.

Martha laughed and said, “Do you see these people driving huge fuel guzzlers on these Kenyan roads? Most are not hardworking people, just smart people. Majority are in some crooked businesses of blackmailing people, selling drugs, smuggling goods to evade paying KRA, swindling people through pyramid schemes, conning people through selling fake properties etc. if you think you shall ever drive a car worth 25 million through these usual businesses you do, forget about it.

You should be able to make at least 2 million in a day to be able to sail among the high and the mighty of this country.” Martha told Killian.

“Martha, stop beating about the bush. I want to also own a machine like this one you are driving today. I am tired of driving a secondhand or rather thirdhand Probox.” Killian said.

Martha knew Killian will probably swallow the bait by enticing him more and more.

“Listen, Killian, I already made my request to you but you have turned me down saying you do not want to die yet you are here begging me to show you a business that might as well kill you on the first day of

doing it... now, listen to me, if you want to be able to drive a car like that one..." Martha pointed at her car that was outside the restaurant parked facing them, "then you should be able to handle risks. And one of them is what I am telling you to do but you are here playing a coward. I wish your cousin Alphas was in Kenya, I would have worked with him perfectly in this."

"I don't want to fuck people's wives." Killian said firmly.

Martha turned to the waiter who was passing, "How much is this? I guess not more than 1,000. Here, take this, please keep change." Martha told the waiter and gave him Kshs 1,000 note. They had used 600 only.

Martha then stood up, looked at Killian in the eye and told him, "Sweetheart, if you want to work with me, you know where to find me. Have a good evening." And with that, she walked out of the restaurant making so much noise with her sharp high heeled shoes.

>>The drama continues>>

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****OVER THE MOON – CHP 8 – Martha the angel****

“Bitch! Such a selfish woman!” Killian said as he stood up and walked away from the hotel. But the thought that Martha would probably connect him to big business for merely fucking a married man was something Killian began to think a lot about until he contemplated calling her for another meeting.

The following Sunday, as usual, Martha went to church. The same church where Andrew had begun to regularly attend. That particular Sunday, Andrew had gone to church with his entire family, including Aisha who was a Muslim. Aisha could not also fail to attract attention from the men in the church due to her exceptional beauty. She wore just a nice white dress which hugged her body nicely.

Aisha even caught the attention of the youthful pastor who was preaching that day, who had been invited to that church as he was still growing spiritually. He could move around his eyes but always ended up looking at Aisha who sat on the third row. Next to her was Andrew, Christine and their two children.

Martha also sat a few rows behind Andrew. When it was time to sing, she sang with all her heart, her sweet melodic voice catching everyone’s attention. She even gyrated her hips in the movement of the songs catching the attention of the men who were behind her much to the envy of the women who sang behind her.

The service continued normally. Then a time came for some projects in the church that needed money. One of the church elders controlled the contributions session. He began by saying, “The lord loves a cheerful giver.” And all people said Amen.

“The work of God, as we all know, has to be done by us as the church. We are God’s stewards of his work and it is our duty to support it. As you all know, we are setting up an orphanage which is also a children’s home that is meant to help the fatherless children, or children without parents for that matter. But in our goodness, we thought it good to include single mothers who were abandoned by their irresponsible sperm donors because we know some of these ladies are going through serious hardships to raise those children.

But we are still in the initial stage of setting up the orphanage and as you well know, it needs money. Our target is to house at least 50 children, but even if we can make it to 100 children the better. We will be sponsoring them through education but they will be living there. That will be their home, and the guardians there will be their parents.

We have been doing harambees to support the setting up of the project but we are way below our target. We have also been working hand in hand with some NGO and looking for donor funds but most told us they need to see our effort so that they can come in. The recent we talked with told us it is a culture in Kenya for people to ask for donor funds but the money is never used for intended project. So, the need to see our effort.

It is why I am here still calling upon you to contribute to our worthy project so that we can set up that orphanage. We need to make those children feel our love, our care. They are also God's children and thus they also need to feel the love of God through us.

Am I communicating?" the elder, who was so eloquent asked.

"Yes." People responded.

"So, let us dig into our pockets yet again and see what we can raise today. So far, we have managed to raise 3 million but we needed at least 5 million so that we can commence with the project. Remember we are buying a farm to build the facility, not a plot since we realized in the farm, we can later set up a school which focuses mostly on orphans." The elder said.

Andrew did his mental mathematics and realized they needed close to 50 million if that project was to materialize.

"But still, not necessarily monetary contributions are needed, you can volunteer later when the construction phase is on as a laborer." The elder said.

"For now, I have no money since I just finished form four, I shall volunteer as a casual laborer when construction begins." A certain young man in the congregation said.

"Noted. We will get your name later." The elder said.

"That is a lot of money needed, gosh!" Christine said, "50 million or more, where will all that money come from?" she asked Andrew almost whispering to him.

"Don't joke with these people, some people might be in here but are richer than they seem." Andrew replied.

"So, we can commence with our contributions. Someone will be noting them down. Pledges are also welcome." The elder continued.

“Excuse me!” an old man said.

“Yes,” the elder pointed at him, “What is your issue?”

“I do not have money, but I have 4 big cows. Can someone buy them so that I contribute?” the old man asked.

“He is saying he has 4 big cows he can sell to raise the money, if someone can exchange his cows for money, we are also taking that.” The elder announced through the public address system.

“I will take two cows; how much are they worth?” someone asked from the congregation.

“You can take each with Kshs 80,000.” The old man said.

“I will see you later we negotiate.” The man, who was relatively younger told the old man.

“But make sure the money comes to church,” The elder in charge of the session said, “because she meant it be used for the project we are doing.”

Everyone laughed.

“Yes, that is God’s work.” The farmer said and sat down smiling.

Aisha looked at Andrew, smiled and whispered to him, “How comes whenever a member of these churches has a problem, the pastors tell him to pray to God, but when the church has problems, members are told to contribute?”

“Shut up!” Andrew told Aisha, “The church needs money for the projects.”

“Let them pray to God to give them money then.” Aisha said.

“Will you shut up please, this is a church not a mosque.” Andrew told Aisha and smiled at her. Aisha smiled and nodded in agreement.

People continued to offer their suggestions and finally began to contribute. The elder made it a point to tell the church: So, and so has given this amount of money. People seemed to have money. Some gave in thousands and there was one guy who came walking with pride and gave Kshs 30,000 all folded in an envelope.

“Cheques are also welcome.” The elder announced.

“We did not carry our cheque books.” A man said.

“It is ok, you can pledge here and later bring the cheque.” The elder said. He was not taking chances least people forget. For that matter, people began to make pledges. The highest pledge was Kshs 45,000.

Martha who was following the whole session stood up and walked outside. Her high heeled shoes making noise as usual as she walked. She wore a red dress that touched the floor such that she had to hold it with her left hand so as to walk comfortably. People looked at her as she went. The elder who was looking at her said, “She is going to fetch her cheque book...” he wanted people to focus in front and stop looking at her as she and caught attention of almost everyone.

Martha walked to her car. She had with herself Kshs 300,000 in the car. She also had a cheque book which she always carried just in case. She got the cheque book and wrote the amount of money she was willing to give. She then stashed in a large envelope Kshs 100,000, carefully folded with rubber bands. When done, she walked back to the church, kept walking until she got to where people were giving their money and making pledges. She carried the cheque.

The young man who wore a very nice suit looked inside the envelope and felt surprised. There was a lot of money.

“Each is Kshs 10,000. You can count later if you wish, or now. I am giving Kshs 100,000 and the rest in cheque.” Martha told the young man. The cheque was clearly written. Martha was giving 6.5 million all alone!

“Are you sure?” the young man asked Martha.

The elder saw the hesitation with the young man. He walked to see why they were taking longer with the woman in red dress. The slow praise and worship music continued playing as the elder went to countercheck.

“He does not believe I am giving Kshs 100,000 in cash now and a cheque of 6.5 million.” Martha said. The moment the elder saw the cheque, his jaws dropped.

Andrew followed keenly wanting to know why they were also taking too long with Martha. He had suspected she was a rich woman but never knew how rich she was. Everyone else was looking at Martha who leaned forward, showing her cleavage to the men sitting in front of her, and her back to the rest of the church.

"I am giving this cheque from the bottom of my heart. That is the little God has blessed me with today to give to the worthy project." Martha told the elder, "I am Martha Wangari."

"PRAISE THE LORD!" The elder said loudly suddenly.

"AMEN!" everyone responded.

"Martha, the lady in red standing here right next to me," The elder said as Martha turned to face the church giving the congregation a charming smile, "Has given us today Kshs 100,000 and wrote a cheque of Kshs 6.5 million! Halleluyah!"

The church literally broke into a song. The leader of praise and worship led the song. People stood up and danced to the song for a while.

"What can you tell the church?" The elder asked Martha as it was obvious, she had given such a high amount until he felt she was in a better position to motivate the congregation.

Martha took the microphone, looked at the people and when she began to talk, she said, "**Malachi 3:10**, : 'Bring the whole tithe into the storehouse, so that there may be food in My house, and test Me now in this,' says the LORD of hosts, 'if I will not open for you the windows of heaven and pour out for you a blessing until it overflows.'"

"I want to encourage all of you, do not withhold what you have, give to the lord for the lord's work. Let us do this project together and you will see how much God will bless you and give you more and more. There was a time I also used to debate upon myself when giving and would wonder, if I give what I have, what will I eat, what will my children eat, but later God showed me that he is the owner of all riches in heaven. The more you give, the more he multiplies what you have.

The much I have; it is God working through me. I am just a steward but all belongs to him. May you be blessed as you give."

Martha finished saying, handed the microphone back to the church elder and walked back to sit down. As she walked back, Aisha noticed Martha winking at her. Aisha tried to recall where else she had seen Martha but could not remember.

For Andrew, he could not fail to wonder the magnitude of hypocrisy with Martha. But seeing how happy the church was, he knew the church had swallowed Martha's bait. Unknown to him, even the pastor was salivating for Martha and wanting to meet her in person later.

However, Martha's action really encouraged the congregation and they began contributing even more, with more vigor than before. The thought of God blessing them that much from giving had touched their souls. Even some would fetch everything they had in their wallets, in their purses and in their pockets. Even one young man who had come from far gave the only money he would have used as bus fare. Another young lady gave the money she had withdrew to pay her rent that evening...

"What a nice woman!" Christine said referring to Martha.

Andrew also stood up and gave Kshs 1,000 but in his wallet he had 12,000.

Christine asked Andrew, "How much do you want me to give?"

"Nothing, the much I have given is enough. When I give, it is just like you have given. We are one." Andrew told Christine.

Christine just smiled and said, "Ok, as you say my dear."

But one question lingered in Andrew's mind: what does Martha do to get all her money? Can she share with me her business tricks to make me grow my business?

>>The drama continues>>

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****OVER THE MOON – CHP 9 – Source of money****

After the church service, the pastor and the church elders called a meeting. Martha who was relatively new in the church was also invited in that meeting. The meeting was to plan how to execute the project.

Meanwhile, Andrew with his family went home and had lunch together.

“Do we go out or you want to be around?” Andrew asked Christine.

“I feel tired from the week, let me rest.” Christine said, “I can sleep in the afternoon and wake up feeling fresh.”

“Ok, I feel like going somewhere.” Andrew said.

“Why not rest too? Been working all week and you need a break.” Christine told him.

“I want to go and see someone.” Andrew told Christine.

Andrew convinced Christine that he was going to meet a friend. However, Andrew decided to go and meet his lover, Liz.

Liz on the other hand had gone to church in the morning alone and returned to the house. She got online to do some work she was doing for her own business. She was busy communicating with a client when Andrew called her and told her he was going.

“I never expected you to come, I thought today will be a family day.” Liz told Andrew over the phone.

“No, I missed to be with you and I am coming.” Andrew said.

“Ok, you are welcome.” Liz told Andrew.

Andrew replied, “Ok, on my way, driving. See you later.”

Andrew stopped at a super market. He got inside, picked a trolley and went around picking some items to go with at Liz’s place. He did some shopping for Liz.

Andrew later drove to Liz’s place.

Liz sat there waiting for him. She paused her work when she saw Andrew getting into her compound. After Andrew parked, she went to receive him at the door. She looked at him coming holding a bag and wondered: What has touched Andrew’s heart today to do some shopping for me?

“Welcome, darling.” Liz told Andrew while taking the items from his hand.

“Thank you. How are you?” Andrew asked her as he removed his shoes to walk to the seat without shoes.

“Bored. All alone in this house. I am doing some work online.” Liz said.

“I am here now with you.” Andrew told Liz.

“What can I make for you? I had not even cooked lunch. Wanted to fast.” Liz said.

Andrew laughed and asked her, “Why are you fasting yet you are two in one?” he pointed at her abdomen.

Liz smiled and said, “Oh! I know, but it is like today the child also wanted nothing.”

“What were you doing?” Andrew asked Liz.

“Just some work online. Going through some reports and giving feedbacks. I am also getting requests from members of KAC who want me to hook them up with my beauty products. Others wants to bleach themselves to be light skin like Martha...” Liz said and smiled while looking at Andrew.

“We went to same church with Martha today, that girl is full of surprises.” Andrew said.

“What has she done?” Liz asked.

“She gave to a project Kshs 100,000 and wrote a cheque of 6.5 million.” Andrew said.

“What is that project? And are you sure it was that amount?” Liz asked.

“Yes, she said it. They also took her in a meeting.” Andrew said.

“The churches love such people. They will now want her in their inner circles so that she can give them more.” Liz said.

“I suppose so. Hey, just let me go to the kitchen and make myself some coffee. You can continue with your work in the meantime.” Andrew told Liz.

“I will be done in a few minutes, give me a few minutes.” Liz told Andrew.

Andrew walked to the kitchen. He lit a gas cooker and quickly prepared 4 cups of white coffee. He then put it in a thermos flask and went to serve Liz.

Liz was busy chatting with potential clients but was done within minutes.

“So, how is home? How is my co-wife and children?” Liz asked Andrew.

“They are all fine.” Andrew said.

“I am also fine here.” Liz said.

“Just me wondering how Martha makes her money since she is extremely rich but does not even seem to work.” Andrew said.

“Why not ask her? She is a member in same church as you go.” Liz told Andrew.

“Really? Should I?” Andrew asked.

“Nothing wrong, you just ask her and if she is willing, she will show you, if not willing you move on. Most of these tycoons never show someone how they make money. Before I began my business, I had approached many rich people and none was willing to show me how they make money. Some even wanted to fuck me in order to show me but I totally refused such offers.

I even got conned several times before I managed to establish myself.” Liz said.

“I have been conned too, sometimes back but I never let that discourage me.” Andrew said.

“I think all people trying to make it have been conned in one way or another.” Liz said, “I will never con anyone who is trying to rise up. That is how people incur curses.”

The more they spoke about how they tried in businesses, the more Andrew felt the urge to approach Martha and ask her how she makes her money. But he knew Martha was also someone who was double faced and might either help him or even mislead him.

“But you should be careful with Martha. That woman is evil. Her intentions might be entirely different with that church. Maybe she even wants to trap the pastors and the church elders, then blackmail them and make more money.” Liz said.

“Really? How?” Andrew asked.

The two walked to the kitchen where Liz got busy preparing a meal.

“If she manages to trap the pastor for example, records herself having sex with him, she can use that against him to hold him at ransom. He will have to keep dancing to her tune and that means money or his entire reputation will be at stake.” Liz said.

“How can I warn them?” Andrew asked.

Liz stopped cutting onions and looked at Andrew. She then said, “Let me be the one to warn you. Do not dare speak against her, you will be labelled as the one who is evil, and she will easily influence them to believe so. Someone who comes with such a huge amount of money, and saying praise the lord...no one will even believe you when you try warning them of her intentions. Let them fall for her trap.”

Andrew remained silent for a while. He did not know what to say.

“Do you leave someone to fall into a pit as you see?” Andrew asked.

“They are all grown up men. They know what they are doing. If they fall for her, it is their problem. There are those who will not fall for her.” Liz said.

“Maybe she will wreck their marriages too.” Andrew said and laughed.

“As long as it is not my marriage she is wrecking, she can go ahead and wreck the rest.” Liz said.

“So, you do not care what she does to the rest?” Andrew asked Liz.

Liz went over, kissed Andrew’s forehead and said, “As long as she does not come between me and you, I am ok. If she dares, I would rather take myself to your wife, tell her everything about me and you, and we team up to deal with her in our own way. You are our husband and we are going to protect you from any woman who will joke with you.”

Andrew felt proud of that statement. He even stood up and hugged Liz from behind. He pressed himself hard against her until his flaccid dick pressed against her buttocks. The moment it touched her buttocks, it began to get hard. Liz felt it and said, “Tell him not today, today I just don’t feel like it.”

“No problem, at least he knows whenever you are in the mood, it gets even more than enough.” Andrew said.

they continued talking as Liz prepared some meal. She was fast enough and within no time, she had made some rice and beans stew.

“I wish to be a millionaire too, very rich.” Andrew kept saying.

“You are already running two companies. You are ok.” Liz told Andrew.

“No, that micro finance is not mine. It belongs to a friend of mine called Kenneth Karuga, or just Ken. And the dude never went past class 8 but right now he has more money than me. It is like he landed a great deal where he makes a lot of money. He is always flying out of the country.” Andrew said.

“Then that is the person you should ask how he makes his money rather than approaching this woman who might lead you astray. I highly doubt her sources of money. She is very rich that I agree but hardly talks about her business.” Liz said.

“Even this Ken guy never talks anything sensible to me. He only tells me he is employed as a farm manager in Limuru. Can a farm manager make all those millions and have so many foreign trips?” Andrew asked Liz.

“Tell that to fools.” Liz said confidently.

Andrew laughed and asked, “What did you say?”

“I said tell that to fools. Managing a farm more so as an employee cannot make you millions. Unless he has other side hustles which he is not willing to share with you. But just running someone’s farm? No. in fact, most employments cannot make you a millionaire.” Liz said.

“He is employed by a rich woman known as Grace who also runs a micro finance in Limuru. Her late husband was a millionaire. Ken got into an affair with that woman and when her husband died, he took over as if he is her husband and they have two children with her.” Andrew said.

“You have your answer right there.” Liz said and laughed.

“What is the answer?” Andrew asked.

“He fucked that rich woman until she exploded money. That is how it goes with most of these guys fucking rich women. I know for a fact that some women if you get into an affair with them, you are on your way to riches.” Liz said with a smile.

“Meaning?” Andrew asked pretending not to understand.

“They make those who fuck them rich. It happens, not always but it happens. So, your friend Ken probably landed his riches through fucking Grace. Some of these married women, you fuck her good and she might as well steal from her husband and give the money to you. Or worse, plot the death of her own husband so that she remains with you to be fucking her. Orgasms have a way of making women crazy.” Liz said.

Andrew thought for a while.

“So, could Ken have played role in the death of Grace’s husband?” Andrew asked.

“Maybe, not directly but indirectly. Only Grace knows. Sorry to say this, it might sound offensive but Kikuyu women are known to plot the death of their husbands so that they can remain with the money and enjoy life without hindrance.” Liz said.

“You are tribal now. My wife is a Kikuyu.” Andrew said.

“Say one of your wives, what am I to you?” Liz said looking at Andrew.

Andrew laughed and said, “Yes, one of my wives...” but as he said so, at the back of his mind, he flirted with the idea of fucking Martha until she shows him the money, or the source of it...

>>The drama continues>>

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****OVER THE MOON – CHP 10 – Rich plan****

When it was time for Andrew to leave, Liz made a joke to him and said, “Do you want Martha to be your sugar mummy?”

“No, she is probably younger than me how then can she be my sugar mummy?” Andrew asked.

“Eh! But on a serious note, do not dare that woman. The only woman am willing to share with you is your wife and no any other woman.” Liz said.

“Why my wife?” Andrew asked her.

“Because I found here before me.” Liz said.

“What if you came before her, would you have agreed for me to have another?” Andrew asked.

Liz thought for a while and said, “As long as there will be peace. The problem with most men, when the number two comes, they focus so much on the new pussy and forget the one that came earlier. Or, most men go looking for another woman because the first one is no longer satisfying him.”

“Ok, I don’t assume to understand that, it is a woman’s thing. Let me get home before this rain pours as I can see heavy clouds right ahead of me.” Andrew pointed at the direction of his home.

“It is probably raining there. Just go before it gets dark.” Liz told Andrew and gave him a hug.

Andrew left Liz’s place. He did not stop anywhere until he got home. By the time he got home, it was raining heavily.

The night was rainy and cold. It got raining almost in entire Nyeri county that night. From Liz, she was all alone and thinking: I must now force this man to sleep over here or else he shall never give me the company I want in these cold nights of loneliness.

They woke up to a sunny morning. Andrew had a client he was going to meet in Kirinyaga, Kerugoya town. He got early in the morning in office, as early as 7 am even before Liz had opened. Liz was surprised to find Andrew in office when she got there at 7:15 am.

“Wow! did you sleep here?” Liz asked Andrew as she gave him a light hug. She wore heavy clothes since it was still cold. She also wore a pair of black jeans.

“No, I was here by 7 am because I want to go and see a client in Kerugoya. Might also go to Embu but am not so sure.” Andrew said.

“A business deal?” Liz asked.

“Yes, a good one for that matter.” Andrew said, “Someone who is doing a business of buying plots, setting up houses and selling the plot plus the house at a profit. Sounds like a very good business to me and let me go and see how we can improve his business.”

“That is a great one, fetches good profits. A product might even give someone 3 million in profit. I am sure you will get for him a plan worth million too!” Liz said and winked.

“Yes, I intend to...” Andrew said. Both laughed.

“All the best, you have my blessings.” Liz told Andrew, “I will handle those that will come today in case you will not be back before then.”

Andrew left. He called his wife to inform him that he was going to Kerugoya town.

Andrew drove at moderate speed until he got to his destination at around 8:30 am. He was aiming to find them already opened.

By the time Andrew got to the man’s office, whose name he knew as Kinyanjui, and his Company as Kinyanjui Real Estate or simply KRE, the man had already opened and was also waiting for Andrew.

“Been waiting for you, for about 20 minutes.” Kinyanjui told Andrew while giving him a very firm and powerful handshake. He was a short but very stout man with a potbelly which seemed like he had swallowed a large pot.

“Here I am, and I can already tell one thing is missing from your office. Where is a calendar beating your logo, what you do and where you are located?” Andrew asked the man as the man showed him a seat.

The man laughed and told Andrew, “It is why you are here. Man, my profits have been dropping faster than I drop my pants when I get a beautiful lady...” the statement made both of them laugh.

“Worry not, they will now rise up faster than how your dick rises when you get a beautiful lady...” Andrew replied to the joke.

“Yes, I wish so, more so when I was younger, around 21, not now I am 45 and getting it up is like getting a KPLC pole to stand up, it must be a team work.” The man said and laughed.

“Anyway, I wish I was a doctor I would help in that, but I am a doctor of businesses and I am here to make your business rise. “Andrew said.

Within the next 4 hours, Andrew and Kinyanjui spoke a lot about how he will help KRE to rise up again. Andrew found out that the man did not even have a website and advised him to get a website for his company, to establish a strong online presence arguing that most clients buying homes are young and middle-aged people who are in digital age.

Andrew also advised him to target not only local vernacular speaking radio stations for adverts but also national radio stations telling him, “Your clients are not only Kikuyus, but other people from other tribes. You have locked out almost the entire country by only doing Kikuyu adverts!”

“Also make stickers and distribute them to Matatu SACCOs, let them be stuck on their cars and as people travel, let them know KRE exist and it is selling homes.” Andrew told the man.

“I have never thought of that.” The business man said.

“Then again, buy old homes and renovate them too, that is if the house can be renovated. Also, seek out with clients to know if someone would want a plot and get you to build the house for them. That also gives you an edge over clients who do not have ready money for a complete plot and house.” Andrew told him.

The man was taking notes all through.

After they were done with business talks, they got to personal and friendly talks even as the man invited Andrew to an early nyama choma.

“I love meat more than I love my wives.” The man said.

“How many wives do you have?” Andrew asked him.

“Four, and 2 concubines.” The man said.

“Whoa! How do you manage all of them? I am even afraid of having a second wife!” Andrew told the man.

The man laughed so hard and told Andrew, “Having one wife is a sign of being broke. King Solomon had 700 wives and 300 concubines, and he was the wealthiest king of his time. In fact, he is estimated to have been worth 2 trillion dollars by current standards. Young man, marry wise women and you will grow in riches, but marry foolish women and you will die a broke and miserable man.”

“How does women make you rich? I thought women make men poorer since most women rely on men for survival?” Andrew told the man.

“No, that is where young men are making a mistake. Don’t go for a lazy woman. By the time you are having her in your house, within one year, she should have started working and earning a living not just giving you a vagina and children. If she cannot, let her go. I have divorced 3 women before I got where I am. I give you capital to start a business, if it fails, you are gone.

I do not tolerate laziness with my wives. Of course, I do not even need their money, I have my own money but I also let them know I will not be the one to give them everything. even a child is taught how to walk by his parent, after that, the child learns to walk on his own.” The man said.

“Do they help you with your business?” Andrew asked Kinyanjui.

“Just enough to know how it operates so that if I die today, my business does not die with me. But to avoid them fighting for my wealth when I die, I made sure all of them are running their own businesses.” Kinyanjui said as they ate some roasted meat.

Just as they were eating, Andrew noticed Kinyanjui’s concentration had shifted elsewhere. Andrew turned to look at what the man was looking and could hardly believe his own eyes. Standing right behind them was Martha, with her usual charming smile.

“Hi, sorry to disturb you two, I could not just go without saying Hi.” Martha told them and greeted them. She wore a gold dress that showed her killer curves perfectly.

“Hi, where are you going? I did not expect to meet you here.” Andrew told her.

“Just out and about my businesses. How about you?” Martha asked Andrew.

“Same too.” Andrew said.

“Nice, I was having breakfast and then go. I am seated over there.” Martha told them and then turned to go. She followed a waiter who went and placed her breakfast at a table in one corner of the restaurant.

“Man! Is that your woman?” Kinyanjui asked Andrew, before Andrew would answer, Kinyanjui said, “If she is not your woman, connect me with her.”

Andrew burned with instant jealousy hearing Kinyanjui say so. He looked at her and said, “She is my girlfriend. But I have a wife.”

“Oh! sorry, sorry about lusting for your girl. I will not cross that path. In fact, let me go back to my office. Now, I want you to draft for me a nice business plan of things I should do so that my business improves in the next three months or six months. I used to make even up to 30 million in a month but now am making right about 10 million.” Kinyanjui said.

Andrew was surprised. He had barely made more than 1.5 million in his business per month and here was a man saying he makes 10 million and feeling it is too little! What was even ironic, the man drove a simple Probox car yet he was making all those millions. Andrew thought: Maybe he has other cars but uses this one for business.

“Ok, I will.” Andrew said.

“And introduce me to your network of business community. I love meeting new business people. If you want to learn how to make more money, network with people who are making even more money.” Kinyanjui told Andrew.

“Ok, we shall meet some other time, let me now go and do the necessary.” Andrew told the man. The man left.

Andrew did not go; he shifted tables and went to sit with Martha. Andrew thought it was pure coincidence for them to meet there but Martha had been following Andrew and that was the time she got the opportunity.

“Martha, you drive a machine worth 20 million...” Andrew said and paused.

Martha smiled and told him, “25, correction.”

“Yes, 25 million. How? Just how do you make all that money?” Andrew asked her.

“If you are not in a business where you are able to make at least 1 million every day, you will take a long time to drive such a car. In fact, I have three, and thinking of buying a fourth one. My business is booming why lie...” Martha said and smiled.

“Martha, do not take me in circles. Sorry about my initial disagreements with you. I saw you give to the church 6.5 million. I know for you to give that much you have even more. How do you make all that?” Andrew asked her.

“You will also pay me for business consultation.” Martha told Andrew and smiled at him while looking at him keenly.

“I will, people also pay me, why not me?” Andrew said.

Martha touched Andrew’s arms as he sat opposite her and told him, “The problem is, you will not agree to pay me with what I want, and by that you will not know what sort of a business I do.”

“Come on, don’t make it difficult for me.” Andrew told Martha.

“I am not making it difficult; it is you who made it difficult.” Martha told Andrew.

“How? Name it...” Andrew said.

“I want you. I am on heat right now because of you. It is all I ask now and the rest will just flow. Someone I love, I will show you everything. Just be my man and I will show you wonderful things. You will be the most respected elder in your neighborhood. You will never regret loving me. I promise...” Martha went on and on.

“Ok, no problem, but do not set me up against my wife, please, and it should remain a secret between the two of us.” Andrew told her.

“Fine, I will do everything to ensure it is only between us. Now, here is the deal. I am going ahead of you. I will be in Palmdew Highlands Hotel, in Embu waiting for you in a room. Come show me some love and I will make you proud as a man. Let me get there and book a room for us. Is that ok with you?” Martha asked Andrew.

>>The drama continues>>

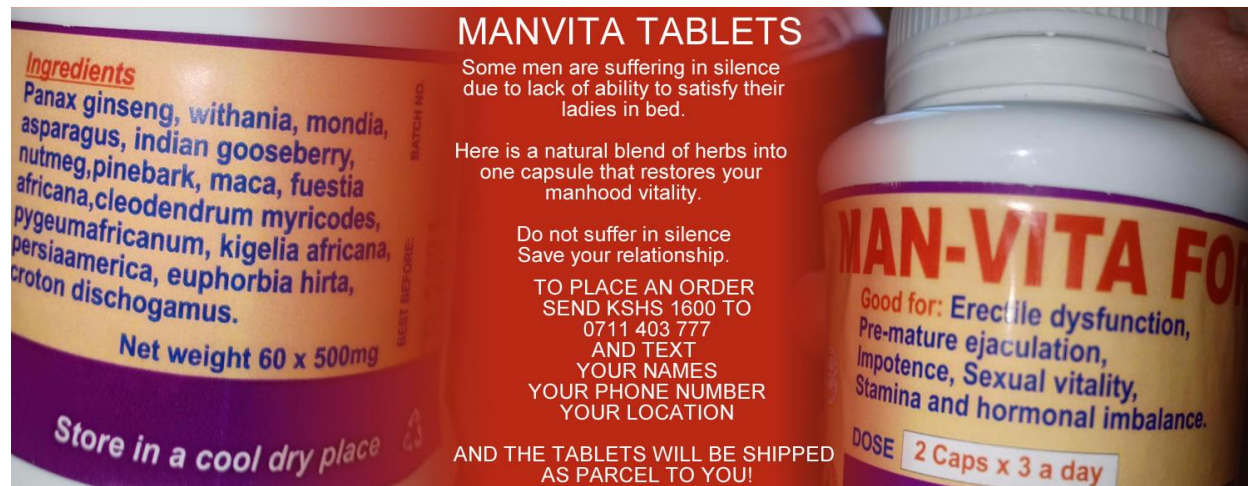
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