



# THE CLEANER

*An interracial love*

By: Matshidiso Bella

MATSHIDISO BELLA

# THE CLEANER

BY

*MATSHIDISO BELLA*

MATSHIDISO BELLA

MATSHIDISO BELLA

© 2020 Matshidiso Bella Makoea. All rights reserved.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events, locales, and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

MATSHIDISO BELLA

## **DEDICATION**

This book is dedicated to all my Wattpad and Facebook readers. You guys have had my back and were good for my confidence boost. Because of you, I believe that I can write some nice and juicy stories.

All those comments made my days, and I cannot even pen down just how much I appreciate you all.

Shout out to God and my ancestors because I can hear the drums beat every time I write. The gift is amazing as not only provides me with an escape but my readers too.

If you are reading this for the first time, I hope you enjoy it.

## **CONTENTS**

**Chapter 1**

**Chapter 2**

**Chapter 3**

**Chapter 4**

**Chapter 5**

**Chapter 6**

**Chapter 7**

**Chapter 8**

**Chapter 9**

**Chapter 10**

**Chapter 11**

**Chapter 12**

**Chapter 13**

**Chapter 14**

**Chapter 15**

MATSHIDISO BELLA

**Chapter 16**

**Sequel**

MATSHIDISO BELLA

## **THE CLEANER**

***Loraine Teffo, a young ambitious woman who desperately needs a job finds herself agreeing to help her favourite uncle to get his revenge on his previous boss by stealing a microchip that holds millions worth of information.***

***Stuck between needing the money & helping her favorite uncle, there's only one choice on the table...***

***To become Greyson Pierce's cleaner so she could get her hands on what built his fortune for her uncle.***

***With the race card, lust, passion, anger and maybe feelings in the mix, will Lori succeed with the grand plan or disappoint her uncle?***

Hi my gorgeous readers, I am back with yet another book and this is not a mafia book. It's more of a Chick-lit, erotic mash-up with a planned revenge plot not forgetting interracial. A



black woman and a white man, if this is something you know your little racist behind won't like please walk away from here.

But if you are staying, I hope that you will enjoy it.

I look forward to hearing from you by means of commenting, I love reading comments on my stories they push my pen forward and make most of my days, no cap.

Please do share with your friends who might just like it.

I hope you enjoy #TheCleaner 😎❤️👩

MATSHIDISO BELLA

# CHAPTER ONE

*Life sucks!*

Loraine complained inwardly as she entered the gate to her home after another day of dropping off CV'S at companies in town, hoping and praying that at least one of those companies call and offer her a job.

She was a business management graduate after all, with a degree decorating her mother's bedroom wall. She had high hopes while she was a student in university that it will be easier to get a job once she graduated; what a fool she had been by then. If she knew she'd spend over a year struggling to get a job she wouldn't have rushed to graduate on record time. She wouldn't have spent all of her time studying and not going out with her friends. She should have been a wild child like Karabo; her varsity friend who went clubbing almost every Friday, graduated the same day as her and yet only Karabo is working and the nerdy kid was struggling to make ends meet.

"Lori my baby, are you back from town?" her mother, Joyce Teffo, a widow asked her daughter as she watched her enter the house through the backdoor that opened to the kitchen.

They lived in a four roomed house in Tembisa, Ivory Park and shared the house with Loraine's one other sibling, Masego. Loraine and Masego were aged 24 and 18 with Masego only in matric, stressing the family about sending her to university next year.

"How did it go today? Did you find anything?" Joyce, with her delicate voice asked, watching her daughter slump on the kitchen chair her husband bought for her before passing on, may his soul rest in peace.

"Go no tshwana mma." (Same old, same old mother.)

Joyce's heart broke a little at the sad expression on her firstborn's face. She hated seeing her daughter looking defeated. She was once a fighter, always laughing, always had her face in her books, she really had high hopes that

Loraine would be the one to help them out at home, that Loraine will find a good job and help put Masego through university amongst other things.

"It will be okay my baby, God, God is good and he will give you something. Don't give up hope and you must not always look for these nice office jobs only, you can become a waiter too." Joyce told her and Loraine's face scrunched in disgust.

"Become a waiter? No way, please I did not slave away for three years mama to become a waiter. Something will come up and something nice with a fat cheque." Loraine smiled and got up on her feet and started preparing supper. Even after a long day of going up and down in Pretoria dropping off her CV's she didn't mind cooking just so her mother could relax.

"Lori leave the pots and call Masego to come prepare supper. She is not studying; she's been busy on her phone so she can cook. You are tired." Joyce cared dearly for her

children and never wanted to overwork them. Just on cue, Masego entered the house behind her was the girls' uncle, Joyce's brother Andrew also known as Druza in the streets.

Everyone was happy to see him; he was life of the party. Whereas Joyce and Loraine seemed to be on the introverted side, Masego and Andrew were extroverts. They were loud, wanted to be seen all the time and really felt the need to make sure they always make those around them happy.

"What brings you by?" Joyce asked after he kissed her on the lips as a form of an African greeting. "I haven't seen you since you started your new job."

"Ahh sestere wa thoma." He answered with a smile. (You are starting sister.) "I have been trying to make ends meet, so I haven't had time."

They all fell into an easy conversation until Andrew asked Loraine of how her job hunting is going and the

mood dampened. It was not nice being asked all the time when you will find a job, the question was annoying, saddening and mostly irritating like being asked when are you graduating. The pressure was just a little too much sometimes and it was better when only parents asked out of concern.

"It's going..." Loraine answered with a shrug. She didn't want to further have a conversation about that but her uncle had other thoughts.

"I may have something for you mchana, you know I can't just sit by and watch my sister's children suffer." That was true, he wouldn't if he had a decent job, he would have helped Loraine get on her feet and help put Masego in school next year, but he too was struggling to make ends meet with twin boys aged eight wanting and needing from him and a housewife on top.

"Oh? That's nice Andrew, may God bless you my brother. Where is the job and when is she starting?" Loraine's mother asked enthusiastically.

"Yoh that would be great hey, at least I won't have to listen to her moan all day long." Masego chirped in while washing the thawed chicken in the kitchen sink. She knew dinner was on her that night and she wouldn't dare disagree or her mother would beat her up with a shoe.

"Wait, I first have to speak to Loraine, alone. Then she will tell you." Andrew then took Loraine outside to his van to talk.

"There is a man named David pierce that I used to work for, I created an app for him that was supposed to generate millions and I get a cut. Well it did generate millions but I never got my fair share. I didn't want much but I didn't expect him to be greedy." Andrew began to tell the tale.



Loraine was worried about what the said job could be. Did maybe David pierce offer that one of Andrew's children work for him in exchange?

"Okay, so what do you need from me malome? Does David want me to work for him in order to repay you?" she asked.

Andrew pinched the bridge of his nose, nervous about what he was about to ask of his niece. "Not quite. I found that he had backed up all the data on a microchip and he keeps it at his son's house. If I get my hands on that chip, I can claim my life back and do better and even offer you and Masego a better living than this." He motioned to the dirty streets of Ivory Park where a burst sewer was running down the streets.

"I don't understand what that has to do with me." Every time her uncle spoke, she grew nervous. It was as if she was in a movie, an action movie featuring Jason

Statham. The talk about data, microchip, apps, millions... that wasn't a normal conversation.

"This is a big ask, but I wouldn't ask if I didn't trust you and believe in you." He told her.

She looked into his eyes and knew he wanted her to agree to whatever it was he was about to ask of her. But she couldn't help but to be nervous about it. All she ever wanted was to work in a corporate company, occupy a corner office and sip coffee in a personalised mug while she typed on her laptop. That was the dream.

"You are scaring me malome. What is it? Do I need to steal it from David whoever's son?" she asked, a smile on her face.

"Yes."

She did not expect that at all. Not at all.

"What? Malome are you serious?" she asked, her eyes almost dropping out of her sockets. For a medium height, she was almost her uncle's height and she looked right

into his eyes, searching for something that said 'I am joking.'

"I have someone who got you a job as a cleaner at Greyson pierce's house, which is David's son. Your job is simple, you just clean while searching for the chip and once you find it, we are home free." He finished.

Her head was spinning. Why did her uncle think she will be a great alliance to do that with? Why did he think she will agree? Also does he think she went to school, attended crazy lectures, wrote heavy assignments and hectic exams just to come back and work as a cleaner?

"I am overqualified to be a cleaner malome. I did not graduate top of my class to become a cleaner." She was hurt by the suggestion even.

"This is different."

"How different? I'll still be cleaning his house."

"Not for long, it shouldn't take you longer than a week max to find it. And you are perfect because you are my

niece, very smart and calculative. And he won't think that you are related to me because we don't have the same surname and I trust you. Besides, you do this for me; I am going to give your family five million rands from that."

Five million rands...

That was a lot of money

Shit load of money

She could start her own business instead

She would put Masego through to university and not worry about the fees

She will upgrade their family home and build backrooms for rental money

Five million rands...

"Think about it mchana, it's beautiful money and you are only there for a week max."

"What if I don't find it?" she asked, contemplating her answer. But she knew it was a good offer, she had nothing to lose. Just clean the house for a week until she find the

chip and she will be saved. Such things only ever happened in movies.

"There is no way you won't. I've had my eyes on it for a long time, it's in that house. You find it, you become an instant millionaire and you don't have to worry about job hunting anymore. You can now drive a nice car like your friends." Andrew knew what to say to sell the deal.

Loraine bit her bottom lip while looking at her feet. Five million rands, clean a house for a week, find the chip and that was it, she mauled over that for some time.

"Okay, okay I think I can do it."

## CHAPTER TWO

Looking at herself in the mirror, Loraine was impressed with how she looked. Dressed in a black pencil skirt and a white polka dots shirt tugged in, she looked ready to occupy a corner office downtown Centurion. Her milky chocolate skin was adorned with Vaseline and she loved how she overall looked.

"Here, spray this all over yourself so at least you won't smell like a taxi." Masego passed her sister a half full body spray.

"Take it with so that when you get off the taxi you spray again."

Loraine gladly did as told. Masego was the fashionista of the family, the go-getter, the cool kid. Even when their mother couldn't afford to buy them expensive labelled clothes, she still made sure to take care of their needs; allowing Masego to dress nicely and enjoy things like body sprays which didn't cost an arm and a leg.

"I will need this, the taxis to Centurion aren't always nice hey, sometimes you get a siyaya with torn seats." Loraine hated the taxi life, every other day she wished for a car, a job that would afford her a car. She was tired of having her clothes get torn by the tattered taxi seats.

"Anyway, that was so nice of malome to hook you up with a nice job in Centurion hey? Phela Centurion is the burbs of the whole Pretoria." Masego loved nice things and always dreamed of living a lavish life.

Loraine's heart started to beat frantically against her ribcage. She never lied to either her mother or Masego but since her uncle dropped by with the said job he wanted to hook her up with, she has been lying through her teeth. She lied that she was going to stand in for a receptionist that was sick at some made up company in Centurion. She looked at Masego and gave a weak smile before sitting on the bed they share to wear her shoes.

"Mhm, it was."

"Hao sis, you don't sound like you're happy about this? Lori you have been going up and down for a year looking for a job, this is your big break grab it with both hands. Even if it's just for a little while, be happy. It's something." Masego reminded her of how hard she's had it when it came to job hunting. Loraine then went to eat breakfast and felt guilty as her mother prayed for her first day at work, thanking god for Andrew and the opportunity and asking god if he could extend the employment contract even when Lori's time will be up.

"Amen, I have to go ma." Loraine dashed out of the house before she fell apart under pressure. She was always a good child, very obedient and never gave her parents grief. Always determined to be a successful woman one day and wished to have her own family.

Masego on the other hand was life of the party; she wanted a lavish lifestyle but wanted the easiest and fastest way to get there and had no desire at all to have her own children.



According to her, children were nothing but a baggage and she plans to jet set all her life.

Loraine arrived at the Centurion mall where her uncle was going to pick her up and drop her off at the place she'd be working at.

Andrew watched her niece walk towards his car in a nice outfit that consisted of heels. She looked ready to take on the world and he knew she was the right choice for the job.

"Mchana, I don't think you will survive cleaning with those shoes." He told her when she entered his car.

Letting a light laugh she patted her bag and told her uncle she had flats in her bag. "I wouldn't even be able to snoop around in these heels. What if I have to run or hide next thing I break my ankle or my neck and I die." Loraine was always sarcastic but sometimes it was hard to tell if she was kidding or not.

"You will be fine. Did you get the picture of the chip you're supposed to look for? He will surely keep it in his office so if

you could familiarize yourself with his home office then we will be home free."

"I did. I just hope this will be as easy you say it will be."

Loraine convinced herself that she had to do this for her family, for her mother.

Arriving to the said place, the agent who her uncle was working with was already waiting for her inside the house.

"Mchana, you will be dropped at the rank near the mall by one of his drivers and they will pick you up at the same spot in the morning. You and I will only talk via phone." Her uncle told her before speeding off in his old bakkie.

Ringling the bell at the gate, she was welcomed into a lavish home that had fresh green trees surrounding it, a green and manicured lawn and some nice flowers around it. The house wasn't extravagant or exaggerated, it was just the right size but it was so beautiful.

The agent named Lisa took her around the house, showing her all the rooms she will be cleaning. The house had three

bedrooms including the master bedroom, two bathrooms, a huge kitchen, the lounge area, in house cinema which was in the basement and it was so beautiful, the dining area, the office and the art room. There was some outside architects that Lisa told her she didn't have to clean them, there was a garden man hired to clean the outside area including the pool.

"So you will be cleaning this house Monday to Friday, Greyson is not a neat freak but he actually kind of is." Lisa told her as they returned to the kitchen.

"Okay so every day I just do the same thing?" Lori asked with a flat tone to her voice. She wanted to be anywhere else but that house.

"Not really, this is your office love; you manage it how you see fit. You can clean it thoroughly today and tomorrow you do a bit of this and a bit of that and relax until knock off time because trust me, Greyson wouldn't want to pay you full amount for half a day. And don't forget the reason why you

are here." Lisa finished. She was working with Andrew as he had promised her one million of rands if she did this for him. "So call me if you need anything, and be careful okay?"

Loraine was left alone in the house, a new uniform package on the kitchen counter and she had no idea what to do, where to start because this was not how she saw her life planning out. She was ambitious, had big dreams for herself, thought her first job as a university graduate will be in corporate world where her views and ideas will be heard and implemented.

She went to change into her knee length housekeeping dress and put on her takkies and set to work. She started with the man's bedroom. It was bare, with just two painting of two smiling women on each side of the wall. She changed the sheets of the bed and began to clean it, opening drawers and feeling the tops inside making sure the chip was not pasted inside.

She tried to remove one of the paintings as seen in movies where people had hidden safes behind them and immediately stopped when the door opened.

"Who the fuck are you and what the fuck are you doing in my bedroom?" That voice belonged to no other than Greyson Pierce who had the most striking blue eyes. They were a colour of a calm ocean.

Patting the painting in pure embarrassment Loraine opened and closed her mouth, not knowing what to say.

"Well?" he corked his eyebrow, his bushy eyebrow. He was a tall man; his beard was a small stumble giving the five o'clock shadow. He had on a fitting grey suit with a black shirt and no tie. He was looking at the chocolate skinned woman in his bedroom who looked like a deer caught in headlights.

"I am Loraine... the, the, the cleaner." She finally found her words. Her heart was beating out of control, she wished the world could crack open so she could be deposited inside.

"Oh, they did mention someone coming in today." He said. His eyes raking all over her, taking her all in. she looked nervous for some reason, was she doing something else other than cleaning? He wondered. "I need you to get out of my bedroom."

"But I am not done cleaning it." Loraine argued. She had a feeling he didn't want her in his bedroom, maybe because the chip was inside that very same bedroom.

"No, thank you. You can clean other rooms. There is only one reason why a woman would be inside my bedroom." When he said that, he held her gaze. Blue eyes to brown eyes, they stared.

Loraine found him to be attractive, she has never thought much about people of the other races, she always imagined herself with black men, but as she stood in that bedroom, looking at Greyson, she felt her body heat up.

"What is that reason?" she boldly asked. She wondered who that girl was, the one bold to ask a strange man in his house about the matters of his bedroom.

"To get fucked."

Loraine did not need to be told twice, she picked up her cleaning materials and moved towards the door where Greyson was standing; looking at her with strange eyes. Her legs felt like jelly as she caught a whiff of his cologne, it smelled incredible. It wasn't too much, very subtle but the scent lingered on her.

How foolish of her to not do a background check on the Pierce family. She should have prepared herself on how the person she'd be working at his house looked like. The man was incredibly gorgeous in her eyes. He looked like an Italian model.

Shuffling to the kitchen, Loraine looked outside, wondering what she should do next, she should probably go back to the

other two bedrooms and clean them then the bathroom then go to the basement where the in-house cinema was built in... "Oh hi, you must be Greyson's new maid." a womanly voice snapped her out her trance. Loraine spun around facing a woman who looked to be in her thirties but looks can be deceiving. The woman just like Greyson was dressed in formal attire, red lipstick coating her lips.

"The cleaner yes, I am not a maid." Loraine responded, quickly catching offense. This is what she didn't want happening. She did not want to be labelled as a maid, to her that meant she had failed in life. Young as she was, she had high hopes, big dreams and being a cleaner, now being called a maid did not sit well with her, it was not meant to be her portion in life.

"Potato *potatoe*." The woman said, she had on an uninterested expression plastered on her face. "Same difference. Look please be a doll and get Greyson and I a pot of coffee, we will be working from his home office. And also



please do fix us some breakfast too." The lady ordered. She didn't ask for Lorraine's name nor did she introduce herself. Lorraine wondered if she was the type that would expect her to call her 'madam' like they were back in 1960.

"Like I said lady, I am not a maid. I am a cleaner, I clean this house and then mind my own business." Lorraine snapped. She was never the one to be messed with, shy or timid, she still spoke her mind sometimes especially if she felt disrespected.

"Excuse me? Greyson? Greyson?" the gray eyed woman yelled for the man of the house, the man Lorraine had to push at the back of her mind. He was attractive but so what?

Greyson strolled down the hallway with his phone in his hand, a scowl on his face. Clearly the man hated being yelled at like that.

"You really don't have to yell so loud Chrystal, what's wrong?" he asked. His voice was deep and sensual. It made Lorraine wish she could listen to him speak all day.

"I just asked your maid here, to make us breakfast and coffee and she told me no." Chrystal whined causing Loraine to roll her eyes but her heart picked race. What if Greyson fired her before she finds the chip? She should have kept her mouth and made their damned breakfast.

She looked up to hear what kind of anger Greyson will unleash her way but her breath hitched in her throat at the intensity of Greyson's stare. His eyes bore into hers like he could see her soul, she found that creepy and sensual at the same time.

"Chrystal, go to my office and call any restaurant you'd like and get us coffee and breakfast." he said this all the while looking at Lori who for the life of God didn't know where to look. But she was rather surprised at the calamity Greyson portrayed. Why was he not mad at her? Why wasn't he lashing out and reminding her who pays her salary?

"But Greyson-"

"Now!" He snapped his eyes from Lori to Chrystal and she weakly nodded not before casting an angry glare towards Loraine then leaving them.

"I am sorry, but I wasn't hired to do none of that." Loraine felt the need to apologize before she could lose her job. There was something about Greyson that messed with her mind. She apologized too quick, she felt nervous around him, she couldn't stop thinking about how gorgeous his eyes were or how cute his lips looked. The man oozed sex appeal in all directions.

Greyson only looked at her, watching her blabbering apologizing and he couldn't believe how he had restrained himself since the minute he laid his eyes on her. She was gorgeous, her brown skin, her cat shaped dark brown eyes, her teeth... her curves she was causing him to feel things he never thought he'd feel again.

He moved towards her and lifted his hand to stroke her cheek, her soft cheek but he held himself, she was her

employee and what he was doing might come off as sexual harassment. "Don't worry *little one*, if anyone gives you trouble let me know." His voice had dropped and she could smell his cologne clearly and she wished he wouldn't move. A content sigh left her lips without warning and her eyes snapped open realizing just how that made her look.

"Uh I have to, I have to go start yeah..." She picked up the cleaning materials as fast as she could and went to the next guest bedroom where she slumped down on the bed, basking in embarrassment. "What the hell was that Lori, it's only your first day at work." she chastised herself quietly.

In the kitchen where she had left Grey standing alone, he was rooted at that same place. There was something about his cleaner that unnerved him. Was it her shy persona? Was it her full figure? Was it her heavy chest or was it the innocence in her eyes that called him forth?

He went back to his home office where he decided to work from today and he couldn't give a rat's ass anymore about

the development of his father's company. His mind was now occupied by his house cleaner.

"I ordered us breakfast but listen, you can't let that silly girl talk to me like that." Chrystal who was waiting patiently in the home office spoke up. As much as she spoke her mind even out of turn most times, she was a little afraid of Greyson. He was an alpha male, a beast, a dom.

"Mhm if you're going to insist with working with me from my house Chrystal I need you to stay clear of Loraine, you don't talk to her unless it is absolutely necessary do you hear me?"

The tall and large man sternly told her and she got excited with the change of tone. Chrystal loved playing games with Greyson Pierce. She loved it when he dominated her. She was a tigress in her own sense but loved to be overpowered by him. It always led to mind blowing sex that she knows no one will give her.

Standing up from the chair she sauntered towards him, a naughty spark in her eyes.

Greyson knew that look all too well, hell he knew that the only reason she insisted on coming to his house with was so he could screw her. He didn't mind, he needed the distraction before channelling all his energy into work but things have now changed.

Chrystal was now someone he didn't want to bed anymore. He had someone in mind.

Someone with a sweet voice that drove him crazy and he knew he'd even go crazier if he heard her moans and screams of pleasure.

Someone with curves and a delicious looking brown skin.

He wanted the woman who was now across the hall, cleaning the guest room.

"Let's prepare the report for the board meeting and run tests on the new system." Greyson cut Chrystal's advances short.

"Yeah we can do that after a while." she purred.

"No, we are here to work." he deadpanned before sitting down and opening his laptop.

Chrystal couldn't believe she was turned out like that, she was horny, well she was always horny where Greyson was concerned and he never not even once turned her down.

"What's wrong? Why the sudden mood change?" she asked.

"Nothing is wrong, I came home because I wanted to be alone, I didn't know you wanted to join me so I can fuck you."

"We always fuck Greyson, it's nothing new."

"Well, sorry but I am not in the mood. If you aren't here to work, then you can drive back to the office."

"Screw you Greyson." she lashed but did not leave. She was going to be an obedient little girl like how he loves his girls to be and maybe, just maybe he will reward her for being a good one.

But what will happen when she realizes that another woman has taken over the man's mind?

The day went by swiftly, Loraine was tired of cleaning the house that she had forgotten the sole reason she was at that house in the first place.

She had her lunch that her mother prepared for her then resumed her duties, polishing everywhere she passed. That was another thing about her, she was a tidy person, she didn't mind cleaning, she just didn't want it as a job that paid her bills. She didn't slave away at university to become a cleaner, that was her hourly song as she dusted and mopped around the house.

She searched the drawers of the bedrooms she cleaned in but as time wasn't on her side, she didn't get to the man's office or the basement where the cinema was or the other rooms around the house. It wasn't a big house with many rooms but it was spacious and required much care. By the time four o'clock approached she was tired and needed a hot bath and to sleep.



Chrystal, Greyson's colleague and seemingly friend left an hour ago in a bad mood and Greyson hadn't stepped out of his office since.

Loraine felt odd that she has met the man but they didn't speak or properly get introduced. She knew if she was to find the millions worth microchip that was supposedly at this house, then she should at least be friendly towards her boss or at least have a clean and nice working relationship.

Knocking on the office door, Greyson called her in and she was met by a very tired man. He had ditched his tie and suit jacket and had a couple of buttons of his shirt undone.

Loraine thought after hours of not seeing the man, she would have gotten over the little infatuation she had but she lied. He looked even sexier when he was tired and concentrating.

"Hi, I wanted to formally introduce myself, I feel awkward working here and yet we didn't formally get introduced to one another." she said to him, earning a small smile from him.

"You are right, please sit." he offered her a seat on the couch where he followed suite. He was rather a tall man, towered over her medium built frame. She felt awkward sitting next to a man that smelled that good, that looked that good while she was in her cleaning scrubs. She fiddled with her fingers, growing shy. The bold woman that stood outside the door ready to introduce herself to her boss was slowly disappearing.

She felt them, warm hands covering hers and for a moment she forgot to how to breathe. His touch caused her spine to go rigid. She stopped fiddling with her fingers and looked at his hands on top of hers. "I don't bite...unless I have to." he told her, the sexual innuendo not missing her.

"Stop, please." she breathed the words. He wondered if she felt what he felt. Wondered if he had the same effect on her like she did on him. He has never turned down free pussy from Chrystal, not until today not until he saw her; Loraine.

He lifted his hands off hers and went to sit on the other couch facing her. His office was big and had so many things in it. She wondered where she would start to search for the small thing her uncle swears it was in the house.

"You want us to get formally introduced but you seem shy."  
he mentioned.

"I am well sort of shy but only where I am... uncomfortable."  
she whispered, if he was not starring at her so intently he'd have missed it.

"Do I make you uncomfortable little one?" It was in the way he looked at her, in the way he spoke and in the way he said 'little one' that she felt a warm sensation going to her lady parts. This was not going the way she expected. This man was a beast.

"Do you speak to everyone like that?" she asked. She was convinced he was doing it on purpose.

"Like how?" He asked, crossing his leg over his other knee, not once did he stop starring at her.

"Like that! Little one, you are..." making me horny. She wanted to say.

He didn't want to push too hard, he wanted her, the tingling sensation he felt in his pants was enough confirmation that he was attracted to this gorgeous stranger. It was nothing deep, just sexual.

"Okay, my name is Greyson Pierce, I am a thirty-one-year-old dude and you are my employee." he said, his mood lifting a little when she smiled.

She was grateful that he changed his tune. "Okay Greyson, I am Loraine Teffo, I am twenty four years old and I am your cleaner because finding a job proves to be a crazy thing." she told him. "I just wanted to know what's your expectation of me here. I mean Lisa briefed me but you can also you know tell me." she said.

I expect you to come to work in nothing but a trench coat, come into my bedroom and spread your legs apart so I can see.

He shook his head of his thoughts and stood up from the couch before he got a full erect boner. "Yeah uhm whatever Lisa briefed you on is fine by me. Feel comfortable moving around." he went to his whiskey stand and poured himself a glass. "Would you like a glass?" he asked after taking a sip. "No thank you, it's actually knock off time I need to go." she stood up realizing that her trying to smooth things over worked for one part. There was something in the air. She didn't know if it was Greyson's presence that affected her or how he spoke or the sexual innuendo behind words every time he spoke to her.

"Oh yeah and I am supposed to get you a drive to take you to Centurion mall...fuck, I forgot."

"It's fine, I'll take an uber." She told him. Thankfully her uncle gave her enough money for transport. She could take an Uber just that one time to the mall so she could catch a taxi home.

"No I will take you myself. Grab your stuff and I will drop you off." He wasn't about to take no for an answer and she knew

that. It was in his eyes. He spoke with his eyes and if you were someone that was shy to look into people's eyes you'd always miss something with him.

Loraine quickly made her way to the guest bathroom and changed into her outfit. The body hugging pencil skirt, blouse and the pair of heels. For some reason she wanted to look for Greyson. He met her in her ugly cleaning scrubs, she wanted to redeem herself.

Putting away her uniform, she had no business taking it home with. It was a sad reminder that instead of getting her dream job, she was now a cleaner and not just any cleaner but a thieving cleaner. She came to the house to steal something with hopes of getting five million rands.

That went against her morals, her beliefs and what God wanted of her. Her mother would be dearly disappointed if she ever found out what it was that her uncle was making her do. But she had to do what she had to do for her family and for herself.

"Okay I am ready." She walked into Greyson's office and he was gobsmacked.

He was able to make out every inch of her, every curve she had to her body and her legs and feet in those cute heels, she was a stunner and that did nothing to help with his growing desire.

"Fuck!" he swore aloud.

"What's wrong?" she asked. When she left his office, they seemed to be on good terms what has changed. But she looked up into his eyes and he saw her looking at her legs, slowly going up to her face.

"Loraine..." he breathed walking slowly towards her. He was like a predator to its prey. A lion to a fat zebra.

He stood in front of her, his body heat sky rocketing, her breath hitched. He could see he had some kind of effect on her but was it because she was shy and he was making her uncomfortable or was it because she was also feeling what he felt?

"Greyson..."

"Shhh little one..."

It was very weird just how Loraine and Greyson acted towards each other. It did not make sense to her just how this man could badly affect her with just first day of meeting.

It didn't make sense how she'd find a white man that incredibly fascinating and attractive. His blue orbs that looked down at her frame was like a pool of unexplained emotions. She wondered what it meant. Did she find him attractive because he was showing her a side of him that suggested otherwise?

The last time she was in a relationship, things didn't go so well. It was a wonder how she managed to pass university with such incredible score. It was a wonder how she did anything else to be honest. How she managed to drag herself to class, how she smiled and giggled with her friends while the man she loved couldn't bother to send her a 'good



morning' text or even tell her he was alive after a wild night of partying.

It hurt her the most when she'd hear from her friends that they saw her man at the club which wasn't so far from where she lived and he couldn't pick up the phone and text her.

How she managed to still smile while with him, opening her legs for him to feast as much as he could from her honey pot was beyond her. When she finally found the strength to leave him after he had impregnated the second girl, she figured she was bewitched. They call it 'clownery' nowadays where you let a man toy with you, you see it that he doesn't care or love you the way you love him but you still stay...like the clown you are.

She hadn't thought of giving men a chance since then, when she graduated Thabiso, her ex-boyfriend came with flowers to the ceremony telling her how proud he was of her and wondering if they could try again and this time around, he'd

be faithful. She didn't wait for anymore stories, she ignored him like the plague.

Now there was a charming man, from a total race looking at her with such a strong intensity. She didn't know what to think but one thing was evident, her little lady parts were excited by the attention she was getting.

"Go out to dinner with me." he asked her, his breath fawning over her face. She closed her eyes, savoring his scent, the smell of his minty breath. But she wasn't going to indulge him, it was wrong.

"I can't." she responded. She appreciated how he asked her, she danced in the realization that he may like her.

He looked at her, as if he could see beyond her, as if he could make out her future. Then it all changed, his eyes turned a stormy blue, it was fascinating and yet intimidating.

"Lorraine, I am taking you out for dinner, okay?" It was in the way he said that it melted her insides. The authority in his voice rendered her defeated.

"Let me get my wallet and we will leave." he returned to his desk and took his wallet from his suit jacket and ushered her out of his office, placing his large hand on the small of her back. She wanted to sprint forward and run as far as her heels could take her.

As they went to his driveway, like a gentleman he opened the door for her closing after she was comfortable. The car smelled like him. His cologne was that strong against the plush leather seats.

"Do you have any favourite restaurants?" he asked as he pulled out of his driveway, her nerves kicking in.

She wasn't from a rich family where they wined and dined at fine restaurants, she was at least fortunate to get a bursary that paid for her accommodation too hence she stayed off campus and met people like Karabo who loved trying new things and roped her in, or she'd have grown nervous than she should that where she should go to eat with a well off white man.

Karabo always tried new restaurants and was kind enough to bring some food for her while she was slaving away studying her ass off. "Not really." she shyly replied.

"Okay where would like to go eat?" he asked as the approached a red light. He turned to look at her, his eyes were lethal.

"Uhm we can go to Mocho's they have nice seafood pasta there." she mumbled. She knew he wanted her to choose where they should go eat, besides he asked her for dinner well more like dictated.

"Mhm seafood pasta, never had it before, but I do love their duck there." he told her.

"You have never had seafood pasta?" she was shocked that someone like him hadn't tried all the pasta there was in the world. Wasn't it their thing like pap and braai meat was for black people?

"Just because I have Italian genes does not mean I go around eating all the pasta come on now. That's racist actually." He joked with her, his eyes focusing on the road.

She let out a small giggle. "I can't be racist." she replied.

"Oh yeah? Because of the colour of your skin? Because black people can't be racist?"

"No... because I didn't know you were partly Italian." she looked at him and it was his dark hair, his full pink lips and his square jaw that made her see him as more than a white man. His skin was not so pale, he was tanned but to her, white people looked the same. It was only once you start checking other ethnic groups that you see the differences.

"Oh! I see plus I don't have an Italian name, maybe I should have been Giovanni or something." he joked earning a hearty laugh from Lorraine that his heart almost skipped a beat.

He was glad they reached another red light that he stopped and looked at her, fascinated by her beauty. How could one person be this gorgeous?

"You are funny." she said.

The ride to the restaurant was pleasant, she had forgotten just how he had asked her to dine with him, or how he made her feel back at his house. They were getting to know each other in a very open and friendly way and she liked it.

When they arrived to Mocha's she was surprised to see how elegant the restaurant was. She never set foot there, she only ever had takeaways brought over to her by Karabo. She was glad her outfit matched the interior and atmosphere in the restaurant.

"Welcome to Mocha's, table for two?" the waiter met them at the door clasped in the restaurant uniform, a polite smile on his face.

"Yes please, can you give us a private table?" Greyson asked, placing his hand again on Loraine's back. And the nerves kicked right back. A private table?

The polite waiter smiled, but casting a look of disgust towards Loraine. She wondered what that was about but alas

they followed him upstairs where he gave them a corner table away from prying eyes.

"My name is Themba and I will be your waiter for today. Here are the menus, we have a special..." Themba continued to tell the two diners about what they had on special, what he was recommending for them, placed their menus before them, giving them a choice to choose what they wanted.

"I thought you were going to have the seafood pasta?"

Greyson asked, looking at the menu.

"I am. I just want to see what else they have." she shrugged. That was typical human behavior. Afraid to try something different in a restaurant because you loved one dish of their now it's all you order from them.

The pair opted for a red bottle of wine, while the sun was setting nicely being warm outside and she ordered the seafood pasta while he ordered his duck and vegetables.

"Why did you decide to become a cleaner? Is because you can't find a job?" he asked while they were having wine.

Her heart paused, her eyes meeting his. She didn't want to become a cleaner, hell that was never on the cards, rather a waiter than a cleaner but she didn't even want to become a waiter like her mother suggested.

"Uhm yeah." she didn't wasn't to lie. How could she say oh no, my uncle hooked my up with this job so I can steal from you.

"Where do you work?" she asked, reverting the conversation to him. She couldn't stand being under the spotlight. She wasn't a good liar but could manage to keep the truth to herself as long as she can.

"I work at my father's company. He created an app that actually turned his life around and we built a company off that. You know The Rocket app? It's a team communications app."

"Yes I do, we have used it at school during group assignments." she responded.



"Yes my father built that. I don't know how he did it but we have managed to to make spin off apps from it and it is incredible. We keep hiring people because of it. And to think it all started right in this country and it's gaining international market now makes it beautiful."

Hearing about the app was bitter-sweet for Lori. Greyson sounded happy with the development of his father's company and its accomplishment but it was her uncle's idea, her uncle's blood and sweat that went into building that and the old man couldn't even give him a measly million rand to thank him.

"That's nice." Loraine was glad their food arrived, she didn't want to engage further with the conversation but one thing was clear to her, she had to find the damned chip. Her uncle deserved it.

Dinner went smoothly, they enjoyed their meal and the bottle of wine was very appreciated. Greyson stood up and went to sit next to Loraine, causing her body to catch multiple

degrees of heat. The wine made her blood warmer and when he sat next to her, she couldn't breathe.

He licked his pink lips, his eyes boring into hers. "Kiss me."

★ ★

"Lori ngwanaka, why are you only returning this late? It's half past eight at night. I called and called, I even called Andrew and he said he will find you but didn't. Why didn't you call us?" Lori's mother, dressed in her night dress was very worried about her daughter who didn't return as early as she thought she would from her first day at work.

"I am so sorry ma." Loraine realized she was wrong for not calling her mother or sister to tell them she'd be late home. She didn't think she'd be taken to dinner, didn't even think that the man she went to dinner with would want more from her or made her do things and feel things thus forgetting about the most important thing.

"No Lori, no! You can't do that to me. I am an old woman I don't want heart problems." her mother continued to complain, raising hell in the house.

Masego who was studying got out of the room she shared with his sister to hear what her mother was complaining about.

"You don't even call your younger sister, you don't call anyone Loraine Teffo, no one." her mother then grabbed a glass of water and left to her room. "I guess I should thank God that you are home safe. Women are getting killed and raped Loraine." she finished as she closed her bedroom door. She was so upset that she didn't ask Loraine how her day was.

"Mntase le wena! Where were you?" Masego asked, she was very close with her sister that she could scold her when she was wrong.

"I am sorry, I was on a dinner date." Lori told her, putting her lunch tin in the kitchen sink.

"Lori Teffo, dinner date with who? You went to work one day, one day and you already going on dates?" Masego who was slightly taller than her sister was invested in the news. She loved hearing about relationships, about love, she was a sucker for romance even though she wanted money before love.

Loraine grabbed her sister's hand and dragged her to their bedroom. There she sat on the bed, her eyes sparkling with enthusiasm and excitement. "I went on a date with my boss." she told her little sister.

"Sesi!" Masego was shocked. "What?"

"It wasn't supposed to happen like that. The man is crazy."

Loraine spoke, a blush creeping up her neck when she thought back of how her day was. From the moment he found her in his bedroom, to the moment at the restaurant.

"Crazy how? You need to spill everything. Did he force you?"

"No, I don't know." Loraine was confused. She didn't know how to explain this to her sister. Greyson didn't force her to

go out him, she could have deadpanned and flat out declined the date but no, she loved his authoritative voice, she loved being ordered by him, it turned her the hell on.

"What do you mean you don't know?" Masego was a bit confused. She looked at her sister and she was smiling. She had a dizzy smile on her face.

"Masego, that man is... oh My God he is.. Jesus Christ!"

"Haa.a leave Jesus alone and spill the beans. Mama was worried about her first born child but noo you are out on dates with crazy men." Loraine couldn't help but to laugh at her little's sister's exaggeration.

"Don't be crazy." Loraine got off the bed so she can take off the shoes and her outfit. "When I arrived to the house..."

"The house?"

In her excitement Loraine had forgotten the web of lies she has created around herself. She was lying at home, she was lying at work.

She was excited to tell her sister, someone who has always been there to listen to all her problems. That was the best part of having a sister, you have a built-in best friend, a confidant.

But she realized this was something she couldn't tell her sister, it was dangerous. It was immoral and complicated as her uncle didn't want the family knowing.

"You know what? Let me go and take a bath and I will fill you in when I am done."

"Sesi Lori he took you to his house? You went to a date at his house? You know how men are, they see some nice ass, small waist they go crazy." Masego was disappointed in her sister. She didn't expect that from her. Masego would do something like that, live spontaneously but not Loraine, she was too soft for that kind of life.

"No... eish yoh I don't know how to explain this to you. So I am going to bath and then I will explain to you. And-and-and just for clarity... we didn't do what you're thinking. Big butt

and small waist my ass." Loraine rolled her eyes taking her gown and toiletry bag to the bathroom.

Filling the tub with foam bath and hot water, Loraine washed her face in the sink while waiting to relax in the tub. She couldn't help but to blush when she thought back to her dinner date.

Greyson looked into her eyes, his blue orbs were a darker shade of blue and he asked her to kiss him. Her heart hammered wild against her chest. She didn't know whether to do it or to hold herself but she wanted to.

"No Greyson..."

"No you don't want to kiss me or no you don't want to do it in public." he asked, holding her gaze. Every time she tried to look away he gently turned her face so she could look in his eyes.

"I do-" just as she was about to talk Greyson signalled for the waiter and paid for the bill leaving a two hundred tip for the man.

"Two hundred rand for tip? I should be a waiter." Loraine joked and Greyson had a change of mind and took one hundred rand note from the amount he placed on the table.

"He was mean to you, but I am being decent so a hundred bucks tip should do." he grabbed Loraine's hand and they rushed out of the restaurant.

"Why are we rushing?" she asked struggling to keep up with his long strides to his car.

The parking lot was filled with cars as people were coming in to dine at other restaurants around. Greyson pushed her against his car, pushing his hard body against her soft one.

"No one can see us now... so?"

It was weird how he asked her to kiss him. Was this what people did? The boyfriends she had always kissed her and she was compelled to kiss them back. But Greyson wasn't her boyfriend, no, he was her boss. They just met.



"I don't think we should do that." how she managed to talk with his body pressed against hers like that was beyond her. She wanted him, her body wanted him.

"Greyson we just met, I work for you, this is-" she couldn't finish her sentence as his lips smashed against hers.

"Mhm!" she moaned as she welcomed his kiss. It was rough and hot. His mouth was hot and tasted like wine and something sweet, probably the sweet and chilli duck he had.

Loraine was snapped out of her trance by Masego opening the bathroom door, to finding her sister relaxing in the tub.

"Your phone was ringing. He said his name is Greyson."

Masego passed her sister the phone who told her to close the door.

"Hello?" Loraine's heart was pumping way too loud for her liking. The man made her nervous, she wondered if she would be able to go to work the following day and face him.

"What are you doing?" he cut to the chase. He actually wanted to ask her if she arrived home well, if her parents

were not mad at her for returning so late. He had dropped her off himself, he knew she was safe but still he needed to make sure.

"I am bathing." she told him and had a beeping tone signaling that a call has been cut. "What the..." as she was confused, she had an incoming video call. No doubt it was him but why did she feel giddy and excited?

Swiping the screen up, Greyson was met by a pair of boobs ready for his eyes to feast on.

"I am coming back to fetch you."

★ ★

"Hai Loraine, you come back home late, you don't eat, you put your skhaftin in the sink and don't bother to wash it. Is this what having work will mean for all of us?" Loraine was welcomed into the kitchen by her mother's scolding. Clearly Mrs Teffo was still mad at her daughter for scaring her the previous day.

Loraine went over to her mother and hugged her from behind, leaving a kiss on her cheek. "Askies hle mma, ke dirile phošo maabane." (I am sorry mom, I made a mistake yesterday)

Mrs Teffo was a sweetheart, she may yell and shout from one room to the next and around the yard but once you sincerely apologize to her, she calms all the way down. "Anyway, how was your day yesterday my baby?"

What a simple question that could receive a simple answer, but Loraine thought back to her day yesterday and she

clamped her thighs together thinking about the man she dreamed about last night.

"It was good." she answered stuffing her face with her mother's brown soft porridge before she could leave.

Masego walked in the kitchen in her school uniform her hair styled to her choice.

"Bathong, Modimo waka. What kind of a hairstyle is that one Masego?" Joyce asked her youngest, most troublesome daughter.

"It's cute neh? I know. My selfies are fire." Masego joked while joining her sister to eat breakfast before leaving for school.

"It's cute? You two are going to give me gray hair." Joyce walked outside carrying on with her duties.

"Dude, who is Greyson?" Masego asked her older sister. Loraine almost spit out her breakfast. "Why?"

Masego had a mischievous glee on her face. She enjoyed tormenting Lori, her sister was too sweet and a little shy sometimes for her own good. "He called you last night, I came

into the bathroom to pee and heard you making some noises like a cat then you dropped your phone in the tub."

"Yeah thanks by the way, now my phone is messed up."

Loraine rolled her eyes.

"Then kept moaning his name while sleeping. Since I have been sleeping with you, I have never experienced you having a wet dream."

Loraine's eyes almost popped out of her sockets, she did have a very vivid dream about Greyson, it was steamy and everything in between. But she didn't think she'd talk in her sleep or that her sister who has always been a deep sleeper would hear her. She was embarrassed.

"Are you not going to say anything?"

"Leave me alone." Lori mumbled and focused on finishing her breakfast. "It wasn't what you think it was. Go change your hairstyle anyway. It's ugly." If there was one thing Loraine knew how to do well was to divert attention from herself to other things or other people.

Masego's image was everything to her and hearing that her hairstyle might not be as good as she thought, she went back to the bathroom to make sure, she indeed looked good.

The minute she left the kitchen, Loraine picked up her bag and left, bidding her mother farewell as she rushed to catch a taxi.

She was nervous and excited about what will transpire at work. Arriving to the spot where a supposed driver would pick her up, there was no one. Silly her, she had no working phone with her. Her phone fell into the hot bubble bath last night while she was busy talking to Greyson.

She stood at the spot for thirty more minutes before a lady got out of a taxi and she asked if she could request an Uber for her. The strange lady was kind enough to do, so she made her way to work, twenty minutes late.

Security opened for her and she met the man who was supposed to pick and drop her off at the house. "Miss, I tried calling you but your phone was on voicemail, I waited but you

didn't show up so sir said I should leave. We didn't think you were coming in." The man who was Greyson's driver apologized when he saw Loraine walk in.

Loraine smiled sweetly at him, accepting his apology. It was her fault that she had no means of communication.

"Is Greyson here?" she asked, her whole being filling with excitement.

"No he left for work. I will see you around." The man walked out of the backdoor where he stopped to chat with the gardener.

Loraine took off her tight fit dress and heels, an outfit she carefully picked just for Greyson to notice her and then put on her french maid's uniform.

The house was eerily quiet, then she remembered why she was at that particular house and not working in an office somewhere in a corporate company. The million's worth of information were coded and saved on a microchip that her

uncle helped build up. Once anyone gets their hands on the said microchip the whole company would fall at its feet.

Loraine liked Greyson more than she should have. But perhaps this was just some spontaneity to spice up her life, nothing serious. She had to remember what she was there for and not lose track. What was happening between her and her employer shouldn't deter her from the goal of being the cleaner at that particular house.

She cleaned the bedrooms, leaving Greyson's untouched. She remembered what he said about women entering his bedroom, how crude. That was just something else... Loraine thought. Did he always do that to women? Perhaps he slept with more women than she cared to count and maybe she too was a part of his experiment.

She removed the painting in the bedroom that she was finishing with, checking for hidden safes. She put the painting back when she was met by the wall. Opening the drawers, they had some brochures that were dated a year ago, she



figured it was time to bin them. Clearly the house hadn't had a cleaner in a while.

Opening the closet, she scanned every empty rack, every empty drawer, the ceiling, she felt on the sides trying to see if she wouldn't find anything and then she felt something...

Her heart started beating wild. It was a large velvet box.

"Listen I am at Grey's house, let me change and I will drive down there." a feminine voice sounded too close to the bedroom that Lori panicked and dropped the box back in the closet and closed the door quickly before spinning around to be met striking blue curious eyes.

"Hi?" the lady greeted Loraine.

"Hi." Loraine's heart was beating twice the normal rate. Her mind was blank out of fear that she could hear the lady speak further but she couldn't make sound.

"Hello? Hi? Can you hear me?" The lady was now in front of Loraine waving to get her attention.

"Sorry, I'm sorry I zoned out." Loraine told her.

"It's okay... I must have scared you. I'm Gina, Grey's sister."

she held her hand out to Loraine.

"Loraine, the house cleaner." Oh that left a bitter taste in her mouth. 'The cleaner' that made her feel upset. She didn't want to be a cleaner, a waiter or a teacher she wanted to be a business adviser, she wanted to be a business development manager, hell she'd even gladly be an office administrator to work her way up.

"Okay Lori can I call you that? Lori Harvey." Gina joked. She was a bronze skinned lady with blue eyes that reminded her of Greyson. She was dressed in sweats pants and a travelling bag by her side.

"Everybody does." Loraine smiled. Gina wasn't rude like the lady she met yesterday.

"Cool, I normally use this room when I am in town. So are you done cleaning in here? I'd like to catch an hour nap before I go to the office." Gina requested and Loraine looked back at

the closed closet thinking about the velvet box that was hidden inside.

"Sure." she exited the room.

She had no phone to call her uncle and tell him that she may have found the chip, she had no Greyson to increase her heart rate and hike her blood pressure, so she had to get to work and do what she didn't want to do; clean.

She cleaned the house, had her lunch, chilled outside by the pool enjoying the sun while trying her luck to switch on her phone. Gina changed her mind about going to the office, so she slept for two more hours and decided to work from her room, thus prohibiting Lori from getting the velvet box in the closet.

Soon enough Loraine heard a car pull up the driveway, she quickly entered the house to the kitchen just so she can look busy. She was growing crazy and anxious about the chip and now she wondered if it was Greyson coming back.

Her breath hitched when she saw him. Greyson was dishevelled. His eyes were bloodshot red and his hair was pointing at every direction. The shirt he was wearing was wrinkled up and he smelled like booze.

"Grey?" It was Gina who first spoke, entering the kitchen. Loraine couldn't even speak, she starred at the man and wondered what the hell happened to him.

"Grey you can't keep doing this. You can't keep doing this every fucking time." Gina was both pissed off and hurt.

"Wha... what happened?" Loraine dared to ask. What happened to the dominating man she met yesterday? The man she kissed? The man who made her play with herself in the bathtub while he was watching through a video call?

"Leave!" Grey spat angrily, looking at Loraine.

"It's not knock off time yet."

"I don't fucking care, LEAVE!" He screamed at her, leaving her dumbfounded and speechless.

★ ★

The following day, Loraine arrived to work on time and she rolled her eyes when she saw that Greyson's car was in the driveway. She thought he'd have left for work by the time she arrived but her ancestors deserted her at that moment.

She was hell-bent on finding the microchip so she can leave him and his temper tantrums.

When she left yesterday, her heart sank to the pit of her stomach. Not after the steamy kiss they shared, not after he made her toy with her pussy while he watched. Not after he almost made her cum from just talking.

She had quickly changed back into her dress yesterday and left with the designated driver and the man didn't have anything else to say.

There she was worried about him, wondering why was he that drunk or that dishevelled but he kicked her out like a

dog. She couldn't even believe she had returned again the next day.

She was moody at home, cooked chicken with no salt since her mother and Masego were not home when she arrived so she cooked dinner. Her mind had left her body when she was cooking, she went to bed early and had ample time to think things over.

She had decided to ignore the man and work on finding the one thing that will award her millions of rands to set her for life. She didn't have to worry about a spoilt brat from a rich family, treating her like a trash.

"Hi Lori." Gina, the happy chap as it seemed to be, greeted Loraine as she walked in. Today she wasn't dressed to impress. She had on jeans, a blazer and converse shoes.

"Morning." she greeted Gina back who was sitting around the kitchen island having breakfast with her brother who couldn't shift his eyes from his laptop.

"How are you today? I didn't think you'd come in after yesterday." Gina spoke, gauging the young woman's reactions. If she was Loraine, she wouldn't bother to come to work.

"Well, it's the only job I have." Loraine curtly responded.

"Please excuse me, I'd like to start with my day, if that's okay."

Gina only nodded while her brother kept quiet.

"Grey, why are you so mean to her?" Gina asked her brother once again like she did yesterday. "She did nothing to you and she doesn't know what you're going through."

"And I suppose you know what the fuck it is that I'm going through, huh?" Grey responded coldly.

"Don't try that with me okay? You haven't drank like that in a while, what set you back?" she asked.

Grey couldn't bring himself to tell his sister that he thought his house cleaner bailed on him, on the day he needed her.

On the day he needed an escape from his mind, an escape from his life.

When Loraine cut the call on him last night, he thought maybe something happened so he tried to call back, but the phone was off. He waited until the morning so she can come to work but when his driver told him Loraine didn't pitch, he lost it. He lost his cool and left to go to his hideout spot and drank until his sister reached him and called him back.

"Dad said you must pop in the office, he wants to run something new with you." Grey changed the subject.

"Okay, I will go with you." Gina answered. She planned to be with Greyson everyday for the whole of this week just to make sure he doesn't lose his cool like in the past.

It was early February, a week away from valentine's day and in the Pierce family, they knew just how crazy and crucial the month was. They needed each other; Gina knew her brother needed her even when he wouldn't admit.

"I am not going to the office." he told her.



"Well I guess we will have a conference call with dad then."

"No, Gina. Fucking go see your father. I will be here the whole day, you can call the security if that will make you happy. I just don't want to see a lot of people." he shrugged.

"And I will check on you." Gina placed the dirty dishes and went to get her bags and left for the office.

Loraine decided to start cleaning cinema in the basement. She switched on the lights and admired the room. There was the biggest sofa she's only ever seen on Pinterest filling the room, facing the largest cinema screen on the wall. There was also a rack that housed different types of DVD, probably when they didn't want to hire in, they popped in the TV to enjoy the experiment on the large screen.

She took her time with dusting around and cleaning the screen with the right cleaning supplies that Lisa made sure they had.

As she didn't want to finish cleaning quickly, she decided to take a seat on the plush sofa and it welcomed her. It was so

comfortable, she could sleep for days on it. Hell she'd trade in her bed for the couch if she could.

Lost in a train of thought, wondering where the hell should she search for the microchip as she wanted to be out of the house as soon as Friday hits. She was only there for a week and a week only. She couldn't do this for any longer than that. That was not the promise.

The lights in the cinema dimmed and her heart almost jumped up her throat. She didn't expect that and she most definitely did not expect the male figure that made its way down the stairs towards her.

In the last two days, sure, she'd have melted at the sight of Greyson approaching her. The first time she saw him, she was drawn to him. There was something about him that pulled her towards him. When he controlled her, when he touched her she lost all reasoning capacity.

But at that moment that he walked in the room, she felt nothing but anger towards him. He was rude to her yesterday, if it wasn't for her uncle, she wouldn't have returned.

"Hey..." he stood a couple of inches away from her but she could smell his cologne. He smelled good and looked better than yesterday. Even when the lights were dimmed, she could make him out properly.

For a change, he was dressed in sweats and a simple t-shirt, walking barefooted.

Loraine decided to get up so she could leave him alone.

Perhaps he wanted to come down to watch a movie instead of working. 'Rich' people vibes. She thought.

"I will come back when you're done." she made means to leave but her grabbed her by the arm and pulled her back.

"I was rude to you yesterday and I apologize." he told her, looking down at her short frame.

"Okay." Loraine shrugged; she didn't want to spend a minute longer with him.

"Don't do that little one. I don't like it when you don't talk to me." he told her.

"And I don't like it when people yell and be rude to me without a reason." she rolled her eyes and snatched her arms out of his hold. "You apologized, I said okay.. what else do you want?"

Her attitude was driving him crazy by the ticking second.

"Careful little one." he clenched his jaw.

"Careful of what? Are you going to lash out at me? Kick me out of your house? Well you have done that." Loraine was surprised at the sudden confidence she had of talking back. She was a timid and shy human being but as she had said only where she wasn't comfortable.

Greyson did not like it when she talked back at him, hell it drove him crazy to see his little kitten fired up like that. The anger radiated from her eyes and it poked at his heart. But he couldn't help feeling disrespected by her.

"Don't raise your voice at me little one, you will regret it." he warned her.

"I'll regret it? There's a number of things I already regret where it concerns you. And you don't own me. Leave me alone." she tried again to walk past him but he grabbed her by the throat, not too much to hurt but enough to halt her movement.

Her breath hitched. He looked down on her. "Sit." he ordered. She knew at that moment, she couldn't argue with him, she has pushed him and the Greyson that ordered her to go to dinner with had returned.

"If you don't aren't happy with something, speak." he told her and she was confused. But the predatory look he spotted, she knew they were about to repeat what happened Monday night while she was bathing.

"Take off your dress." he ordered.

Loraine looked at him, her heart beating twice the normal rate. "Your sister..."

"She's gone." he told her while watching her like a hawk. Loraine didn't know what came over her, but she complied. She unbuttoned the ugly black dress and was left with her bra and panties.

"Take everything off." his authoritative voice sent tingles down her spine. She wasn't used to this. The men she's been with kissed her and helped her to take the clothes off, well sometimes they took her clothes off eager to get what was warm and resting between her thighs.

She felt the hot liquid seep out and coating her panties and she knew she was screwed. How could she be turned on this much without being touched?

She took off her shoes, her breathing laboured. One part of her was yelling at her, swearing that she was being cheap, that she was being too easy but the vixen inside of her was opening her legs in anticipation.

She snapped off her bra and was left in nothing but her birthday suit.

"Lay back and open your legs." Greyson's voice was low and huskier. He couldn't control himself anymore. Loraine possessed a beautiful body. Curves, perfect ample breasts that he will surely love to suck, love handles that he will surely hold onto as he pounded her from the back and her golden skin was cherry on top.

"Greyson..."

"Did I say you can speak?" he asked her and she clamped her mouth shut. "Good girl. You only speak when you are told to, and when you are uncomfortable okay?"

She nodded. "Use your words."

"Okay."

"Good girl." he leaned in on her, his eyes holding hers captive. He knelt on the ground before her open legs, coming face to face with her bare honeypot. It looked better than it did on the video, it looked way better in person and he couldn't wait to dive right into it.

He trailed kisses from just above her naval towards her breasts and she couldn't stop the moans that left her lips. His mouth was hot against her skin. When he sucked on one breast while kneading the other, she threw her head back and marvelled in the moment.

He sucked both boobs before he started licking and kissing her as he went down to her most awaiting part. He was such a tease.

He kissed her inner thighs, causing her to writhe in annoyance. She wanted him to touch her where it mattered most, her pussy.

After a few minutes of his teasing, he also couldn't take the smell of her arousal anymore. He had to feast.

His tongue lapped her up her slit and her eyes shut close, and her toes curled. He used both his hands to spread her wide open and his tongue danced its way inside, soon enough his two fingers joined the tongue and her moans filled the room, music to his ears.



Her voice was so melodious, he could listen to her cried of pleasure all night if given the opportunity.

"Oh Greyson." she moaned his name and he bit her clit slightly causing bolts of pain mixed with pleasure to ramble through her body.

"No words." he sternly reminded her.

He must have been crazy to think she wouldn't use her words with how he was eating her out. She couldn't hold herself and just as she was about to cum, he stopped... leaving her empty.

"Get dressed." he got up on his feet and left the room, leaving her unsatisfied, naked and on the couch by herself.

Putting back every piece of clothing, Loraine was flushed and embarrassed. How could she let that man control her like that? What sort of spell did he use on her? She was angry about how he treated her yesterday but she couldn't keep the anger for two minutes while in his presence.

She allowed him to use her, she allowed him to toy with her and her emotions and now she was frustrated.

She picked up the cleaning material deciding it was time she finished cleaning up in the cinema so she can move to the office where she was suspecting that the chip will be hidden in there.

She tried to think like a spy, like a thief but truth was, she was none of that. She was a decent girl raised by a God-fearing mother, they attended church almost every Sunday and her becoming a thief for her uncle was very new and an uncomfortable situation for her.

Of course at times she'd forget the real reasons she was there and start to think about Grey in sexual manners until he becomes cold towards her then she focuses on becoming a thief.

Cleaning the rack that housed the movie collection, she took them out one by one dusting them and cleaning the rack of any dust as she returned them. She finished the task and

before she rose to her feet, she noticed that the rack was on wheels. She pushed it out of the way and the whole house was filled with sirens and red lights going off.

She jumped away and when she looked back, there was a safe behind the rack but before she could react, Greyson was already inside. "It's okay, it's okay." Greyson went to push the table back to its original state while his security men ran through to find that it was only Greyson and the cleaning girl.

"It's okay guys, false alarm." Greyson told them and they nodded back, putting their guns back into their holster.

"What the hell was that?" Loraine was shaken. She didn't expect what had just happened. She felt like a criminal trying to break in at the mall. All the lights and sirens going off, she felt her heart jump out of position.

Greyson cradled her to the couch, trying to calm her shaken self. There was something about his cleaner that he couldn't understand. She was beautiful, a great kisser, tasted as good as he hoped she would. He was drawn to her, and it scared

him not only because Loraine was a black woman and they were off two different worlds that sometimes collided but because he hasn't felt this way since his last woman. Even with his last woman, he was crazy over her, but she never messed with sanity like Loraine did.

"Are you okay baby?" he asked her. The way he spoke to her caused butterflies to somersault in her belly. Him calling her 'baby' was her undoing. There was just something about the way he said it that she loved.

She nodded while in his arms. She took a deep breath and pulled away from him. She couldn't understand the man. One minute, he is punishing her for God knows what, the next he is babying her and calming her down.

"What was that?" she asked.

"Oh that, I just have something valuable that I can't risk losing it or I might as well commit suicide." he told her.

"Like what? Expensive jewellery?" she scoffed.

"Nope. Something of importance, something that our whole lives depends on." he kissed her forehead. "Come, let's go have breakfast."

"No, I am okay." Loraine refused to budge. "But do you think I can go out to the mall and get myself those hundred-rand cell phones?" she asked. She had to call her uncle, she's made a discovery.

The microchip was in the house cinema, but with tight security. She had to tell her uncle. This was a big development in her story as the cleaner and she was getting excited.

"Why? What happened to your phone?" he asked.

"Uhhh..." Loraine felt shy suddenly. "Monday night my sister walked on me while I was you know... while we were..."

"While you were playing with your pussy and I watched?" he asked.

"Uhm yeah... so it fell in the tub and it doesn't want to switch on." she finished, feeling a blush creep up her neck. Greyson

was very blunt about almost everything. It rubbed her up somehow. Excited her a little.

He looked at her and felt like a tool. Tuesday he went to get drunk thinking she regretted everything she did with him, thought she wasn't going to pitch up at work and went to get himself drunk only to come back and find her in his house looking very gorgeous and concerned. He couldn't help but to lash at her, expressing his frustrations the wrong way.

"Fuck!" he felt like a tool. "I am sorry."

"What for?" she asked. That was random.

"It was my fault that your phone fell into the tub." he didn't want to also apologize for lashing out at her. He didn't want to put himself under scrutiny where he'd be forced to deal with his demons head on.

Grabbing her hand, he led them to his office, there he opened his drawer pulling out a brand-new Huawei cell phone. "I got this on a promo a month ago. Planned to give it to my

assistant at work but I kept forgetting. So I guess you need it more." he passed the sealed box to her.

"Are you serious?" she asked, her jaw hung. Things like that never happened to people like her. She was awed by his generosity.

"Thank you Grey." she whispered.

He shrugged. He felt a pull towards her and not the everyday dominating side of his that wanted her body in every way possible. How she smiled, her eyes glistening with tears, how grateful she was for the phone he gave her. This woman right here, had something special about her but he wasn't worthy of it. He wasn't worthy of her time, her smile or even her body.

"Look, I have to go." he closed up. One minute he was warm, being nice and dishing out gifts the next minute he was flat out cold.

"Where are you going?" she asked, her eyes staring back at him full of curiosity.

"I just need... I just have to go. I'll see you when I do." it burned his tongue to be cold towards her. His insides twisted every time she was upset with him. But he was no good. He wasn't good enough for her, not even good enough for anyone except some crazy sex rendezvous with Chrystal. Loraine saw something flick in the man's eyes. Sadness, that was the emotion dancing in those blue orbs, and she wanted to see it gone. Her heart clenched like a fist when he moved passed her, leaving her rooted by the same spot. She didn't understand why she felt that way over him, over her boss a man she only met two days ago.

Loraine went to the guest bedroom to find her old phone so she could migrate to the new one and call her uncle about the developments. She wasn't sure she wanted to continue with the mission, something about Greyson pulled at her heart strings but at the same time, her uncle, her favourite uncle was in need of her help.



She switched on the new phone and quickly sent her uncle a text: I found it.

She then decided to finish sweeping the rest of the house and washing the dishes left in the kitchen.

Her day went as normal as possible until it was time to leave and Greyson was yet to be back or Gina. She decided that she wouldn't wait around or even call anyone.

Her driver right on time was waiting for her at the gate to go drop her off at the mall so she could catch a taxi home. As she was walking up towards the taxi rank, three men pulled up besides her and snatched her handbag running as fast as she screamed for help.

"Thušang!" (Help)

"Please, my bag, somebody... oh my God!" tears filled her eyes as she screamed for help not knowing what to do at that minute.

Luckily her cell phone was in the front pocket of her jeans as she was using it while in the car. She pulled it out and dialled the person whom she first thought of to help her.

"Hello?" he answered in almost a whisper.

"Grey..." she cried before could even finish her sentence while people were surrounding her, asking her questions of what happened.

"Hey what's wrong?" he asked.

"Grey I just got mugged and they ... and they took..."

"It's okay, it's okay, tell me where you are and I'll come get you."

## CHAPTER THREE

Loraine has never been mugged in her life before. The experience was like no other. She couldn't explain it, she couldn't shake it off and she couldn't speak to save her life. "Do you want to go open a case?" Greyson had asked when he picked her up from the mall and she shook her head no. She didn't want to get her hopes high, the bag was gone and so was everything inside. Her ID, her driver's license, her home keys, her money which wasn't a lot but for this week's taxi fare.

The shock was overwhelming. They arrived back to Greyson's house and he was glad that his sister was yet to return from the office.

Greyson made coffee while Loraine sat on the couch, shaking and wondering how she didn't see anyone approach or how they waited until she was walking up the hill where fewer people could be of help when she was attacked.

"You look shaken." Greyson told her. He wanted to sit right next to her, cuddle her and clam her down but he was afraid he might want to do more. He was afraid that what he felt for the girl might be more than what he thought he felt. He didn't want to give her mixed emotions. He knew he affected her somehow.

Loraine accepted the cup of coffee. It was dark and bitter. Definitely not how she liked her coffee. "Do you have sugar or milk?" she asked, her face scrunched in disgust.

Greyson smirked forgetting he wasn't making himself or his father coffee. They preferred it dark, one sugar and no milk. "Powder milk if you have." Loraine yelled behind his back as he went to retrieve sugar and milk.

"You are talking so I guess you're fine." he said.

She shook her head. She was far from being fine. "They just came out of nowhere and I was so scared. Three men against one woman. What were my chances of defending myself?" the thought alone caused her blood to run cold while Greyson

grew angry. Imagining Loraine being attacked by three grown men caused rage to brew deep in his being.

"The annoying thing about all of this is that it could be anyone. We will never see them again or I'd panel beat them." hearing the sincerity in his words Loraine smiled. She knew that Greyson was the right person to call. If she didn't know him, she would have called her mother or her uncle to make a plan. But she had someone.

Greyson didn't know how to ask her to leave, or how he should offer her a ride home. He wasn't comfortable being alone in the same room as her. She was tempting him, every little thing she did turned him. Her vulnerability moved some of his heart strings, toying with them.

Oh why did he bring her back to the house? He wondered. Why didn't he pick her up and drove her home?

Just as he was about to ask her if she feels okay to want to leave; his sister walked in and found them sitting quietly.

"Hello, hey I thought you'd be long gone by now." Gina sat next to Loraine.

"I had left but I got mugged." Loraine told Gina. She didn't want to mention how she called Greyson for help. Wouldn't Gina ask if she didn't have any friends or family that could have helped.

"Oh my God, I am so sorry. Did they hurt you?" she asked, concern marring her face.

Loraine shook her head, a small sad smile on her face. "But they took my ID and my driver's license the most important things." she was upset. Lord knows getting a new ID from home affairs was a hassle she didn't want to go through.

"You know what? Stay here, I'll make us dinner. Open a bottle of wine - do you drink?" Gina asked her and she nodded.

"Okay dinner and wine just so you can relax." she stood up and left them to the kitchen so she could prepare dinner.

Greyson internally groaned. This woman had to leave before he loses all self-control that he had, the little he had. If she

kept on biting her lips like how she was, he wouldn't be able to control himself. He wanted to be the one who bites the lips.

Loraine felt his stare on him, she didn't have to look up to know he was looking at her. But she wanted to, she wanted to look at him, she wanted to find him starring at her. She forgot to breathe at the intensity of his stare. She held his gaze and he made no means of looking away.

Was she thinking about the two times he saw her naked? Was he thinking of taking her right on the couch? Or was he thinking of taking her in his office? She'd love that.

A small gasp left her lips when she realized her train of thought. She fidgeted in her seat, crossing her legs together to put pressure a little on her wanting honeypot.

That didn't go unnoticed by Grey. He knew that look all too well. He has seen her become hot and bothered, he has seen her at the verge of cumming, he knew where her mind was

and that scared and aroused him. He wanted her but he didn't think he deserved her.

She bit her lips, trying to get rid of the ache between her legs. Fidgeting on her seat every so often.

"Stop!" his voice was low for her ears only. She looked at him and sipped her now lukewarm coffee. "That's my job. To get rid of the ache between your -"

"I can't seem to find what to cook." Gina walked in the room. Changed into comfortable clothing. "So I think we should order in, anyone for pizza or something?" she asked.

"Pizza is perfect." Greyson answered, his eyes only sweeping back to Loraine once he responded his sister.

Loraine felt like someone threw a bucket of cold water on her when she realized there was a third party in the room. "Lori? Pizza good for you?"

"Yeah, as long as it doesn't have pineapple or avocado." she mentioned. Karabo once brought her pizza with those toppings, and she couldn't swallow them.



"Alright. I'll go order us one and open a good bottle of wine."

"Don't touch my collection." Grey warned his sister as she went to get a bottle of wine.

"The girl was mugged, she's not okay. She deserves your best bottles." Gina winked back. If there was anyone who was not afraid of Greyson was Gina. Everyone else in the family walked on eggshells around him but not Gina.

Gina poured all of them wine and sat down, playing soft music. It was all quiet as each person was lost in their own thoughts. Loraine quickly sent Masego and her mother a message telling them she'd be home late.

"So Lori, do you have any siblings?" Gina asked, tired of the quietness.

"Yeah just one." Loraine smiled thinking about her forward, talkative yet precious baby sister.

"That's cute. Grey and I have two older brothers. They live in New York though." Gina told her. How Loraine wished she could relate to her but she couldn't. They were off two

different worlds. Is this how black housekeepers felt while sitting with their white employers? Uncomfortable?

When it is just her and Grey, she hardly ever thought much about the racial differences. But when Gina was around, she felt it even more. Now she was wondering if their older brothers were as sinfully gorgeous as Greyson.

"I know that your dad is here but where is your mom?"

Loraine asked and it grew eerily quiet.

"She's no more. Let me go check if the delivery guy is not here yet." Gina cast a look at Greyson before disappearing into the kitchen.

Loraine realized that her question was one that didn't have a happy answer so she hid her face inside the glass of wine. She was feeling a bit warm with the dark liquid trickling down her throat. She had to keep herself in check to make sure she doesn't get drunk and embarrass herself or ask personal questions. In her defence, Gina opened that channel first.

Soon enough the trio was having pizza over light conversations. About where Loraine schooled, her major, her graduation, how she felt about being mugged, what the police in this country were good for, how women were not safe, how much fun they were having and all in the while Greyson was just eating and listening to the girls talk. They ended up talking about movies and TV shows where Greyson decided to also give his two cents as he loved watching TV series.

"It's already late and we can't drive now. How about you sleep the night?" Gina suggested. "We have a free bedroom and I'll lend you some of my new clothes that I bought."

"Oh no, it's okay. I'll just get an uber home." Loraine refused.

"You are staying the night, do you understand? You've had alcohol and I'd be damned if you went home with another man." Greyson deadpanned earning Gina's curious stare.

*'He'd be damned if she went home with another man?'* Gina wondered to herself.

"Some men are dangerous. Can't trust anyone. Gina will help you with your clothes. Just let your family know." with that Greyson left to his room.

It tickled his mind that the same woman he has been masturbating over, was staying in his house for the night. Sleeping soundly in one of his bedrooms.

It was around ten in the evening when they decided to cut the night short, two hours later Greyson couldn't sleep so he went to the kitchen to get some water.

His heart almost stopped at the figure standing in the middle of his kitchen with their back to him. "Hey." he spoke, startling her.

Loraine turned around with a glass of water in her hand, wearing a pair of skimpy silk pyjamas. The shorts barely covered her thighs and ass, and the top was a little loose showing the mound of her boobs.

"I was thirsty and couldn't sleep." she explained. She felt like such an intruder even though she has been working at the house for almost a week now.

"Same." Greyson couldn't take his eyes off her. She was a such a sight for sore eyes. A temptress.

"I am gonna try and sleep." Loraine felt awkward standing there in the shortest pyjamas. On Gina they were the perfect size, on her they were little bit smaller because of the size of her thighs and behind.

Greyson walked towards her, took the glass of water and drank half of it. "Hey! That was mine." Loraine whined.

*Mine. You are mine.* Greyson growled in his head before slamming his lips on Loraine.

She couldn't help but to moan in his mouth, as his tongue invaded her mouth, tasting every inch and every corner.

Loraine steadied herself by wrapping her arms around his neck, deepening the kiss. She wanted him, she wanted him

more than she did on Monday and more than she did earlier when he ate her out and left her hung and dry.

"Grey." she moaned when his lips detached from hers only to latch on the soft skin of her neck.

"Yes baby." he responded, his hard body catching multiple degrees of heat as Loraine ran her soft hands all over his bare upper body.

"Oh Grey." her moans became urgent as he inserted a finger inside her panties, rubbing her soft wet flesh. "Oh!" she couldn't stop the moans even if she was paid to do so. Grey's kisses and his finger were working a number on her.

"Let's go to my room baby." Greyson suggested. "I want you. I want you right now."

His lips found their way back to hers and he walked them back to his room, without breaking the kiss. They arrived in his bedroom, and he kicked the door shut with his foot. Greyson broke the kiss and held Loraine at arm's length.

Her eyes, her eyes were so innocent for what had planned to do to her. But it was that purity that fuelled his need and want for her, her purity fuelled the beast that lived beneath the olive skin and blue eyes.

"What?" she asked, almost breathless from the sinfully kiss he attacked her with. "What's wrong?"

Greyson couldn't think properly where this young chocolate skinned woman was concerned. But he couldn't give her what she deserved. He couldn't give her all of him, or more than just his dick.

"I want you." he told her. Loraine was confused at the turn of events. Not so long ago, he was kissing her like his life depended on the kiss, not so long ago, he said the very same thing but it held urgency than it did at that moment.

"I... I want you too Greyson." she answered truthfully, hell she's been wanting this man since Monday. Since she laid her brown eyes on his blue ones. Since he left the sexual

innuendo hung in the air when they first met. She admitted out loud, she wasn't shy where he was concerned.

She moved towards him, her scent driving him crazy. "Take me." she told him, her voice filled with need. She was aching for his touch, for his kiss and for more.

Crashing his lips on her, Loraine welcomed the kiss again. His tongue fighting with hers for dominance. His hard on pressing against her stomach, exciting her further. Her moans when he let his hands cup her boobs, squeezing her nipples filled the room.

"Baby..." Greyson stopped them once again. He was having an internal battle with the situation at hand. Hell he wanted nothing but to be buried balls deep inside of her and have her writhe in pleasure beneath him. He wanted to hear her scream his name as he made her climax over and over again.

"Greyson... what is it?" Loraine asked. She was over the games this man was playing.



"I want you, I want you so much." he told her. "But I can't give you more than just sex." he finished.

She was confused. What else did he think this would be? She was sexually attracted to him, she didn't love the man, she just met him on Monday that would be crazy. A smile spread on her face. "Greyson... I am not in love with you. I just want this." she touched his hard on that had tented his sweats.

"It's just sex..." he said and she nodded. "Now kiss me." she told him.

"Tsk tsK tsK... my bedroom, my rules." he told her. He slammed his lips on hers and made to take off her top, as she slipped her hand into his pants, playing with his manhood.

"Take off your shorts and lay on my bed." he instructed.

There was the Greyson that she liked. The authoritative man with a sexy tick in his jaw.

She slipped off the silk shorts followed by her underwear.

When she was stark naked, she got on his bed.

"Get on all fours." he told her. And she complied. On her hands and knees, her butt facing him. She was glistening with moisture. Her rear was so beautiful, but what was between her thighs was more appealing. She looked perfect in that position, he thought.

Loraine was excited, Greyson excited her. The position he had her on excited her.

Greyson walked behind her, spreading her legs apart, he was met with her arousal, and he licked it up earning a mewl from her. She whimpered in anticipation. He licked her from behind, and she loved that, she enjoyed it so much.

Rubbing her clit gently in a tantalizing pace while his mouth latched on her most sensitive part. "Grey..." she cried in pleasure as she felt a pull from her belly, knowing in any second now she will lose control over her body.

Greyson enjoyed her cries of pleasure and when she shattered in his hand, he lapped all her juices up.

"Fuck baby. You look so beautiful like this. But I don't want you like this." he told her. He wanted to look into her eyes when entered her. He wanted to see her eyes roll back at the feel of him entering her. He wanted to watch her face morph into pleasure as he brought her to the edge just to dive back in.

His pants were suffocating him, he ditched them and was naked in a second. But he wasn't done with her. "Turn and lay on your back." he ordered and like a 'good little girl' she turned around, anything to please him. "That's my girl." he commented, a lazy smile on his face.

He looked at her a twinkle in his eyes. he wanted to torture her some more before he could deliver the big prize. His lips found hers, a slow kiss, a kiss so deep that igniting some sparks between them. His fingers slid inside her womanly folds and found her spot. Her eyes shot open as he continued with the assault, her body vibrating with pleasure.

Her pleasure cries filled the room and for a while they had forgotten about the other guest in the house. Lorraine's voice was music to Grey's ears. He wanted more of that. The young woman's eyes rolled back when she reached another orgasm that was forced out of her by his skilled fingers. She couldn't keep up, how could she cum twice without being penetrated by his thick shaft?

Grey positioned himself at her entrance, ready to deliver the final blow to their sexual escapade. He craved her, he wanted her.

Just as he pushed the tip in... a knock resounded on his bedroom door.

"Greyson? Is everything alright?" Gina asked outside the door.

Everything stilled. The breathing, the motions, the moans of pleasure...everything. The world might have also stopped at that moment Gina knocked on Grey's bedroom door.

Irritation filled his eyes.

This was something he has been looking forward to, something he has been thinking about since the moment he found Loraine in his bedroom, startled by his presence. How shy she grew around him, the timid look in her eyes, the innocence dancing in her beautiful eyes, the awful cleaning uniform that somehow she made look great. He wanted her. Every time he came into her presence she'd tense, her chest would heave with her heavy boobs showing just how much he had affected her and he enjoyed that. He enjoyed knowing that his presence had some effect on her but what he didn't know was how deep did her affect her.

She lay on his bed, barring her slick for him to see, for him to feast. Her body reacted to his words so beautifully he always craved her. Her kisses, her sweet kisses that always tasted like grape flavoured gum haunted his thoughts. He wanted his cleaner, he wanted to fuck her to get her out of his system. He wanted to fuck her to get over the infatuation he had over her.

He had an opportunity to do that night. He made her cum twice before devouring and plough her field with his rod. Then his darling sister... oh his sweet sister had to disturb what was supposed to be a perfect moment.

He was irritated beyond words, irritated beyond means. It was after midnight, what the fuck did she want? He wondered. He always thought his sister was a heavy sleeper, guess he was wrong.

"Grey..." Loraine whispered, her eyes bulging out of their sockets. She felt like she was caught by her mother with a boy in the room. She felt like she was doing something she shouldn't be doing.

"Do you want this baby?" he asked, still very much on top of her, his thick and hard shaft still knocking by her wet entrance.

"Your sister... maybe we should stop." she whispered back. She felt like she was betraying the one who had invited her for dinner, the one who had suggested she stay. The one kind

enough to lend her a pair of new pyjamas. She shouldn't be rewarding Gina by sleeping with her brother. That was low, or so she thought.

Greyson looked at her, his jaw clenching hard. There was no way near hot hell would he stop what he had intended to do simply because his sister was being a nuisance.

He leaned down and kissed Loraine who pushed him by all her might so he could get off. "No. This is wrong, we shouldn't even..." he placed his finger over her lips.

"This is my house, my rules and I told you, only people who enter in here are the ones who I plan to fuck." He told her and she didn't feel right with hearing that. How many women did he fuck? How many women did he bring to the house to do what he was doing to her?

"Don't." he told her as he got off her. "Don't give me that look like I am always bringing women to my bed." he said. Sure he'd bring Chrystal over to fuck but he never made it a habit of always bringing her over. He couldn't bring himself to be

with one woman repeatedly without fearing that they'd catch feelings for him.

Loraine nodded, catching herself before she started acting like a jealous girlfriend. She was nothing to him, just somebody he wanted to bed, well she wanted the same thing but hearing about his other women just set her off.

Greyson, stark naked walked to the door and opened it, shocking his sister into spinning around so fast. "Couldn't you put some damn clothes on?" Gina shrieked.

"It's fucking after midnight Gina, what the fuck do you want?" he asked, his words laced with irritation.

"I kept hearing noises, so I was just wondering if you were okay you know? I mean the date is approaching and I know how you get. So I just wanted to make sure that you were okay." she replied still not turning around. There were a lot of things she never wanted to see in her life and that was seeing her brothers naked.



"I. am. Fine. Gina," Greyson was irritated with how his sister babied him. Sure he got a little out of control over the past two years around this time but he wasn't this time around. Sure he had gotten himself drunk, drove under the influence because he thought Loraine didn't want him as much as he wanted her the other day but he was wrong so he was fine. "And if you don't mind, I am in the middle of something with someone. You might want to get some ear plugs or some shit like that." he warned her.

"You brought someone over while I'm in the house? Are you crazy?" Gina was shocked at her brother's actions. He was an inconsiderate prick, she thought.

"I want to remind you something real quick and you better start engraving this to your fucking stubborn head. This is my house." with that he closed the door, locking it behind him. Loraine was on his bed, wearing her pyjamas. "Take those off." he was ticked, the mood intense. He was battling with something, it showed in his eyes.

Loraine didn't move and he repeated himself. "And I won't repeat myself again. Take those things off your body." he deadpanned.

"No Greyson. No, you aren't okay. Your sister upset you." she told him. She couldn't carry on with what they started when he was like that. He was like an animal. A little part of her was scared.

Greyson looked at her, and he saw it... concern. He didn't want her damned concern or pity, fuck that was why he didn't want anyone get that close to him. The only emotions he wanted to see on her face were lust, passion and happiness from coming down her high after climaxing. Not concern and definitely not pity.

"If you don't want to continue, you can go." he told her and got on his bed, his hard growing soft.

Loraine looked at him, this man wanted and needed her. If her body, if sex was what he wanted to have that twinkle in

his eyes that she loved seeing so shall it be. She took off her top to reveal her heavy chest.

"No." she whispered and he opened her eyes to look at her and found her topless, a smile on her face.

He rose from the bed and cupped both her breasts with his large warm hands. "Are you sure baby?" he asked and she nodded with a dizzy smile.

"I have never been sure about anything else Greyson." her voice, how his name rolled off her tongue, he loved that. She wanted him, forget the microchip she was tasked to steal from him, forget that his sister was down the hallway, Greyson needed her. If anything was to go by his sister's words, then the man would lose control or lose himself. She wanted to be there for him.

Claiming his lips, Greyson responded almost immediately, his tongue ravaging hers showing her even though she initialed the kiss, he was still the man in charge.

"Do you trust me?" he asked as he pinned her on the bed, taking off her shorts. Loraine nodded eagerly. She was still drenched, very much so.

"Hold on to the bed post." he instructed her. She did as told and felt silk drape over each wrist, securing them to the post. Her heart started beating wild. This was some freaky shit that she has never done, some fifty shades type of shit and to say she wasn't scared would a lie.

But she said she trusted him, so she let him tie her hands up her head on the bedpost. "Comfortable?" he asked and again she nodded, not trusting her voice.

Greyson rubbed her clit, gearing her up for what he was about to do to her.

Anticipation.

Eagerness.

Wetness.

Curiosity... she was all of that. She wanted to know how it felt to be fucked without control. Without the use of her hands. Being caged like that.

Greyson kissed her, a sloppy kiss that held a promise that he was about to shatter her world.

Positioning himself at her entrance, he slid in until he was all the way in, earning a cry from the lady. It has been long since she was in the action and the intrusion felt nice. Greyson kept steady inside of her, looking intently in her eyes.

And he began moving. Loraine couldn't tell where he finished and began but all she knew was she was to come very soon as he kept on hitting the same spot over and over again. Her eyes rolled back as she couldn't grab his shoulders or scratch his back at the pleasurable pain that awakened every nerve in her body.

Blood rushed to her head as she climaxed, coating his dick with her juices.

Greyson loved seeing her like that. He wanted to engrave the memory of her face as she came to his mind. What a beautiful sight.

But he didn't stop, her honeypot was so sensitive after the last orgasm but the man didn't stop, he owned her body. He cherished her body but he couldn't hold on any longer, he felt his balls tighten, and knew he was about to spill inside of her. He couldn't himself, his thrusts became fast and Loraine saw starts at the back of her as another orgasm washed over her, taking Greyson with as he let out the most animalistic growl emptying his seed deep inside of her folds.

With one hard thrust he fell on top of her, sweating coating his body.

"Fuck baby."

## CHAPTER FOUR

Thursday, Loraine found herself tangled between white with a few grey bubbles design sheets. Yawning, her muscles were sore as she stretched, looking around the room that was definitely not hers nor the room that she was supposed to sleep in the first place.

"Oh good, you are awake." Greyson came out of his en suite bathroom, draped with a black towel around his waist while droplets of water were trickling down from his hair.

Loraine closed her eyes hoping it was all a dream, but the tingling sensation down her honeypot suggested otherwise. They did have sex and the memory of it washed over her, overwhelming her.

His lethal kisses, his demands, how many times he promised to make her cum to over doing it. How she almost passed out mid-stroke because of the orgasms that were forced out of her body.

His pink penis.... his pink penis....

"Oh my God." she freaked jumping off the bed then realizing she was dressed in nothing but her brown skin. Quickly she covered her naked body with the sheets and stepped into the house shoes Gina borrowed her.

"What's wrong?" Greyson asked. He was a second away from panicking. Did she regret sleeping with him? Because he did not; matter of fact he wanted a repeat. Last night and in the early hours of the morning wasn't enough to quench his thirst.

"How could you do that? How could I do that!" Loraine picked up her clothes one by one and put them on under the sheet before dropping back on the bed. "What time is it?" he asked. "It's seven in the morning Loraine, wha- what's going on?" he asked once more, growing anxious by the ticking second. Did he do something wrong? If he did, he wanted to know immediately. He had the best night last night he didn't want any drama or regrets around it.



"Do you... are you..." Greyson couldn't find the right words to say. He was really on the edge.

"We didn't use protection Greyson! I am not on the pill or any kind of contraceptives." her eyes almost jumped out of their sockets. As she headed for the door, a knock resounded on the door. Her steps faltered. There was no way she wanted anyone else to know she had just slept with her boss.

"Grey... uhmm are you awake?" Gina asked.

Greyson rolled her eyes and headed to the door opening it but not allowing his sister to enter.

"You need to stop coming to my fucking room Gina." Greyson was ticked off, ticked off by his sister, ticked off by Loraine who couldn't for the life of God acknowledge how amazing their night was and instead was stressing by the fact that he was stupid enough not to wrap up his willy-wonka. He was ticked off by the fact that Loraine might catch his baby chaining her to him.

"I'm sorry.... but Loraine is not in her room, do you know where she could be? She's not in the bathroom or kitchen either." she finished.

"Gina, I'm sure she's around here somewhere. How about you go get dressed for work and we go catch breakfast at Mugg & bean?" he suggested, and her sister nodded, deciding to let go of Loraine's whereabouts.

"Can I get a day off?" Loraine asked.

"Why?" Greyson didn't want her leaving his house, hell he didn't want her leaving his room but that's what would make the woman get attached to him. He had to stop himself from having these silly thoughts no matter how great in the sac she was.

"Someone forgot to use a bloody condom yesterday so here I am, stressing. I need to get to the pharmacy and get something."

"Wait... are you blaming me little one?" he asked, his eyes narrowing into slits. He hated the tone he was detecting from

her words. She was blaming him. As if they were not in it together.

"I am blaming you Greyson. You were supposed to wrap it up. What if I catch something from you? You are busy with every other woman so I can't be safe." she lashed, not moving from where she stood just in case Gina was outside.

"And you couldn't remind me right? Like you were not there horny with me huh?" he was getting angry. He was prepared to take the fall, but her accusations ticked him off. His jaw locked and his eyes darkened...

"You know what Lorraine, fuck it, go." he told her, opening the door wide for her to leave.

"Go do what you have to do. It is my fault."

Lorraine was just too angry to see the dejected look on his face. Even when angry, something in his was touched, ego or heart but something.

"I don't have money. I have nothing on me. I was mugged." she wanted to lash out, but she couldn't anymore. She just

wanted to get to a pharmacy and get some emergency pill before she found herself pregnant. That was not the hill she was trying to climb.

"I'll sort you out. Go shower or whatever, grab your stuff and I'll get the driver to take you to clicks or wherever then drive you home." he walked back to his closet to find something to wear for work.

Loraine was shocked when her driver gave her a stash of money which he said was from Greyson. "He said you must buy whatever you need, a new handbag if you'd like too." the driver told her when he packed at Jean crossing mall.

"That's a lot of money." she whispered. "I can't accept it."

"Look Miss Loraine, I can't help you there. He said it is for you and you will take it. If you don't want it, then you return it to him." her driver whom she suspected was not South African told her. His accent reminded her of those who came from Mozambique, but she could be wrong.

With a heavy sigh she exited the car, dressed in her yesterday clothes and went to Dischem to get the emergency pill, popped by Legit to get a couple of outfits and a couple of new handbags for her and her sister and she still remained with a lot of money on hand. Greyson must be crazy. Did he really think emergency pills cost that much or handbag?

She then bought lunch, grilled chicken from Nandos, rolls, chips and salad then returned to the car. Her driver didn't say much but helped her put the bags in the boot of the car then drove her to Tembisa.

When she arrived home, her mother was gone and Masego was home alone. "And then? Why didn't you go to school?" Loraine asked her little sister who was washing the pots in the kitchen.

"Period pains. Mom said it's okay if I don't go." Masego responded. She looked at her sister with all the bags in her hands. "Where did you sleep last night? And don't lie to me ses' Lori, I am not your mother."

Loraine sighed. She placed the bags on the kitchen table and sat down. Immediately she sat, she broke down... tears ran down her face and she couldn't stop them.

"Bathong, what's wrong?" Masego asked, quickly wiping her hands dry so she could comfort her sister.

Loraine opened one of the new purses that she bought and already stuffed with a couple of things she usually carried in her handbag and pulled out the emergency pill.

"Oh no Ses' Lori." Masego gasped. "Oh God."

"What if they don't work again?" Loraine asked her little sister. "What if... what if I fall pregnant again Masego?"

## CHAPTER FIVE

"Mr Pierce, I am so sorry but she did resign with immediate effect." The office administrator who was now also assisting Greyson followed him into his office when he learned that his personal assistant resigned.

"But why? Was she not happy here?" he asked, settling down on his chair, firing up his laptop. Well he hasn't been to work in a few days and he had missed out a lot. Apparently his assistant did send him an email, when he didn't acknowledge receiving it, she sent it to HR.

"Oh no, it's not that. She and her husband are moving so she couldn't continue working anymore. I'm sorry but I will be assisting you until you get a new one." the office administrator whose name was Karabo told the man. Greyson nodded feeling a little out of place. Usually his assistant would gear him for the day with messages, his diary.

"I have your messages here, and you have a meeting at ten o'clock at the first-floor boardroom. The agenda was sent to you via email and unfortunately I can't come in to take minutes for you as I still have to admin the floor, hold calls for whoever will be in the meeting." Karabo informed him.

"Would like coffee? Breakfast?" she asked again. Quiet an efficient lady she was.

"Karabo, I can't function without an assistant." he told her of which Karabo returned with a knowing smile. She knew exactly what went on in the office and the managers needed a team or at least assistants to function.

"I can talk to HR and we set up a vacant post?" he suggested.

"Would you like to become my assistant?" he asked, very hopeful.

Would she like to become his assistant? Focus on his needs and his needs only in the company instead of being pulled from all ends by all managers needing assistance? Moving to her own desk away from other people and with a salary



upgrade? Having to drive the man's cars, travel with him sometimes and have him come in twice a week while she goes on three-hour lunches? Hell yeah she'd love that. "Mr Pierce, don't play with me." she was grinning, she was a beautiful girl, enthusiastic and energetic.

"I will talk to HR and we find a new office administrator." he told her.

"Mr Pierce, I am not sure if I am speaking out of turn? But I might have someone who would be a great office administrator." her heart was beating frantically as she hoped she'd win this.

"Oh yeah? Your family member?" Grey asked.

"No, no, no a friend. A good friend of mine has a degree in office management but is struggling to find a job. And she graduated with distinctions, a bright lady who is hungry for such an opportunity." Karabo spoke well for her friend. This was her only chance at being seen and heard in the company.

She has always wanted to bring her friend on board but she just never knew how.

Greyson pondered over Karabo's request for a second and he knew that he couldn't last a week without a proper assistant.

"Okay, I'll brief HR that I have found a new office administrator, you will conduct the interview just so we said we had an interview, and you can start training her while you make your move to me because I do need you, okay? Let that be a priority."

Karabo squealed as she sashayed out of the man's office happy as a bunny.

Greyson sat back on his chair as he responded to emails and attended a few lengthy calls, appreciating the destruction of what had happened earlier at his house.

He couldn't help but to think about Loraine and what transpired between them. Why did she lash out like that at him? He was at fault but she too could have reminded him about the damn condom. It's not like he was sick or that he

went on a fucking spree, but pregnancy, pregnancy could also happen and he was not ready for that.

He checked for his cell phone in the pocket of his pant suit and searched through his log call, finding her name... 'Little one' he wondered if he should call and find if she was alright, if she managed to get the pills, if she was still angry with him. "Hello?" she answered, her voice soft and he swore he heard her snuffle.

"Are you alright?" he asked, concern thick in his being.

"Yeah." she lied. He knew she was lying.

"I was just -"

"What do you want Greyson?" they spoke at the same time.

"I want... nothing, I shouldn't have bothered myself. I hope that you got the emergency pill, wouldn't want you falling pregnant." he then hung up and felt like a bloody tool. That was not how the conversation was supposed to go but with how she responded to him, he only felt obliged to respond the way.

Just as he downed a glass of scotch that he stashed in his office, Chrystal walked in, dressed in a red body-hugging formal dress, her lips coated red lipstick, in any other day he'd declare she was smoking hot, but not today... she was the last person he wanted to see.

"I heard you were in. What happened to your assistant?" she asked, rounding his desk to plant her behind on it, an attempt at seducing him. She missed his hands all over her body, his lips, his kisses...

"She resigned." he responded, not taking his eyes off his laptop.

"Oh that's sad. I have someone who can fill in the space." she thought of her cousin who had just graduated.

"Thanks but I found someone. What do you want Chrystal?" he asked, turning his blank stare towards her.

"Isn't it clear what I want? I want you. I know you have the big meeting soon, maybe I could charge you up." she grabbed his head, her fingers going through his hair. Something he didn't

appreciate coming from her. It was one thing when she played with his hair but another when Loraine tangled her fingers in his hair, pulling as he plunged deeper inside of her. Thinking of Loraine was becoming a dangerous thing to do as he felt a twitch in his pants and Chrystal took that as a sign that the man wanted her.

"Oh Grey... you haven't been wanting to play with me and you know I have been a bad girl." the woman purred. Greyson wondered how he ever found her attractive enough to fuck more than twice. She was too forward for his liking, too forward for the beast inside of him that demanded submission. The beast that always wanted to be in control.

"No Chrystal, I am not going into that meeting smelling like sex." he flatly told her.

"Since when has that stopped you? You can always clean up baby you know how you do. I want you." she ran her hand over his pants while leaning in to bite his earlobe.

At that moment Gina walked into his office and was shocked at the picture painted. Greyson couldn't thank his annoying, cock-blocker of a sister enough for that moment.

"Oh Chrystal..." Gina smiled at her old friend whom she knew was getting it on with Greyson.

"Gina." Chrystal smiled back while adjusting herself, stepping away from Greyson. "It's nice to see you, didn't know you were in town."

"Really? Even when you came to our house last night and I almost walked in on you two, you still didn't know I was in town?" Gina asked, a playful smirk on her face.

Chrystal turned to look at Greyson who was staring daggers at his baby sister. "Last night? I was not at your house last night."

Gina looked at Greyson, her mouth opened without words coming out.

"Greyson?" Chrystal turned to him, her nose flaring. "What is your sister talking about?"

Greyson looked at Gina who looked like a deer caught in headlights. She knew Greyson will eat her alive once he resolved the issue. She'd have to learn to keep out of his business.

Greyson thought his sister was nothing but a thorn on his backside. Who needed enemies when you had Gina for a sister? She was like a wicked witch from the west.

"Ask my sister what she's talking about." Greyson picked up his phone, notepad and laptop and left his office, leaving Gina alone to clean her mess.

He didn't owe anyone any explanation of what he does at night at his house, or 'who' he does in that matter.

★ ★

After drinking a glass of water, after minutes upon minutes of being comforted by her little sister, Loraine was more calmer than she was when she came in.

But Masego was still very curious about who her sister had slept with. Ever since she got a job, Loraine has been glowing, happy and giddy, going out on dates, flirting on the phone, not sleeping home...

"But you know... Ses' Lori that you have to tell me who the man is and how come you were this careless. You promised that you won't ever have unprotected sex because you know how badly the prevention pills and injection treated you."

Masego pulled a chair and sat next to her sister.

"You know what? I really do need someone to talk to and who if not you?" Masego smiled at that. Her sister could trust her, she kept all her secrets as her sister kept hers. Even with the seven-year gap between them, they related on a lot of levels and were each other's best friends.

"So, I am not really working in an office." she began her story as Masego's facial expression morphed into confusion. "I am a cleaner."



"Sorry what was that?" Masego thought she heard wrong. She thought she heard her sister say she was a cleaner.

"Yeah a cleaner at some guy's house."

"Wait a damn minute, Loraine Teffo, you refused going to restaurants to look for a job because your qualification did not allow you to. But you accepted to become a cleaner all because of what? Is it because Malome is the one who hooked you up with it?" Masego asked, all the confusion energy bubbling inside of her.

Loraine let out a soft chuckle. The mess she was in, the mess she was about to explain to her sister felt ridiculous as she spoke. Why did she agree to help Andrew? "It's not about the cleaning."

"Then what is it about? You are a cleaner, you're cleaning some random man's.... man... Ses' Lori you slept with the man whose house you supposed to clean?" Masego couldn't believe it. What has become of her sister?

Loraine felt a blush creep up her neck. She was nervous but she needed to confide in someone.

"Malome wants me to steal something he says belongs to him in that house. In turn he's going to cut me five million."

Loraine told her younger sister. Masego's eyes enlarged to the size of saucers at the revelation.

"Back up a little... he said you must do what?"

"Steal a microchip."

"For how much?"

"Five million rands."

"And you agreed?"

"Yes! Of course I agreed. I spent a year looking for a job with no success, here is five million rands starring me in the eye... what would you have done?" Loraine exasperated.

Masego looked at her sister like she was a new person. "What would I have done? I would have declined Loraine. I am not a thief and you definitely aren't either. Why would Malome ask

that from you? Do you know how crazy mom will be when she finds out?"

"When mom finds out? No, she won't."

"Let's just say this plans out, how are you going to explain five million rands to mom?"

Loraine opened her mouth but closed it as she couldn't find the right words to say. She was so excited about the five million rands that was going to change their lives but never thought of how she'd explain it to them or her mother.

Her phone rang inside her purse before she could even say whatever nonsense that was on the tip of her tongue.

Karabo's name flashed on the screen and she cleared her throat before responding.

"Mngani wami." (My friend) Karabo chirped into the receiver.

"Don't I have good news for you."

"Oh yeah? What's up?"

"I got you a job mngani!" Karabo squealed. "I told you if ever an opportunity presents itself, I am going to get you in and I did."

Loraine couldn't believe her ears. She broke into a huge smile and giggles. "No kidding Karabo are you serious?"

"As death my love. Now look you prep yourself, polish your CV and email it to me and I will respond."

"Wait... I don't understand."

"Look I will be conducting the interview so I am just letting you know, the job is yours. So I just need to do things right at least. But Monday morning is your interview, your induction and first day at work." Karabo finished.

And Loraine squealed in excitement. "Oh my God, thank you so much! Thank you!" she gushed.

"I know babe, look I have a lot on my plate, I can't wait for you to get here so you can take over. Anyway, I will send you a text with my work email and we do the right thing, love ya."

Karabo then hung up.

"What is it?" Masego asked after listening to the one-sided conversation.

"Karabo got me a job at the company she works for. Isn't that great? I start Monday!"

Masego broke into a grin. "That's really nice of your friend, except you already have a job." Masego whispered the last part.

"Oh!"

"Yeah... oh!" Masego laughed. "Ses' Lori I don't know if you haven't realized but o mo masepeng girl!" (You are in shit girl)

Loraine groaned and picked up the bags leaving the takeaway food she came with to her room. There she unpacked her new clothes, loving how she thought to buy formal clothes more than casual. It was as if she knew that she'd have a new job offer at a corporate office.

She walked to their full-length mirror, holding up a yellow tight dress with long puffy arms, it was cute with a belt. She smiled, thinking about her first day at the office, but also how

was she going to explain to her uncle that she can't work for him anymore? Or should she turn Karabo down instead? Five million rands was awaiting her...

"That's a nice dress. Tell me, have you been paid?" Masego asked, walking in their shared bedroom with a plate full of food.

"No, Greyson gave me money to get the pills and some stuff because I was mugged yesterday. The actual reason why I slept over at his place. His sister actually suggested so."

"Greyson is his name... huh! And you slept with a man while his sister was in the house? A lot of these things that you're doing? Mom would expect them from me, not her quiet and shy daughter."

"I know and shut up!"

"So, how much did he give you?" Masego just had to ask. Her sister came with a number of outfits and even some handbags.

"Five grand."

"Five grand? Five thousand rand?!" Masego exclaimed.

"What? Is he trying to pay for the sex?"

And everything stilled at that moment. Was he? Was he paying for sex? Loraine felt like a tool at that moment, the biggest idiot and a hoe. She didn't even think of it that way, she was just too focused on making the man pay for being careless last night.

"Are you...." before Loraine could finish her question somebody knocked verbally at the door, that voice belonged to one person...

"Ko!Ko!" a voice boomed from the kitchen.

"Malome Andrew!" they whispered with panic at the same time. (Uncle Andrew)

"Eh sestere!" (Hey sister) Andrew yelled inside the house, thinking his sister was home.

Loraine pushed Masego out of the bedroom to stall their uncle as she thought of what to do next.

"And then? Why aren't you at school?" Andrew asked his niece, as it was a school day, but she was at home.

"I am not feeling well malome." Masego responded, her eyes darting to her bedroom and back at her uncle. She felt anger bubble in the pit of her stomach. This man, this cheerful man that always brought the fun at parties has asked the worst of her sister and she didn't know how to act.

"Oh, alright. You be fine, where is your sister?" he asked. "I passed by her workplace, and they said she left in the morning."

Masego rolled her eyes. '*Workplace.*'

"She is sleeping." Masego lied. "Look malome, we are both not feeling well, do you need something?" Masego would have never in a million years spoke to her uncle with such disdain. She would have never in a million years ask her uncle to leave. She always welcomed his jolly company; besides he always left a fifty for her and that to a matriculant was enough money.



"No mchana, please wake up your sister. I need to have a chat with her."

"Malome, she is not feeling well, I can't wake her."

"Masego? I don't want to repeat myself, wake Loraine up. We must talk. I will be in the sitting room." Amdrew went to sit down in the lounge.

"This man is not going anywhere; he wants to talk to you."

Masego went to tell her older sister. "I hope you are going to tell him that you out of this madness he has put you in."

Loraine's head was spinning out of control. She didn't know why her uncle wanted to see her so early in the day. She didn't know what to do regarding choosing the new job or staying at Grey's place.

But could she really stay at Grey's place after what had transpired between the two of them?

"Listen go in there, listen to what he has to say and then tell him you have a new job. If he loves you, he will understand."

Masego sat back on the bed to finish her lunch. She was

starving and between the periods pains, hunger and Loraine... she'd sure not get any better.

Loraine changed into sweatpants and a vest and walked barefooted to the lounge where her uncle was sprawled on the couch.

"Malome." She greeted him.

"Mchana. Your phone has been off, what's going on with you?" he asked.

"Well firstly my phone fell into water it stopped working, I just got a new one recently and I only switched it off today. I didn't want to deal with people." She sat down.

Her uncle looked at her and nodded. "So mchana, where is it?" he asked, his face lighting up with excitement. "I knew you were the perfect person for this job. You are quiet and very smart."

Loraine internally rolled her eyes. She could have been fooled. "I don't have it."

"What? But you sent me a message yesterday and said you found it. So where is it?" Andrew asked, confused.

"Malome it is in a secure place. The security is too tight. I found it by mistake and all the alarms in that house went off. Within minutes I was surrounded by security." She informed him. She wished her uncle could relive her off this job. It was a lot. It was too much. There is no way she could pull off stealing the damn chip.

"Mhm!" Andrew rubbed his chin, annoyed by the security that David Pierce clearly put in place around it. He thought since it was moved to his son's house, there wouldn't be such a tight security in place.

"Mchana, we have to plan for this. One way or another. We have to get that chip." He seemed to be speaking more to himself than Loraine.

Loraine wondered if it was all worth it. Did she need money that badly? Or was it because she thought that white people always steal from black people? Was it because of that? Was it

because she believed her uncle so much as this was nothing unusual? Or was she reading too much into things? Could Greyson's family really be that kind of people?

"I will speak to the guys, inform them about the tight security and we will have to get inside the house." He said. "You will help us get inside the house; it will be like another house robbery."

Loraine felt uncomfortable with how comfortable her uncle was with the plan he was dishing out. House robbery, steal a microchip worth millions, who was this man?

"I help you get inside the house? I can't. Greyson will have me locked up." She was scared to even imagine the scene where Greyson called the police on her and they lock her young self in.

"Look, I will make sure he doesn't touch you. I will make sure it doesn't come back to you, even if it does, Greyson doesn't know you." He confidently said.

Loraine wanted to laugh. Greyson not only does he know how her pussy looks like, how her pussy juice taste like, how she moans, how she likes to be fucked down, but he also knows where she lives.

"That won't work. He knows where I live." She informed her uncle.

"No, he doesn't. We put a fake home address for you in case he starts sniffing." He told her. So, her uncle had faked almost everything just in case Greyson starts suspecting things, but she went to open her legs for the man, went to a dinner date with him and allowed him to bring her back home. For a newbie *wanna* be thief, she sure just walked herself in a trap. But she will dare not tell her uncle of her blunder.

"Oh. But malome, I have a new job offer. They want me to start Monday." She had to tell him. The more her uncle spoke of house robbery, the further she wanted to be from the plan. Her mother won't forgive her for this or forgive him. She had to put an end to it.

"You want to leave five million rand for three thousand five hundred rand a month?" Andrew mocked her. "You can't be serious Loraine. Check, we are almost at the finish line."

"I want this new job. I went to school for it not to steal." She argued back. She loved and respected her uncle, but she had to put her foot down. She wanted the office experience.

Andrew took a deep breath and looked at his niece straight in the eyes. "Okay, just give me tomorrow then. Tomorrow we will do the robbery and you can go start your job." He told her.

"Aowa malome." (No malome.) "I can't be involved in the robbery."

Her uncle stood up and went to squat in front of her. "You may think I was making a request," he began. "But I was not. I am telling you what you will do. You are already in this mess with me Loraine. You will open for us, you will drug the security guards and we will steal the damn thing, do you

understand?" he asked, and Loraine swallowed hard, seeing a different man in place of her lovely uncle.

Her sweet and caring uncle who always bought them sweets, slid them money in the low so their mother won't notice. The uncle who allowed her to drink wine at family gatherings and told her mother not to be too strict on her. Whoever was in front of her, she had no idea who he was.

"If you try and double cross me, what happened to you yesterday will be literally nothing to what I will do to you. I will call you with a plan." He stood straight and pulled out a hundred rand note. "This is for Masego." Andrew then left Loraine stunned to near death.

"Ses' Lori." Masego walked in the lounge after listening to the whole conversation and only disappearing when she heard her uncle bid her older sister farewell.

"I heard what he said. He said what happened yesterday will be nothing compared to what he will do to you. Do you think he is behind the mugging?"

Loraine's eyes enlarged to the size of saucers. "Oh my God! I sent him a message telling him I found the stupid microchip so he must have thought I stole it and stashed in my bag. Oh my God Masego..."

"That man is the devil!" Masego was shocked. She couldn't believe that's how their lives have turned.

A knock resounded on the door and once again they looked at each other. "Yoh today we have visitors hey. I wonder if this one is pleasant or not." They both walked towards the kitchen and Loraine stopped dead in her tracks.

"Greyson?" the man stood by the door in his tailor-made suit and shades covering his eyes. He looked very much like the Italian sauce he was, melting Loraine's insides.

"Greyson? Bathong Loraine, Greyson ke lekgowa?" (Goodness Loraine, Greyson is a white man?)

Loraine had forgotten that crucial part when telling Masego the tales of her life. All that had transpired within four days in



the week felt like it happened through months. She had forgotten that she had tasted the forbidden but not really forbidden fruit.

Greyson was amused by Masego's words he knew what 'lekgowa' meant and he knew that Loraine must have told her little sister about him.

Loraine wondered if her uncle didn't notice Grey's car or anything of that sort. She was already in trouble she couldn't keep up. She didn't know what was what and what did she have to do to get out of the mess.

"Uhm what are you doing here?" Loraine asked the man.

"Hi, I know Loraine has a sibling, but I don't know the name, I'm Greyson Pierce." Greyson greeted Masego, offering his large hand for her to shake.

Masego looked back at Loraine a smile on her face as she cleared her throat and gave Greyson a firm handshake.

"Masego, Masego Teffo is the name." she smiled sweetly at Greyson. The thoughts that raced through her mind scared

Loraine. She knew her little sister will never ever let this one go, if she could she'd climb over the roof and tell the whole of Ivory Park that her older sister was sleeping with a white man.

"Pleased to meet you. Can I talk to your sister?" Greyson was sweet towards Masego and Loraine was confused. He was never this sweet to her, he ordered her around.

"Yeah, sure I am just going to eat." Masego looked between the two of them the smile never leaving her face.

"Just go." Loraine pushed her out of the kitchen and looked back up at the tall man.

"What are you doing here?" Loraine asked.

Greyson took off his shades and his eyes starred at her before he licked his lips and opened his mouth, "Go put some shoes on, we going for a ride."

"You can't do that Greyson. You can't come to my house and make orders, I haven't eaten yet, I am hungry, and I just had an awful morning." She told him.

"Is that what you're concerned about? Food?"

"Yes, maybe and I just want to rest."

"I will get you food on the way, just put on your shoes and come with me. I will be in the car." He spun around and left her standing by the kitchen.

"Arg!" Loraine complained as she turned and almost screamed when she found Masego standing in the passage.

"Jesus Masego, what is wrong with you?"

*"What is wrong with me? What is wrong with you? Girl your life deserves to be made into a reality TV show. So, are you leaving with him?"*

"Yeah, he's not gonna leave. I'd rather leave with him than have your mother find him here. What will I say?"

Masego burst out laughing like she wasn't angry at her uncle ten minutes ago. She couldn't believe her sweet and shy older sister was bringing that kind of drama home.

"So, this Greyson guy... he really just commands your attention and he gets it? He didn't even ask you I mean that was pretty hot but still he has to ask you." Masego complained.

"See how you thought it was hot, I did too. The very first time he did it and that's how I ended up in bed with him. I've always wanted a man that took charge and he does that effortlessly, he touches me with care, and he feeds me, so he can command me." Loraine smiled forgetting about what had occurred in the morning while she left.

"Mhm! But he still paid you for sex Loraine. I don't know man, but I would feel offended if I slept with a guy and he gave money afterwards."

All the memories of the morning after pills, how she went on about it, how she was rude to Greyson, how she cried afterwards thinking of what had happened to her when she graduated in 2017, the money he gave her, how she spoilt

herself with it... it was all too much but she couldn't really help how she the man made her feel.

She decided to wear her sandals with the outfit, sweatpants, a tank top and took her *fannypack* where she stuffed her cell phone, lip balm, pocket wipes and the remaining cash Greyson gave her.

"Oh, by the way, the purple jumpsuit and the yellow bag are for you." Loraine smiled at Masego who rushed to check what Loraine bought for her.

Loraine couldn't believe it. Greyson true to his word was waiting in the car and she rounded to get to her side. "I am hungry." She told him.

"First stop, get the lady some food, got it." He cheesed as he pulled off their yard and onto the road.

"Where are we going Greyson?" there was something about how she said his name that made him forgot all about the morning. Hell, he doesn't even know why he chose to come to

her instead of going over to his favourite spot and drink his liver away.

"To get you food and we go for a ride." He told her. They kept to themselves the entire ride with Loraine responding to a couple of text messages on her phone while Greyson drove them. Reaching a chicken Licken drive thru, Loraine ordered their Big John burger with fries, a drink, a twelve-piece hot wings with the soul fire sauce while Greyson opted for their hot wing meal eight that had eight wings, toast, coleslaw, fries and a drink.

"I love how you eat." Greyson commented as they received their packaging and Loraine didn't waste time in devouring her burger.

"If there is one thing I'll never hide is my appetite. I can't be hungry and fall on the hill of trying to look cute, no thank you." She truthfully responded.

Greyson chuckled enjoying that side of her. He drove for a while until they reached a resort which his family owned but

it wasn't open for business as he didn't want to open for business.

He parked outside one of the wooden houses and there was a lake just a couple of feet before them.

"What are we doing here?" Loraine asked. She felt a little uncomfortable at being at such odd place. There was no one around and the area was poorly taken care of.

"This is where I come to clear my head." He told her. He went to the boot of his car and came out with a cooler box and set it next to them. "I drink here when life gets too much for me." Loraine looked at him and thought back to last night. Greyson was going through something, if his eyes didn't reflect his desire, they reflected mischief but almost all the time, he looked sad and lost. Like at that minute.

"Greyson, what's going on?" she asked, her voice so small he might have missed it.

"You tell me little one." He looked at her standing in her sexy sweatpants and her tank top that hugged her heavy chest.

"Was last night so bad that you had to lash out the way you did?"

Loraine felt pang in her chest. She was wrong, she knew she was wrong, but she was so scared of falling pregnant again that she didn't think things through.

"I panicked..."

"You panicked? You didn't want it? Geez Loraine why didn't you say so?" Greyson ran his hand through his hair, his blue orbs reflecting confusion.

"No, no, no," Loraine stopped his ranting. "I did want it, I did want you, it's just that I just panicked, okay? We didn't use a condom and I panicked."

"Oh, okay... uhm did you enjoy it?" he asked, he felt stupid that he had to ask.

Loraine looked at him, a smile on her face. Normally the girls were insecure about this, it was refreshing to see a man wonder if his game was any good. "I don't know how many



times I came Greyson; it was... fuck it was everything."

Loraine found herself admitting.

"Oh yeah?" he felt better.

"But Greyson..." Loraine thought back to what Masego had suggested. She fished into her fanny pack and got the money the driver gave her. "You gave me a lot of money for the pills. Out of anger I bought a couple of clothes, but I only realized I shouldn't have. You can't pay me for sex." Those words, those words caused his jaw to tick.

"Pay you for sex? Is that what you think this is?" he asked.

"At first, I didn't, but Masego saw it otherwise and I can't accept it. You will take the rest out of my salary." She told him. She just had to ruin the perfect moment where she told him he enjoyed what he did to her last night towards the early hours of the morning.

"You didn't think I was paying you for sex and that's what matters. I understand why your sister might think so too..." he looked intently at her. "But I promise you, I just wanted to

ease your burden and let you spoil yourself after being mugged. I apologize." His words were so soft and so sincere she didn't know what to say next.

He took the money, opened her fanny pack and put it back inside then zipped it up.

"Greyson Pierce doesn't pay for sex. If anything, I should be paid for sex." He winked at her while she flushed. She internally groaned at the innuendo. She had to agree with him, the man should be paid for what he did to her. It was mind blowing.

The pair opened a bottle of vodka with a mixer and started a small party for two. They flirted, they joked, they teased each other and the teasing ended up to a strip tease and a very tipsy Lorraine who couldn't help but to giggle as she took off her top.

"Greyson..." she slurred happily, for once Greyson wasn't so drunk, he knew he had to drive a precious cargo. But he

enjoyed seeing Loraine so carefree and laughing with him. He felt, he felt happy.... That was it. He was happy.

"Yeah baby..." Greyson picked her up and put her on top of his car and settled between her legs.

"You are gorgeous." She giggled.

"Gorgeous? No, you are gorgeous, I am handsome as fuck."

"As fuuucckk." Loraine moaned playfully, but her moans woke up something in Greyson. He wanted Loraine, he wanted her right there at his favourite spot.

"I want you baby." Greyson's voice was so low and sensual, its vibrations sent tingles down Lori's core.

"I also want you, I have wanted you since I... saawww youuu" Lori sang the last part and giggled happily when Greyson's lips met hers in what turned to be a feverish kiss, then it deepened.

"Loraine... I'm gonna fuck you against this car, okay?" he asked, and she happily nodded.

Greyson helped her down took her pants off, spun her around and entered from behind.

"Oh shit! They simultaneously groaned.

## CHAPTER SIX

Friday morning finally arrived, and Loraine was not feeling too good. She was not hungover from yesterday's event but was worried about what her uncle had planned for the day. He had sent her a lengthy text of the supposed plan that would take place today and as he had declared, she had to commit another sin, another crime by drugging people.

She had a great time last night with Greyson, remembering how she panicked when they didn't use a condom, he had pulled out of her and strapped up before he took her against the car, inside the car until she almost sobered up.

He then drove her home, text Masego to come out to get her as she was still tipsy and Loraine had expressed how her mother was not fond of drinking.

Masego had to be sleek about how her sister got inside the house without the mother noticing. Joyce Teffo was shocked

to hear that Loraine was back from work and had passed out. Masego being the smart girl told their mother how her sister was mugged so she was not feeling well and Joyce felt sorry for her child. She wished she was the one to be mugged than her precious baby girl.

Early on a Friday morning Joyce cooked eggs and viennas for her special daughters for breakfast.

"I can't have eggs." Masego mentioned as she sat on the table. "They cause period pains, and I am feeling a little better than I did yesterday." her mother nodded in understanding and only dished the viennas and cheese.

"Where is your... oh good morning my baby. Watseba Loraine sa le ke go bona ka laboraro." (You know Loraine, I last saw you on Wednesday.) Her mother spoke up as she dished up for her.

Loraine smiled sweetly at her, hiding the fact that her insides were churning. She didn't think she'd even keep the

breakfasts down, but if she didn't eat, her mother would catch offense.

"I know, I'm sorry ma." Loraine sat down and stole a glance at Masego who was busy on her phone. She was wondering what story her baby sister spun to save her behind.

"It's okay, your sister told me you were mugged. Those idiots. I don't know what it will take for us to live in a crime free country." Joyce complained as she washed the pots. The woman always kept busy, she never just wanted to sit and relax.

"I wonder too because it's not like our government will do anything." Loraine added. She took a bite of her food and took her time chewing. Breakfast was the last thing on her mind. She didn't know how the hell she was going to get out of the mess she was in.

"Mama, why don't you call Malome Andrew here today to visit you?" Masego suggested and Loraine almost choked on her tea.

She starred daggers at her little sister, what game was she playing at?

"Hai why?" Mme Joyce asked.

"I mean, he was here yesterday looking for you. So you must ask him to come." Masego responded.

"I can't spend the day with Andrew today. Mrs Masina and I going to the market later. She said I must go with her to buy new material." Joyce then wiped her hands clean and went to her bedroom to get ready. She worked part time for Mrs Masina, a wedding dress maker around their section.

"What was that?" Loraine asked Masego.

"That was me trying to delay your uncle's plan. If she called him here then you wouldn't have to face him, you could resign and get out of this. Remember ses'Lori you have a job waiting for you on Monday."

Loraine didn't need to be reminded about that. She wanted the job, hell she accepted the offer without hesitation. But her uncle... her damn uncle.



'I'm outside.' a text from Greyson alerted Loraine and in that same breath, her mother came out of her bedroom with a concerned look.

"There is a car outside the gate. Who could it be hey? It's too early in the morning." Joyce was about to walk out through the kitchen door so she could see who it was. They hardly ever used the front door, reasons unknown to the kids.

Loraine stood abruptly and blocked her mother's way. "That is my colleague. I have to go. Masego, do you want a ride?"

Loraine asked her baby sister as she wanted their mother to remain cool and inside the house.

Masego grinned and picked up her school bag.

"Bye mama." they shouted as they walked out.

Greyson looked at the two ladies approaching his car. It was cute how Masego was taller than her sister, but he couldn't keep his eyes off Loraine in the outfit she wore. The jeans fit her like a glove as they accentuate her curves and waist, the maroon bodysuit she wore cupped her chest revealing just

enough tease-line. He was in trouble. Hell he had no idea why he woke up early, left his sister before she could even suggest hanging out with him and drove down to Tembisa.

"Hi." Loraine got in the front while Masego got in the back. "I hope you don't mind if we drop big head here at school?"

"Hey!" Masego complained at the nickname. "Morning Greyson." she grinned, and Greyson winked at her.

She had to agree, the man was a heartthrob. Her sister was lucky to be shagging him.

"Why weren't you at school yesterday?" Greyson asked Masego as they moved up the street.

"I had crazy period pains." she answered truthfully.

"Masego!" Loraine scolded her for being so blunt.

"Hai keng?!" (Hai what is it?!) she retorted back.

Greyson smiled looking at her through the rear-view mirror.

"Come on Loraine, shit is natural. I'm sorry baby girl, are you feeling better now?"

"Yeah, I mean I have to go to school at some point."

"What normally makes you feel better during this time?"

"Uhhh ice cream, vanilla ice cream arg so delicious. Food, spicy food, junk food... and a good cry." she joked, and he laughed enjoying her naivety and charisma, something Loraine had when drunk.

"Okay, does your sister also like the same shit when she's on her period?" he had to ask, why, he had no idea. But anything concerning Loraine, he wanted to be a part of.

"Oh yes, almost the same." Masego responded. "Greyson how old are you?" she asked.

"Oh Jesus, Masego please." Loraine wanted to split the car in half. Why did she even tag her sister along was beyond her. The girl had no filter, never knew when to stop.

"I mean, I just want to know how older he is to you. You turning twenty five next week... so I just want to do my calculations."

"Next week? Your birthday is coming up?"

"Yes, wena get out of the car, we've arrived." Loraine told her baby sister as they arrived at her school which wasn't far from her home. Masego poked her tongue at her older sister and smiled sweetly at Greyson and exited the car.

"Your sister is fun." Greyson smiled as he pulled out of the school and onto the road once again.

"No, she's terrible." Loraine whined. "Why did you pick me up?" she asked. For the life of God whenever Greyson was in her space she couldn't get her thoughts in order. Her life was in shambles she didn't need to be thinking about why the man was acting the way he was. It was not like they were a couple or anything. Just an employee that was shagging the boss.

"I don't know. When is your birthday?" he asked, if it was next week he wanted to know the date. Somehow it unnerved him that Loraine's birthday is in the coming week where he didn't know how he'd cope.

He was thankful that she responded when he had just hit a red traffic light or he'd have lost control of the car.

"Valentine's day."

Everything stilled. As if he had not heard right. Drivers behind him started hooting, angry that he wasn't moving as the light turned green. Even so he didn't care. His head was spinning.

*Valentine's day.* The day he absolutely hated the most.

"Greyson?" Lori called out, shocked at the man's reaction. Did she say anything wrong? What happened to him?

"Greyson what's wrong?" her voice was so small thick with concern.

Greyson's eyes travelled up to her face. She could hear her sweet laughter, how she teased him as she drove the car, wearing a white dress with a red belt, celebrating valentine's day...

A firm hand on his shoulder shook him out of the trance he was in, instead of blue eyes he was met by brown ones, instead of almost pale skin, he was met by brown skin...

"Huh?"

"Are you alright?"

"Yeah sure." he shook his head and looked ahead, the traffic light was red again.

"No you're not. Let me drive." that was possibly the best solution to it all, but he couldn't, he wouldn't let her drive.

"No. You are not driving." he told her.

"Greyson I can drive and it's okay... I won't scratch your car." she cooed. She was worried about him driving them in that state. He was as if he saw a ghost.

"No, I don't want to kill you. You can't drive my car, nobody drives my car. I will drive." he couldn't let her drive, he couldn't have her blood too on his hands.

He then turned at the robot and Loraine pleaded with him to pull over on the side. She was scared he might run them into another car causing an accident.

"Hey, look at me." Loraine placed her hand on his face, feeling his stubble in her soft hand. He looked at her, eyes filled with concern. "Talk to me."

"I..." he couldn't say the words, he couldn't bring himself to. So he lied. "I am okay. I just thought of something unpleasant." well it was not a lie but not the complete truth.

"Grey..."

"Yeah?"

"Kiss me."

Her command came as a surprise to him. But nonetheless he leaned in, pressing his pink lips against hers. The kiss was soft, it was soft yet sensual. Of course, there was stirring in his pants, she made him hard, always.

She leaned her forehead against his, a dizzy smile plastered on her face from the kiss. "Okay now?" she asked, and he smiled.

The rest of the drive was filled with the breakfast show on radio as they pulled up to a restaurant so they could have breakfast.

Sitting down, Loraine ordered coffee and a muffin as she had eaten from her house while Greyson went full on breakfast. Ever since Loraine stepped into his life, his appetite for both food and what was between her thighs was back and on steroids. He didn't understand why he was never this free with Chrystal or any other woman he's tried to get on with since his last serious relationship. But Loraine, God. He had an idea on the way, after their shared kiss, instead of moping around the fourteenth of February, feeling like crap, feeling like everything was indeed his fault, he'd spent the time at his recent happy place, between his cleaner's thighs.

When the waiter came to clear their table, Loraine decided to break the news to him. She couldn't keep still any longer. She had to make a choice, she had to make a decision.

"Greyson... I found a new job." she broke the news.



"Excuse me?"

"I am.. I am starting Monday." she finished, and Greyson felt his breakfast threaten to come back up. Just when he thought there was some light at the end of the tunnel... she had to quit on him.

Greyson sat back on his chair and looked at Loraine who looked uncomfortable. Why did he feel crushed? Was it because he has allowed the young woman to get under his skin? Or was it that he allowed himself to have too much fun with her?

"Oh, so you are quitting on me." he asked.

"Greyson, I can't be a cleaner forever. Something has come up in corporate SA and I am keen." she wished she could say more but it was better that way. It was better she resigned so her uncle wouldn't force her to harm this man that seemed to be nice and decent. He wasn't boastful, he didn't flash his money around, he smelled expensive, wore expensive suits,

drove a beast of a car but he never actually showed off exactly how rich he was. She liked that, she expected him to be a spoilt brat but he was a fine man who knew which buttons to press to turn her on.

"You're right. I should have gotten you a job at my company." he admitted, he just enjoyed coming home to her. It was something about her being at his house and only his house that he loved.

"It's okay, I mean it's done." she smiled at him.

"Do you... are you going to give me the last day notice? We could do something fun."

Loraine turned her head slightly like she was confused.

"Greyson, my job is to clean your house, if I am giving you last day notice shouldn't I be cleaning?" she asked and he grinned that broke out into a deep chuckle.

"Oh, little one. You hardly ever clean my house."

"Because you are always there."

"I have to be there."

"Why? You should be at work."

"I enjoy being at home. I love what I see in my house." he said that while holding her gaze and she looked away. Something was moving inside of her. The way he spoke with her, the way he looked at her... she wanted that look to always be trained on her.

"Well, it was fun while it lasted Greyson. Thank you." she said and once again, he felt a tug at his heart strings. The woman couldn't wait to crush his mood hey.

"So, I won't be seeing you?"

Loraine shook her head, of course she wanted to keep seeing the man as much as possible, but it wasn't safe. If her uncle ever caught whiff of them sleeping with each other he'd force her to turn their sexual relationship into another stealing mission. She had to cut loose.

Greyson felt his head start to ache. He couldn't believe that he only had four days with the woman and only three days had he been with her. It felt like a while but a short while. He

wanted more days with her, he wanted to see her in the morning, during the day and the evening.

But hey... you can't have your cake and eat it too.

"I will pay you your week's salary and I wish you luck at your job. I have to go to the office." he stood up, left money for the bill and money for her uber which she tried to protest but he left her there without taking it back.

She felt sick. She felt like it was a goodbye. She wanted more than this, she wanted a kiss at least, some rounds at least.

The first time they had sex he was gentle but rough with her, the second time they were like horny dogs needing to get off, at some deserted resort just on the outskirts of town and still that didn't leave her satisfied. She wanted more of him.

But she had to choose, between him and her family. She had to choose who to protect, and she chose him. For all he has done for her, how nice he has been to her and Masego, for taking care of her needs, this was the little she could do.

Sitting back on the chair, she fished for her cell phone to kill time as she thought of what to do, she was not surprised at the umpteen messages from her uncles and the missed calls. She deleted every single one of them without reading them. She will not become a thief, she will not drug people just so her uncle could get rich. He's already threatened her, telling her the mugging that happened to her would be the least of her worries...

"Wait... how did he know about the mugging?" she whispered to herself.

She decided to call her uncle to find out. That man was crazy.

"Where are you Lori?" he answered his phone. "My guys are ready, we are getting that chip today."

"Did you mug me? Did you send people to mug me?" silence came from her uncle. "You sent people to mug me because you thought I had the chip on me. Malome why would you do that? You promised to pay me if I brought it to you, but that was a lie right?" she couldn't believe the realization.

"Don't be stupid. I was going to pay you." he admitted to the ordeal.

Lorraine was shocked. "Ah! Malome, I want my ID and my license, how could you do that?"

"Get to the house and do as planned and I will give you your stupid bag. Remember Lorraine, I am your uncle. I am your family, I am the one that will make you rich." he then hung up.

"Ma'am, can I ring up your bill or would you like to order something else?" the waiter came over to her table to clear up.

"You know what? Please get me a glass of wine." Lorraine told her. She checked what the time was on her wristwatch. "It's ten in the morning... well who is checking."

The waiter smiled down at her and left with a promise to come back with the ordered glass.

She felt like something was missing and she knew why she felt that way, she knew why she felt that empty. There was

something about Greyson that pulled her in, she wanted to know about his deep and darkest secrets, she wanted to know why he missed work some days just to drink and fuck. She wanted to know why when she mentioned her birthday coming up, he froze up.

"Thank you." Loraine was grateful for the delicious wine that was placed down before her. She felt like she was living a life out of the movies. Wine in the morning, uncle mugging her, quitting her job at a restaurant, sleeping with her boss who happened to be white... she was living the *dream*.

"Lori?" she heard someone call her and she looked up to only roll her eyes.

"Damn girl, life that bad to be drinking wine at past ten in the morning?" the man she never thought she'd see anytime soon asked. She didn't owe anyone any explanation least of them all, Thabiso, her ex boyfriend. The baby maker.

"What I do is none of your business." she told him.

"Like when you aborted my child it wasn't none of my business, huh?"



## CHAPTER SEVEN

The weekend arrived and Loraine was not herself. They were doing laundry outside, their mother washing, Loraine rinsing and Masego hanging the clothes on the washing line. It was such a chop-chop process as they were helping one another. She welcomed the destruction as her mind was in jumbles. Her life was a mess, and she didn't know how it got to that extend.

Her uncle sent her threatening text messages of how she would soon regret defying him, how he found out from Lisa the agent he had promised millions to that he had resigned from Greyson's house. He had promised to reign terror on her.

What kind of an uncle did that? Who was he?

She understood the frustrations that came with seeing someone make a fortune off your hard work while you fought

for scrapes but recruiting her to become a thief... that was low even for her especially when she accepted. She was no better as she had thought with her head only and never her heart.

She just wanted to the money, she wanted to be able to support her family without worry but she realized in life, there was no such as get rich tomorrow. You must work for the life you want.

Masego was talking to her mother only as Loraine was not even interested in their conversation. She was miles ahead. She thought about Greyson. He seemed sad when they parted ways yesterday. She hated seeing the sad look in his eyes, it was as if she took candy from him and threw it in the bin just to spite him.

But she had to protect both by stepping away. If she continued seeing the man, kissing the man, fucking the man, allowing the man to get closer to her family she might just fall in love and that would be a very terrible thing to do. She

didn't want to experience another heartbreak, Thabiso did a number on her so she was off the market.

Besides, the man was off another race, how will the make it work? Would society approve? There was no use denying the fact that black and white people lived in some form of hierarchy where white people were on top of blacks.

Black people had to work twice the amount of times white people worked just to get some recognition. Just to earn a little better. There was that, she thought of that. She thought of how her mother would faint if she ever brought a white man home.

She also had to protect Greyson against her rogue uncle. Her sweet uncle who all along was just a wolf in sheep's clothing. When they have finished with laundry, allowing it to dry on the washing line, Joyce went to bath while the girls cleaned the house.

"So did he call you today?" Masego asked her sister as she swept in the lounge while Loraine was tidying up, getting rid

of what was unwanted or belonged to the trash can. The two always cleaned together so they could finish faster.

"Who?" Loraine inquired.

"Grey."

"No, why would he? I only worked for him Masego."

Masego snorted. "That guy gave you money to spoil yourself, he assigned you a driver to take you to the mall so you don't strain yourself by using an uber, when you got mugged, he sent the drive to bring you right here at the gate and he picked you up in the morning... that was not just a boss taking care of his employee." Loraine regretted confiding in Masego. Now the young girl was over analysing everything trying to play cupid.

"I saw Thabiso yesterday." she avoided the Greyson conversation as she fell asleep last night thinking about him, wondering if she should call and ask if they could still see each other but decided against it. It was probably for the best. She didn't want to fall in love with him.

"Thabiso? Baby maker?" Masego asked and Loraine nodded.

"Where? Did he see you? If I see that guy, I will stab him in the eye." Masego did not like Thabiso at all.

Loraine chuckled at her sister's cuteness. Masego was really the 'I will mop the floor with your ass if you touch my sister' kind of sister and Loraine appreciated that so much. "I was having wine and he insinuated that life had me by the tits I must be paying for my sins." she hugged.

"What does that mean?"

"Well, when I told him my drinking was none of his business he reminded me of what I did. He was... he was so horrible I felt like throwing up. Seeing him brought everything back. I hate him." Loraine chuckled bitterly. "I hate him so much because he is the reason I can't love anyone."

Masego felt sorry for her sister. She was too young to understand a lot of things, but she loved love, and she hoped Loraine will heal from the wounds Thabiso left on her. He was the reason Loraine had to go through the most terrifying

abortion yet he spoke to her like she was the scum under shoes.

★ ★

On the other side of the province, in Centurion Greyson was sitting in his home office, a bottle of vodka perched on his desk, a glass right next to it. He was leaning back on his chair, dressed in his yesterday clothes.

"Grey?" Gina walked in the office, finding it dark, the blinds were still down. She opened them and Greyson groaned, closing his eyes as they were not used to the light. He reeked of alcohol. His eyes were red when he opened them and Gina's heart broke at the sight.

"Come on big bro, you were doing so well these past couple of days what happened to you?" Gina took away the bottle of vodka, there wasn't much left anyway.

"Mhmm fuck off, bring that (hiccup) back." Greyson groaned. He had passed out in his office, when he woke up with a massive hangover; he poured himself some more liquor.

"You came to work yesterday and once again left, leaving dad to sort out your work again. Greyson you need to pull yourself together. You can't always do this. We can't always worry about you when February hits." Gina scolded him as she passed him a glass of water instead and pain killers. "Drink this." she ordered and without any complain from him he did as told.

He wanted to drink and pass out, he had hoped some day he'd drink, pass out and never wake up. That was until she came into his life, she came into his life and made him happy. For the few days that she worked in his house, he was excited about being alive, that he had not died of alcohol poisoning... he had something to live for, an adventure to explore...

Then she left him. No warning, nothing at all.

So why did he have to live? Why did he have to be sober and think about it all?

"I want to be alone." Greyson whispered. He couldn't stand Gina seeing him that way. His older brothers have given up on

him, only Gina and his father cared enough to always check up on him. Gina had a life in Cape Town but every now and then she'd fly out to stay with him making sure he didn't lose it.

"I've let you be alone for far too long these past days, but it was because I saw you happy. You ate, you took care of yourself, you drank less... but now..." he trailed off. Her heart couldn't take it anymore. He went to therapy for only a month then stopped... and had since given himself into alcohol. Their father gave him a position in the company to help steer him in the right direction but it only worked for a while, but it was better than before. They just had to make sure he survived February and March then the rest of the year, he could be handled.

"Please... I want to be alone." he was on the verge of tears; he didn't want Gina to see him cry. He was broken, he was a broken man and just when he was about to grasp a handful of happiness, it slipped through his fingers.



"Greyson... oh no don't cry... oh my god." Gina's heart broke even further. She had a good mind to call Chrystal so she could take his mind off things but things didn't end so well last time as she assumed Greyson had brought Chrystal over but it wasn't the case. So, she had no idea on what to do but to wrap her arms around him as he cried

"I killed her. And now I can't be with... anyone. No one wants me... the broken man, the killer." the man sobbed in his sister's arms.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

"Greymont Holdings, Karabo speaking good morning."

Karabo chirped into the receiver to the person on the other side of the line.

She carried on with the person who was on the line, a client who needed an appointment with Greyson Pierce. Everyone was already forwarding Greyson's calls to her as she was officially his personal assistant and she loved it except that she hasn't assigned her duties over to her friend who was held up in HR.

The phone couldn't stop ringing and she was still reeling from the weekend. Monday was never easy on anyone, and she wished she knew where her boss was. The man hasn't reported for duty and as she knew his track record, she wasn't even sure he'd pitch up. But he better, or she'd spent

the whole day moving his meetings around and dealing with upset clients and staff members.

"Miss Matlala, we are done. Here is your trainee for the day. Enjoy." The HR assistant brought a very excited Loraine to Karabo's desk.

Karabo nodded and thanked the lady and once she left was when she and Loraine squealed and hugged each other.

"God, I missed your short self." Karabo spoke as she released her friend to take a good look at her. She knew Loraine wouldn't disappoint with her outfit as she will be parading her around the office as her friend and she had an image to uphold.

"I missed you too. Dude, I just signed my contract and my salary? Thank you so much babe." Loraine couldn't believe her luck. She'd have to get Karabo something nice as a token of her appreciation.

"You are welcome love. Then now we can go on holiday together like we always dreamed of." Karabo then rounded

her desk and picked up all the material that Loraine would need.

"This is my station as the boss's personal assistant. Let me go show you your desk." Karabo's heels sounded on the tile followed by Loraine's as they walked to where Karabo was situated before.

"This is you, whatever you will need is in these files. Company history, company goals, adjectives, your job role, company managers, who you report to, everything that you need to know." Karabo allowed Loraine to sit first as she sat right next to her.

"Firstly we need to set up your PC, you will also be receiving a new laptop from the IT department, you will need both your laptop and the monitor cause sometimes one screen is not enough and sometimes you will need to take work home especially if two managers need help from you." Loraine was excited yet terrified. This is what she wanted, to work a

corporate job. She didn't want to fail and yet it felt like the company did a lot and her job would demand a lot from her. An hour of the phone ringing and Karabo training Loraine on how to answer it, introduce herself to the clients, to the staff that still thought Karabo was manning the desk, HR sent the office a new mail informing them of their two new employees that have joined the club.

Loraine Teffo, office administrator replacing Karabo Matlala and Thabiso Mabu, junior IT specialist.

"Thabiso Mabu?" Loraine asked Karabo, of course Karabo and knew about Thabiso and Loraine being in a relationship, they shared a flat while they were in university.

"You think it's that stupid ex-boyfriend of yours?" Karabo asked back. What were the odds?

"You know what, let's focus. We have to go meet the founder of this company, also the CEO if you like."

"If I like?" Loraine was confused.

"Well, his son is the actual CEO but he's never here when he should be. And that has officially become my problem. So, let's go meet and greet." Karabo smiled at her friend and they did a little office tour.

"Mr Pierce." Karabo called out the old man's name and he turned with a warm expression on his face. The man was incredible, no one has ever seen him angry except Karabo who knew just about everything that happened at the office.

"This is our new office admin, Lori Teffo." Karabo said.

David extended his hand and Loraine could swear he looked like someone she knew. "Pleased to meet you sir." Loraine shook his hand back.

"Likewise my dear one, call me David" He said to Lori then turned to Karabo with a serious expression on his face.

"Karabo, find him, there is A meeting today he needs to be a part of. If he's not here, your head will be on my lunch plate." David smiled then left the ladies.

"What was that about?" Loraine asked.

"I must find my boss. There is a meeting today at lunch time and he needs to be here. Between training you and my job, today will be a fucking crazy day. Let me show you the kitchen and then you start with the emails, I am sure by now since everyone knows you are here, you will have something to do until everyone gets used to you."

The ladies did just that and Karabo left Loraine alone and went to her boss office to find his home number so she can call him in. David Pierce was a nice person, but when he gave an instruction, it would be wise to act on it.

"Oh, hi K, where is Greyson?" Chrystal walked in Grey's office, Karabo did not like the woman at all mostly because she called her 'K' as she couldn't say her whole name.

"Hi, C." Karabo spoke through gritted teeth. "He is not in yet."

"Okay, when he gets here, please tell him to come to the testing station, the app is malfunctioning and we can't move forward." this was the first time that Chrystal was actually

serious about work. Half the time she just looked pretty and was desperate for Greyson's attention.

When Karabo found the home number, she dialled him from the office. "Hello?" the man sounded sleepy as fuck.

"Mr Pierce, It's Karabo. I need you to come to the office." she cut to the chase.

"Why? What's going on?" he asked. *You mean besides your job?* Karabo wanted to ask, but she bit her tongue.

"Okay, you had a meeting at nine, another at eleven, you missed them but they will send in minutes. But you have the shareholder's meeting at one o'clock so you need to be here, your father has requested that you be here. Another thing, Chrystal came in and said the app is malfunctioning which means they are sitting on a backlog and the whole office will soon start getting crazy calls from people who can't work." It was quiet for a minute, but Karabo hoped that the man would stop acting like a brat and come over to the office. It



was Monday for goodness' sake no one wanted to be taking out fires so early in the morning and so early in the week.

"Okay. Fine. I'm making my way there soon. Get me coffee and some aspirins ready and prepare the agenda for me so I can know what's expected of me." he then hung up. Karabo was glad she convinced him to come and yet she wondered how his previous assistant managed. Greyson Pierce seemed to be a lot of work.

"Hey missy, how have you been for the last hour I have left you?" Karabo went to check on Loraine.

"Good actually, uhm the marketing manager sent me an email about some files she needed, found them and I delivered." Loraine smiled. "Also, I have been reading on what is expected of me and basically I will be helping any manager with their admin work?"

"Yes, basically. They will pull you from left and right, back and forth you just need to figure out a system that works for you and them." Karabo told her.

"I need to get coffee for my boss. I finally found him and he is coming."

"He sounds like a handful."

"He is, between you and I? he has some psychological issues he needs to sort out. But overall, he is nice just a handful. Let me prep for him okay, call when you need me." Karabo then left her once again.

Loraine delved into work, answering the phone, receiving emails and having to surf through them. The company was a busy company and with her job, she was at the centre of it all. Her cell phone rang and it was Karabo calling her. "Hey."

"Hey baby, I need a favour. I am stuck down here trying to get some files for my boss, can you please make him coffee, he's arrived and wants coffee and his aspirins."

"Wait so do I make it myself?" she wanted to be sure. If there was anything Loraine hated was making tea or coffee for other people even though she made the most delicious coffee.

"Please, plus you make the best coffee. So his pain killers are in my drawer just that one little favour, I will owe you." she then hung up. Loraine was just excited with the new job that she didn't mind making coffee for this person just one time. She hoped no other manager will ask that of her. She was not the tea lady or anything of the sort.

Making the coffee, she passed by Loraine's desk and picked up the painkillers and proceeded to the man's office, she found it empty then went to place the coffee and aspirins on the desk.

A part of her was glad there was no one as she didn't know exactly how to deal with someone who she heard had some psychological issues.

Turning around to leave she stuck dead in her tracks.

"Uhh, Mr Pierce... wow I..." Loraine's tongue got snatched by the cat as she tried to form a coherent sentence.

"You, what are you doing here?" Greyson felt like the universe was playing tricks on him. He thought he'd never see her

again. All he had to do was call her and ask to see her but he didn't want that. He was afraid of being crushed; he was afraid of being rejected.

When the woman worked at his house, it was easier for him to spend time with her without having to dig deeper inside of him to explain why. He'd always use the fact that she was his employee to his advantage. And now... the stars were aligning again.

"I am the new office admin. You know, I was reading the company history... I just didn't think..." she couldn't believe that the man who has been driving her absolutely insane was the CEO of the company she now worked for.

This man, he looked deviously sexy in his blue suit with a crisp white shirt. She wished he could dress all day everyday in a suit and tie.

"You're checking me out." he mentioned, still rooted by the door.

Loraine felt a blush crawl up her neck, heating up her face. She indeed was. The fact that she knew what was underneath his clothes moistened her up.

"I... no I have to go. I brought you coffee." she made means to leave his office but he stopped her, oh she loved how he always stopped her from leaving. Even when he used force, he was still gentle.

"Why did you bring me coffee? Where is Karabo?" he asked.

"Karabo is uhm... she is held up." how was this man still affecting her in that manner? Shouldn't she be used to him by now?

"When my meeting with the shareholders end, I need you to come back here okay?" he told her. He'd have asked her anything and she'd agree but she thought about it. This was not his house, this was not his home office... the look in his eyes told her exactly what he wanted.

"No, no I can't, I have to go Greyson." she slipped out of his hold and almost ran to the door as fast as her heels could take her.

She leaned against the closed door to breathe, forgetting she was directly in front of Karabo. "Hey, are you good? Did you meet the boss man?" Karabo asked, settling on her chair and firing up her laptop.

"Yeah. I have to go, I'll call you when I need you." Loraine didn't want to explain why she was flushed.

The man she's met only last week, the man she's been fantasizing about, the man she chose to protect over her family was her boss once again, and once again he has managed to turn her on by his mere presence and asking her to return to his office. She knew nothing good will come from that and she will not risk it.

Sitting down on her chair, Loraine was startled by the phone ringing, she's been gone for a minute and has forgotten she

had a job, a well-paying job that she's been wanting for a very long time.

"Greymont Holdings, Loraine speaking how may I help you?" she answered.

"Hi, Uhhh Loraine it's Gina, I heard that you are the new admin." Gina said. Gina, Grey's sister. Oh this world was certainly too small.

"Hi yes Gina, how can I help you?"

"I am not sure if you are up to speed with things but I need some files urgently and stationery please. I'll send you an email with all that I need, if you could prepare them for me before one please." then she hung up.

The work started but she had no idea where to get stationery but she'd wait for the email from Gina then she will ask Karabo.

Back in Greyson's office the man was still stunned that the woman who has been living rent free in his head was back in his life. Of course he was not thinking straight when he

suggested that she come to his office after his meeting, he was thinking with his head but the lower one. He missed burying himself between her thighs, that's where he always wanted to be.

A soft knock snapped him out of his trance and he called for the person to enter

"Mr Pierce, your files." Karabo walked in and placed them down. "I got your diary and messages, can we get down to planning your week?" Karabo opened her tablet so she could sync his meetings to his calender.

"Thanks for the coffee by the way, it's fucking delicious." Greyson complimented.

Karabo smiled oh she knew just how delicious Lori's coffee was and she hated making it for people for the exact reason. "I'd like to take the credit but Lori did it. She makes the best coffee in the world." Karabo spoke while paging through the messages.



Greyson was even more impressed with the fact that his Loraine was the one that made his coffee. "Well can you ask her to make it for me every morning? Well, when I need it."

"Sure, you're the boss."

"No, just ask her nicely I am sure she will agree."

"Oh, she will agree only because you're the boss. She hates making coffee for other people." Karabo told him. "Okay today is cancelled since we don't know how long the shareholder's meeting will go on for, let's plan from tomorrow, A Jack Black wants a meeting with you in the morning..."

Greyson was half listening to his assistant. He was thinking about his brown skin girl on the other side of the corridor. He could still smell her fragrance, mixed berries, it was alluring he loved it. And now, he loved her coffee and had an excuse to always see her.

"Does she have an email address set up already?" he asked and Karabo lifted her face to look at her boss, for someone

who has missed a lot of meetings and work he sure did ask a lot of questions about the new recruit.

"Yes, HR sent us an email. Search Loraine Teffo @ Greymont Holdings..." Karabo said to him and watched as he did just that.

**'To: LoraineTeffo@Greymontholdings.co.za**

**Good morning miss Teffo,**

**Your coffee is absolutely delicious, may you please be the only person who ever brings me the beverage every morning and afternoon.**

**Kind regards,**

**Greyson Pierce – GH Group CEO'**

He tapped his fingers, humming and agreeing to whatever Karabo was telling him. He honestly couldn't give a flying fuck about his weekly diary.

He wanted a response from Loraine, that's all that mattered.

"Mr Pierce?" Karabo called out to him and he snapped his eyes to hers. "You need to pass by the testing station before

your meeting because the team is literally sitting on a backlog, they can't get rid of."

"Okay, just waiting for an email response and I will head there."

"Okay, so I am keeping your Friday open just in case. Is there anything else you need me to do?" she asked.

"Yeah, I need you to go online and purchase a gift for me. Make sure you get it right. I'll give you my card details."

Greyson then proceeded to tell her all the information for the gift. Well she was his personal assistant and buying his women gifts came as a part of the package.

**'To: Greysonpierce@Greymontholdings.co.za**

**Good day sir,**

**It will be my pleasure to do so.**

**Kind regards,**

**Loraine Teffo - GH Office administrator'**

Greyson broke into a grin and closed his laptop. "Brief me about the meeting real quick."

The pair got into the working mode, while Karabo was trying to find her feet but she wasn't doing too bad. With her experience as an office admin she was already doing so well even though she didn't understand the man on a personal level.

The day went swiftly by and Loraine couldn't even catch a break as most of the managers started making demands as shareholders were in the building wanting information. She had her lunch by her desk, between calling Karabo on how to do certain things and being pulled left and right by managers her day was going as expected. She loved the thrill of being productive.

"So it is you." she looked up to locate the owner of the voice and it was Thabiso the baby maker. "When I saw the email from HR I thought it was another Loraine but it is you."

Thabiso was easy on the eye, he worked out a little and he was dressed in jeans and a blazer, looking very nice.

Loraine rolled her eyes, not believing her luck. First Greyson, now the biggest doofus.

"What do you want Thabiso?" she asked.

"I want a do-over."

"I'm sorry... come again?"

"Look, I saw you Friday and I was stunned, I was out of order but simply because you broke my heart when you left me." he told her and she couldn't believe her ears.

"I don't think I am understanding you." when she asked this, Greyson was approaching her desk but she was only focused on her ex-boyfriend.

"I am asking you out Lori, I want us to try again. Imagine us, power couple baby." and Greyson froze at the man who was talking with Loraine spoke. His blood chilled at the mention of another man wining and dining her.

"We were so good together baby."

Greyson finally walked to them and cleared his throat. "Miss Teffo can I talk to you in my office?" he didn't wait for her response he left the two alone.

"I will call you." Thabiso then left. Loraine checked the time on her wristwatch and it was knockoff time on the dot. She switched off her PC and packed her laptop bag and handbag and went to Grey's office.

"Oh hey babe, I was just about to get you so I can drive you to the rank." Karabo lived in Pretoria while Loraine lived in Tembisa, they were going in different directions but Karabo could drop her off at the rank.

"Uhh it's fine. I have just been summoned." she motioned to Grey's office. "My first day and I don't even know what to expect."

Karabo smiled apologetically at her. "I wish I knew too. Anyway, we will talk later tonight then." the young woman left while Lori knocked on Greyson's door.

She walked in and he was waiting for her, leaning on his desk watching the door.

"Lock it." he instructed, and she did so.

"Put your bags on the couch and drop every piece of clothing as you come here."

"What?" Loraine whispered. Was the man serious?

"Damn serious. Now I won't tell you twice or your punishment will be out of this world and it will be my pleasure to carry it out."

"Greyson this... this is inappropriate." she told him. She wanted to, God knows she wanted to strip naked for the man right there and then. His voice sent chills down her honeypot. She was moist! She wanted that kind of attention.

"If I tell you one more time on what to do, I won't let you cum." he didn't need to convince her anyhow... she did.

She was dressed in slacks and a blouse, they came off leaving her in heels and underwear.

Greyson's blue eyes darkened with lust. He reached her and smashed his lips on hers in a bruising kiss.

"I don't ever want another man talking to you, or asking you out do you understand me little one?" he said while his eyes bore into hers. His expression was so sexy, so fierce of course she nodded, why wouldn't she? She loved that side of him, it turned her fully on.

His fingers toyed with the waist of her panties before he pulled them all the way down and ran a slick finger between her folds to find that she was extremely aroused. She was so wet it made sounds. Music to his ears.

He pushed her against the table, her round ass coming into view before he hiked one of her leg on the desk, opening her for him.

"Fuck my life!" he whispered. She looked perfect for him in that way.



As he slid a condom on his manhood, a knock resounded on the door, but he had locked so he didn't care. It was after office hours.

Loraine tried to move as she panicked but he pressed her down. "The door is locked." he whispered as he pushed in. Oh it felt like being home. That's where he always wanted to be. "Oh fuck!" Loraine moaned at the intrusion. It felt like a long time since they've had sex and she was just too excited. She tried to hold on to everything as Greyson pounded relentlessly inside of her, she pressed a button on the phone on his desk by mistake and a voice came alive.

"Hi, security, it's Gina Pierce, I need the key pass to Greyson's office please, I think he has already left the office and I need some files in there."

At that moment Greyson wanted to strangle Gina till all the lights dimmed.

"I'm so close." Greyson muttered but Loraine pushed him back and hurried to put on clothes.

"That shouldn't have happened, this was a mistake, you're my boss damn it and I take this job seriously." she lashed.

Greyson looked at her, she was not kidding.

She was panicking and he wondered if she didn't want people to know about him and her because of the job or because of the guy she was speaking to. The reason why he had called her in... because he saw her with another man.

"Oh! Hello... I thought you were gone." Gina greeted her brother surprised he was in his office, in a locked office.

Gina walked in further and saw a purse on the couch, an earring on the floor and a condom wrapper just next to the bin.

"Greyson Pierce who are you fucking in the office?"

\*\*

The following day Gina was surprised to find her brother seated by the kitchen counter, his laptop fired up as he had coffee.

"Well this is a pleasant surprise." Gina poured herself a fresh pot of coffee and continued to make toast. "I honestly think you should get a helper in here to make us breakfast. What happened to Lori anyway?" she asked.

Yesterday when she found her brother who was in a middle of something, she had asked who he was banging but Greyson was Greyson, if he didn't want anyone to know something in his life he wouldn't tell a soul. He gave Gina the files she wanted and kicked her out of the office.

Loraine was hiding behind the couch where she couldn't be seen and was mad that Greyson had turned her into that kind of woman. The woman that had to hide. She was even angrier when she realized she couldn't leave immediately as Gina might still be in the premises.

They had to have dinner in his office while not talking to each other until security alerted them that Gina drove out and that was around eight at night.

"She found a better job, besides she was only here to clean."  
he told her.

"Well we need a helper then. I can't make breakfast and then dinner." she complained.

"Gina, this is my house. You are most welcomed to go live with dad who has butlers and chefs in his house." Greyson snapped. He wanted the woman out of his house. He was suffocating with her always disturbing his special moments.

"I am not here for a long time, and I like being here than there." she rolled her eyes. "Anyway, Chrystal suggested that we have dinner at her house today and I agreed."

Greyson looked up at her sister, Gina and Chrystal were some sort of friends. Even though Gina had a whole life in Cape Town she still had shares in the company and from time to time she flew down to work down here instead of always working remotely from another province miles away. But this time around Gina came around for one reason but he started

to feel like she was overlapping boundaries. He was not a child.

"Well, have fun." he told her.

Gina was trying to fish, if her brother was not sleeping with Chrystal then who. If Grey wanted to start having relationships, Chrystal was the perfect girl for him. She came from a well-off family, she was smart, she was beautiful and funny. The total package.

"You were invited too, and you know how you and Chrystal kick it." Gina smiled.

"I am gonna see you at the office. The backlog from yesterday hasn't been cleared. Your dear Chrystal should stop thinking about dinners and fucking do the job she gets paid to do and that's making sure we don't have such a backlog." Greyson closed his laptop, packed up and left to the office.

Karabo was shocked as she watched the man walk in. He was dressed in black jeans, a black shirt and an orange blazer.

Against his olive skin, he looked dazzling. He was a sight for sore eyes, never mind his breath-taking cologne.

"Good morning Mr Pierce." Karabo greeted as she placed her cup of coffee on her desk. She hasn't even switched anything on, she had just arrived.

"Morning Karabo." he greeted back with warmth. "May you please ask Miss Teffo to bring me coffee, and can you please order me full breakfast from wimpy? Thanks." he then unlocked his office and went in. Karabo did have the pass-code to his office and only ever locked it when necessary and after hours.

Karabo was amazed, but she didn't want to hold her breath thinking he'd carry on pitching for work, the man was a little crazy and very spoilt.

"Loraine speaking good morning." Loraine answered her desk phone, seeing it was someone from the office calling her.

"Babe, glad you're on time, please make my boss coffee, he has requested it."

"Okay but can you come and fetch it?" Loraine did not want to see the man, not after what happened yesterday. She might trip and fall when she sees him. She went to bed thinking about him, woke up thinking about him and when she entered through the glass doors of the building, she felt weak at her knees.

She was almost caught yesterday by Gina of all people. When Gina requested stationery and some files, Karabo was on her way to the boardroom where they held the shareholders meeting so she took them with, she doesn't know that Lori was now working there. Imagine finding out that she worked there and that she was screwing him, they'd think he gave her the job in exchange of sex.

But damn the man was sexy, so irresistible.

"Sure, no problem." Karabo agreed.

Loraine set up her working station, logged in just so everything could run while she went to make the man coffee.

She only agreed because he sent her an email and he was the CEO. She didn't want to piss him off.

"Good morning Rainy." Thabiso, the thorn on Loraine 's backside entered the kitchen the same time she did calling her by the nickname she never knew existed. She's always been called Lori.

"*Rainy?* What's that?"

"It's a nickname for my baby. Check, Lori I was serious about what I said yesterday. You and I were so good for each other." he said.

Loraine kept quiet and focused on making the coffee. She couldn't believe the nerve of the guy. He cheated on her not once, not twice hell not even three times, it was more. She couldn't forgive him. It was bad enough they had to breathe the same air in the kitchen.

"In your dreams." Loraine then spun around after finishing with the coffee and took it to Karabo's desk as she didn't want it to go cold.



But she was not there. Fuck her luck. She knocked on Greyson's door and he called for her to enter.

She found him and Karabo unwrapping breakfast from wimpy with Karabo then settling on a chair, a pen and diary present before. Jealousy coursed through her body. She wanted to be the one to eat breakfast with Greyson, she didn't like seeing Karabo so comfortable around him.

"Your coffee." she placed it on the coaster which was behind his PC and then turned to leave.

"Miss Teffo." he called her out when she reached the door, Karabo was confused by Loraine 's actions. Did she not value her job? She wondered.

"Thank you." he said, a knowing smirk on his face. He saw the jealousy painted all over her face and God he liked it.

She wanted to say 'whatever' but she caught herself. "Okay." was her safe bet. She then closed the door and went to her desk.

There she found Gina and Chrystal talking. "Oh my God, Lori?

Wait, Loraine you're the new office admin? That's amazing."

Gina was excited for Loraine . The two only ever saw each other briefly but she took a liking to Lori. She was sweet.

"Yeah, this is me." she smiled awkwardly remembering the two times she almost caught her shagging her brother.

"Chrystal this is -"

"Greyson's rude maid? I know." Chrystal finished, her nose held up in the air. Gina was confused. The Loraine she met was reserved and totally nice.

"Rude?" Gina asked.

"I asked her to make me coffee when I went over to the house and she said no, she is not the maid she only cleans."

Gina laughed at that. "Yeah, she was just the cleaner babe."

Gina told her.

"Anyway, don't be too hard on her. And by the way Greyson said no to coming to dinner at yours. You might have to ask him yourself." the conversation regarding Greyson perked

Lori's interest. Why did Greyson have to go eat dinner at the witch named Chrystal's house?

"And I am wearing matching underwear, the red lace he likes."

"Ew! TMI!" Gina covered her ears playfully then turned to Loraine who was a moment away from fainting.

Her Greyson liked Chrystal's red lacy underwear? That could only mean one thing.

"Lori could you please book the foyer boardroom for me, for ten o'clock and send an invite to the marketing team. Get me refreshments. I have forwarded you the agenda if you could attach that to the email that would be great." Gina said to her. "Chris let's go to my office, I need to talk to you about something."

Loraine sat there having heard what Gina asked but she couldn't bring her mind and hands to function and do as asked.

Greyson was fucking Chrystal that's all that danced around in her mind.

When lunchtime fell upon Greymont Holdings, Loraine had made a new friend besides Karabo, Tracy the receptionist. A chubby lady who was five years her senior who loved to laugh at any and everything.

The pair had ordered lunch at the cafeteria, they made the best chicken wraps and fries and then sat around the lounge. A few people were already having their lunch there, around the plush couches and round tables provided for the staff. The balcony doors were opened providing fresh air and the view of the city.

"Your ass looks great in those jeans." Tracy complimented Loraine as she sat down.

Loraine blushed, laughing it off. "It's nothing compared to yours." Loraine winked.

When she sat down and lifted her face she was met by brown eyes. The man with the brown eyes was eating his lunch at a

table opposite theirs. She could only see his blue blazer and white shirt but his face, he was a handsome man but it was not him she wanted.

"Mhm! You've also just been hit with the Jordan effect."

"The what now?" Loraine asked choosing to focus on her food rather than the man starring at her.

"The Jordan effect. Everyone that sees him for the first time or all the time actually freeze and ogle over him. I mean I get it, he is an eye candy."

"Well he is... cute." Loraine had to agree. Looking at the man again, cute was an understatement he was handsome as hell.

"Cute is an understatement." Tracy said. The pair fell into silence as they ate their food. But Loraine wanted to know more, she was curious about a couple of people in the company.

"Do you know what goes on around here?" she asked Tracy.

"Girl I know everything. Soon you will too. This company has very thin walls. Everyone is always in someone's business. I

am in everyone's business." she joked, well it wasn't a joke as it was the truth.

"What do you know about Chrystal? I think she works with the product team."

"Oh she is actually the product manager. Works closely with IT as they develop the app and what you call it. She is also the boss's tap and leave." she said sipping her cola.

"Tap and leave?"

"Tap and go. They have a thing, probably slept together once or whatever but she's been hung over him since then. I mean Greyson Pierce is a spoilt brat that pitches to work whenever he feels like, he is always grumpy and moody. I think he fucked her good or she's after the money because why would you waste your breath on an impulsive man like him?" Tracy did not believe in bad boys or whatever the term was for boys that acted impulsively and were always grumpy yet they looked good. She loved her men soft, caring and ever joyful.

Loraine did not like the way Tracy described Grey. He wasn't a spoilt brat, maybe a little since his father picked up the slag where he dropped it but that does not mean he was a horrible person. He was caring and sweet, even when he controlled her sometimes, he was always gentle and sweet.

"That's interesting, what about Gina?"

"Oh God! Now, that girl is awful. She will act like she likes you and all but she's a snake. I'll give you that."

Loraine was wondering if Tracy just did not hate her employers. Gina and Greyson have been nothing but great to her.

"Hi ladies, sorry to disturb your lunch, but look I couldn't help myself, I had to come here and greet the new face." the man named Jordan graced their table with his handsome presence.

Tracy rolled her eyes while Loraine smiled politely at him.

"Well hi."

"I'm Jordan." he offered his hand.

"Loraine ." she shook his hand, it was big and warm.

"Pleased to meet you. I hope to see you around Loraine .

Tracy." he then left them. Loraine had expected him to ask more probing questions or asked for her number with how he's been looking at her but he didn't.

"Stay away from him. He asks out and charms every beautiful woman that comes here." Tracy told her as she went to throw the trash in the bin. "But if you like him and don't mind shagging him, that's also fine. Just wrap his little guy up."

Loraine laughed at that.

The two ladies walked out of the lounge where as Tracy made her way back to reception, Loraine went to the elevator to get to her floor.

A surprise when she elevator came up to get her from ground floor with Jordan in it.

"Ahh a man must really be lucky." he grinned showing off his dimples. Loraine smiled at him and entered the car. They



rode to her floor with Jordan charming her pants off. He was very skilled with words, a smooth talker and quite funny.

"Your laugh is contagious geez." Jordan chuckled as he walked her to her desk.

"You're just funny." Loraine told him. As they approached her desk, Greyson was sitting on her chair, going through emails on his phone. Upon hearing laughter coming from the lift, his expression morphed into anger.

"Mr Pierce." Jordan was the first to acknowledge his boss. He hardly ever saw the man, he lived inside his office, when he was at the company building or in boardrooms or at home.

"Miss Teffo, I expect you in my office right now." he stood up, took an angry glance at Jordan and left.

"Okay, he doesn't look too pleased newbie, go find out what you did and I will check you later." Jordan retreated back to the elevator leaving Lori alone.

She sat back on her chair to making sure there wasn't anything important awaiting her.

Her phone rang, it was an office call. "Loraine speaking hello?"

"I said be in my office right now." the raging bull then hung up. Oh Jesus Christ what have I done now, Loraine wondered. "Oh hey babe, what's up?" Karabo asked, seeing her friend approach.

"Uhh not sure, your boss just called me in." Loraine told her. She was confused and nervous at the same time. Coming near Greyson was never a good idea. She was already confused about her feelings for him, were they real or was she just tripping.

Karabo was confused as to why Greyson kept asking for Loraine, wanting her coffee as she was fairly new.

"Okay, well go right in" Karabo said, a fake smile plastered on her face.

Loraine didn't want to knock, she wanted to barge right in but she couldn't, that would be unprofessional. So she did knock and he welcomed her in.

"Lock the door." he instructed.

"No." she walked right in without locking it. She knew locking it would mean more than she wanted. She didn't want to be with him in that way.

"Loraine I don't want to tell you twice. Fucking lock that door before I grow mad." he warned. She was enough of him and his tantrums. He was the one having breakfast with Karabo and hooking up with Chrystal, she owed him nothing.

"I honestly don't care if you grow angry Greyson. What do you want?" she had the guts.

"You're back-chatting me. What, a few moments with that fucker and you already talk to me that way?" the only advantage Lori had was that Greyson was at his desk, when he approached she grew shy and quiet. Damn he looked incredibly sexy.

"Did you give him your number?" he asked, coming into her presence, into her 'circumference'. "Did you have lunch with him?"

"Are you fucking Chrystal?" she had to ask. He couldn't just make wild accusations without her doing the same.

"What?" he asked, his blue eyes searching hers for something.

"Yeah everyone knows about it. So don't ask me about anyone else. Go ask Chrystal." she turned to leave but he pulled her back into his arms and smashed his lips on hers.

The kiss was rough and yet she loved it. He bit her bottom lip and she pulled back and touched it, shocked that he did that.

"Don't you ever ask me about any woman again, do you understand me little one?"

She nodded. She had forgotten who he was. He was the 'punisher', although his punishments were always sexual, she didn't like them.

Greyson walked to the door and locked it. Went back to his desk and called Karabo. "Make sure I am not disturbed for the next twenty minutes." then he cut the call.

Loraine was nervous at what he had planned but at the same time she was anxious. He went to her, took off her clothes one by one. "Why the fuck are you wearing jeans?" he asked.

"Why are you?" she retorted back.

"Mine are not stuck to my body like second skin." he muttered as he left her with nothing. It didn't feel right that he was still clothed so she took off his clothes too.

"Greyson we really should not be doing this here." she whispered but he paid her no never-mind. Picking her up he placed her on the couch and spread her legs wide and licked her honeypot until she couldn't control her moans, even though she tried to not make noise.

He couldn't hold himself anymore, he had bury himself inside of her, he wanted her to always think of him while working. He wanted to leave his scent all over her but she thought so too. She too wanted to mark him.

So as he pounded inside of her, as she tried very hard to not make any sound, he leaned down to her neck as she pulled

him impossibly closer, something she did when she was about to come.

"Oh fuck." she moaned and bit into his neck knowing very well she'd be leaving a mark. But that's what she wanted.

"Shit baby!" Greyson grunted as he emptied inside of her till the last drop. "Fuck Loraine ." sex with her was always, always fulfilling. He didn't quite understand. He's had the best sex in his life but with Loraine... there was just something about her that made him want to possess her.

"Come home with me." Greyson asked her as she tried to wipe herself clean with the tissues in his office.

"No, you live with your sister." she said and went to put her clothes on.

"I want you at my house tonight Loraine . You haven't been a good girl." he almost whispered, caging her in his arms. "You smile with another man in my fucking presence. I am going to teach you a lesson. So tonight, you are sleeping at my house."

he deadpanned and she knew there was no use arguing with him, besides... she loved to hate his punishments.

She opened the door to his office the same time he called Gina. "Gina, find a place to sleep tonight, I want my house to myself tonight."

Loraine shook her head at that and walked out to find Karabo waiting for her.

"What were you two talking about for forty minutes?"

"Uhhh... uhmm...He wanted to know... about uhm..."

"About how you're settling in?" Karabo finished for her and Loraine quickly nodded as she lacked a better answer.

There was no way in hell would she tell Karabo she was sleeping with the boss, that she just had an amazing round with the man.

"Look, tell me when it gets too much yeah? I am just surprised that he asked you personally and not me. I mean you don't even do much for him except coffee." Loraine swore she detected some hints of jealousy but she brushed it

off. Why would Karabo be jealous while she's the one who got her the job?

"I will, thanks. I will see you." Loraine rushed back to her desk as fast as her heels allowed.

She fired up her laptop and logged into the monitor to check on her emails... she's been away from her desk an hour and fifty minutes, that was almost a two-hour lunch. For a new girl she sure was playing with fire.

Emails popped up from managers needing things from her, according to her understanding, there was a backlog and the app was not functioning properly, they had to deal with it so their suppliers, clients did not throw a fit and choose the alternative. She loved her job, it was definitely worth the wait. The marketing manger had asked her to book the boardroom for a meeting and she made a mistake of double-booking it with Chrystal.

"Hey!" Chrystal came guns blazing towards her desk where other people could see her. "I know that you are



incompetent, but you booked the same boardroom twice? Are you crazy? Are you trying to sabotage me?" she breathed fire and Loraine wanted to shrink into herself.

"I am so sorry ma'am." her tongue burned like acid as she had to call Chrystal ma'am. She'd rather chew hot coals than to show that woman any ounce of respect but she was on the job, personal feelings be curbed.

"Sorry? Will your sorry fix this?" she was throwing all her toys out of the cart same time, Lebogang the marketing manager walked over to Loraine 's desk.

"Hi Loraine , uhm there is a problem with the boardroom. Seems like you made a mistake" she told her.

"Yes, I am so sorry. I will try and fix it." Lori said and Chrystal scoffed, her nose flaring.

"Fix it? All the boardrooms are booked, I tried to book one now because you were incompetent and guess what? No other room is available. And I need to hold that meeting with my team."

Loraine 's head was spinning; she had thought of booking another boardroom but wasn't aware they were fully booked. When booking the boardroom, you had to wait for the systematic response from the room telling you it has accepted your meeting request, if it denies it means someone else booked it. But the foyer boardroom had some slight technical issues, it did not respond and Loraine forgot to double check everything when she made a request for the marketing manager.

Lebogang felt sorry for the new girl, Chrystal was not making anything easy for her and she wondered if it was another white person working the job would she throw such a fit.

"Look, Chrystal you can use the boardroom, my team and I will reschedule to after you." Lebogang suggested and Loraine felt her heart beat calm down to normal beating rate.

"Thank you, because my team and I have something important to discuss. This whole company is depending on my team." she told them.

"Yeah, I mean we are all experiencing the backlog headache because of your incompetence, aren't we? So, you take the boardroom." Lebogang smiled at her then rolled her eyes as soon as Chrystal huffed and puffed away.

"I... I don't know how to thank you." Loraine turned to the older woman in front of her.

"For what sugarplum? Defending you or solving your problem?" she had a smirk on her face. You could tell she enjoyed placing Chrystal in her little place.

"For both. Thank you."

"Ahh, it was nothing. Ke hloile motho wa go gatella batho." (I hate a condescending person) The older woman told her.

"And I will definitely defend any black person who seems to have made a mistake and isn't being given a fair chance. Call me your fairy godmother little Cinderella. Now I will take my team out on lunch for that meeting." she winked at Lori and then left.

Loraine appreciated the kind woman, she had no idea what she would have done if the marketing manager was the same as Chrystal.

As the day went on, Loraine was a little calmer until she made another mistake.

She printed out the wrong reports from the finance department and took them to Karabo to give to Mr Pierce senior and Mr Pierce junior; David and Greyson.

She was startled when Karabo came running, her expression bewildered. "Are you trying to get me fired Loraine?" Karabo asked placing the folders on Loraine's desk.

"David and Greyson are in a very important meeting and they needed the reports from finance, finance said they had asked you to print for them."

"Yes, and I did... oh my God!" Loraine realized that she had printed the marketing stats instead.

"Oh Modimo waka." (Oh my God) she paged through the folders realizing that she indeed printed wrong things for the CEO and the founder of the company.

Karabo was shocked, she never made such mistakes when she was the office administrator. Her friend was scaring her.

"I am sorry, let me just reprint the correct ones." Loraine went through her emails so she could print the correct reports.

"No, just forward me the email you got from Mark and I will print from my side." Karabo was not pleased.

Just as she thought she had her hands on the ball, turned out she really did not. Her mind was flying all over the place.

Every time she saw Greyson's name on emails her mind would wander off on their little affair if she could call it that. It scared her how he made her feel, or how she felt about when she heard Chrystal talk of how he loved her lace underwear.

The day finally came to an end and just as she switched off her PC and packed up her laptop and handbag, her phone beeped with two messages.

**'Meet you in the parking lot in the basement.'** It was from Greyson the next message sent chills down her spine.

**'I still haven't forgotten about our deal ngwana sesi.'** (My sister's daughter) It was from her uncle. Oh God she had deleted him from her mind and life. She did not need this after the day she had.

She didn't know what to do, go home or wait for Greyson. But she needed to unwind, she wanted some good sex and alcohol to make her forget about her day, but she also wanted a warm embrace, to make her feel better... she wondered if Greyson would offer that. The man was all about sex, sure he was gentle and sweet but was he affectionate? She sent Masego a message telling her she'd be sleeping over at a friend's place and of course Masego asked if the friend was perhaps Greyson. She still has not told her baby sister that Greyson was her boss, again.

"Hey babe, need a ride?" Karabo caught up with Loraine who was walking towards the lift.

"No thank you."

"Are you sure it's safe for you to be walking to the rank in those shoes and the laptop?" Karabo asked and the elevator doors opened and the two ladies jumped in.

"Uhh I won't be walking... I have a ride." she said.

"Okay that's cool." Karabo pressed ground floor while Loraine pressed basement.

"Basement? Your ride is in the basement? Are you leaving with someone from work?" Karabo was full of questions and Loraine didn't know how to answer.

"Uhh yeah something like that." when they arrived at the ground-floor, Loraine pushed Karabo out then closed the doors.

"I WILL FIND OUT!" Karabo yelled a doors closed and Loraine smiled but panicking inside. No one should find out about Greyson and her.

She quickly found Greyson's car and he didn't waste time arriving.

"So first stop, the mall." he said, as they drove out of the basement and into the busy streets of centurion.

"Why?"

"You need a change of clothes for tomorrow love." he told her and she nodded.

"I just want wine." she mumbled.

"Bad day?" Greyson asked as they reached a red light.

"You don't even know the half of it." Loraine was overwhelmed. Tears gathered in her eyes and a lump got stuck on her throat. She was called incompetent today, Karabo was displeased with her, she almost ruined the bosses' meeting with her incompetency, maybe she should stick to making coffee and cleaning.

"Hey, hey..." Greyson pulled off on the side of the road just next to the mall. "Baby what's wrong?" he asked, his blue orbs showed nothing but concern.

"Nothing." Lori caught a hot tear that trickled down her nose.

"Just a bad day." she tried to clear her throat of the lump.



Greyson hated seeing her all sad, he loved seeing her horny, happy, satisfied, fulfilled and a little mad.

"Okay, let's get you some clothes, some wine, some food and daddy will give you all his dick to make you feel better okay?"

Lorraine broke into a smile, tears still filled in her eyes. "Okay."

"And I am going to give it to you until you wish to call the cops on me just so they can keep me away from you." he smirked as he pulled onto the road again.

"And that's a promise baby."

## CHAPTE NINE

Loraine was nervous, nervous as hell as they walked inside the house. It was already late and as she knew, security switched on the lights in the house.

She felt like it was the first time she went to a man's place to deliver the hot cake on a platter. Her heels licked on the wooden floor in the man's house as he followed her carrying all the bags.

What a handy man, she thought. But she was still nervous, she's had sex twice already since the week has began at the office but tonight, tonight things were different.

She was excited when he made her promises in the car of how he will take her tonight but nothing, absolutely nothing prepared her for what he actually had planned.

It all was revealed when they arrived at the mall and she was introduced to Greyson Pierce. The charming, sexy and well

groomed man. He was charming alright, so sexy, so gentle... but freaky.

It was the freaky part that scared her and shocked her.

Sure they went shopping, even when she protested against the clothes he purchased for her, she accepted that he wouldn't change his mind, he knew her size which came as a shock but alas she let him buy her a week's worth of new clothes.

They consisted of mainly tight fitting dresses, pencil skirts and one power suit. The suit she was eager to wear but everything else was already her style but the prices shook her she didn't even want to comment.

But it was when they arrived to a different boutique that she had the shock of her life. Everything seemed normal as they walked in, she was excited at the display. It was a lingerie shop. It stocked luxury brands of lingerie upon luxury brands. She didn't even want to ask how he knew of it, a man like Greyson was experienced so she let him be.

She was also excited with the lingerie. "So you want me to wear some some for you?" she teased him. Somehow she didn't mind buying lingerie with him, whenever she was in his presence, she cared a little about what people thought of her even though she did receive quite some stares a lot of those were nasty.

Greyson was a tall man compared to her small frame, he was intimidating and yet she loved that about him. He smirked down at her frame and winked.

"So what? Do you have a favourite colour?" she asked again and he nodded. She prayed to God that he doesn't say red or else she'd take a taxi to Tembisa at that instant.

"Hi, can we see your *Daring* collection?" he asked one of the boutique assistants as Loraine wandered around.

"Ohh I like this one." Loraine picked up a pink teddy. Greyson had to admit, it was cute, might look hotter on her but that was not what he had in mind.

"Oh no little one, that's child's play." he told her.

"What we need cannot be found with the regulars. You have to ask for it." he told her and her jealousy that she tried to suppress made itself known.

"Just how in the hell do you know so much about the lingerie?" she snapped and he saw the jealousy over her but he didn't like it. He sure enjoyed her being jealous sometimes but that kind would only breed insecurities.

"Little one, you wear a lingerie to entice a man, so of course I looked them up... just to see if there is any I liked, that I'd want a woman to wear for me." he told her.

"Well have you ever bought it for a woman?" she asked.

"Am I the first man you've ever been with sexually?" he asked her.

"No."

"Same. So please, you being jealous is cute but not in this case." he then kissed her forehead and her knees almost buckled.

She wanted to slap him off because that little gesture woke butterflies in her stomach.

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be little one."

"Uhh sir, you may come through." the assistant called out to Greyson and Loraine was confused as to why he was called in the back. Curiosity got the better of her since well they were buying the lingerie for her, so she followed him and almost fainted when they arrived in the Daring sector of lingerie.

"They are all sorted according to colour." the lady told him.

"I want yellow." Greyson said, he could already picture Loraine in the yellow pieces, fuck her melanin would stand out.

Loraine wanted to run out of the shop. There was more than lingerie. There were 'stuff' too.

And Greyson had a field day, he was a like a kid in the candy store.

He picked all he wished for. Whips, handcuff, chains, nipple clamps, chokers, blind folds, feathers, then the lingerie itself was the cherry on-top.

The bra piece was just straps to decorate her boobs, the bottom piece covered only the crotch and the butt but it was open from her butt-hole to her cookie then it had a matching silk gown.

She was nervous, a little excited as sex with the man has been nothing but pleasure but it was always his fingers, tongue and penis involved no chain and whips.

"Come." her stomach flipped as Greyson held his hand for her to follow him to his bedroom. She didn't realize that he had left her alone to her thoughts in the kitchen till she saw all the shopping bags in his bedroom.

He kissed her neck and took off her clothes until she was naked. He took her to his bathroom, his spacious and beautiful bathroom. He had drew her a bubble bath, scented candles lit... "Relax in there while I make supper happen."

"You..." she cleared her throat as her voice was only a whisper. She was amazed by what he was doing for her but her nerves were running short. "You're going to cook?" she asked.

Greyson laughed, his chest vibrating. "God if I cook, you'd die. I am going to order in." he then poured her a glass of red wine as she submerged in the nice and hot bubble bath.

"For your nerves. Enjoy the bath." he then placed the bottle of wine close by so can refill if she wished to.

She wanted to call Masego, she wanted to ask her baby sister on what to do but she decided to relax and have wine. Three glasses later she bathed and stepped and out to be met by Greyson who was shirtless and wearing only his black sweatpants.

"Dinner is served. But you can finish up in here and join me." Loraine dried her body, applied the coconut and Shea-butter over her skin and the perfume he bought for her. She



wrapped the big and fluffy white gown and walked into his bedroom to find dinner on the bed.

More wine and seafood pasta over some light conversation. Greyson had taken a shower in the guest bedroom and his abdomen called out to Loraine to touch.

Greyson couldn't hold himself any longer, the Hennessy he was drinking kicked in the system and all he wanted was to pleasure his woman.

He removed the tray and the plates and told her to dress in the lingerie they bought.

The wine had worked a charm at calming her down that when she saw her reflection on the mirror she grew excited.

She put on her pair of heels, and left the gown opened.

Greyson knew she'd look beautiful in the set he chose but she looked incredible. His eyes became hooded, and his dick sprung to life.

"Fuck." was all he said before slamming his lips on hers. Kissing Greyson was like drinking water on a hot summer's eve.

Greyson stopped her. "For what I am going to do to you tonight, I need you to pick a safe word."

"A safe word?" she whispered.

"If it's too much and you want me to stop."

She breathed in and out. "Dragon." she said.

Greyson was surprised and impressed. He thought she'd say red which was common and clearly indicated danger... but she thought of something else.

"Dragon." he then kissed her and ran his fingers down to her honeypot and found her just about to soak. His finger was joined by another finger and Loraine's head fell back as she enjoyed his fingers, moans escaping her throat.

Her hands trailed down his exposed chest, down to his hips where she played with the hem of his pants before sliding her hand inside and finding the man rock hard.

Greyson loved the feeling of her hand over his manhood but tonight was about her, punishing her for laughing with men in the office, for making him cry when she made him think she has left him.

He took handcuffs and cuffed her hands behind her back after discarding the robe and her shoes. He then placed her on the leather ottoman in his bedroom that was big enough to accommodate her. Her face was flat on the seat knees buckled and ass in the air. She was exposed to him.

Thankfully she was high on wine.

A whip landed on her ass and she yelped, though she expected to feel pain, it was a different kind.

"That was for quitting your job."

**Whip!**

"That was for the stupid idiot you smiled at in the kitchen."

**Whip! Whip!**

"That... that was for the idiot you went on lunch with."

**Whip! Whip! Whip!**

"That was just to remind you that I promised to punish you my little one." Loraine wanted to cry from pleasure. Was she a sadist for enjoying the whip a little too much?

She felt feather light kisses on her ass that moved between her crack. She was glad she had taken that bath or she'd have been insecure at that minute. She felt moisture between her crack then down to her pussy. He was licking her.

"Oh fuck!" she closed her eyes when his tongue dipped into her cookie. Greyson was fucking up with her mind.

She then felt his fingers enter her, his tongue still sticking around, licking and teasing her.

His fingers kept hitting her spot and as soon as she felt the intense feeling of an orgasm he stopped.

She felt empty, she felt frustrated but soon her mind was in a frenzy again.

He placed a vibrator on her pussy and she wanted to run! She felt vibrations hit her spine.

"Oh Greyson." she called out to him.

"Yes baby." his voice was distant, he was in his zone. He loved her whimpers, her moans, her screams as she neared her orgasm and once again, he denied her an orgasm.

She was frustrated. She wanted to cry and beg him to make her cum but she wouldn't.

Greyson thought she'd been in the position for too long so he helped her up, and uncuffed her. Her put on a blind fold and made her stand in front of the bed and hold on to the bed pot on the sides.

"Don't let go." he warned.

Spreading her legs apart, the vibrator vibrated against her moist lady part and she felt all her senses jump around crazy.

This man was going to kill her. Then he stopped. Oh he enjoyed teasing her, she couldn't stop the groan of frustration that left her mouth.

"Greyson, please..." she begged. Greyson was pleased to hear her beg.

"What do you want baby?" he asked.

"You, I want you."

"Well I am here." she could tell he was smirking.

"Arg." she groaned.

He took the nipple clamps... and decided against them. He removed her hands from the bed post and was impressed with how long she lasted with him. With how long she lasted before complaining and begging.

He made her get on all fours on the bed and she was excited that finally, he'd dick her down. But he didn't... his fingers and tongue came around her cookie. He could eat her out all day and all night.

"Oh fuck." the way he lapped her juices up while his fingers penetrated her, drove her insane. The man was skilled, so skilled she was about to cum from his fingers...

"Dragon!" She yelled and Greyson stopped.

"What's wrong?" he asked, worried that he may have hurt her. But she was moaning so beautifully.

She took off the blind fold. "I won't smile at other men anymore. I'm sorry."

Greyson smiled. Her little one wanted him. She must have been tortured enough to even call him out on it.

He stripped off his pants and got on the bed.

"Lay on your back." he'd have enjoyed taking her from behind, but he wanted to see her as he made love to her.

The minute his dick entered her, she creamed all over his dick. "Fuck." he swore as he pumped in and out of her at a steady place. He came down to kiss her, delivering powerful and yet slow thrusts.

Loraine was hit by another orgasm as Greyson built a steady rhythm. Their tongue wrestled each other; a sloppy kiss as sweat covered their body.

Greyson felt his balls tighten, the feeling of an orgasm washing over him and he placed his hands on her shoulders and started to thrust faster and harder as Loraine's moans and screams filled the room. It was no doubt the security

would hear her, she was too loud but Greyson was not complaining.

He loved it all...

And he loved her....

"Oh my... fuuuuck!" Loraine's toes curled, her brain almost going blank, her vision blurring as she and Greyson came at the same time. She felt his hot semen enter her and she locked her legs around his waist to rock out the wave with him.

Greyson stilled as he realized his thoughts.

That was a powerful orgasm but that was not what affected him...

He loved Loraine... or at least he thought so...

"That was...."

"Amazing." he finished.

★ ★

"Can I own your body just for tonight?" Greyson asked Loraine as they were spooning naked in his bed. After the



intense sex they had after dinner, they fell into a deep sleep but Greyson was woken up by the urge to use the bathroom, after he had relieved himself he thought to wake the woman up too...

Something about how she lay tangled between his sheets aroused him.

Never in a million days has he ever thought he'd find himself bedding a black girl and wishing to do so for the long haul. Sure he's been with different kind of women but mostly were white...

Loraine... it was the innocence in her eyes that drew him to her, how she bit her luscious lips so he got curious. Well curiosity killed a cat as they love to say... but left it satisfied right? Well was he satisfied? As he woke her up and was amazed by how her body responded to him.

She was wet when he ran his fingers between her silk folds from behind.

And he wanted to do more, he wanted to possess her, to mark her. To make her his, if she'd let him.

Loraine wondered what he meant by owning her body, but thinking back to the sexual toys he purchased, she thought that he wanted to carry on with the torture... and that excited her. She was surprised at how her body and mind worked together in pleasing the man. She'd never in a million years thought she'd enjoy being whipped on her bare butt but she did.

His fingers played her cookie like the violin, she'd let him do anything to her. He wanted her body... he got it.

"Okay..."

"You don't sound sure."

"I am sure Greyson."

Loraine hardly ever called him Grey, something about that made him smile. She was just too adorable.

And he loved that, his power over her because of her innocence and naivety multiplied.

He turned her around and kissed her. The kiss was hot, he snaked his hot tongue in her hot mouth and she moaned. She was enjoying the kiss. She tangled her hands in his hair and pulled every time his fingers teased her opening.

"Oh Grey..." she moaned against his mouth, circling her hip to meet his fingers' thrusts. She wanted more. How could she want more after what he had done to her before they slept? All traces of sleep left her body.

Greyson stopped kissing her and went over her to switch on the bedside light and did so on his side too. They didn't need too much brightness just enough to see around and to create the mood they were in.

"Come." he held his hand out and she took it. This man was just a freak and she wondered what was next.

"Have you ever sucked a dick before?" he asked, his eyes were so dark, his whole face just screamed 'I am horny and I intend on fucking you senseless.'

She bit her lip and nodded and the beast inside of him roared back to life. He looked at how beautiful she was naked, her nipples called out to him to lick and bite and he did just that. He looked at her beautiful full lips... seeing her lips on another man's dick angered him. He wanted to punish her for it.

"Get on your knees." he ordered her. She was scared, she wanted to tell him that even though she has sucked someone's rod before, she was not a pro at it. And she didn't want to embarrass herself in his presence. The man was skilled, too skilled so she couldn't disappoint him.

Greyson was surprised when she didn't follow his order. He corked his eyebrow questioningly.

"Uhhh," Loraine fidgeted, shifting from one foot to the other. "the thing is..."

"You can tell me everything little one, it's just you and I." he caressed her left cheek with his right hand.

"I am not good." she admitted. He was right, it was just the two of them so she had nothing to fear.

"Not good?" Greyson was a little lost. What was the woman talking about? What was she not good at?

"You know... uhm sucking the thing." she said and he chuckled as she feared. She tried to walk away, sulking but he pulled her back and kissed her and she returned the kiss as eagerly.

"That makes me happy little one." he leaned his forehead against hers showing off his teeth. Loraine was confused, was he on drugs? Who would be happy someone can't please them like they could?

"That means I get to teach you." he told her. "On your knees baby." and she got on her knees.

Greyson played with his dick, Loraine looking at it eagerly wondering where the hell she was going to start. "Open up." the beast was back, Greyson had two sides, the caring and

sweet side and the dominating side where a beast that lived inside of him came to play.

She opened her mouth and he pushed inside of her. She wasn't totally clueless, so she licked him, getting it all wet and when she was sure it was wet, she started bopping her head back and forth on it and the part she couldn't get all the way in her mouth, she fisted with her hands.

She continued the assault as his grunts and curling toes told her she was doing well. He then grabbed her braids, gathered them in his fist and started thrusting in her mouth deep throating her.

Her gagging sounds filled his ears, her teary eyes didn't make him stop. Loraine thought if the man does not stop, she will definitely puke all over his penis. So he pulled back and allowed her to breathe and he started again. He wanted to own her, to possess her, to mark her.

He loved being in her mouth as much as being inside of her, and he wanted to cum in her mouth, he wanted her to swallow every single drop of his semen.

"Fuck, fuck!" he grunted as he pushed further down her throat and emptied his load inside of her. Loraine couldn't believe how she didn't puke or how she was still alive. The man almost choked her to death with his dick.

Swallowing all the load, he brought her back to a standing position and kissed her until she pulled back needing to breathe.

From there onwards, Greyson fucked her against the dressing table. Both of them watching each other on the mirror, even when the lights were not that bright, they could see each other, and Loraine's pussy kept releasing juices as she watched him fuck her. There was something about Greyson fucking her that turned her on.

She couldn't stop her moans or her face from making crazy facial expressions. she appreciated how he didn't hold back

and denied her orgasms. She came and came, her eyes rolling back.

He then placed her on the bed, laid her flat on the bed, with a pillow under her stomach. She could no longer think.

Everything was jumbled, he owned her. When he asked if he could own her body, she had no idea what was in store for her. He did own her and she gave him permission to do so.

"Oh baby!" Loraine screamed out loud as an orgasm ripped through her body Greyson fucked her through it until her found his own release.

"Shit!" he slumped next to Loraine and pulled her to his sweaty chest. She didn't mind at all. She just wanted to sleep.

When Greyson heard her light snores, he kissed her forehead.

He too was tired. What a performance they pulled.

"Oh what have you done to me little one." he whispered to himself. He was getting attached to her in just under two weeks of meeting. What kind of sorcery was that?



The morning came about, the pair didn't want to wake up for work and luckily Loraine had set the alarm on for the rest of the week, so it woke them up.

She stretched and felt a kiss on her neck. "Good morning." she heard his raspy voice. This man was going to kill her definitely. He was just too sexy in everything he did.

"Good morning." Loraine turned and kissed him on the lips.

"We should get ready for work." she told him.

"Mhmm I know. But I'm also the boss and we can call in sick." he wiggled his brown playfully.

Loraine smiled at him. "ha ha very funny. You can do that, I can't. I am the newbie there, not even a week old." she got out of the bed, naked feeling very comfortable.

"Shower or bath?" he asked.

"Definitely a shower, I don't want to be late." she told him.

She stepped under his impressive shower spray, the hot water hitting her skin, bringing her back to life.

"Tell me I am crazy for wishing this could go on and on..."

Greyson joined her and kissed her shoulders while standing behind her.

Loraine's stomach dropped. She feared her own feelings towards the man. All they had was sexual attraction that was becoming dangerous. He told her he couldn't love, that he won't love her and she had agreed... but his words were confusing her.

So she kept quiet and decided to shower but that's not all they did in the shower and once they made it out alive she confirmed that sex in the shower was top two.

"Uhhh so I can't take all these clothes with me to my desk... can I keep them in your car until knock off time or will you be going elsewhere?" Loraine asked and Greyson had almost forgotten she didn't live with him.

"No are you not coming back here?" he asked, a smirk on his face but he truly hoped she'd come back with him.

"My mom would kill me." she smiled at him as she put on her new underwear and Greyson grew hard.

"Fuck." he cursed and took his clothes and headed to the door.

"What's wrong?" Loraine asked.

"You. You are what's wrong. If I stay here any longer we might really not go to work." he then left. Loraine liked how she was not the only being affected by the whole thing.

She put on the power suit which consisted of black pants, and a black and red jacket with a black shirt and her black pair of heels. She loved how she looked and how she smelled.

Packing up everything of hers she went to put them in Greyson's car and he drove them to work after he stopped to get them breakfast.

"I will have breakfast in my office with your coffee." he told her as he pulled up to the building, circling it to get to the basement.

"My coffee is not that good as you make it sound."

"It's not that good sure, it's great. It's fantastic." he smiled at her and pulled up to his reserved parking space.

"Whatever you say." Loraine said but inside she liked hearing him praise her coffee. She wondered if he would also love her food because she was a great cook.

When they entered the lift, Loraine only had her bags while Greyson had his laptop bag and the bag of their breakfast. So she pressed the number to their floor and with a very bold move, she moved in front of Greyson and kissed him.

Greyson pulled her back to him by her bottom lip and circled her waist with his free hand deepening the kiss.

The lift dinged showing they had arrived but they didn't move, they didn't stop kissing each other thinking they were early and a number of people wouldn't be there yet....

A clear of throat pulled them apart and Loraine wished she could jump underneath the elevator and it crushes her.

The last person she'd ever want to catch her with her panties around her ankles walked inside the lift, looking at them with a shocked expression.

★ ★

"Ahh, nothing a good cup of coffee can't fix." Gina spoke as she walked in the work kitchen with Chrystal towing behind her, tapping away furiously on her phone.

"Mhm." Chrystal hummed in response.

"Thank you for letting me crash at yours last night." Gina continued as she added sugar and milk to her coffee.

That snapped Chrystal's attention. "Yeah it's no bother but why did Grey ask you to not sleep at his house?" she was wounded by the thought of it. She knew Greyson might have brought a woman over and didn't want Gina to know or even disturb him.

Gina shrugged. She didn't want to anger Greyson anymore. The man seemed to be a bit better than the last couple of

years, so if he wanted her out of the house for the night to do what makes him happy, she'd stay away.

"I don't know hey... who knows what Greyson does?"

"Or who... who he does." Chrystal sounded hurt and Gina looked at her, she'd be lying if the thought didn't cross her mind. He was having sex in the office for crying out loud, she thought it was Chrystal but it turned out it was not.

"Do you think he is seeing someone else?"

"Chrystal I don't know hey, I haven't seen anything out of the ordinary." Gina told her. She lied of course.

"Mhm even him kicking you out was nothing out of the ordinary?" Chrystal asked, arms folded.

"Even that. Greyson and I have just been riding on a bumpy road I don't blame him for this. He probably just needed to stay away from me to get his thoughts right."

"Mhm, you know what, I will ask him myself. I can't just sit back and wait on him. I will go get him myself." she then moved to where Gina was standing to make her own coffee.

"Just don't push too much, I mean you know how cold he can get when backed into a corner, that's why when he told me to find somewhere to sleep last night, I didn't fight it."

"He told you what?" Gina's father, David Pierce walked in the kitchen finding the last piece of conversation. "Morning girls." he greeted and joined Chrystal in making coffee while Gina sipped on hers.

"I will see you later." Chrystal told Gina. "Mr Pierce." she smiled at the old man before dipping. She was a little afraid of David especially since she was the product manager and yet there were still standing on a backlog. They have cleared out the last Friday and weekend backlog, still had Monday and Tuesday to sort out and she didn't want to catch smoke. "What did you say about Grey?" David asked his youngest child, his only daughter.

"Let's talk in your office dad." Gina didn't want to talk about Greyson's private life in the open. Everyone could hear and she didn't want to risk it.

Settling in the old man's office, Gina asked him how he was and if he was still afraid of retiring.

"Why wouldn't I be afraid sweetheart? You have chosen life in Cape Town and your brother only ever pitches to work when it suits him and I don't even want to talk about those two brothers who are God knows where." David said.

"I get it dad. It's okay, Greyson will pick up the slag." she told him.

"You sound sure of that." he sipped his coffee. "I mean he has done a great job but when he is here and not getting himself drunk and trying to get himself killed." David loved his son wholeheartedly hence he never gave up on him.

"Have you seen him this week? He's like I don't know... happier."

"Mhmm I had a meeting with him yesterday and he was very calm and collected. He was making sense and he didn't reek of Bourbon." David spoke as he recalled the previous day events. His son indeed seemed different. He looked better



than he knew him to be, he was not angry and didn't rush the meeting to be over, he was patient and willing to listen.

"I am surprised he didn't even reign terror on the product team with the backlog. Instead he had his assistant calming down clients and only ever conversing with the team via emails and calls. Is he seeing a therapist?" David asked.

"I don't know... but I think he's seeing someone." Gina told him. "I mean I almost walked on him and the person at the house, here at work after office hours I even thought it was Chrystal but it wasn't." Gina carried on. "And yesterday he told me to find a place to sleep at."

David was impressed but scared and worried at the same time. Greyson was making progress in terms of his moods and he was happy his son was becoming alive but to know that it took a woman to do that worried him.

"A woman? Is that a great idea Gina? He is like that because of a woman. He is a cold bastard because of a woman. What's to

say if this thing of his doesn't work out he won't go back to square one?"

Gina looked at her dad and shrugged. That was a good question. The man drunk himself into oblivion during the weekend and she didn't know why just after a week of...

"Oh no." Gina gasped at what her mind had conjured up. Loraine worked with them, he was happier, always wanted to work from home, Loraine quits her job, he drinks his liver away, Loraine gets a job at the company he governs and his mood picks up. What were the odds that the woman in Grey's life was Loraine?

And the night Lori slept over, she never saw her in the morning...

"What is it?" David asked.

"I might have an idea on who the woman Grey is seeing is. And if I am right, I am going to stop it." Gina stood up from the chair, ready to go and investigate.

"Before you go and mess up your brother's life, please get me my stats so Greyson and I can move swiftly forward. That's more important."

Gina cursed under her breath as she left her father's office. What he wanted would take most of her morning and her plan to investigate would have to be put on hold.

\*\*

On the other side of the office, Loraine was having a terrible morning. Her day started off good, she had the most amazing night and morning of her life only to be ruined by someone at the office.

She and Grey had pulled apart in the lift and of course Grey mean mugged the person who dared interrupted them but that was not the only issue. Grey had tried to hug her around her waist but she removed his arm like it burned her. He was touched and grew mad.

He left their breakfast on her desk and told her to not bring him coffee anymore. He was mad but what was she supposed

to do? She was new, she cannot be seen kissing the boss people will think all the wrong reasons about her.

Greyson had piled a lot of admin work from Karabo to her as means of punishment and the person who caught her in the lift also asked her for some admin assistance.

She picked up the folders the person had requested for and headed down to their department. There she found the person ready and waiting, in their own office.

"I didn't think you'd bring them yourself." the person spoke, a smirk on their face.

"Why not? You did ask for them and here I am. Have a nice day." she placed them on the desk and tried to walk out.

"Uh-uh not so fast."

"baby ma-... Thabiso what do you want?"

"Don't fucking call me baby maker again." he grew angry, even though she didn't say it completely, she was about to.

"Well that's who you are, that's what you do." Loraine spat back. The man just kept on leaving kids everywhere he went,

had she not aborted her pregnancy, she'd also be having his kid.

"You're the fine one to talk. You're sleeping with the boss. Is that how you got the job? You fucked your way in here?" he asked, his voice so low, so menacing.

Loraine couldn't believe her ears. This is what she was afraid of.

"I... that's not... that's not true."

"You're stuttering... I hit a nerve huh? Does Karabo know?" he asked and her eyes widened in shock and fear. He noticed it and laughed.

"Oh bestie doesn't know? Interesting."

"Thabiso please, you can't tell anyone about this. Please, I am begging you." she was on the verge of tears. She hated Thabiso for breaking her heart, for making her abort her child... and now for finding out her dirty little secret.

"You? Begging me? What a sight."

"Please Thabiso, I will do anything just so you don't tell anyone." Loraine was digging her own grave, hell she knew she was but anything to stop him from talking.

"Anything?" Thabiso smiled... he got her where he wanted and she knew it too.

But would she do what Thabiso requests from her? Would she dance to his music?

"You know what I want." Thabiso told her. "I want you."

★ ★

"Uhh Mr Pierce, I have emailed you the report from Chrystal again... the marketing team have also finished their proposal it's in your mails but they have requested that you join the meeting they will be having with finance." Karabo walked into Greyson's office briefing him about his day. Only three days and she was getting the hang of it.

This man was always busy, she thought it would be easy to be his assistant as he hardly ever pitched for work but she

thought wrong. His last PA made it look easy, but then again she also made office admin look easy.

"Why? They normally do that on their own." Greyson was just too busy and too upset to having to attend meetings he didn't deem important.

"Well word in the corridors is that Mark and Lebogang are not getting along. So Lebo wants a bigger budget and Mark is denying her. So they need you to step in the middle." Karabo informed him.

Greyson sighed, of course that would happen, his company may be running a tight ship but the people in it also had their differences and as the CEO he had to step in and take charge but a lot of departments needed him.

"What time is their meeting?"

"In two hours' time. Around eleven."

"Okay great, can you keep my day open if I had any other meeting outside the company please move it. I am going to the testing station those guys have been slagging."

Greyson took off his suit jacket, folded the sleeve of his shirt and walked out with Karabo in front of him.

He gave Karabo a couple of tasks before he left. "And get me breakfast." he finished before leaving her.

He was on a form that morning, he was barking orders left, right and centre and Karabo was drowning luckily Loraine was available to assist with some of the things.

"Hey, I was just about to come up to your office." Chrystal smiled at Grey who popped by her small office.

"Yeah? To give me a report?" he asked, his blue eyes were a dark shade and were not calm as the ocean like they usually were.

"No, I wanted to talk about us Grey. You have been giving me the cold shoulder since last week. What's going on?" she asked.

Greyson tilted his head sideways as if confused. "What?"



"I mean Gina slept over at my house last night and the other day she thought that I was at your place at night... are you seeing someone else Grey?"

Greyson could not believe the woman. What they had was sexual encounters from time to time. He did not owe her any kind of explanation. He never asked her about her life or if she was screwing anyone else...

"Chrystal... you know what maybe I do owe you some explanation." he began. "You and I had sex, that's all there was to it. There were no strings attached and I told you this, you know this. I don't know what you're asking me."

Chrystal felt a lump dance around her throat, no matter how many times she swallowed, it refused to go down. She loved Greyson, she wanted to be with Greyson.

"Greyson come on, we had a great thing going on. I understand you, no one understands you like me."

"That's not true and this conversation is done. I came here to talk to you and your team. Let's go." he left her office, expecting her to follow suit and she did.

Her team had their own section where they all worked together and upon seeing Greyson grace them with his presence they tensed and looked up his way.

"I have been sending communication through emails and my assistant but it seems like this team is not understanding me." he began his speech at that point Loraine was returning from Thabiso's office and stopped to listen to what the man was saying. She was surprised at how everyone was quiet and listening to the man speaks. Well that was Greyson Pierce, he commanded attention by his posture and his voice.

"It's clear you wanted me to come down here to address you. I don't want to ever want to see myself back here again. You told me that you were competent enough to make sure our apps run smooth, that there will be minimal glitches that you can fix."

"Of course Greyson there will always be glitches where technology is concerned." Chrystal had to defend her team.

"And I am not disputing that. My fucking concern is that your team is sitting on a backlog and they are clearing it out when they feel like it, forgetting that this company runs on the same apps they are neglecting." he said.

"No one is going on lunch, no one is leaving here at five today until you have cleared the backlog. At five, I will log in to the portal to see what you have done... before I tell you, you can go home. If I am not impressed and you feel like you can't stay here until after five, you can fucking resign." he then turned around and left.

Loraine was shocked at that. What was wrong with him? She went to the lift, still angry at her encounter with baby maker, her mind going into a frenzy as she thought of Greyson. Was he angry because of her?

"Hey, I've been calling you. You can't just leave your desk like that." Karabo had walked to Loraine's desk to ask for help when she found no one.

"I had to go drop off some files on the second floor. Your boss is in a funk today."

"Tell me about it, I have a million things to do. Please can you organize breakfast and coffee for him? I have to dash out of the building for twenty minutes max." Loraine agreed, not that she had much choice.

Besides she only ate part of her breakfast, his was still untouched. Heating the food and plaiting them, she made him coffee, put everything on a tray and took it to his office. Greyson was surprised at the person who just walked in his office without knocking and his heart picked rate when he saw her enter with food and coffee. When he said he didn't want her coffee, he was only shooting himself in the foot. He wanted her coffee, badly.

"Breakfast is served." Loraine placed it next to him on his desk.

"Thanks." he mumbled. "But I am not hungry." what a stubborn man.

"That's not what your assistant said." Loraine smiled at him.

"Fine, thanks you can leave now."

Loraine was surprised at his tantrums. This man was either crazy, stubborn or both. She had a little confidence, she felt bold... and she knew he was angry at her for what she did in the lift.

"Greyson... being caught kissing my boss in the lift is not a good colour on me." she told him.

"I am new here, it would seem like I slept my way to the top. I am not even a week old and yet I am kissing the boss? Having sex with him in his office? Do you know what people will say if they find out?"

Greyson looked up at her and felt like a fool for what he did to her. "Fuck what people say Loraine."

"That's easy for you to say. I can't have my name dragged through the mud so quickly. I am still adjusting; I don't want people to treat me weirdly or differently because I am sleeping with you."

Greyson pushed his chair a little back and motioned for her to come over. She went to sit on his lap and his warm hand rested on her waist while the other rubbed her thigh.

"I am sorry, you are right. I shouldn't have done that to you. I had a great night and morning thanks to you, I should have thought first." he kissed her neck. She had to buy a box of pantyliner just for the office cause every contact with the man turned her on.

"I just... you fuck with my mind sometimes."

"The guy that caught us in the lift is my ex-boyfriend." she had to tell him. She didn't want baby maker to hold it over her head.

"What?" Greyson was confused, mad... he no longer wanted to eat.

"It happened a long time ago. He was a cheater that left babies all over and I was the idiot that kept giving him chances. So when he saw us I panicked. But...fuck him." she smiled at Greyson, and he knew that he had nothing to worry about. He appreciated Loraine for being honest with him. The woman had no idea how much at ease he was with her being open like that with him.

He loved her... but he had told her he couldn't love her or give her more than his dick and he also was not sure if it was love he felt.

The pair kissed each other, it was a sweet kiss that held meaning, but they both couldn't voice out their thoughts or feelings.

"I have to go back to work. I will see you neh?" Loraine felt very comfortable with Greyson.

"One last kiss?" she leaned in and the man had other ideas with the last kiss. He deepened it, savouring every second.

"Greyson?" Gina walked in his office and Loraine jumped off the man, the coffee spilling all over his desk.

"Oh shit." Greyson cursed picking up his PC while Loraine picked up the papers.

Gina was hoping she was wrong but she caught them right in the act. Her blazing eyes landed on Loraine and the young woman fidgeted, playing nervously with her fingers. She was screwed...

"Don't you know how to fucking knock?" Greyson hissed at his sister, his eyes a dark shade of blue from anger and frustration.

Gina folded her arms, pissed that her assumptions were proven right. "Well I didn't know you have turned your office into a brothel." she snapped.

Loraine couldn't believe her ears, she was rendered mute. A brothel? Did Gina just really compare her to a prostitute?



"And you? What are you still doing here? don't you have a job?" she snapped at Loraine who was boiling inside, boiling from sheer embarrassment, shame and anger.

"Don't fucking talk to her like that Gina." Greyson snapped head on, not appreciating his sister's tone towards Loraine. He can let everything go but never disrespect.

"I need to talk to you."

"I will leave you two alone." Loraine spoke in a very shy voice and left without waiting for a response. Gina was just so cold, she knew it was because they were having sex in the office, totally unethical. Something she feared that would happen.

Greyson concentrated on cleaning up his desk, picking up the mug that had coffee and moved his breakfast. How thoughtful of Loraine to bring him some.

"Well? Aren't you going to explain yourself?"

"Explain myself to who?"

Gina was seething with anger. "Greyson, you can't get out of control like this. Loraine? And you are screwing her in the office?"

"Gina, speak what's on your mind and make it quick my breakfast is getting cold." Greyson wiped the surface down with the wipes Loraine put on the tray for him to wipe his hands after eating, but he used to them to clean up his desk instead.

"You know you can't fuck in the office right? That's just unethical. We have clients coming in and out of this office, we have important staff members that come in and out of your office." Gina scolded him.

"Okay I know all of that, make your point."

"Have you no shame? And why her?"

"Why not her?"

"She's... she's not your type! What happened with you and Chrystal?"

Greyson looked up at his sister and that's when he noticed the anger marring her face. She was indeed angry but he remained confused. Sure, having sex in the office is not ideal but it was his office, he could do whatever he wanted in it. He was the chief executive officer for crying out loud, wasn't he allowed to enjoy some of the benefits?

"Gina, I owe you zero explanation and do me a favour, knock on my office door, knock on my fucking bedroom door before you fucking enter." he told her. "Speaking of bedroom, I need you to get your own fucking place or go move in with dad. I want my house to myself."

"So you can screw her there? Greyson can't you see that she's not the right girl for you? I mean I know it's nothing serious, you're just sleeping with her to get your mind off things but what if she thinks there is more out of this thing? What if she gets clingy and want to be Mrs Greyson Pierce?" Gina grimaced at the last part. She sounded like a broken record. She sounded almost crazy.

"Okay I am confused. What's my relationship with Loraine got to do with you?"

"A relationship?" she scoffed. "Look, you're my brother, you are going through hell and I don't want you to make mistakes."

"I have been going through hell for years Gina. Can I just have this moment's worth of happiness just this once, is that okay with you?"

Gina felt bad for how he spoke, but she couldn't really allow him to fool around with people like Loraine. It would bring shame to the Pierce family.

"What happened between you and Chrystal? It looked promising, plus she loves you, she knows you-"

"So the problem here isn't a woman right? It's not because of me fucking someone in the office, it's not me devoting my time to a woman... it's because of who the woman is right?"

"I didn't say that. You had Chrystal..." the tall woman couldn't be anymore obvious. Greyson realized what it was about and

he grew angrier. He had forgotten how this could be a factor, how some people might be against him and Loraine having a relationship just because they were of different races.

Greyson shook his head, picked up his laptop, some couple of documents that were on his desk and his breakfast. "I suggest that you hop off that train you riding on, because if you don't Gina, you won't like me. I don't appreciate you trying to control who I bury my balls in. You can stay here but I am stepping out." he wanted to clear his head. The conversation rubbed him up the wrong way. He did not expect that from Gina. Having to deal with his feeling for Loraine, his past, racist comments and run the company... his head would sure explode.

"Karabo, when Gina leaves my office, please lock it." he told his assistant. "I will be working from the roof top, can you also ask miss Teffo to join me for lunch please and ask Mark and Lebo to reschedule their meeting to two o'clock."

"Noted." Karabo scribbled in her notepad. "May I ask why miss Teffo is joining you? I'd like to send her an email."

"There is a couple of tasks I'd like to pass to her." Greyson then left.

Karabo was confused, sure when she was the office administrator she helped David a lot with the admin work, and Greyson's work but it came though his assistant, never direct from him. He sure was spending a little extra time with Loraine and she wondered if there was more than what met the eye.

Karabo decided to ask Loraine herself than sending an email.

"Hey babe."

"Hey." Loraine was zoned on her laptop, typing away.

"So my boss want you to join him for lunch on the roof top." that sparked Loraine's interest. What was Greyson playing at?

"Why?"

Karabo was gauging the other woman's expression but she gave nothing away. Maybe it was an innocent lunch. "I don't know but I hope you aren't gunning for my job, I'd fight you." Loraine laughed and shook her head. She'd never do that. As the girls were conversing, Gina popped up by Loraine's desk.

"Can I see you in my office? Now."

"Girl what did you do to the Pierce children today?" Karabo left her friend to fend for herself.

"I need you to stay away from my brother." before Loraine could even close Gina's office door, she heard the sharp words and halted in her step.

"Excuse me?"

"You heard me, look you are a nice girl sure I can give you that, but you're not Greyson's type." she carried on.

Loraine grew mad at that point. She knew that her relationship with Greyson, if she could call it a relationship

will be frowned upon but not in this manner, for someone to even suggest she 'breaks' up with him?

"It may be exciting to date a rich white man I know, but you need to cut loose. Greyson has been through so much in his life, I won't sit back and watch him ruin his life."

Loraine walked in further, her heels clicking on the floor, looking absolutely stunning. "You need to make me understand what is it that you're saying."

"You understand me perfectly. Loraine don't complicate his life, it's already complicated."

"Okay, with all due respect Gina I can't."

"Excuse me?"

"I won't leave Greyson alone. First of all you understand nothing about him and I, secondly no one can dictate who I can and can't see least of all you."

"He is my brother, I have a right."

"Yeah sure, you have a right to express to him how you feel about me. But you must never think you can tell me who I can



and can't see, don't even try it." Loraine was furious. "You are borderline being racist and you know it. This is not because Greyson has been through a lot this is because of the colour of my skin. It makes you uncomfortable."

"You're speaking nonsense."

"Maybe, but I will say it anyway. Greyson approached me and because he is so sexy and charming, I fell for his charms and I am enjoying it. Only he or myself can end this on our own terms. If you don't like it, then doll face take it up with him."

"You have some nerve. I can get you fired. And we will see how you will fend for yourself then."

"I am so sick of people trying to control my life or dictate who I should sleep with and who to not sleep with." Loraine spat.

"But you? You can try to get me fired... and let's see how that one rolls out. We are done here, and next time you call me to your office, it better be about work. Don't waste my time."

Loraine had no idea where the spunk she had came from, but she was proud of herself and she couldn't wait to go home

and tell her little sister about it. Oh Masego would be so proud of her older sister standing up for herself even if it was just that one time.

The day at the office continued without anymore disturbance for Loraine. She was fairly new, still trying to learn the ropes, getting to know the manager, so far she knew Lebogang from marketing and Mark from finance, Chrystal the product manager, Gina who assisted her father with the general production and Tracy the receptionist. There were still more other people she needed to know and be familiar with, some she just knew via emails, on what they do and what they expect from her.

She was enjoying her job, she was busy all the time and it kept her mind busy rather than thinking about her dilemmas, her life problems, the secrets she was harbouring and what the hell her uncle meant when he sent her a message telling her, he hasn't forgotten.

That thought alone scared her, what if her uncle finds out she was working for the same company he was trying to take over? What if her uncle tries to blackmail her into stealing that damned chip or else he'd tell Greyson?

She was nervous, her affair with Greyson was growing on her a little too fast, now Gina was aware of it, Thabiso was aware of it, soon other people will find out and she wouldn't know how to act or how to contain it.

The man was growing on her, hell she has developed feelings for him, if he ever finds out the reason she became his cleaner was so she could steal from him... she'd be done for. He'd never forgive her.

Her phone vibrated on her desk as she just finished sending an email.

***'Did you get my message little one?'***

It was in the way Greyson called her 'little one' that she became moist. Did he do it intentionally? Did he know just how much those two little words affected her?

***'Yes I did. Should I get us the lunch?'*** she responded his message.

***'No, I will organize it. Just bring your gorgeous self up here.'***

She smiled and didn't reply. If she carried on texting back and forth with the man, she'd stop working altogether and that was not a good colour on her.

"Lori." she looked up to find none other than baby maker leaning against her desk. She rolled her eyes and scrolled through her emails to check if she didn't miss any email from anyone needing something from her.

She found an email from Chrystal requesting her to book her a boardroom and invite her team with the attached minutes and agenda but she did not forget to mention at the end of the email that she must not double book her like last time.

"You can't ignore me forever, you told me you'd think about it... it's almost lunch time now." Thabiso told her.

But Loraine kept quiet, she was not in the mood to fight with yet another person. She put herself on the spot earlier when she begged him not to say anything, when she said she will do anything so he doesn't say anything about her and Greyson.

She told him he'd think about his request and he gave her until lunch time.

"Look, there is only one way out of this. If you don't become my girl, I am going to tell David Pierce that some little black girl is trying to seduce his son and milk him dry of his money. These people are powerful, they will quash you." he whispered harshly.

Loraine wondered how she ever fell for this dude in the first place. Sure he looked good but from where she was sitting at that point, he was the ugliest thing she's ever laid her eyes on in a while.

She stood up from her desk to fetch copies she printed out. Opened her drawer and pulled out a box of pens and small notepads that they gave to people they had meetings with. She was so fortunate there was a manual on how to prepare for a meeting, she seemed to be on top of her game. There was a meeting she was asked to set up before lunch.

"Oh water and coffee was requested." she spoke to herself before making a call to facilities asking for refreshments for the meeting.

"You can't ignore me babe, I will stay here, I will make noise and tell the whole building how I am in love with you."

Loraine looked at him, he was a changed man...well maybe he has always been this way, she just gave him the benefit of the doubt. Maybe he has always been a narcissist.

Loraine packed all her printed documents, pens and notepads and headed to the lift, Thabiso followed until they went to the boardroom at the second floor.

She placed everything down according to seats and the number of people.

"Baby maker, I need you to leave me alone. What you're doing right now, is called being pathetic and it's harassment."

"You and I belong together Loraine. I was a fool I admit, I've apologized. Why don't you want to give me a chance?"

"I will tell you why. You cheated on me a couple of times, too many times that I care to count. You had your little girlfriends call me in the middle of the night swearing at me. Ba mpotsa masepa banenyana ba gago." (Your girlfriends told me shit.)

"You knocked them up not caring about my health, then you knocked me up and dared told me to my face that you can't take care of another child when I told you I was pregnant. I went through the most terrifying experience when I went to abort the unwanted pregnancy. It almost killed me and it was your fault." her eyes were a little glossy, every time she thought back to her pregnancy and the abortion she became emotional.

"You were supposed to support me, you were supposed to love me, to take care of me but you didn't. I don't want you, I will never want you. You disgust me and I want to kick myself every time I think of how I let you touch me. How I used to love you. I am disgusted in myself for that and you disgust me."



Thabiso was fuming as he listened to the girl. He didn't care about the past. He just wanted a woman so beautiful that would rock with him to work events as he tries to level up. Loraine was that girl for him, she was smart, beautiful and soft spoken.

"Loraine, I forgave you for aborting my child."

As they were speaking, they didn't realize Chrystal and Gina were listening out the opened boardroom door. Gina's jaw hung low at the revelation of Loraine's abortion.

"I forgave you for that, why can't you forgive me too? Why can't we start over again? I can ruin your little life Lori. If you don't come back to me, you know what I will do."

"Do it."

"What? Are you hearing yourself? You know what will happen to you if people found out about your dirty little secret? You will be known as the slut in this company."

"Rather I be known as a slut than be known as your girlfriend. Baby maker? I'd rather die... tloga mo tseleng yaka." (Get out of my way.)

Gina and Chrystal upon hearing Loraine walk towards the door ran away from the door as quickly as they can.

Loraine finished up a couple things she needed to do before lunch time, ten minutes after twelve she made it to the roof top. She was surprised at the setting, already a few people were having their lunch there. It was set up like an outside cafe, umbrellas, leather seats around tables, it was really a 'vibe'.

She saw Greyson at a far corner and made her way to him. She was surprised to find he had already ordered lunch for them. She took off her jacket and sat down.

"Are you okay?" he asked, noticing her red eyes and angry expression on her face.

She looked up at him and relaxed, he really looked concerned and she didn't want to dampen his mood with her problems.

"It's nothing, what did you get for us?" she looked through the food packages and smiled. Beef wraps, she's always had chicken wraps never beef, it would be nice to try out something new. "I've never had a beef wrap before, I hope it tastes as good as it looks."

"Doesn't taste better than you but it's nice." he smirked and she shifted in her seat, feeling her bud throb.

"Greyson! Behave!" she blushed while putting her food on her plate. He told her, he had Karabo get the lunch and the plates.

"Have you been working out here all along?"

"Yeah, had a little squabble with my sister so I needed some fresh air"

"Oh?" she was less interested in anything Gina. She couldn't believe that Gina really threatened her in that manner, she thought she was a decent person. Tracy was right, she was a terrible human being.

"Yeah, she said I should stop being with you."

Her fork of food stopped mid-way. He was so calm and collected but she also wondered why was he telling her.

"And?" she was nervous, what if Greyson brought her up to have break-up lunch with her? To soften the blow? Would it even be a break-up as they were not together-together? She was starting to become too comfortable with Greyson in her head. She needed to remember that it was only sex, she needed to remind herself that the reason she had opened her legs for his penis the first time was because she saw he was not okay and wanted to make him feel better.

It was a sick excuse to get laid, but she was horny, he was horny and sad. She wanted to help him forget, even if it was for one night. Now she has caught emotions.

"What do you mean and?" he was not eating, he was looking at her. Something was wrong, sure Loraine was a quiet person most of the time, but when she was with him she was different. She was confident, she talked up a storm, she made

fun of him, she was alive but not at that moment. She was distant and had a strange look in her eyes.

"I mean, did you bring me here so you can... I don't know can I say dump? I mean we are not in a relationship so..." she was just mumbling, nothing made sense. She was in love and scared.

"Come sit next to me." he ordered. She was seated in front of him, upon hearing the change in his tone... she believed she was still safe with him.

She moved to his side, where she couldn't be seen by anyone else close by. Greyson was already at a corner hiding out.

He grabbed her chin and pulled her to him. A sweet peck landed on her lips and she sighed. But it wasn't enough, she needed more, she wanted more.

"I got you, okay little one?" his eyes were boring into hers. They were stunning, like the ocean. And he appreciated her brown eyes, so warm and inviting. They were like honey. He was entranced. He wondered if she knew that he loved her.

"Greyson..."

"No one can dictate to me what I can do with my life. I want you Loraine. I want you to be in my life and if anyone, threatens you anyhow especially my sister you tell me, okay?" that was heart-warming. He wasn't saying a lot, he wasn't saying much but she had hope. Maybe, just maybe there could a relationship between them.

"Okay." she smiled and he kissed her, this time they took their time exploring each other's mouths. Greyson felt a twitch in his pants and knew he was going to be in trouble. This woman could just breathe his way and he'd be done for. "If we don't stop I might have to ask you to take me." Loraine couldn't believe the words came out of her mouth. She clamped her mouth shut and pulled away from Greyson. He checked his time, they've only been sitting for thirty minutes, she still had thirty minutes of lunch left, twenty-five if they had to consider getting to the basement to his car. "Let's go to my car."

★ ★

The lift was filled with giggles from Loraine. She couldn't contain herself, Greyson just tickled her funny.

"I honestly don't know what is wrong with you but something is wrong." Loraine spoke as she looked herself in the mirror making sure everything was back in place a smile lingering on her face. They were acting like horny little teenagers controlled by their hormones. They indeed went to Greyson's car and he fucked her into a toe curling orgasm.

He couldn't believe just how free around her he was, how happy he was with her. He never wanted to be anywhere else.

"Look, sometimes I have to do certain things to save my skin." he spoke while looking at her from the other side of the elevator, she was a beautiful woman. He never thought he'd cross over to the other race and he had no regrets, no issues, none whatsoever.

The lift dinged and Loraine's stomach dropped. David and Gina Pierce walked inside the lift. They were engrossed in a conversation concerning business.

"Son, uhmm what's your name again? Oh yes Loraine." David was a happy chap. Gina on the other hand was seething with anger. Her mood just clouded the whole elevator.

"Dad."

"David."

"It's Mr Pierce, not David." Gina snapped at Loraine.

David looked at his younger daughter and chuckled. "Calm down sweetheart. I told her to call me David." he smiled sweetly at Loraine.

"This is how people start losing respect for you." Gina mumbled.

"Gina you better stop." Greyson spoke in a warning tone. He knew what his sister was trying to do but it won't work.

"Tell me Loraine, have you settled well?" David asked, ignoring his children, something he has mastered for years.



"Yes, I actually love it. Everyone has been so nice." Loraine responded.

"Mhm I bet they are." Gina chirped in.

"Dad, please prepare her a guest room at your house tonight. I want her out of my house as soon as today." Greyson told his dad as the lift reached their floor.

Loraine smiled as she followed Greyson as his office was in the line of her desk while David and Gina's offices were on the other side.

Greyson didn't say anything to Loraine he just proceeded to his office and Loraine understood. He was pissed off at Gina, hell she too was and he also had a meeting to attend.

Loraine sat behind her desk and switched everything on so she could start working. There was an excel report that marketing sent to her and asked her to populate it. She looked through her manual and nothing told her on what to do.

She had to call Karabo for help and she came sashaying to her desk.

"Hey... let me quickly show you how to do this so I can go back to my desk." she pulled an extra chair and sat next to Loraine.

"Firstly you need to open two separate excel sheets, don't make two tabs because if you make two tabs you won't be able to verify the information in a quicker way." Karabo carried on and Loraine took notes as she watched Karabo work the report to show her how it's done.

"So how was lunch?" Karabo asked as she let Loraine do the report according to her notes to see if she understood.

"It was amazing." Loraine said in a dreamy sigh and cleared her throat when she realized how she got carried away and almost let herself go. "I mean it was... am...azing. It was okay. He just wanted to find out... more... about...me."

Karabo was not convinced but she let it go. There was something going on with Loraine and Greyson and she hoped

as hell he didn't want to replace her with Loraine all because she can make a mean-ass coffee and look good in pencil skirts. Hell she looked good too.

"All done, that's great. If you need anymore clarity... you can call me. But you are okay." Karabo then left her.

"Thank you."

Loraine continued to work on the said report until she received a call from reception. She has been working on the report and few other things for over two hours now and she was almost done.

"Hi Tracy."

"Hi missy, how are you? didn't you see walk in today."

"Oh yeah, I had a lift, what's up?"

"There is someone here at reception for you." Tracy told her and she was confused. Who knew where she worked?

"Tracy who is it?"

"He says he's your uncle, Andrew. Just come downstairs please." Tracy hung up on her. Lorraine felt her lunch dance up to her throat. How did Andrew find out where she worked? She finished up the report and sent it back to the relevant department and left her desk to reception. She was shaking in her heels. She couldn't think straight, only Masego knew where she worked, she couldn't have possibly told him.

The lift dinged and she felt the ding drop her heart. Why was she even going downstairs? She should have ignored him. But she wanted to see for herself that indeed it was him or she'd live in fear.

"Ahh motlogolo waka." (my niece) he greeted her, getting up from the plush visitor's couch at the reception.

"I wanted to see for myself that indeed you have levelled up, to the same company that stole from me." he spoke in a low voice meant only for her ears.

She swallowed hard. Once upon a time she'd have smiled from ear to ear seeing him. But now she was scared.

"What do you want? How did you find me?" she harshly whispered, making sure no one could hear her.

"You owe me. Lisa asked Greyson why you left work and he happily told her. "

"Malome, you need to leave me alone. Where is my ID and license?" she asked and he reached in his pocket and gave her the documents.

"You really tried to mug, no actually you mugged me. You are supposed to be my parent. Take care of me. I don't understand how you could do such a thing." her uncle's jaw ticked and he grabbed her by her elbow and dragged her outside where people were going up and down the streets going on about their lives.

"Lorraine, this is the last warning you will ever get from me. Are you not tired of being poor? Because I am. We have an opportunity to make it big!"

"You have the opportunity to make it big, you mugged me hoping to find it and live large. If you wanted to make me rich

too then why did you not wait for me to give it to you if I had it?"

"I wanted to make sure."

"With all due respect malome, that's bullshit!" Loraine cursed. "You wanted to cut me out of that stupid illegal deal. And I am glad because it showed me who you are. I am out. Leave me alone." Loraine snapped.

"Watch your mouth, I will come inside and tell them what you have done."

Loraine looked at her uncle, opened her mouth then closed it. How did they get here? When and how? He was sweet once upon a time.

Breathing heavily, "If you try that, I will call the police."

Loraine then turned around and left her uncle in the streets. Her heart beating wild.

"What was that about?" Tracy asked Loraine as she walked back in the building.

"Trust me, you don't want to know." Loraine was on the verge of tears as she said that. She walked into the lift and took deep breaths as she rode up. Her uncle was a thorn on her backside.

Back outside, her uncle was leaning against his car, smoking a cigarette and Thabiso who witnessed the whole screaming match, walked up to Andrew.

"Malome." he greeted, Andrew looked up at the young man and wondered what the hell the kid wanted.

"Yah?"

"I am Loraine's boyfriend Thabiso. And I think I can help you with your problem with her." he was trying his luck, trying to find out what is it that riled Loraine up that she threatened her uncle with the police. He used to see Loraine post the man on her social media pages, talking of how he is the coolest uncle.

"Help me with what?"

"With whatever you need her to do for you. But I want in on all of it." Thabiso was quoting words from movies. He knew such words would hold more effect.

"Lori's boyfriend you say?"



"You know everyday during knock off time I ask if you want a lift and you say no thanks but I am going to do it anyway."

Karabo stopped by Loraine's desk and the young woman was still busy.

It has been three days of her working at the company and slowly people are getting used to her and they have been demanding her assistance the whole afternoon. Add in the fact that her uncle paid her a visit did not help matters at all. She felt like unwinding with a good bottle of wine but she was going back to her mother's house where alcohol was prohibited.

She looked up at her friend and smiled. "I know right? But one of the good days I will take you up on that offer."

"What are you still doing? Girl it's time to go home."

"Eish, I know." she wanted to tell her all about her life dilemmas but she couldn't. "I had a lot to do so I couldn't finish them in time."

"Aww that happens when you have to have to help everyone. But that's why I am here too. I can help out when you're burning."

"Greyson is hardly giving you time to yourself how will you help me out?"

"Greyson? So, you two are now on first name basis?" Karabo asked, she was the man's personal assistant but it was Loraine that could confidently call him with his name? What was cooking in the oven?

"Uh something like that." Loraine sounded tired, she didn't even want to over think herself about Karabo finding out she was shagging the boss man. That was the least of her worries.

"Alright... anyway I have to go. I have to pass by the mall and get some few groceries. Love ya." Karabo had already changed into flat shoes, ready to leave the building and clock out.

Loraine remained at her desk and saved the documents she was working on, she was trying out a new filing system, it

wasn't going to take a day but she was prepared to do it. She didn't like the current system so she was willing to try something new, this was something she enjoyed doing, being innovative.

Her phone vibrated, she expected a message from Greyson as he had promised to give her a ride but it was from Thabiso instead. She had a good mind to delete the message before reading it, but she wanted to know what the idiot wanted now.

**'Malome Andrew told me everything. I am on his side, you have the power to make us rich bbe gal  
If you don't do as asked, I am telling pretty boy that you wanted to steal from him.'**

"Are you flipping kidding me?!" Loraine said out loud, reading the message one more time just to make sure she wasn't losing her mind.

"Ready to go?" she almost jumped a mile in the air by Greyson's sudden appearance. She didn't expect him to show up in person to his desk.

"Jesus Christ! Are you trying to kill me?" she snapped.

"Geez, I am sorry. But it's knock off time, I thought you'd be ready."

"Well as you can see, I am not! Don't do that again!" she snapped while packing up to leave.

"O-Kay... I don't know what's going on but you will find me in the car." Greyson was hurt by how she snapped at him. The last time he checked they were good.

Lorraine's mind was running miles per second. How the hell did baby maker find out the truth? How does he know her uncle? What the hell was going on and what the hell was she going to do now?

She finished packing up and switching everything off then left to the basement where Greyson was waiting in his car, tapping his fingers on the starring wheel.

"What's wrong? Why are you not driving?"

Greyson was confused by the tone in the woman's voice. She sounded too angry for his liking.

"I could ask you that." he responded.

"Nothing is wrong with me."

"But you are -"

"I said nothing is wrong with me Greyson geez, can you take me home or drop me off at the taxi rank." his eyebrows shot to the roof and his eyes darkened in anger. He nodded to himself and drove out of the building all the way to Tembisa. The ride was filled with silence he couldn't take anymore, so he played music just so he could focus.

Did she not like him anymore? Was she already over him? Did she want out? What was wrong? He was dying inside with all the questions eating away at his mind.

It was even worse when they were stuck in traffic and all she did was close her eyes and chewed on her lips as if she were

in an uber with a boring ass driver counting minutes till she got home.

Greyson let it go. He promised to take her home so he'd suck up the uncomfortable drive and do just that.

"Thanks for the ride." she said as she opened her door.

Greyson only shrugged and popped up the boot so she could retrieve her belongings.

Loraine entered her home with bags a while Greyson drove off.

"Oh Modimo ke o mogolo. Ngwanaka o boile gae." (Oh My God. My child is back home) Joyce was overjoyed when she watched Loraine come in through the kitchen.

"Mama." she greeted and sat down to greet properly.

"Lori my baby, I don't even know you lately. I feel like you have been gone a while." her mother continued.

"Ha! I was only gone for one night."

"Maybe. I used to see you everyday morning until late at night, now I only see you by chance." Loraine felt slightly bad but she knew mother would have to adjust to her new life.

"I know, I miss you too mom."

"But you don't look happy my baby, what's wrong?"

"I am just tired ma, that's all. I am new at work and it's all too much." she was not lying but wasn't truthful either. Her life was just a mesa after the other.

Her mother grabbed her hands that were on the table and held them with hers. "It will get better in time my baby. I've seen you more happy than sad. Focus on that. Focus on what makes you happy and you must show those people that you are a strong young woman who can do what she puts her mind to."

"And if anyone tries to attack you in any form, you sort them out okay? I know you don't speak a lot until you're fed up but sometimes you must put people in their places as soon as possible and never let people walk all over you."

The way her mother spoke was as if she knew something. She felt her heart bubble with happiness. She loved how her mother always knew what to say all the time.

"Thank you mama." She sighed. Although her mother was trying to comfort her, she still didn't know how to go about things. How she was going to get out of the mess.

"Okae Masego?" (Where is Masego?)

"Have you forgotten that they are writing tests? She's studying. Tell her we are going to eat soon okay?"

Loraine nodded and picked up her bags to her shared room with Masego. The young woman had earphones blasting music in her ears. That's how she studied. She'd rather focus on the noise of the music than the outside noise as Tembisa people were always loud outside yelling each other, children screaming and cars always hooting.

"Oh I do have a sister." she spoke first as she watched Loraine walk in. "And she's wearing the most gorgeous suit ever. Damn girl!"



Loraine rolled her but smiled nonetheless. It was something about Masego that made her feel at ease. Maybe because Masego knew her secrets. She didn't have to pretend with her.

"I need all the details of how your night was and how is work actually." Masego closed her books, switched off the music on her phone and looked at her sister expectantly

"Okay firstly you're too young to know about my sex life so I won't tell you about it. But it was amazing. Anyway, his ex fling or whatever attacked me yesterday cause I made a mistake but we sorted it out..." Loraine began to tell the tale even included how Gina caught them and how she made a fuss, included baby maker in the mix all of it.

Masego laughed and clapped her hands, shocked at all the drama happening. "Ses'Lori your life is... I don't even know what to say."

"You're telling me? I am in a flipping mess."

"Oh no a mess is an understatement. So you're getting your freak on with Greyson who you've worked for.. and he's the new boss at your new workplace. His sister caught y'all in the act and she's racist, on top of being racist, her friend who is Greyson's ex is giving you hell work wise." Masego was putting everything together.

"And then your ex, your stupid ex boyfriend who I am going to run-over with a car one day says he loves you and wants you back or else he's going to tell everyone that you're sleeping with the boss do I have everything together?"

"No, today malome came to visit me, he heard I was working for the same company he's trying to steal from and somehow baby maker has that information. He's using it to blackmail by threatening to tell Grey."

"No fucking way!"

"Don't swear."

"Sorry... no fucking way!" she cussed out again. She couldn't believe all she was hearing. "What are you going to do?"

"I don't know, I was stressing out the whole way and I snapped at Greyson for no reason. Oh God I snapped at Greyson. I need to apologize." she opened her bag to check her phone.

"You like that guy neh?" Masego asked.

"I think I have fallen for him." Loraine confessed. "And that is what scares me about the whole thing."

"What do you mean? You think that fool baby maker will tell him?"

"Yeah, he's like a lunatic Masego. If he doesn't get his way, he's going to tell him. If I continue seeing Greyson it will make him angry."

"Okay then it's simple. Tell Greyson the truth. Tell him what malome made you do." Masego suggested and Loraine snapped her head in her little sister's direction her eyes widened.

"Are you crazy Masego? I can't do that. Greyson would be so furious I will lose my job and him."

"Okay then what are you going to do? Because dancing to that fool baby maker's tune is not it."

Loraine bit her lips as she took off her clothes so she could bath before dinner time. "I have no choice... but to break this thing between Greyson and I off."

★ ★

Greyson arrived home and found his sister truly packing up the little stuff she brought with and the stuff she bought while there.

She had the bedroom door open while on the phone with someone else.

"He just walked in..." Greyson didn't want to know who Gina was talking to so he went in his room but the little miss followed him and passed him her cell phone, clearly the person on the phone wanted to speak to him.

He checked the caller ID and it was Kyle, his older brother.

"Kyle."

"Wassup up lil bro!" Kyle chirped into the phone. They didn't have a bad relationship, actually they had a good relationship just that Kyle and Mason decided to go live abroad and pursue their own lives after their mother passed on.

"Good, wassup?" Greyson was not in the mood of entertaining people or talking to anyone. He just wanted a glass of Irish scotch and sleep.

"Why are your kicking Gina out? You know she's the baby that needs to be taken care off."

"She's always in my business and she's a grown ass woman that lives in a whole entire province alone. She can sort herself out with a place Ky."

"She's in everyone's business all the time, that's what she does when she cares or when she feels like we are making mistakes in life and trying to rectify things."

"No, this time she's just on a different roll and I don't like it. I don't want someone dictating to me who I can or can't see Kyle. I can't stand someone be rude to the person in my life

simply because she's my sister and cares, no fuck that. She needs to go live with dad and annoy him instead it's his child."

Kyle laughed on the other side, he sounded relaxed. It was probably still morning where he was. "Yeah she really messed up with you hey?"

"Did she call you to talk to me?"

"No, I actually called her to check up on the two of you because your big head was not answering. But that's not important.... who's this person in your life?"

Greyson groaned. Fuck his life. Were all siblings this way? Annoy each other to fuck and back?

"None of your gad-damn business!"

"Anything that concerns you is my business."

"God why was I born in this family?"

"Who is she? I mean I don't think Gina likes her much. Did we go to school with her? Do I know her? Childhood friend?

Please don't tell me it's Chrystal..."

"It's not Chrystal.

"It's not Jennifer either right?" Kyle was just mentioning Gina's friends he did not like but with reason.

"Her name is Loraine, she used to work for me and well... now she still working for me."

"I don't understand."

"She used to clean my house, then she got a job at the company and well I was her boss again. She had quit on me and I thought I had lost her. I didn't even ask her where she was going, I was so crushed that she was leaving me... now I find her in my office and I thought this is my chance to claim her as mine."

"Have you done that?"

"Not all the way. I am afraid Ky." Greyson needed someone to talk to, someone who will understand him. He always had that in his siblings and father but Gina was on a different roll so he kept to himself. He was dying to talk to someone. His friends were his last resort when it came to the matters of his

heart. He mostly kept to himself and ever spoke with his friends rarely.

"What are you so afraid of Grey? Rejection or feeling guilty?"

"Both. I know she likes me but I am not so sure if she's just not here for the sexual pleasures. I told her before that I can't love, that I can't give her anything more than orgasms and she agreed."

"But you have since changed your mind, you caught feelings?"

"Yeah."

"Look, I want you to be happy, I don't want you thinking about the past and blaming yourself all over again. You have a chance at love, someone who makes you happy. Why don't you grasp that? Even if it's for a while... but you would have been genuinely happy. And it might even work out for the better, for the long haul."

Kyle was ever the romantic guy. When he loved he loved all the way and always encouraged people to follow their hearts.



"She does make me happy and she makes me so mad it's fucking crazy."

"Grey you know how to deal properly with a woman that makes you mad. Punish her. Then claim her." Kyle and Grey were cut from the same cloth. They demanded submission but only because they knew how to lead and how to take care of their women.

"Damn right." they shared a laugh. "But here is a fun fact though... she's black."

"No kidding? A black woman looked at you and said yes this man is attractive?"

Greyson roared in laughter; only his brother.

"And your sister doesn't like her because of that. Not because she's a terrible human being like her friends. I mean the girl is incredibly sweet, it's amazing. And Gina hates her guts hence she has to leave my house."

"I was about to ask what the reason Gina has for not liking her if she makes you happy." Kyle heaved a sigh. "I will talk to her

for you, I will have to set her straight. We don't meddle in her affairs she should quit that too."

"I will talk to her... it's okay bro."

"Okay look, tell Loraine how you feel, actually tell and show her how you feel about her. Women love assurance but so do we. She needs to know her position in your life so she can walk around with a held up chin where you're concerned."

"Okay... I will think of a way to tell her and show her how I feel about her."

"Cool, I love you."

"Love you too, cheers."

Greyson went back to Gina's room and gave back her cell phone. "Please stop trying to get people in your corner so you can fight my relationship with Loraine. It's not going to work and it is going to cause problems between us." Greyson warned his baby sister.

"So what? You convinced Kyle that she's a wonderful woman for you?"

"I don't need to convince anyone of anything Gina. Get that." Greyson was getting ticked off. "Kyle only wants me happy, he wants to see me happy and I thought you wanted that for me too."

"I do, I always want what's best for you."

"What's best for me or what's best for Gina?"

"That is just crazy. I want you to be happy, I want the best things in the world for you, don't you get it?" Gina was getting worked up, throwing every item in her travelling bag without much care. She was angry that she was being kicked out of the house all because of the woman.

"I am happy! I have never felt this way in a long time. I am alive for the first time in two years. I am breathing, I can hear my heart beat when she comes into the room. Don't you get it?"

Gina looked at her brother, she saw the love all over his face, his handsome face. His blue orbs that were identical to hers

were beaming with emotions. But she knew, Loraine was the wrong girl for him.

"I get it, I do get it, but I still think you're making a mistake.

That girl is going to ruin you." Gina zipped up her last bag.

"I don't have time for time for this. Whatever man." Greyson

walked to the door and Gina's next words chilled his spine.

His world came to a standstill and he wanted to jump off. His ears were ringing...

"Your little girlfriend has had an abortion because some guy at work had knocked her up. That's me being your sister and wanting the best for you."

## CHAPTER TEN

Thursday arrived, two days before Lori's birthday and she was feeling a little excited about turning twenty five. She was dressed in a yellow skater skirt that revealed her cocoa legs and some bit of thigh enough to look both sexy and professional. She paired the skirt with a yellow matching button down shirt and white four-inch pumps.

She appreciated how her mother made clothes for them and how most of them were formal. Mrs Teffo was gifted and the girls were the perfect models for her clothes.

Lori was fortunate that the taxi dropped her off right at the door so she didn't have to walk for long. Her blonde braids were up in a ponytail and she was so confident and sexy.

"Miss T." Tracy greeted her, she was always early for work.

"Hi Tracy, haven't seen you in a while."

"I know, we can do lunch today?"

"Sure, lovely."

"Oh yeah by the way HR sent you and I an email, you need to check it out." Tracy told her, setting her cup of herbal tea on the coaster by her desk.

"What's going on?" Loraine grew nervous.

"Oh nothing hectic, Karabo called in sick so you have to assist Mr Pierce junior with his day today and I'll take over some of your load."

Loraine couldn't believe that. She had to work closely with Greyson for the whole day? Couldn't things just for once look better? She was indeed planning on breaking up with the man so no one could have a hold over her.

But now that she had to be closer with him, would she be able to do so?

She entered the lift, went straight to her desk and switched everything up. Greyson's diary was already wired to her laptop and she needed the actual physical one just to stay atop of things.

She was fairly new, who thought it would be a great idea to do this to her? To get a newbie to assist the CEO? Her nerves ran short.

She made two cups of coffee, one for herself and one for Greyson. Carrying the tray she stopped by Karabo's desk to get the man's diary, her laptop was also on the tray so she could access his digital diary. At least she knew how to do that part so she won't look like an idiot.

"Good morning." she found him already seated and Greyson looked up at her and all he could see was the yellow colour looking stunning against her chocolate skin. It was now his favourite colour.

"Uhh morning." he thought back to yesterday when she was angry, but she had sent him an apology text which he did not respond to. And thought back to what Gina said. He was conflicted.

"Here's your coffee." Loraine was awkward around him, truth was she was nervous.

"Uhm Karabo is not in today so HR tasked me with helping you out, I hope you don't mind."

Greyson accepted the cup of heaven and shook his head 'no'. He brought his lip to the delicious beverage and sighed. How the hell did she make such a delicious thing?

"I... uhm I'd like to apologize for yesterday. I was rude and I shouldn't have been." she twiddled with her fingers. If she was this nervous by having to work with him, why did she think she'd be able to break things off?

Greyson where Loraine was concerned lacked self-control. He got up from his seat and walked to her. Sneaking his arms around her waist, he pulled her closer. He smelled great, Loraine was losing her senses. The man smelled incredible she wanted to embed the smell to her mind forever.

"Are you going to tell me what was wrong?" he asked, his eyes were burning with emotions and she was lost in them.

"It was nothing. Just one of those days."



Greyson wanted to press for more but he decided against it. It wasn't a good idea, he didn't want to rile her up so early in the morning.

"I can forgive you if you do something for me."

"Anything..." she breathed. Greyson was toying with her mind. This man was everything she'd ever wanted in a man and more. The way he looked at her, the way he touched her as if she were gold. As if she was one hell of an expensive possession.

"Kiss me."

A small smile danced on her lips as she fought the blush. Forget about breaking up with the man, she couldn't bring herself to forget about him. To let him go. To never have a chance to kiss his lips.

Looking up at his tall frame even when she wore heels, she placed her arms around his neck and Greyson leaned down to capture her soft lips with his.

The kiss was so sweet and filled with unspoken promises. He leaned his forehead against hers and smiled. Loraine wondered if he knew just what his smile did to her. He looked so gorgeous, like a dream.

"I forgive you."

"Greyson can you please - oh... sorry for not knocking."

Chrystal had barged inside Greyson's office just like Gina without knocking. She was already used to Greyson and never in her wildest dreams did she ever think she'd ever find Greyson in a compromising position with another woman at work let alone Loraine, his maid.

"I'm sorry for not knocking, force of habit." she stood rooted by the door while Loraine and Greyson slowly stepped away from each other, Greyson not giving a damn that he was just caught canoodling his employee, but Loraine on the other hand wished the world could pause and she jumps off.

"It's okay, how can I help you Chrystal?" Greyson asked rounding the desk to sit down, while Loraine occupied the chair in front of his desk so they could plan his day.

"The shareholders' meeting has been moved up to ten o'clock instead of lunchtime so I thought to bring you the last week's reports on my team's performances." she told him, her eyes kept darting from Greyson to Loraine who was concentrating on her laptop.

"Okay thanks, I will have a look at them and call you if I have questions." Greyson accepted the blue folder that held the printed stats.

"We have also cleared the backlog and we are operating on time."

"That's fantastic, now my father would be happy with my team, great job Chrystal, thanks. I will look at these and then get back to you."

Chrystal looked between him and Loraine one more time then left his office, her heart sinking at each step she took.

"Jesus Greyson, how long till your dad burst through those doors and find us kissing or worse?" Loraine pouted. Greyson seemed fine, but she was panicking inside. Gina and Chrystal were friends, Gina did not like her, Chrystal was a witch from hell that used to sleep with Greyson... she was in hell.

"Loraine... don't worry about such things."

"How can I not? Your sister hates me... I bet Chrystal does too."

"I don't hate you, does that count for something?" he asked and she looked up at him. Their eyes met. God she loved him, how could she not?

"Yeah..."

"Last night I had a very disturbing fight with my sister that I ended up saying things I should probably regret but I don't."

"Okay why? What happened?"

Greyson knew if he wanted this woman to be with him, he had to play open cards with her, so she knows, he will always

protect her. "Remember how you told me that, that dude from IT is your ex?"

At the mention of baby maker, Loraine's spine went rigid. What did Greyson find?

"My sister heard you and him talk about... about something you did that he's angry about."

"Something I did and that he's angry about?" Loraine was confused for a second until her mind registered on what Greyson was talking about. "Oh... uhm... I was young and confused and I didn't know what else to do." Loraine teared up. "He cheated on me, and left me pregnant and I wa... I was ..."

"Heeey..." Greyson walked over her and brought her to a standing position hugging her as she cried on his chest, dampening his shirt.

"You don't owe me any explanation baby. I was just telling you because my sister might use that to intimidate you."

Loraine pulled back and looked at Greyson, tear in her eyes still. What kind of man was he? Why would he do that? For her?

"Greyson... are you not disgusted by what I did? I am confused." her chest felt heavy from the constricted heart.

"Never baby." he kissed her forehead. "I told you, I got you okay?"

Loraine couldn't help the waterworks that decorated her face. 'I love you' was dancing on her tongue, but she was scared. This was not what they had planned. He had told her he can't love her, that he is incapable.

"Why?" Loraine played with the handkerchief he gave her to wipe her face with. She was nervous, her knees were about to buckle under his intense stare. His eyes held warmth to them, she was drawn in.

"Why do you keep defending me? I am a mess. No sane man can overlook what I did. It is frowned upon."

Greyson tilted her head upward with her chin. Because I am in-love you.

A kiss landed on her sweet lips. "Because little one... you're mine."

★ ★

Loraine was giddy after setting up Greyson's diary, setting up his early meeting, moving his other meeting and he was patient with her. She was still getting used to things and people around.

Greyson made her feel warm and special. She has fallen hard for him and she didn't know how to act.

She and Tracy were tasked with setting up for the shareholder's meeting and Greyson asked Loraine to go with him so she could take minutes.

She had occupied Karabo's seat for the day which made it easier for the two to have an interaction.

She thought back to the moment with Greyson in his office. He called her his. What did he mean by that? She felt safe

though, she felt like maybe, just maybe they could establish a relationship. But Greyson couldn't love right? He was only claiming her for the meantime so he could ravish her body however way he wanted.

"Ready little one?" he asked her as he stepped outside his office.

"Ready for?"

"It's ten o'clock, the meeting is about to start and you are my pa for the day." Lorraine's heart picked rate. She has never attended any of the meetings she helped set up, what would they expect of her? What did Karabo even do?

"I... Greyson I don't think..."

"You will be okay." there was his shy girl he fell for. Of course he loved it when she had spunk and walked with confidence, but he still found her shy side cute, very adorable. "All you do is take minutes for me. When we are done, you type them and send them to the attendees."

That part she could most definitely do. "That's all?"



"That's all. All you do is look gorgeous and listen attentively. No one will even bother you at all."

She smiled and switched her computers off and took her notepad so she can take minutes.

The two walked together to the elevator sharing a few light jokes. "You know... yellow is my now my favourite colour." he told her as they stepped into the lift.

"Oh yeah? Now?"

"Yeah, it looks so fucking good on you it has to be." this man was going to be the death of her. He was charming. But she wouldn't crumble under his words, she too wanted to give back as good as she received.

"I never liked the colour before. But since you liked it on me this much, I had to get more yellow things..." she looked at him. "for you."

Greyson swallowed hard, his Adam apple bopping up and down. The woman was a tease. "Don't do that." he whispered.

Loraine walked in front of him, a smile on her lips. She made means to fix his tie since he had to change his shirt after she messed it up with her tears. "There all better." she stepped away from him but he stopped her. With one arm circling her waist he brought their lips together but the lift dinged, causing them to let go of each other.

Loraine touched her lips, a tingling sensation dancing on them. She was a woman in love.

"Really Greyson? You guys can't really keep your hands off each other?"

Gina was getting off the other elevator, being part of the shareholders to join the meeting.

Greyson smirked at his sister, his blue orbs showing nothing but mischief. He wiggled his eyebrows teasingly and walked behind Loraine, ignoring his sister.

They arrived to the boardroom and they were the first ones. Their father shortly arrived, on his phone tapping away.

"Uhh Erica is not here, she can't be present. Who's going to take the minutes now?" David was concerned. Erica was his personal assistant as the MD of the company.

"Loraine is here, she will take the minutes." Greyson responded and Loraine looked at him, nervous as hell.

"I was wondering what business the office administrator had in a shareholder's meeting." Gina spoke, venom dripping off each word. She occupied a seat next to her father while Greyson took the head as the CEO and had Loraine sit on his left.

"Gina Pierce, don't fucking irritate me, not today. I am not in the mood to fight with you but if you try me one more time, I am going to fuck you up."

"Really Greyson? All because of her?"

Loraine was getting unsettled. David was right in the room, she didn't particularly want the old man to know her dirty laundry but it seemed as Gina didn't care about that. She'd

do any and everything to discredit her, to make sure she was shamed and embarrassed.

David looked up from his phone, looked at his children staring daggers at each other. What were they now fighting over?

"You keep crossing lines Greyson, the lines are blurred. This is a place of work."

"And we are working just fine."

"That's true, the man has been working incredibly hard. We cleared the backlog because he finally managed to update the software." David decided to butt in, hoping it all calm down. His children were going to be the death of him.

"Thanks dad. Look Gina, Lorraine is my pa for the day because Karabo called in sick. If you don't want her here, tough. She is staying." the emphasis was on the word 'staying' so she understood what he meant.

"Okay, that's it. What the hell is going on here? First you kicked her out of your house I had to welcome her in mine, now you can't stop fighting... what the fuck is going on?"

Loraine was shocked at the profanities leaving David Pierce's mouth. He was just about fed up with the fighting but quite frankly, she was too. Gina was a pain in her butt.

"Nothing we can't sort out dad." at that moment Gina spoke, the door opened and two men and two women walked in dressed in formal attire and Loraine assumed they were the board members.

Greyson opened the meeting and for Loraine's sake he introduced everyone by name, she made sure to write them down as quickly as possible and noted where who was sitting so she can take proper minutes.

She was impressed the whole time by how Greyson conducted himself in the meeting. Everyone was paying attention to him, nodding their heads as he carried on. It was their financial month, so they were trying to wrap everything

up so they can pay bonuses, talk about salary increment, development, security of the foundation of the company and everything in between.

David Pierce was impressed with his son. Normally he'd be the one taking over the meeting with Greyson slanting on his chair, nursing a hangover or not showing up at all. Whoever the woman he was seeing was, he'd have to thank her wholeheartedly. She has turned his son's life around again and it was all sunny.

"Thank you ladies and gentlemen. That would be all."

Greyson took a bow and everyone clapped their hands together and meeting was adjourned.

"I must say Greyson, that was a good meeting. I am starting to have my faith in you again." one lady said and a chorus of yes indeed, erupted.

David spoke to the members as he led them out. He then returned to take his phone and notepad. "Loraine, make sure

I have those minutes in thirty." David said to her and left, Gina following suit.

"How did it go?" Greyson asked Loraine, uncapping a bottle of water to quench his thirst. Even drinking water was the sexiest thing on him.

"You were brilliant. It was amazing, also you just know how to make a bad situation look good, not only for the company but your team." Loraine was all full of compliments and Greyson was leaping them all up.

"Thank you, but I was asking about you." The man was about to turn red from blushing, he was smitten. Loraine gave him a confidence boost, he wanted to be at work for her, to see her and to impress her.

"It was alright, you were a little fast but I think I got it, besides I was recording the whole thing in case I missed something." Loraine responded packing up her stuff.

"Good thinking, look I have to get ready for my next meeting."

"Oh yes, uhm they called and said they booked the table so you don't have to go through the trouble." Loraine informed him. He was stepping out of the office for a business lunch.

"Cool, do you need me to bring you something?"

"No thank you, I will be having lunch with Tracy." she responded and he was crushed. He wanted to bring her something, he wanted her to think of him while he was away, waiting for whatever she would have asked.

"Alright, I will see you later."

On the upper floor, where Gina's office was situated. She was talking to Chrystal who was pretty upset by the morning event.

"You were not there to see it Gee, the way he looked at her? The way he held her? Even when I walked in, he didn't jump away he released her like she was an egg." Chrystal was upset, her chest inflamed because of Lori and Greyson.



"It doesn't mean anything Chrystal. You and him were once like that too, you just need to remind him of what he is missing."

"We were never like that. We just fucked and called it a day. He speaks with her, he hugs her, he holds her... that man has never held me like that."

"You are just upset. Look, I am going to do something for him tomorrow here at the office, I need your help. You will see he will come back running to you." Gina smiled at her friend.

"Look I need to see someone..."

"I will see you around." Chrystal made a beeline to the door, and that's when she met Thabiso about to knock on Gina's office door.

"Thabiso, thank you for meeting me." Gina smiled at the young man who was confused as to why the boss called him in. He did not report to Gina, if anything he only reported to his immediate manager or Greyson.

"I need to talk to you about something personal. I'd like to work with you in making sure that you and I get what we want."

"Okay, Miss Pierce what is going on?"

"I heard you and Loraine fight and I want to help you with her."

"Help me with what?" Thabiso was confused. Sure he wanted Loraine back more especially now that she's dating a white man and thought she was riding on the waves.

"With anything you want. I want that girl away from my brother, as far as possible. Do you think we can team up and work something out?"

Thabiso loved the sound of that. Loraine seemed to have underestimated him since he was dating the CEO, well he had the boss' sister on his side now. He'd be a damn fool to miss the opportunity.

"I think we can team up and I know where to begin." Thabiso had a smile on his face, the Cheshire cat would be jealous of his smile.

"I'm all ears..." Gina was out of options, she had to play dirty to get what she wanted. No black girl would come and claim her family's fortunes.

"Lorraine going to work for Mr Pierce at his home was not a coincidence, she was placed there so she could steal the microchip that holds the foundation of this company for her uncle."

"WHAT?" Gina lost it. "I knew that girl was a good for nothing gold digging bitch. So she doesn't want the slice of the cake, she wants the whole thing?"

"Well, her uncle made her believe he is the one that helped David develop the app, so she thought her family was robbed. But she quit on her uncle without any explanation. Something about morals and shit." Thabiso shrugged.

"Her uncle? If there is anyone my dad worked with on the development of the app is my uncle, my mom's brother. Wait... I think my uncle got Loraine's uncle to steal it, so Loraine's uncle got Loraine to actually get closer to Greyson to steal it. Do you think she's playing my brother?"

"Nah, she likes him. She told her uncle if she pressed on the matter, she will go to the police. So her uncle filled me in so I can force Loraine to go ahead with the plan."

Gina cringed when Thabiso mentioned how Lori may have fallen for Greyson. Over her dead body.

"Thabiso, thank you. I will think of a plan on how to move forward, how do we make Loraine steal that chip...and Greyson catches her or I force her to dump Greyson or else I'll spill the beans. You my darling have just brought me gold and I will compensate you very well, very, very well."

★ ★

Lunch time approached and Loraine was happy to get off her desk for a while. She was going crazy with things she needed

to for other managers and Greyson. How did Karabo manage to run both departments at the same time, she was struggling. Being her first week at work, it was a lot to take in.

It has been four days since she has started working but a lot that has happened felt like it has been a year. It was a lot. She found out she was working for Greyson after quitting at his house, she developed real feelings for the man, she didn't see herself anywhere in life except by his side. Gina stopped liking her because she was sleeping her brother so she was on a mission to discredit her; her uncle has found out where she was working and was working on ruining her life, and lastly... her ex boyfriend worked at the same company as her and wanted her back in his life, forcefully so.

Even when she was dressed in sunny colors, anticipating her birthday that was in two days, she was still afraid of what was lurking in corners, looming around her, threatening to steal her joy.

"Uhm do you want the beef or chicken wrap or something different?" Tracy asked Loraine as she opted to be the one to pay for their lunch.

"Uhh what else do they have that's nice?" Loraine asked looking at the menu.

"A dagwood." Tracy responded, waiting on Lori to make up her mind as she already placed her order.

"Okay, I'll have the chicken wrap with a salad please." Loraine said and Tracy rolled her eyes, she knew the girl would do that. Even when she hardly knew her, she knew just how good the chicken wraps were.

The ladies took their order and occupied the seat they had occupied the last time.

"How's today? I am dying with helping you out hey? Gina Pierce has me running tomorrow's morning event for her and Jesus, I can't keep up."

"What morning event?" Loraine asked, she heard nothing of the sort and usually she was expected to organize those kind

of things, but hearing it was for Gina explained why. The woman detested her.

"She and Chrystal are just holding a memorial whatever for an ex-employee that passed on around this date. So I have to set the whole thing up. Rich people in power annoy me. In the email she stated how it needs to be perfect and authentic."

Tracy spoke in a snotty voice. "What's perfect and authentic? I will tell you, rich! She wants rich vibes all over it." she rolled her eyes.

Loraine laughed at Tracy. No one complained about rich people with poles up their asses like Tracy.

"Well get them top class food and rich smelling candles and all that. I mean it's a memorial it has to be soft and you know touching but at the same time people shouldn't cry so get champagne to go with that to toast to the person's life."

"I swear to God, they should have given you this thing. I was just about to order roses and scatter them all over the boardroom." Tracy grinned at her idea.

Loraine smiled back, enjoying Tracy's craziness. She and Masego would definitely get along. "You can still get white roses and scatter them around the candles and the person's pictures."

"Again, they should have given you this thing. You have better ideas."

"You would have gotten it too. I am glad that it isn't me. I am dying with Greyson's admin."

"Greyson? It's Mr Pierce if you value your life." Tracy corrected her and Loraine simply nodded, she didn't want to say much but that man was not Mr Pierce to her.

She took out her phone and sent a text message to the man who has been occupying her mind.

**'I miss you.'**

She knew it might disturb his meeting but at that minute she didn't care, she felt like a teen in love. And that was a nice feeling.



She and Tracy continued their lunch, not in a rush to go back to their desks. At least with Tracy, when she took lunch, one of the cleaning ladies took over but Loraine's work was left unattended, and she was sure to find crazy calls, emails and messages. But she deserved the break, she needed the break. "What happened with you and Jordan? Something popped out of that?"

"God no, in fact my man..." Loraine clamped her mouth shut. She was about to tell Tracy that her man fucked her senseless because of that. '*Her man*', what a reach she thought.

"You have a man? Okay I mean of course I never asked... this sounds juicy." Tracy was like a little girl being given candy

"It doesn't...anyway I haven't seen that guy since that day."

"I am surprised he was actually interested in you. Him and Karabo, you know Karabo the boss's pa? Yeah they were dating. The hottest couple in the club."

Loraine was surprised at that and made sure to keep it in mind and ask Karabo about it. She used to post a man on

social media but hid his face. She never asked much because she didn't want to seem nosy.

"Karabo is actually my friend. Interesting. Seems like he just chases anyone he think is beautiful."

Tracy nodded and focused on her food. She was facing the door and watched as Greyson Pierce in all his tall and handsome glory walked in. The man looked incredible in suits, too bad he was a rich spoilt brat that was only ever at work when it suited him and had his family pick up the slack.

"Mhm your boss is coming over here. Your lunch might be cut short." Tracy quickly mumbled before hiding behind the glass of juice she was having.

When Lorraine tried to look at what the woman was talking about, Greyson was already at their table. He had this look in his eyes that he kept only on Lorraine.

Tracy watched Greyson stare at Lorraine, and watched how Lorraine squirmed under his gaze, there was longing in her eyes too, a small smile dancing on her lips.

There was something definitely going on between the two beyond working together.

Greyson leaned down to Loraine's level, at that point the few people who having their lunch were watching him. Greyson never made himself known around the corridors they were surprised to see him down at the cafe.

"What are you-" Loraine was cut short by a pair of soft lips landing on hers.

She closed her eyes and when she opened them Greyson was staring at her. "I got your message; I will be in my office." then he left.

Loraine was shocked at that. She didn't know what to make of it. She thought their affair was under wraps, but there he goes and shows several people in the office what they get up to when no one was watching.

"I know damn well I ain't blind!" Tracy almost yelled. "What the hell is going on? O jola le bosso ya gago?" (Are you dating

your boss?) Tracy was shocked. Her eyes were about to drop out of their sockets.

Loraine could only master a blush, then she remembered what Greyson said. She looked at the time on her watch, she had twenty five minutes of lunch left. "I gotta go. Thanks for lunch." she ran from the table to the lift as quickly as her heels could take her. Time for some orgasms she thought as she entered the lift.

★ ★

On the other side of town, in some Afrikaans owned pub and grill, Gina Pierce was having a meeting with none other than Andrew Moloisi. Malome Andrew, Joyce Teffo's brother. Loraine and Masego's uncle.

The man was drinking his beer while Gina opted for water. She hadn't planned on having lunch with the man but he was welcomed to order whatever he wished for on her.

"So let me get this right, you want to pay me more than what Peter, your uncle is paying me to steal that chip?" Gina had

contacted Andrew and told him she wanted a meeting with him. She wanted to prove the theory that it was actually Peter who wanted to steal from them and not Andrew.

"Yes, your niece won't budge if you're the only one calling the shots. But if I help you, I can come with resources."

"Why would you want to steal the chip anyway? It will destroy your father's shit."

Gina chuckled and dismissed Andrew's statement with a wave of a hand. "Oh no Andrew, the chip will remain with me. That's why I am paying you double of what Peter offered you. I just need your niece to leave my brother alone, and in order to succeed she needs to threaten his family's company. You give me the chip and I save the day. Simple."

Andrew pondered on what Gina was saying, double of what Peter promised her was gold.

"So you are going to pay me ten million of rands just to push my niece to steal for you just so your brother can realize he was fooling around with a thief?"

Gina's ears started ringing. "Ten million? You want to tell me my uncle offered to pay you five million to steal from us?"

Andrew smirked and nodded his head. "Yup!"

"Fuck!" Gina cursed, that was shit load of money. "Alright, I will give you ten million rand."

"Deal, so what is the plan?"

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

"Lori my baby, thank you for the dinner. It was delicious. I have never had cheese with macaroni before." Loraine's mom was delighted with Loraine's mac & cheese that she and Greyson bought before he brought her home.

It was amazing how her day started to how it ended. She felt closer to the man than ever before. He was kind, sweet and considerate. He'd make a great boyfriend, a great husband one day.

She started imagining herself getting married to him, having children with him, she couldn't stop the smiles. He even asked at some point why was she blushing by herself.

Greyson had kissed her right in front of people in the cafeteria at work and continued by giving her a sweet orgasm on his desk in his office.

When she walked in, she locked the door before he instructed her to and like moth to a flame they met halfway with a hungry kiss.

Greyson had made her touch him through his pants, so she could feel what she did to him. "You caused me a boner during a meeting little one, I am going to bite your sweet little cunt okay?" It was his innuendos that drove her insane. He was talking about punishing her in the most sinful ways. "And I am going to make you cum so hard, you would want to sleep right on my couch." he told her before picking her up and putting her on his desk, bunching her skirt by her waist and keeping her panties in his pocket as a souvenir.

By the end of business, the pair couldn't control themselves. They held hands while walking to the lift then to the basement to his car. It felt right, Greyson's heart was beating fast as he wondered if what he was doing was right. But he couldn't lie to himself, Loraine brought joy in his life. She was



like a ray of sunshine. Even the colour she wore was the cherry on top.

"Mhm it was delicious. You should bring us dinner often."

Masego added, snapping Loraine out of her dreamy land.

"No Masego, Lori doesn't have money to bring us dinner every night. We appreciate this my baby. I am going to sleep neh?" Mrs Teffo excused herself as she felt too tired.

"Goodnight mama." the girls chorused.

"Don't forget to pray before you sleep." she said, more like warned them. They agreed.

"I saw that Greyson brought you home." Masego looked at her sister, running her finger on the rim of the juice glass in front of her.

"Yeah... I couldn't break up with him."

"Because you love him. But ses'Lori you do know that you have a problem right? Can you at least talk to baby maker then to calm him down?"

"There is no calming baby maker down. He's like a dog with a bone that has some little meat on it."

"Yeah, I feel you. Still I say though, come clean to this man about malome Andrew's plan. If he likes you and cares about you, he will forgive you."

★ ★

The following day, a Friday, February the 13th Loraine received a text from Tracy early in the morning reminding her it was casual Fridays at Greymont Holdings but she must wear a white shirt in the memory of Alana, the woman who they were holding a memorial for.

Loraine loved dressing up, so she put on washed skinny jeans, a white top that had a print of a face outline with a huge Afro and pink lips, she then wrapped a pink doek on her head urban style and finished with her white converse shoes. She looked incredible, felt incredible and at ease.

Arriving at work the mood was a little off as everyone dressed in jeans and white tees as Tracy's email invite said.

The young woman was barely breathing when Loraine touched down.

"The flowers haven't arrived nor the champagne I ordered. We are supposed to toast to Alana's life, not cry and drink water. Oh God, Miss Pierce is going to kill me."

"Calm down Tee, I will call the champagne people and the other ones who haven't delivered what's needed. Just give me details." Loraine smiled at her as she sighed in relief.

"Okay you are God sent. I will email you right away."

Loraine went up the lift to her desk and she found Karabo placing her diary on her desk.

"Hey babe." she greeted her friend with a smile. "How are you feeling? I tried to call you yesterday but you didn't answer."

"Why should I Lori? When you're trying to take my job."

Loraine was confused. "What do you mean?"

"I didn't think they'd put you to assist Mr Pierce in my absence but they did which is fine, but the man is early today and keeps on asking me if you haven't arrived because he

wants coffee, I offered to make it he said no he wants yours. He also keeps asking me the person who set up his diary to ask you about his meetings and about the minutes and about every goddamn thing." Karabo was upset, that much was evident.

"I am sorry you're upset because of me. But I don't want your job. I am still learning my own job. It was just a once off."

"Yeah, it was." Karabo then turned away, her heels making clicking sounds as she walked away in diva style.

Loraine made a mental note to talk to her when she was calmer.

She switched on her PC and assisted Tracy with whatever she needed, there was just a few minutes delay with arrival of everything but the little decor she had set up was going great, the pictures were framed in nice gold frames, the white roses and white and silver balloons around the pictures. They were ready for two hours of celebrating Alana's life.

Loraine wanted to ask who Alana was but she kept getting busy with her work and Tracy needing help. The morning was spent with her going up and down her desk, to reception to receive things to help set up. She didn't even have time to make Greyson his coffee or to just see or talk to him. She felt like a huge part of her was missing. She needed a fix of him.

"Okay, everyone who knew Alana is coming down including Mr Pierce senior and junior. Can you please go receive the champagne while I let them in and run this show?" Tracy asked Loraine who nodded to do as requested.

Tracy welcomed everyone in and Greyson couldn't believe his eyes. *Alana*. Her pictures were so beautiful but then the woman was beautiful in person too. She was incredible with a goofy smile ever on her face. What a sweet woman.

David Pierce was shocked that the meeting Gina has called for was a memorial for Alana. He had no words.

Soon Loraine walked in the packed room with a case of champagne. She put it in the ice buckets behind everyone on the table that housed finger foods and watched as everyone in the room looked at the pictures at the front. It was such a sweet gesture she thought.

Gina went up the small podium and grabbed the mic. "Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for honouring my invite. I didn't want to tell you what exactly this was because I didn't want to ruin the surprise." she began.

"Chrystal and I thought it was such a great day to remember one of ours, the woman who made a huge difference on our team. The gorgeous Alana. She was a selfless woman, very caring and loving."

Greyson upon hearing those words felt like he was being suffocated. That someone was cutting his air supply. Was Gina crazy? Did she hate him to this extend? Was she deliberately trying to hurt him?

"In her almost death anniversary, I saw it fitting that the people who worked closely with her, celebrate her life, remember how much of a team player she was."

David watched his son like a hawk and he knew, what Gina was doing did not sit well with his son.

"STOP!" Greyson yelled and everyone stilled.

"Just fucking stop!!" tears streamed down his face, Alana, her sweet face, her laugh rang in his ears then her screams, her pain, her agony. And he caused all of it. He caused her death and his sister had to remind him how he cut the woman's life short.

"Greyson..." Gina panicked when she saw Greyson's tear struck face.

"I thought you cared about me." that was all he said before he ran out of the room, everyone was speechless. Tracy's jaw was hung low and Loraine couldn't even swallow saliva. She has never seen Greyson hurt. It was a new emotion on him and she did not like it.

"Aren't you going to get your man?" Tracy whispered in Loraine's direction, but David Pierce beat her to the chase. He ran after Greyson a few moments after coming back to life. Everyone was still in the room, a few murmurs here and there as no one knew what to do next. Do they leave or do they remain put?

David soon came back and told Gina and everyone in the room that Greyson had left the building.

"Ladies and gentlemen, there is champagne at the back, if everyone can grab a glass to toast to Alana's life..." Tracy said trying to avert the attention. The people complied and Gina bit her lip as her father approached her.

"What made you think this..." he waved his hands over the room "was a good idea huh?"

"Dad, I was just trying to give him closure. And to remind him that he once had a good woman with him."

"So, you did all of this because he is seeing someone you don't like?"



"No, of course not, how could you say that?"

"Because my little girl, you said it yourself that if he was seeing the woman you think he is then you will stop it. Ever since you uttered those words you and Grey have been fighting so bad that he kicked you out of his house. Then you do this, you don't even consult him. I walked in here and knew it was a bad idea, how come it didn't click to you huh?"

Gina felt small being scolded like that. She was glad that people were now at the back and eating and drinking but Loraine and Tracy were within earshot.

"I didn't mean for it to happen like that. I didn't think he will react that way."

"That's the problem, no thinking went into place with this whole thing. You made my son cry; I don't ever want to see him that upset do you understand me? I don't care if you are my daughter but you don't cause any of my children that kind of hurt." David then pivoted on his heel and left the

boardroom. Chrystal went to Gina who looked down fighting her own tears and offered her a glass of champagne.

"I am going to try and call him." Loraine left the boardroom and went to her desk.

Greyson did not answer any of her calls then David walked by with Karabo discussing about possible places Greyson could have went to.

"Maybe he is at home David." Karabo said but David shook his head no.

"Uhh... David?" Loraine called out to him. "I think I know where he is."

Karabo rolled her eyes, of course she would know better than her. Every personal assistant in books and movies always knew where their boss was but not her, she was in the dark always.

"Where is he?"

"Uhh I can't tell you but I can go find him?"

It was then when it clicked to David why Gina was fighting her brother so much, Grey was seeing Loraine. It made a lot of sense, how did he miss the signs? They were there all along.

"Okay... he can drink himself near death and try to drive to get himself killed. I need you to tell me where he is." David walked to Loraine's desk, his eyes pleading with her.

"I don't want to give his secret location away, can I go get him? Please?"

David sighed. He'd allow it. "Just call me to tell me if you find him. I'll give you my car." all the while Karabo was shocked at the entire conversation. Something was happening there, and she'd find out what it was.

"I will uber there just in case he can't drive back."

"Good thinking, Karabo please take over Loraine's work for the day." David didn't wait for the answer, he simply slapped two hundred rand note on Loraine's desk for the uber drive then left.

Loraine packed up her PC and left the building and uber-ed to the resort. Indeed when she arrived, she saw Greyson's car in the yard.

She paid the cab and walked in. He was sitting by the stairs, a bottle of vodka by his side not opened.

Upon hearing footsteps he looked up and saw Loraine. The last person he wished to see while in that state. Loraine quickly dropped her purse and laptop back behind him and went over to him and gathered him in her arms without saying anything.

She kissed the top of his head as he cried in his arms. She rubbed his back and wondered what the hell was going on.

"Alana..." he tried to speak to her but his chest felt heavy and his mouth was dry.

"Shh." she cooed him but he wanted to tell her. It was eating him up inside.

He pulled back and looked at her. "Alana was... she was... she was my..." he wiped the hot fresh tears pouring out of his

eyes. "Alana... was my fiancée." Loraine was shocked at the new. No wonder the man was a crying mess, she was his whole fiancée.

"And I killed her." and the world stopped spinning.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

Love, love is a beautiful thing to experience. It comes with all kinds of emotions but there is this warmth that blankets your heart and it just feels really good.

Loraine knew without doubt she loved Greyson as she watched him cry, his blue eyes that always sparkled with mischief, danger and an intense aura were sad. They were reddening as the minutes passed by and her heart constricted.

This man just admitted to killing someone and yet she was still by his side, trying by all means to calm him down. But who was going to calm her racing heart?

Why did Greyson kill his fiancée and why wasn't he in jail? She started to over-think, in honesty she wanted to run as far as possible from him because she might just get killed too.

What if they grow to have fights and confrontations then he kills her because of his temper?

She was too quiet, Greyson calmed a bit down, the tears stopped so he looked up into Loraine's eyes and saw fear. He expected sympathy, pity but never fear. Why was she afraid of him?

Then it dawned unto him, he said he killed his fiancée, it was a wonder the woman was scared but that's how he felt even though it was ruled out an accident, he felt as if he could have and should have prevented it from happening.

"It was a car accident." he whispered and Loraine looked at him, did he cause the accident? She had so many questions she couldn't voice.

Was this the part she was going to learn that white people got away with a lot simply because they were more privileged than ordinary black people? Was this another episode of how to get away with murder in South Africa?

"She wanted us to celebrate valentine's day in Durban, I didn't want to..." he began the tale and she wondered if that was the actual reason he killed the poor woman. Was he that controlling? Was he a sadist?

"I didn't want to go to freaking Durban it gets super hot down there man besides I wasn't into the mushy valentine shit but I had a woman who was. She got upset when I refused and I couldn't bear to see her upset so I changed my mind. I shouldn't have." he played with his fingers, looking down at his shoes.

It was a casual Fridays so he too was in jeans, a simple polo t-shirt and a pair of Vanz. He looked pretty relaxed and incredibly sexy. Loraine had to chase those thoughts to the back of her head. Yes Mr sexy was Mr killer. Tread carefully.

"I agreed, I asked Gina to help me with ideas of what to do for her to make up for the fact that I upset her at first. To be honest I was just going to buy her some jewellery, flowers and



take her out to dinner. I mean I don't believe in valentines whatever but my girl did so yeah... had to play my part."

As he continued, Loraine grew confused, if he was planning such a nice thing then why did he kill her?

"So I booked us a five star hotel with the sea view in Durban, had them set up roses, balloons whatever my girl wanted and champagne. I knew she'd love it."

"Anyway... so we drove in the early morning, February the fourteenth. She was still upset but she couldn't contain her excitement. She'd briefly talk to me but kept to herself most of the time. Along the way, she asked to drive..."

"I never allowed anyone to drive any of my cars, the only person who could drive my car just to piss me off is my brother Kyle not even my dad could drive my cars. I believed I was the only one who could drive them with care."

Explains why he refused Loraine to drive his car when he had a panic attack just the other day.

"She was upset with me and I wanted that to stop so I agreed. I think she did it on purpose, she wanted to show me that she was upset with me and wanted to see which lengths I will go through to make sure she was happy. So I complied against my better judgement, I pulled over and we switched sides. She drove us. She was so happy when she was behind the wheel. She played her favourite music and she was buzzing down the road."

He heaved a heavy sigh. "Then we got to four way, as she stopped by the stop sign, some idiot came from her side and lost control of his car and hit her side. She didn't get a chance to swerve and duck him, she was still happy about driving that when the car came speeding at her, she screamed. I could still hear those haunting screams, they haunted my dreams for so many months." a lone tear trickled down his face and he caught it with his finger.

Fuck a man not crying, he was hurt and Loraine released the air she has been holding the entire time. She was relieved

that he wasn't a cold-blooded killer, he just blames himself for her death as he felt he could have prevented it.

"Greyson..." Loraine spoke, her voice was just above a whisper. She has been quiet for too long. "It was not your fault."

"It was, I should have agreed to go with her to Durban, she wouldn't have been mad, she wouldn't have asked to drive to test me, and she would still be alive."

"You could have died instead of her."

"I should have died instead of her." that hurt Loraine.

"Don't say that. If you had died, she would have also blamed herself for it. She would have regretted asking to go to Durban."

"Well at least she'd get therapy or whatever and she would have been fine. She would have gotten over it."

"And you? You can't get over it?" Loraine had to ask. As much as she understood the man and his emotions at that moment, she needed to know if she was filling a void left by Alana.

Greyson felt that question pull at his heart strings. He knew the answer to that but wasn't sure if he should voice it out. He unscrewed the cap of the vodka and took a few swigs before placing the bottle back down. Loraine picked it up and took two shots and placed it back down. She might as well join the party.

"I can get over it. I did... I just...I..." he didn't know how to word it properly. Sure he blamed himself for Alana's death but he was now in love with another woman.

"I blame myself for Lana's death, I feel like I could have prevented it. For the longest time that was all I used to think about every waking moment. I drank myself to sleep, woke up with a hangover and drank it away. I only ever pitched at work when I remember about it or if my dad threatened me." he shrugged and Loraine felt sorry for him. That was just a load of guilt resting on his shoulders.

"Until I met you."

Loraine thought she was hearing things. Say what?

"Say what?"

Greyson chuckled. "Yeah, funny. I spent two years crying, trying to get myself killed and nothing worked until I found you in my bedroom and something in me snapped. I wanted you..."

"You wanted to fuck me." Loraine smirked seeing his mood was uplifting a little.

"You wanted to fuck me too but it was more than that. I knew it was more than that but I just told myself you deserved a better man who will love you and cherish you with all emotions intact because I was still blaming myself for Lana's death. I thought I didn't deserve to feel what I felt so I fed my lust monster that lives inside of me."

Loraine was getting warm. What was this man trying to tell her?

"Greyson..."

"Loraine, I felt more than lust when I saw you. You looked like you belonged in my house, in my bedroom, in my life, by my

side. When you walked past me I wanted nothing but to rip your stupid cleaning dress and lick you from head to toe, cherish your body and tell you that I will always ride for you." It was crazy what he was saying. The man wasn't drunk nor tipsy, he was straight up sober and confessing his realest feelings for the lady.

"I thought I was crazy. How could I feel that way about a woman I had just met? Never fucked even? It was bizarre to me... but I couldn't stay away... I am drawn to you, since I met you I am whole again. I could go a few days without drinking excessively, no suicide thoughts just you burning on my mind."

"I feel the same way too. I can't stop thinking about you when you're away from me. When I am with you, I become confident in myself and happy. My heart swells with joy when I see you, when you touch me, when you defend me..."

Greyson was pleased to hear her say all those words even though he was shocked to hear them. He heard her tell him it

was just sex because she was horny but he too made it seem that way, they were even.

"I don't just like you Loraine... I am madly in love with you. I love you, and I can't imagine doing this life thing without you in it. You are special, you get me, you understand me and you make me feel very important and worthy."

Loraine looked at him, their eyes locked on one another. The chemistry was so thick, sparks flew between them. It was so intense. Her heart was beating hard against her ribcage.

Greyson Pierce loved her, was in love with her. What the fuck! She couldn't believe her ears at all.

She smiled at him, her eyes glistening with happy tears. She thought one day she'd have to let him go because the sexual spark would have died down.

"Are you sure?" Loraine asked and Greyson chuckled, he should have expected that. He was just crying about his deceased fiancée the next moment he was declaring love for another woman, he didn't blame her.

"I have felt like this for days now. I couldn't tell you, thinking I'd chase you away, that I'd scare you. So I kept it to myself until now... you look so fucking gorgeous that I need you to know that I am going to put a baby inside of you if you aren't careful and chain you to myself." he teased, a sexy smirk dancing on his lips.

Loraine got up and straddled him, she placed her forehead against his and cupped his face between her delicate hands.

"I have felt that way too for days now. I love you Grey, I am madly in love with you."

Greyson was shocked. He knew she liked him, that much was evident but to love? As he did? That was beautiful, almost magical. His heart roared to life and he knew... his heart was in a safe place with the woman.

"One more time please?" he asked and Loraine grinned.

"I love you Greyson Pierce."

"Let's go home."

"Yeah?"



"I have to keep my promise of putting a baby in you."

★ ★

"Oh my ... fuck! fuck!" Loraine's toes curled as Greyson ate her out early Saturday morning.

This man was going to be the death of her. He was very skilled and even so, he cared more about her getting her orgasms before his. He was attentive to her body, her reactions, what made her tick, what made her lose her mind... he pressed all those buttons at once.

"Oh baby!" she moaned out loud before Greyson shut her up with a wet kiss, making her taste herself. They have been at it since they left the resort to his place. She only ever got a chance to send her mother and David Pierce messages about Greyson being fine and that she was not going to sleep at home.

In a swift moment Greyson entered her, she was so warm and so wet, it felt so good, he felt right at home.

He looked into her eyes, since yesterday he couldn't bring himself to rough her up, he has been slow and tender, sweet and gentle and she loved it. For as long as she came, she was happy but she knew what was happening... they were making love, he was making love to her.

"Shit!" Greyson cursed as he felt his own orgasm taking control over his body. This was the only time he couldn't slow down and deliver strong yet slow strokes, he had to pump faster and lose himself inside of her.

"You taste so fucking good." Loraine never got tired of hearing that. Her braids were all over the pillows, sweat had formed all over her body because of the weather, the multiple orgasms and having an extra body on top of hers.

"I could live like this." he said as he rolled to his side of the bed and kept her in his arms. He was a '*cuddler*', he loved cuddling her always. He enjoyed the feel of her in his arms.

"Like what? Wake up to crazy sex?"

"Yes, every day." he answered in his thick voice that sent vibrations through her body.

"Everyday?" Loraine squalled. "Are you mad? Who does that?" she giggled.

"You and I. I mean I can't enough of this baby." Greyson then stole a kiss on her lips, he could still taste her pussy juices.

"Mhm noway. No flipping way that's going to happen."

Loraine got up in bed but she couldn't get anywhere faster as Greyson pulled her back.

"Baby! I need to go and pee." she whined while she was wrapped around in his arms.

"Okay hurry back then..."

Loraine soon returned and found the bed empty, so much for hurrying back. She checked the time and it was seven in the morning. She was tired to be honest but suddenly her phone vibrated on the nightstand, and it was one of her cousins.

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY CUZZZZZ!"

February the fourteenth, the day Loraine was born. She had forgotten about her day. She giggled on the phone and soon she was responding messages wishing her a happy birthday from the ones who remembered so early in the morning.

"It's my birthday!" she twirled around before jumping back in bed, she wanted to rest before she woke up fully to enjoy her birthday in bed with Greyson. That's all that mattered.

Greyson soon returned to the bed and they slept until ten in the morning. He woke them up again, taking her from behind in a spooning position.

Loraine was happy, her birthday was just so beautiful, she has a man she loved who loved her back supplying her with multiple orgasms, she was content.

"Let's go shower birthday girl." he pushed her out of bed. "We have places to be."

Loraine complied, they showered, no sex in the shower that time, but it was still intimate and special. They sang together in the shower and Loraine was surprised to find her body

lotion, perfumes and a pink box on the bed with the note **'wear this'**.

Greyson was in his closet getting dressed, when did he do this? She lotioned her body and opened the box to find a long white sundress with matching blue sandals and blue earrings. Okay summer vibes, she thought.

There was a sun hat to match... she wondered what the deal was. She looked great in the dress. "Greys- oh!" she watched as Greyson walked in the room. He was looking so good in black jeans and a white polo shirt. He had a fresh haircut, a nice fade and his chunky hair falling lazily into his eyes.

"Modimo waka." she mumbled. (My God.) Greyson was a fine art.

"Baby you look absolutely amazing; I didn't think you'd look this incredible."

"You look amazing too, when did you get me this?"

"Yesterday in the morning when I got to work, I had Karabo order things for me. Come on now birthday girl... breakfast awaits."

They had a quick and easy breakfast then Greyson drove them out. He took her to a Cruise owned by his family. They went for a ride on the deck, sun baking sipping on cocktails and having some finger foods.

"This birthday is absolutely amazing. The best." she gushed. They took crazy pictures; Greyson had a photographer on the boat that snapped pictures of them while they posed and some as they got lost in each other. And some they snapped with their phones.

"Here's your birthday gift." he gave her a velvet box with the most gorgeous MK watch. "I saw you like wrist watches, so I thought to get you one of the best." he smiled at her.

"Thank you, baby, I love it. God, you have done a lot for me today, I don't know how to thank you."

"You're good baby, a simple thank you is perfect." he then kissed her.

She was overwhelmed. Already she thought the cruise was her birthday gift, but this man was just incredible. She forgot all about her problems.

"Greyson, I don't want to spoil the mood but I have been thinking about it, I think you should go visit Alana and talk to her, about how you feel and everything else. For closure." she told him.

"Visit her?" he was confused.

"Her grave. I think it might help you. I mean you said you didn't go to her funeral out of guilt, I think before you and I fully get into this... you need to close that door."

He thought about it and agreed, he knew he needed to do that, for himself and for their relationship. They had lunch and more drinks, talked about anything and everything under the sun. Then Greyson had his staff retire for the day as he made love to Lorraine right under the sky. It was beautiful.

They returned back home and Loraine was in a great mood. She was surprised to find balloons and some cute decor in his home cinema. This man went out of his way to make her birthday very special.

"Greyssoon..." she teared up. "Oh my God."

"It's your birthday baby." he kissed her and they had cake over homemade cocktails by the time they were done, they were sloshed and full of cake.

They couldn't have sex anymore, they passed out right in the cinema.

\*\*

In the early morning of Sunday, Loraine was woken up her phone ringing nonstop.

She was still very much tired from last night, and her phone ringing was not helping at all.

The caller called with a private number but she then received a message from a blocked number. How was that possible?



She opened the message and her heart almost leaped to her throat.

Could she ever have a moment's worth of happiness and not it be ruined by other people who just don't know when to stop?

**'You have to bring the chip to me and don't you even think about telling lover boy because you know what will happen.'**

A picture of Masego hanging with friends, a red circle around her face to show who was targeted.

She looked at Greyson who was still wearing last night's clothes passed out on the couch looking absolutely adorable, then looked at where she knew the microchip would be.

Greyson or Masego, she had to make a choice.

The microchip to bring Greymont Holdings down or protect her baby sister.

A beautiful birthday ruined by one picture and one sms.

Loraine was conflicted, she was torn apart. She didn't want to

do anything that will upset and hurt Grey, but at the same time she didn't want anything happening to Masego.

"Baby..." Greyson had just stepped out of the shower, he was a bit upset that Loraine showered before him and didn't even wake him up but she told him she'd make breakfast to make it up to him.

What she would give to have those arms wrapped around her in the shower. She'd never enjoy showers without him anymore, not that they had a shower at her home.

"Hey." Loraine finished dishing up for him. She was fortunate that he took rather a long shower that he wasn't here to notice how she burned the first sausages and bacon she made as her mind floated around.

"Are you okay?" Greyson asked, sitting down to start eating. He was famished after last night's rendezvous. He needed to fill up, to regain strength. Loraine had milked all of him dry add to the drinking party for two they held together.

He was shocked at how much stamina the girl had. She was so wild in bed; he might have just met his match.

Loraine gave him a closed mouth smile and sat by his side so she too could eat. But she couldn't bring herself to swallow and take another bite. She was nervous. She had called Masego to find out if she was okay but she knew that one day Masego might just be in real danger and that would devastate her mother.

"Can we watch a movie today? I'd like to spend the whole day with you just relaxing. I know you said you wanna go home..." Greyson told her.

"Can we do that some other time? I'd like to go home."

Loraine felt like a tool for doing that to him. She knew that he wanted to hang with her; the longing in his voice was evident.

"Please baby, I'll drive you safely home later on. Please?"

Greyson pulled her so she could stand between his legs. 'God this man is gorgeous' she thought as she looked into his loud

blue eyes. Those eyes, they were burning with passion, burning with desire.

She placed her arms over his shoulders and leaned for a kiss.

"I can't believe that you love me."

"What's there not to love?" Greyson was ever cheesy, she loved that about him. He could be playful, cheesy, sexy, strong, hard, dangerous, loving and warm all in the same breath. It was breath-taking and she knew she was fortunate enough to have him by her side.

"There is something I need to tell you." She said. Maybe if she told him the truth like Masego suggested, then maybe it would all be okay. Maybe he'd be mad for a little while but would forgive her.

"Okay baby..." he looked up into her brown eyes. He didn't mind at all to get lost in them. He could be vulnerable with her, she allowed him to be, she gave him that space, and he loved that.

As Loraine opened her mouth, to spill all the beans, to tell him all about how she landed on his doorstep two weeks ago, the intercom rang.

"Hold that baby..." he stood up and went to attend to it, and then he walked to the door to unlock it. A car pulled up the driveway and Loraine wondered who the hell it was visiting so early in the morning.

A young woman probably around twenty five to late twenties walked in with a man almost the same height as Greyson who looked to be around Greyson's age walked in the house, smiling at Greyson who was still by the door waiting on them. "Grey!" The woman excitedly hugged Greyson; he spotted a grin of his own before he turned to hug the man too who also was smiling.

They then noticed Loraine standing by the kitchen counter, looking a bit uncomfortable and confused.

"So this is her?" the young woman with grey eyes asked as she walked towards Loraine, the smile never faltering. "Hi, I

am so sorry for coming here so early in the morning, but we had to come see for ourselves." The woman then enveloped Loraine into a bear hug.

"Don't mind Nicole, she's just a sucker for love." The man said to Loraine as he extended his hand. "I am Paul by the way."

"I am not." Nicole pouted.

"Yes, you are, the man posted a picture of them kissing and here we are so early in the morning to prove it to you." Paul responded and Loraine grew even more confused. What were these two weirdos talking about? She asked herself.

"Please guys... you're suffocating her." Greyson came to Loraine's rescue. "Little one, these are my friends well Paul is my friend, and he came with a package named Nicole, his wife. She thinks she and I are friends but we aren't." Greyson grinned as Nicole starred daggers at him while Paul laughed.

"And this is Loraine, my lady."

"Pleased to meet you, Loraine." Nicole said first. "And just for clarity, Greyson and I are friends; Paul is just trying to butt his

whole body into this friendship." Nicole grinned. She oozed a warm aura around her.

Lorraine smiled at them. They seemed like a nice bunch and they definitely not racist like Gina.

"Have you guys eaten? Thought we'd catch breakfast with you?" Nicole suggested.

"Sorry Nic, we just finished but there is still plenty left... I can whip us some cocktails and we go chill in the garden."

Greyson suggested and everyone was okay with things.

Nicole dished up for herself and Paul then she grabbed Lorraine's arm and they went to the garden to wait for Grey and Paul.

"I am sorry for coming unannounced like this but last night we saw Grey posted a picture of you and him on his WhatsApp and we had to come and meet you. He looked so happy I had to come see it for myself." Nicole told Lorraine.

She has never heard Grey talk about his friends; it came as a surprise that he indeed had such carefree friends.

"Oh, he posted us on his WhatsApp?" Loraine was in disbelief. Thabiso never posted her on any of his social media platforms.

Nicole took out her phone from her pocket and showed Loraine a picture of her and Greyson kissing with drinks in their hands. It was so beautiful she had to admit. The caption made her heart flutter. 'I found love.'

"I found love..." Nicole beamed. "I can see he did. I was just so afraid that he will never meet someone to make him happy again you know? Paul and I sometimes wouldn't visit him together because we didn't want to...you know make him feel sad or whatever." Nicole really had Greyson's best interest at heart. "Our friendship was more over the phone than anything else. I tried to get him to talk to me; it only worked to a certain point."

"He didn't trust you?"

"He did, he just didn't want me to see him in that state. Also Greyson is stubborn as hell... he felt like therapy wasn't going



to help him. Like duh I am here and I know it might help you a little. Better than nothing." Nicole was talkative.

"Are you a therapist?"

"Yes and I wasn't even charging the guy. Anyway... I had to come see for myself. Maybe now, we can do braais and things together. I am so happy my friend is in love."

Loraine smiled. Nicole really cared about Greyson; it was evident all over her almost pale face. Her grey eyes sparkled with joy.

The two men then joined them, Greyson sat next to Loraine but of course he had to steal a kiss before sitting down.

Loraine blushed; she wanted to hide under the table. Paul and Nicole were looking at them with smiles on their faces.

"I made you a long island, hope you like it." Greyson placed the drink before her and she thanked him. She didn't care if she was having such a heavy cocktail so early in the morning, the fact that she was with him was enough.

Her problems as always, shied to the back of her mind and she got engrossed in the conversation on the table.

Her phone beeped with a message, she turned it upside down and frowned. A reminder was sent to her that she will be receiving the actual plan of how she would go about stealing the chip from right under Greyson's nose.

"Are you alright?" Greyson asked for her ears only.

She nodded and a fake smile made its way on her face. She sipped her cocktail this time made by Paul.

The four had a great morning, Paul and Nicole had to leave something about fetching their kids from Paul's mother's house.

Nicole went to hug Loraine as Greyson and Paul walked further ahead towards Paul's car.

"There is something you're keeping from him. Whatever it is, I hope you don't hurt him. He loves you." Nicole then pulled back and blew her a kiss as she went to the car. There she kissed Greyson on the cheek and she got inside the car.

"I feel like taking a nap." Greyson said to Loraine. "Think I can get some sleeping pill from you?" he smirked.

★ ★

Nothing feels amazing and so soulful like power naps on a Sunday afternoon. Greyson usually would have been in his home office or garden or at the resort drinking his liver away. He would have been so consumed in his mind that he wouldn't see what was around him or the cause and harm he was inflicting on himself.

He had been going through a lot for so many months that he never thought he'd have an opening in his heart to love someone. It came as a shock when he realized that, when he felt the care he had for the young woman, the love his heart danced in. how he'd go to bed thinking about her then wake up early so he could pick her up. How he'd stop all his meetings, postpone them or cancel them just so she could have his time.

How he was focused at the company because he wanted to be a damn brilliant CEO in her eyes, he didn't want to disappoint her, well he didn't want to disappoint his father either but Loraine... Loraine was a different subject.

They were on the couch, movie credits rolling on the big screen as they had tried to watch the movie but ended up sleeping anyway.

He pulled her towards him, his arm secure around her soft waist. He never thought he'd ever date a black woman before, he wasn't even scared of what the rest of the world would think when they saw them together, he just wanted to feel the love. He just wanted to shower his woman with nothing but love.

He couldn't, however help himself, wondering what it was that was bothering Lori. She kept sighing; biting her lips until her lulled her to sleep by playing with her hair. He wanted to ask her what was wrong once again, but he didn't want to upset her. Earlier on she had wanted to go home, then she

had wanted to tell him something... then Nicole and Paul disturbed so she closed up again. He silently prayed that whatever it was wasn't going to break their relationship or anything of that nature.

Her phone rang from underneath her, scaring her as she jumped in her sleepy state, waking up instantly.

"Hello?" she answered her phone while Greyson kissed her clothed shoulder blade.

"Mama?" she sat upright, panic decorating her face. "Le ko kae?" (Where are you?)

"Okay, okay ke etla." (Okay, I am coming.)

Loraine then hung up and looked at Greyson with fear in her eyes. Something was definitely wrong.

"Masego is in hospital." She said. "Oh my God, I need to go." She jumped from her seat and put on her sleepers. "Can you take me to the taxis?" she asked. Her mind went into a frenzy. "I'll take you to the hospital, what happened?" Greyson got up too and they went to his bedroom to put proper shoes on.

"Mom said she got hit by a car coming from the shops."

Loraine was in shock. She felt like her heart was being punched repeatedly. She could feel the pressure from her back.

Greyson brought his car around and Loraine jumped in. she was scared, she wasn't going to lie, Masego was darling baby sister, her favourite human being in the world, to lose her, was to lose herself. She was scared.

Greyson followed the directions to the Tembisa hospital on the GPS and made it in no time as there was less traffic on the road since it was still a Sunday afternoon.

Loraine quickly found her mom and she was alone, crying by the waiting area. "Oh! Lori ngwana'ka." (Oh! Lori my child.)

"Mama, how is she? Is she badly hurt? Will she be okay?"

Loraine fired all those kinds of questions while Greyson stood a few meters away not wanting to be too forward but at the same time needing to be closer to his woman.

"I don't know, the doctors won't tell me anything. I've been waiting for over an hour." Mrs Teffo complained. She was worried that maybe her daughter was not being attended to as it was a public hospital and was forever full.

"Hai Loraine what if they just put Masego on the side, on the waiting list? What if she's losing blood and they don't even..." Loraine engulfed her mother into a bear hug. She was scared but she had to act tough and be strong for her mother, her mother needed a strong presence at that moment.

"She will be fine. Just sit here mama and I will go check okay?" Loraine made her mother seat down and she turned to look at Greyson who was looking at their beautiful exchange. Loraine cared deeply about her family that much was evident.

"Let me go ask one of the doctors." Greyson suggested.

"No it's fine. I'll go." Loraine tried to stop him.

"I don't mean to offend you my love, but I understand the kind of power a man like myself has. So if there is anyone who can find out what is going on immediately it's me."

Loraine couldn't even argue with that. Greyson was right, a person who had the skin colour he had received immediate attention than the person that looked like Loraine. It was the harsh truth that was very upsetting.

Loraine sat back with her mother and they held hands while Joyce said a prayer.

"So, o ratana le mlungu ola?" (So, you are dating that white man?) Her mother asked her, taking her off-guard. Shouldn't the focus be on Masego and not her love life?

"Ai mama..."

"Mhm before I got the call about Masego, Ma Mnisi was showing me Sunday sun and a picture of you and the man was on it. You were on a boat on your birthday." Her mother was very soft spoken. "The picture was nice."

"On the newspaper?" Loraine was very confused.



"Yeah, they say he is some millionaire heir, that's why his business will become hot gossip."

"I am sorry ma, I am sorry you had to find that way."

"Lori my baby, you don't have to be sorry. You're old enough to date. I am just not sure if you will be able to withstand the racist that will come your way."

Oh the racism against interracial couple. She has had a taste of that from Gina. She didn't want anymore.

Greyson shortly returned with a doctor by his side.

"Afternoon Mrs Teffo, I am sorry I took this long to come and give you feedback we're still working on your daughter."

Joyce and Loraine both stood up and focused all of their attention on the doctor. "Is my child going to be okay doctor?"

"Is my sister okay?" they both asked at the same time. "And please speak a language we will understand." Loraine finished.

"Okay, well the car only hit her side, she suffered concussion and her body went into shock. We will have to run a couple of x-rays, but I don't want to lie to you and say her results will be out immediately, we are still waiting for the availability of the machines. However, we are now managing her pain."

Nothing the doctor said made sense. Greyson did not like what he was hearing neither did Loraine.

"Doctor... I don't understand." Mrs Teffo said.

"We have a lot of patients so the little we could do right now is manage her pain until we can fully look into her situation. We have to stop the swelling..." the doctor carried on and Mrs Teffo felt lightheaded.

Greyson walked with the doctor trying to find a possible way to help Masego. "Mr Pierce, my hands are tied. This hospital is flooding with patients some severe more than others. We have to prioritize cases."

"Okay, I understand, can we have her transferred to a private hospital then? I will foot the bill. Please."

"Her family needs to approve but we can arrange that. Again, I am sorry about this."

While Greyson was talking the doctor about having Masego moved to a private hospital all bills on him, Loraine received a text message.

***'You said you will steal the chip, a promise is a promise. You ignored my messages so I had to remind you exactly who you're dealing with. Now, what do you say?'***

Her uncle was sick. He was a sick man for doing what he did. How could you have your niece run over by a car to force your other niece to steal for you?

So she had no choice. Masego's life was more valuable. You couldn't put a price on it.

***'Fine, I will do it. Tomorrow you will have the stupid chip just don't hurt anyone anymore.'*** She hit sent.

★ ★

On the other side of town Gina and Andrew were meeting up at a secluded spot in the middle of nowhere.

"She has agreed. She says tomorrow we will have the chip."

Andrew informed Gina who was having a smoke, relaxing against her car, wearing shades to block the sunlight from hitting her eyes.

"Well done. I told you, you needed me. Running that little girl over was the perfect push we needed. Anyway... I will call you with further details. She has to drug those guards for easy access." Gina then stomped on the cigarette she was smoking and got inside her car, a huge grin planted on her face.

"Lorraine you're going to leave my brother, I will make sure of it."

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Monday arrived and Loraine was so sick to her stomach she couldn't function properly at work. The worst part of her working at Greymont Holdings was that everyone was starting to get used to her and were piling her with work. On top of personal problems she was dealing with, she was buried deep into admin work.

Greyson of course had asked for her coffee and she had to make it for him. She knew it was his favourite drug and besides she had a lot to be thankful for where Greyson was concerned. He made means of moving Masego to a private hospital and he paid for every single bill. He also had a driver to pick up his mother from Tembisa to the hospital and back so she could visit her daughter without hassles. He was a generous man. Sure he had the money to make it all possible

but it was because he chose to do so without being asked that made him remarkable.

And yet she was there, sitting on her chair reading the message of instruction that came from her uncle.

***'You will go to his house later tonight; you will drug his guards in their coffees that they always drink. Find a way to distract Greyson and disable the alarm so when you open the safe where the chip is, you won't attract any attention to yourself. This is easy, the only task which you need to make sure is sorted is making sure that idiot of a lover you have is distracted. Call me once done.'* - Andrew**

The instructions were very clear, even the drug she was supposed to get which gave quick results was mentioned. She started to wonder if her uncle was working with someone else. How was he so well equipped with these things? How does he know all of these things about Greyson's house? Was it maybe Lisa who told him?

She was taken out of her thoughts by her phone ringing. "Hi Tracy." Their work phones were now upgraded and could show you who in the office was calling, everyone now was assigned a number and a name attached.

"Hi girl, I really want to ask you something but re a recordiwa mo difounung." (But we are being recorded on these phones.) Tracy spoke.

"I know... is it the newspaper? Seems like everyone now knows my business." Loraine was received weirdly at work today. People she didn't even know greeted her with smiles on their faces like they knew something while others gave her sceptical looks.

It was uncomfortable. She felt like a student that dated the lecturer. Everyone wanting to be nice to her so they could use her or some looking down at her thinking she was riding on a high horse.

She wondered what Gina thought of the article. She read it too once they left the hospital yesterday. She told Greyson

about it and he just shrugged. "You are my woman and I am proud to be with you." That was all he said about the matter. He didn't care what everyone else was saying; to him nothing mattered as long as they were happy together.

He was such a cheesy man, so sweet and good with words. He knew what to say, when to say it and every time he did it melted her heart.

"I am going to need all the details of how it started. I only ever read about these things in books, we are doing lunch." Tracy said before she hung up.

Just as she got off the line, Lori stood up to go retrieve some copies from the printer. Karabo was already by the printer they shared scanning a couple of documents.

"Hey." Loraine greeted.

"Hey." Karabo was indifferent.

"How are you?"

"Can't complain, you?"

"Mhm can't complain either. Karabo..."



"When were you going to tell me that you're dating the boss? You enjoyed seeing me make fun of myself while you knew you were sleeping with the guy?" Karabo asked.

Loraine was surprised by the tone in Karabo's voice. What was happening? What was really going on?

"Karabo... I didn't say anything because it wasn't official. It was just ... I don't know but it was still very new to me when I started off here."

"When you started off here? So you didn't start dating here?"

"No, I knew him before I started working here. And I am sorry I didn't say anything before but I didn't think that I needed to disclose that part of my life. I didn't want to talk about it with anyone because I didn't want to get ahead of myself."

"I see. It's cool though. I thought we were friends."

"We are but friends also have boundaries, don't they? Friends also have their own secrets they'd like to keep for a little while. And friends can also be so consumed into their work and lives they forget about some certain parts."

Karabo finished scanning the documents and emailed them to herself while Loraine was still waiting to retrieve her copies. "I guess you're right. I am sorry I accused you of trying to take my job. I was silly."

Loraine smiled and they hugged it out. "It's cool." Then Loraine stepped next to the printer to print her documents. "I don't think you're sister-in-law is happy about the newspaper article though. She came over to Mr Pierce's office and shuu I thought someone was going to die in there."

"No way? For real?"

"Yup. And he has since been in a funk. Pop by if you have time to calm him down before he slave drive me." Karabo smiled at her friend then walked away. She was attracted to Greyson but knew she stood no chance, she knew he loved Loraine. He was a 'gone boy.'

Loraine finished printing her documents and instead of going to her desk she went to the kitchen and made coffee for Greyson and took it to him.

"Karabo, I told you don't come in here unless you're done with my report." He said without taking his eyes off the screen of his laptop.

"Uhh it's not Karabo." Loraine said and his eyes casted up to meet hers. A smile formed on the corners of his lips. "I hope that smile is for me and not the coffee." She said before she placed the coffee on the coaster next to the other empty cup of coffee.

"Wouldn't you like to know." He grinned teasingly. It was amazing how he felt better instantly. He rose to his feet and hugged his woman before kissing the top of her head and sat back down.

"Well I just brought your coffee and to see you, now that I did. I will be gone." She smiled at him.

"Without a kiss?" he asked, pouting a little.

"Of course not." She leaned in and what was supposed to be a cute peck on the lips turned into a minute make out session. "I love you." She whispered and then left his office.

She indeed loved him, she loved him so much but there she was thinking about the plan for later on tonight. The plan that will definitely destroy everything he's ever worked hard for, everything his father's ever worked hard for and everything they had.

Instead of having lunch at the café like they normally do, Tracy and Loraine went up to the roof with their McDonalds food they had ordered.

Loraine needed privacy for what she was about to tell Tracy. From the day she met and spoke with Tracy, she knew she could trust her. So she offloaded unto her. She needed help. And Tracy offered her advice. The woman was very shocked at the news at first but she quickly adjusted and advised Loraine the best way she could.

When five o'clock came around, Loraine was nervous as hell. They were waiting.

Deadline was at seven in the evening, she only had two hours until then to put the plan in motion.

They passed by the hospital for forty five minutes before they left for Greyson's house. Grey was confused as he thought Lori would want to be with her mother but she told him she just wanted to have dinner with him then she will go home.

Who was he to refuse his woman's wishes?

Only an hour remaining...

She was getting nervous as she prepared the coffee for the security men and took it to them.

Greyson excused himself when he received a call from his father; he disclosed how they might take some bit of time so she should order food so long.

Her heart was beating frantically against her chest. She read the last message that was sent to her and panic took over her body.

She thought back to Masego's accident, to her uncle's threats, to Thabiso, to Gina, to Tracy... then Greyson. There wasn't anything she missed. She thought of them all. That

night was the night to act or she would live to regret it, that much she knew.

She took off her heels and made her way to the cinema.

She loved Greyson and she knew what she was about to do was going to ruin everything beautiful they've ever shared.

She knew in her heart that it was over, but at least she would have done something right. She would have fixed one part of the problem.

At least then no one will ever threaten her family again. No one will get hurt and she wouldn't have to deal with her uncle anymore.

Being in the cinema brought memories, the first time he ate her out that man was sexually skilled it was a dream, how she stumbled on the safe that housed the chip, how they fell asleep just yesterday cuddling on the massive and comfortable couch... she was going to miss all of that.

"What are you doing?" his voice scared her that she almost fainted. "Lorraine...?"

It was at that minute, that she had to make a decision; to lie like hell or be honest because at that point, she was caught between a rock and a hard place.

"Are you going to answer me or you are just going to stand there and look lost?" Greyson asked his girlfriend who seemed pretty out of place. He knew something was going on with her but he just didn't know what. And he knew it had nothing to do with Masego's condition.

Loraine felt like if she opened her mouth, her heart will literally jump out and will beat around the floor as they watched. She was that scared and that nervous.

"The..." she had to summon the angels that supplied her with words and a voice as she lacked them at that moment. It was a 'do or die' moment. Everyone said to her, Loraine tell the truth, tell Greyson everything. That was what Tracy encouraged her to do during their lunch.

"If you say you love the man, that you care about him, you will expose your uncle to him. You will tell him everything because let me tell you something, if he finds out on his own, you are toast and you will kiss this relationship goodbye."

Tracy's words rang through her head.

She had to do it. She had to be honest with the man if she wanted to make their relationship work.

"There is something I need to tell you."

"I know... you tried to tell me yesterday I think."

"Oh yeah..." she had hard time swallowing saliva. She felt hot around her ears. This could go one of the two ways, south or north. Her gut told her it was going to head south. This was not something you could easily forgive but she never tried to steal from him so that could also help spin things north.

"I don't know where to start."

"It's always easy to start right at the beginning babe." He smiled at her, encouraging her to be open with him. Oh little did he know how his smile was killing her. He was a kind and



gentle soul. A lover and a totally amazing man. She wished they were not here, that whatever was happening was not happening.

"Okay... can we sit down? I think I need to sit down." She walked to the couch and sat down. When Greyson found her, she was lost in a train of thought, barefooted and rooted at one spot hence the man was surprised by finding her in the cinema in that state.

They both sat down, she sat by the edge of the comfortable couch while he relaxed a bit. He wanted her to relax too but it seemed like his efforts went unnoticed. He'd just let her be then.

"I was..." a smile appeared on her face, a sad smile. "I was sent to work for you."

Greyson grew confused. That was a weird thing to say. Now he was not stupid, this woman was about to drop a crazy bomb.

"Say what?"

"My uncle sent me to come and work here as the cleaner."

"But why?"

It was time for the bomb to explode, for the truth to come out. She was not ready, nothing could ever make her ready. This was her only chance.

"I need you to promise me something, I need you to keep an open mind and know that it was never my intentions to hurt you."

Greyson was nervous as hell. To hurt him? That was what he was afraid of. He was tired of living with an aching heart, he had just found some tree of happiness and by the sound of Loraine's voice, that tree was about to die.

"I can't promise you that... I don't know what it is that you're going to say."

"I can't tell you if you're going to be mad at me or resent me." Loraine bargained. She didn't want to lose Greyson. She loved him.

"Just tell me already. I am in the dark here, I am on the edge."

"Promise me."

"Fine, I promise not to be mad. Why did your uncle send you here?" his voice was growing hard. He was getting ticked off that much she knew.

She heaved a sigh, her chest rising and falling. She couldn't even look him in the eyes. She was nervous, scared of the outcome of the conversation.

"He wanted me to steal in here. A microchip he helped your father with. He said it was the foundation of the company your father owns and your father robbed him of his share." She finished. She felt like a load was taken off her shoulders. She could breathe a little.

Greyson couldn't believe what he had just heard. "You need to tell me that again. Your uncle wanted you to steal the foundation of my father's company?"

Loraine nodded.

"And you agreed?"

"Greyson... I had spent a year looking for a job with no success I was desperate for money. I was desperate that I accepted to do that for him. But I couldn't do it."

Greyson stood up and paced the floor, running his hand in his hair, pulling and tugging. "So you actually came into this house to destroy my family?"

"Only on the first day. I swear, I ..."

"You swear what? Huh Lorraine? You weren't going to? You changed because you're so, so, so noble huh?" he was mad, he was big mad. She could see it all over his face.

"I am not a thief. I couldn't do it. It just didn't feel right, I couldn't hurt you, and I liked you. And I love you."

"Let me ask you something..." he looked at her. "If I hadn't showed interest in you, if I was never home, never spoke to you, if we never established this thing between us... were you still going to change your mind or you only changed your mind because you liked me, because I gave you attention?"  
What a question.

"Honestly? I don't know. But I know I didn't want to go to jail so I would have changed my mind."

Greyson nodded. "Do you want me to believe that? Huh? Is that why Karabo asked me to hire you at the company? You realized that you couldn't get it so you needed... wait a damn minute you know where the fuck the chip is. I told you. Not in so many words but you figured it out huh?"

"Yes and no. Karabo got me a job because I needed one and yeah I know where it is but I never told him. I never said anything to him. Well... I only told him I found it and he thought I had it so he sent people to mug me."

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa... you're telling me that you changed your mind about it the first day but I told you about the safe later in the week. So, you realized that your uncle is a scumbag that wasn't going to pay you so you thought you should come clean?"

All these questions were driving her nuts. This man should have been a damn lawyer or an investigating officer.

"I... no... I Greyson... I love you."

That was the best she could do?

"You don't love me. You know nothing about love. You lied to me; you were lying to me every fucking day, you kept this from me."

"Because I didn't want to hurt you."

Greyson laughed. He lost it. "You didn't want to hurt me?

What are you doing now?"

"Coming clean. I don't want secrets between us."

"Isn't it too late?"

"No, please don't say that. I know I agreed on my own to help him but when I wanted out he threatened you, that's why I quit here. I had to leave you, I had to protect you. Then we started working together again... and God... I couldn't stay away from you."

Greyson wasn't hearing anything she was saying. He was already miles away ahead. "Who's your uncle?"

"Andrew..."

"Druza? Fucking Druza is your uncle?"

"Yeah..."

"He is an ex-employee; he worked closely with my uncle. My uncle is the one that helped my father built the company but he defrauded my father so my father took ownership of the company and took matters into his own hands and turned it into the company it is today. Your uncle lied to you, but you're liar yourself so that's not surprising."

"I am not a liar, I just kept the truth from you." Tears rolled down her cheeks. She felt a lump make space on her throat.

"Please Greyson, you promised you wouldn't be mad... I tried to stop them but they kept threatening me." She tried to grab his hands but he stepped back, looking down at her in pure disgust.

"Don't touch me." His face showed nothing but disgust. "You woke up next to me almost every day, you saw me every day at the office, you looked me into my eyes and told me you love me... but didn't think to tell me that you were sent to

destroy me. You waited until I was in love, until I was vulnerable so you could strike... well done. You win."

"I don't win anything... it's not a game. I love you and I realized that to be with you, I have to be honest."

"It's a little late for that."

"It's not... these people are still waiting on me to finish the job tonight. They said I should drug your guards then steal the chip."

"What? Is that why you're telling me? Is that why you wanted to come home with me tonight?"

"Yes... but not to steal, to tell you the truth."

"I don't know what to believe..."

"Believe me, I wasn't going to steal from you, I'd never hurt you Greyson... not intentionally."

"I need to clear my head. Call yourself an Uber home."

★ ★

*Call yourself an Uber home.* Those words rang in Loraine's head the following morning as she read an email from work



that was sent to her personal email. There was a pending investigation against her so she was suspended with pay until further notice.

It was confusing what Greyson was doing. He was willing to pay her while she stayed at home? She hasn't heard anything from him since he told her to Uber herself home. No message or returning of her calls, none of that.

"Lori my baby, are you not going to work today? Masego is coming home I know but you shouldn't abuse that man's kindness." Her mother said as she walked in the kitchen. She was already dressed in her navy-blue wavy dress, ready to go to the hospital to see if Masego was indeed going to be discharged.

"He gave me time to deal with this Masego issue. He doesn't want me stressing about her while at work."

"Aowa mara akere you saw that your sister is doing well? You saw her yesterday, it's only her leg that's broken." (No, but isn't it that you saw...) Her mother argued back. She didn't

want Loraine to mess up a chance at making a living for herself.

"Ma, it's okay... don't stress a lot about me. I am a big responsible girl."

"Okay, well you stay here and cook then I will go and fetch your sister. The driver is already outside." Joyce felt funny when she said that. She never imagined herself having a driver but alas, there she was being driven to and from hospital in the most comfortable car with nice seats. Her daughter's boyfriend was a very thoughtful man.

Loraine hated lying to her mother but she didn't want to be a disappointment. She'd have to come clean as to what was the real reason behind her no longer going to work. She couldn't possibly tell her mother that her uncle tasked her to be a thief and she agreed; it would send the poor woman to an early grave.

Scrolling through her contacts she pressed dial on Greyson's name. It rang for a few seconds before it went straight to voicemail. He was ignoring her.

"Hey Greyson... I know you're probably annoyed by my calls by now but please, please understand that I never meant to hurt you or do what my uncle asked me to do. It was a stupid and reckless thing to agree to in the first place I know, and I own up to that... but please I can't lose you. I meant it when I said I loved you. It wasn't some sort of game or, or ploy to get that chip. It wasn't. You make me happy, the happiest I have ever been and all I want to do is return the favour. Please call me."

Her heart was heavy but his reaction should be acceptable. He could have called the police on her. He should have... but he didn't.

She was surprised at how her uncle never reached out to her since last night. He was on standby was he not? But she

wasn't going to call him and ask him anything. She was done with that man. He was officially cut off as her uncle.

At Greymont Holdings, Greyson was in a foul mood and everyone who came within his eyesight felt it. No one was safe; not his personal assistant, or the cleaners, or Mark from finance not even his father. Everyone was a victim of his wrath that morning.

"Where is Lori? That man is about to get it if he continues yelling at me and barking orders." Karabo asked Tracy. She knew Tracy and Loraine were some sort of friends, so she was wondering if Tracy knew where she could be.

Tracy had taken over Loraine's job as HR instructed. She hated it. She loved her receptionist position. Loraine's job demanded a lot from her.

"I don't know, look can you show me how to do this month to date report for Chrystal?" Tracy asked. She has been starring at the report for over thirty minutes and didn't know how to complete it.

"Eish, there is a way that Lori does it now and it saves a lot of time. Let me find the email she sent me." Karabo was in a bad mood. Thanks to Greyson who was yelling all the time.

"I will try to call her in the meantime." Tracy got up from her chair and went to the balcony and called Loraine.

Loraine explained to her what happened after she told Greyson the truth. "So yeah, I am suspended and he isn't taking any of my calls."

"I didn't think he'd take it like this. He is taking it way too hard. I am sorry I made you to be honest with him."

"Don't be. I had to come clean if I wanted an honest relationship with him. If anything; it is all my fault. How is he?"

"Yoh! Don't ask. Karabo is now in a bad mood because of him. He is breathing fire. Man is a whole dragon."

"Oh God, what do I do now? Do I come and see him? Should I go to his place? I don't want him to go back to the drinking Greyson, the Greyson that doesn't pitch to work and just

wants to die." Loraine panicked. Greyson was making progress in his life...

"Okay calm down. Firstly don't come to the office, don't go to his place. That's on some stalker alert okay?"

"No it's not okay. I don't want to lose him. I love him Tracy... I want him every waking day of my life."

Tracy pinched the bridge of her nose on the other side as if Lori could see her. "Loraine the man is not in a good mood, let him calm down a bit then contact him." Tracy tried to reason with her friend.

"I have to go." Loraine hung up on Tracy. Like hell she'd sit and wait for Greyson to calm down. She was going to make him talk to him. This was not a life in the movies, it was her life and she was not going to wait and relax while Chrystal sinks her claws in her man.

After cooking lunch for her family, she took a bath and left for Centurion. By the time she arrived at Greyson's place it was already late in the afternoon. She'd wait for him, even if he

came back home late at night, she'd wait, she will take an Uber back home.

Two hours of sitting by his doorstep, Greyson finally pulled up his driveway and behind him was Gina's car. Loraine felt her stomach drop; she didn't need company, least of all Gina.

"You have some nerve showing up here do you know that?"

Gina parked directly in front of Loraine while Greyson was in front of his garage door. He opened the door of his car to come face to face with the woman who has been burning his mind all day long.

"No, I don't want to see you."

"Baby please..." Loraine walked in front of him, he looked upset. She caused that. "I am sorry okay? I don't want to lose you."

"I think you should leave my brother alone, actually leave all of us alone. You wanted to steal the chip that holds the foundation of our family's business knowing very well it will

crumble us, you used my brother to – " Gina was interrupted by Greyson.

"Wait, how did you know about the chip?" he asked his sister. He sure as hell didn't tell anyone.

Gina opened and closed her mouth like a fish. "I..."

"You what Gina? How did you know?"

Loraine was confused by the interaction. But she was curious on how Gina knew about this if Greyson did not disclose.

"Well... I uh... Thabiso her ex-boyfriend told me. Yeah, he was in on the whole thing with her."

"That's a lie Gina, Greyson she is lying."

Greyson looked at Loraine; the panic in her eyes told him what he needed to know. Gina was right.

"Don't you ever come back to my house again or I will destroy you Loraine. I will fucking destroy you!" he pushed passed her and walked inside his house.

"Go on boo, leave!" Gina had a smug look on her face and turned to follow Greyson inside.



Loraine was crushed. It felt like a pregnant elephant was sitting on her chest. She couldn't lose him, she loved him... Tears filled her eyes as she tapped on her phone to request a ride home. "I love you." She whispered to no one in particular before walking to the gate.

Greyson was in his office watching her as she wiped her tears and walk away. His heart clenched against his chest. He loved her.

"I love you..." he whispered.

"Karabo get me a Thabiso Mabu to my office right now. Right now Karabo." Greyson barked orders soon as his assistant came into view. Not even a greeting, just orders. Karabo wanted to tell him where to get off but she bit her tongue. The man had no manners, he was coming along well the past week and like someone pressed his reset button, it was back to the cold and rude bastard she heard him to be.

"Uhm okay."

"Now, I don't see you moving." He then entered his office. He was livid; he couldn't sleep a wink last night after dreaming about Loraine and her pretty smile. They were house viewing in the dream, something he had wanted to do with her. He didn't want her to move in his place with him, he wanted them to move into their own place together. The dream felt so real, and then it turned steamy. Her moans filled his ears; they filled his room as he made sweet love on the floor of their new place that was not furnished.

He woke up sweating and spotting a hard on. That pissed him off. Loraine had implanted herself on his mind, he felt like he had no control over the situation. So he started thinking about the whole ordeal.

Now he wanted Thabiso in his office. He had some explaining to do. Gina let it slip yesterday about him knowing all about Loraine's plan so he wanted to hear it from the horse's mouth.

"What did you do baby maker?" Karabo asked Thabiso as soon as he arrived to the lair.

"Don't fucking call me that and what do you mean what did I do?"

"Go on inside, you will see." Karabo had a smug look on her face. She hated baby maker for what he did to Loraine back when they were dating and she was glad he would be at the receiving end of Greyson's anger.

Thabiso was invited inside and when he took a look at Greyson, he felt uneasy. The man's eyes were so dark, he forgot they were blue. He looked like the devil.

"Uhh Mr Pierce you called for me?"

"Close the door and have a seat." Greyson spoke. He was leaning against the front of his desk. He was dressed in a pair of jeans and a blazer. He looked devilishly handsome.

"I am going to cut to the chase and ask you something simple and it will help you to be honest with me."

"Uhh sure."

Thabiso sat down on the chair right next to Greyson and Greyson walked around him and stood right behind him. Crouching until his lips were right next to Thabiso's ear.

Thabiso was very uncomfortable, this felt a little too gangster for his liking. Some mafia style of interrogation, he couldn't even swallow saliva.

"What do you know about the microchip that holds this company's foundation?" Greyson asked. His voice sent chills down Thabiso's spine.

"No-nothing Mr-Mr Pie-Pierce." He stuttered.

"I am going to ask you one more time, but if the answer that comes out of your mouth is lies, I am going to break your jaw. One more, time... what do you know about the microchip that holds this company's foundation?"

Then Thabiso sang like a canary. He was scared for his life, and actually considered he might also lose his job.

"So you wanted in on it because of the money Loraine's uncle promised you? How did that end?" Greyson asked.

"Your sister made me tell her all about it so she started meeting with Druza and I was cut off the deal since I couldn't make Lori steal it."

"Why couldn't you make Lori steal it?" when he said 'Lori', it was as if the name burned his tongue.

"She didn't want to steal it, she was so hung up on you she threatened to call the police on her uncle." Thabiso could now speak properly since Greyson moved to go sit on his chair, looking at the young man.

"I see. Thank you for your time Mr Mabu."

"Uhh sure."

"When you get to your office, clear up everything, and leave the medical card with HR, you're fired."

Thabiso thought he wasn't hearing right. Just as he thought telling the truth saved him, he learns the hard way. "What? But sir, I just told you the truth..."

"You wanted to destroy this company for a quick buck. If Loraine had agreed to steal, Druza would have paid you off; I would have lost my company. Now do you think I want such person working for me? It must be crack. Fuck outta here."

Soon as Thabiso left the office Greyson called Karabo in.

"Make sure Mr Mabu leaves this office peacefully and inform

security to escort him if there is a need." He then contacted HR and told them of the decision he made.

"You cannot just fire him like that Mr Pierce, what if he takes us to the CCMA?" the HR manager asked.

"He won't, if he knows what's good for him. He tried to screw this company over, he is not an asset; he is a liability."

Greyson sat back on his chair and thought of everything Thabiso told him. Loraine may have said no to Thabiso's advance and efforts and persuasion, but she was still in the wrong, she still kept the truth from him. She still came into his life with means to deceive him.

But what now concerned him the most was Gina's role in everything. If Gina knew all along about this, why did she keep quiet?

Greyson checked his phone for the message he received on Sunday night just when Loraine was expected to steal the chip. The text message informed him about someone close to him trying to steal from him. The text even directed him to

the cinema where he found Loraine standing, looking lost, barefooted.

He looked at the message, the style of texting it was very familiar. He looked at texts from Loraine and his friends, his brothers and then Gina's... so it was Gina who sent him the text. That was her game plan to incriminate Loraine.

But why? Why did Gina hate Loraine so much?

Also why couldn't he bring himself to forgive Loraine? He missed her, he loved her but the fact that she was with him almost all the time and never told him the truth just put him off.

He fired up his laptop, he'd rather work to keep his mind busy than to think about Loraine or Gina.

In Gina's office, she was having breakfast with Chrystal when she received a text message from Thabiso: '***He knows the truth, he fired me. You owe me.***'

"Oh bloody hell!" Gina slapped her phone face down on her desk.



"What's wrong?"

"I may be in trouble with my brother because of some incompetent asshole."

"What have you now done Gina? Just last week you made the man cry, are you not going to give up?"

"No, he is my brother I need to protect him from leeches like Loraine."

Chrystal laughed shoving a piece of bacon in her mouth.

"Loraine could be many things but a leech? She's not a leech."

Gina arched her brow in a confused manner. "Since when are you team Loraine? Need I remind you that she stole your man? You should be thanking me right now because Greyson will soon be available."

"I don't want him anymore Gina. He is happy with Loraine. Can't you see it?"

"Happy my foot. He is just infatuated."

"He was infatuated with me, he loves that girl. She makes him focus on important things in life, his head is back in the business, we are doing well, he meets deadlines, he gets to meetings on time, and there are some new developments on the apps. Loraine is good for his soul."

"Is that all? Is that why you're giving up on him? Because his head is now back in the business?"

"Honestly? Yes. How many years has it been Gina? How many times did you have to fly over just comfort him? Do I need to remind you that the only reason you came around now is because you knew he would crumble and wallow in self-pity? Or try to get himself killed?"

"What are you saying?"

"I am saying Greyson found someone to live for. And that someone made him look at life with a different eye. I care a great deal about Grey, I really do. I had hoped we'd become a couple but I saw him cry, he's too vulnerable for me. And that made me realize it was the sex I was crazy after. Let your

brother love who he wants to love. If it's Lorraine, then leave them alone." Chrystal told Gina in a calm tone. "Also what is your obsession with Lorraine?"

"I am not obsessed with her."

"If you aren't then leave them alone. Or you will lose your brother."

Gina just couldn't believe that what she has been fighting for was in vain. But was it really in vain? Maybe Chrystal didn't want Greyson but did Lorraine deserve the man? Surely not. She was a chancer that came into their lives to steal from them.

But something nagged her, was she pushing it too far?

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

"Lori?" Joyce Teffo softly called out to her daughter. It was Tuesday and the young lady has been in her room since last night. She was worried about her first-born child, she'd normally talk to Masego about things but ever since Masego was discharged from the hospital she barely said two words to her.

"Hai, what is wrong with your sister Masego?"

Masego shrugged. She stuffed her face with breakfast while chatting to her friends on her phone.

"Please talk to her, she opens up to you than me." Joyce begged.

"Bathong mama, ses'Lori will come out of her room when she's hungry. I mean she has to be hungry at some point."

"When? She didn't eat lunch or supper last night."

That grabbed Masego's attention. Loraine may not be a food enthusiast but she'd never starve herself. Clearly something

was awfully wrong. Even when she said she was on leave because of her, she hardly spent time with her since she was discharged.

"Okay I'll talk to her." Masego agreed. They finished eating their breakfast and her mother then decided she was fit to go to her side job. There she'd also make her daughters a couple of dresses. If there was anything about Loraine's mother was that she and the lady she worked with made nice clothes. Hence she could even buy things for her home and take care of her children.

An hour later Masego was watching TV and still no sign of Loraine so she texted her sister.

***'Come and watch a movie with me.'***

Soon enough Loraine who was still in her pyjamas walked in the lounge, her eyes almost shut with heavy eye bags.

"Oh my God! What is wrong?" Masego gasped.

"Greyson dumped me." She sniffed.

At that minute, the girls didn't hear the door open and their mother return. Mrs Teffo remained put. She needed to know what was going on with her daughter.

"He dumped you? Why? I thought you two were working perfectly."

"He found out about the chip."

"Oh no... he is that mad huh? Did you tell him that malome Andrew made you do this? Did you let him know that you never wanted to steal from him? How did he find out actually?" Masego was full of questions. She hated seeing her big sister like that. Loraine was a happy and quiet person, but could be rowdy around Masego and that's who she wanted to see. Not the sappy and sad woman who has cried her eyes shut.

"I told him... I had to. Your accident... your accident was a message to me. That if I don't steal the chip they will kill you. The car simply grazed you, that's what they wanted. To scare me. And they succeeded. I was scared that I was going to lose

you or mama... so as I was about to do the unthinkable, I thought of Greyson. He is a sweet and kind man. He deserved none of this... so I told him the truth."

"And he dumped you?"

"And he dumped me."

"Loraine Teffo? What did you have to steal from that kind man? And what is it about Andrew?"

The girls' eyes almost popped out of their sockets at their mother's sudden appearance and outburst. They were not expecting her or anyone for that matter.

"Mama..."

"I want the truth Loraine. Oh my baby look at your eyes. You have been crying the whole time? That is not healthy. But tell me, what is this about you being a thief?"

Loraine had no choice but to tell her mother everything and Joyce was livid. She was losing her mind with anger. She picked up her phone and called Andrew.

"Sesi." (Sister) Andrew answered the phone.

"Hey! Don't sesi me you pathetic old man. Who do you think you are taking my child and feeding her to the wolves, huh? Do you not have your own children that you can turn into thieves? Do you think that twenty five years ago when I went to the hospital dying of contractions, dizzy from labour pains I was doing it so that you could come and destroy my baby?" Joyce lashed on the phone. She was so angry and upset at her brother.

"If Teffo was still alive, I'd have sent him to come and break your legs because you cannot play with his children. You do not play with my children. You had someone run Masego with a car? Hela, do you think I gave birth to these girls for you to play with? For you to gamble with their lives? Are you God? Threatening to kill my children? Are you God?"

"You must never ever set your foot in my house do you understand?" she said. "O ska hlola o beya leotwana la gago le le sehla ka mo ntlong yaka ever again. O ntlwaela gampe."



(Don't you ever set your ashy foot in my house ever again, you have disrespected me enough.)

"And when you see me at family gatherings, you better look the other way boy, or so help me God... I will pour you with hot water. Sies!" then she hung up.

Masego and Loraine were shocked for words. Their mother didn't say anything to them once Loraine finished telling her everything from the very first day, she simply took her phone and called her brother.

"Andrew is so awful." Then she broke down. Joyce cried. How could her own brother do such to his own nieces? Was money this important that you'd overlook family?

"Mama I'm sorry for going through with this. And for not telling you."

"You're right, you should have told me. But it's okay my baby." She wiped her tears off. "Fight for Greyson. I know he loves you, I can tell you love him too... fight for him. Don't give him a chance to heal and forget about you."

"I've never seen mom this angry." Masego expressed once their mother left them alone.

"I have... the second time actually. She can get a little mad hey."

"You're telling me. Anyway... we need you to win Greyson over. How are you going to start?"

Loraine looked at her baby sister. The weight on her shoulders has been lifted a bit. Now she only had to concentrate on one thing, getting Greyson back.

And she knew just what to do to rile him up a bit.

"I have a plan, but I first need to get rid of my eye bags." She smiled and got off the couch, almost tripping over Masego's crutch.

She took a long relaxing bath after eating a big sandwich, masked her face and placed used teabags on her eyes. Then once she was done she washed her face and tried hard to rejuvenate it. Happy that her eyes were no longer about to shut, she applied makeup.

Then she went to her room and wore a yellow sundress that barely covered her thighs or butt. It was longer a right fit and she now wore it with leggings as a top. But at the moment she only wore it alone...

She locked the door and fixed her bed, took Masego's ring-light and attached it to her phone and she started filming herself.

She hoped Greyson would love what she was doing.

Firstly she propped herself against the continental pillows and then started playing with her boobs, Greyson loved to play with her boobs.

Then she took a vibrator and opened her legs, all the while the camera was on her, showing her clean-shaven pussy and boobs that spilled out of the dress.

Against her clit, she pressed the vibrator and almost lost her mind. The thought of Greyson touching her consumed her.

She felt his large and strong hands touching her, playing with

her clit while he whispered how nice she tasted, how good she felt, how alluring she smelled.

"Oh Greyson." Her eyes were closed, her mind around Centurion in Greyson's house, being played with.

She felt her walls construct, her legs needing to release something but what? The feeling in her belly... she reached her peak, cumming all over her bed and the vibrator, Greyson's name falling repeatedly on off her lips.

"Fuck!" then she opened her eyes. The camera was still recording.

Once she was finished, she looked over at the video and edited it out. She added a couple of filters just to make it a little presentable but still not hiding her truest form.

She couldn't help but to blush at her moans. She was really into it.

Then she sent it to him.

And waited.

★ ★

At Greymont Holdings, Greyson had just returned from a meeting with his father and he needed a break before he could delve back into work when his phone vibrated.

It was Loraine, he was going to ignore her texts but he saw that it was a video. An eight minutes long video.

He pressed play... wondering what she had to say this time. Something in his pants twitched, he looked over and saw the hard on he was spotting her sweet moans filled his ears. They were so sweet like caramel. He wanted more. He wanted to break the stupid vibrator and replace it with his tongue and fingers....

He watched all of it, every single second of the video, eyes never moving away from the screen. He was entranced. She was his girl...

**'Get to my place. Now!'** he texted her.

Loraine's heart was beating frantically as the uber neared Greyson's house. The sun was about to set and with her she had an overnight boyfriend bag that had a change of clothes

and some cosmetics as she didn't know if whether Greyson threw the ones at his place away or not.

When she received his message after waiting on him, she didn't expect him to call her to his place but otherwise she was happy.

"Thank you." She thanked the driver after paying him. The security guards as they knew Lori opened the gate for her. She was looking spectacular even she dared said so herself. She wore what she knew would drive Greyson insane.

A tight-fitting yellow dress that was backless with matching shoes. Mr Price really did come through for the girl with the outfit. She looked ready to step on a yacht for some fun night filled with flowing champagne.

Greyson was awe-struck when he opened the door... the little troublemaker was such a vixen, he thought. She had her braids in a high up-do leaving her face out in the open for him to see, for him to milk in.

They stared each other, neither one of them making a move first.

What did she think would happen? He'd grab her and kiss her? He'd invite her in and talk over wine? That he'd demand she take off her clothes from the door? Well pretty much all the above. What she did not expect was the silence and him looking at her from top to bottom one time too many times. Greyson couldn't believe that the woman he loved was standing before him, looking so gorgeous he wanted to show her off to the rest of the world. How can someone this beautiful be the cause of his heartache? It did not make sense but he wanted to believe that indeed she loved him or else she wouldn't have sent that alluring video, compromising herself in that manner for nothing.

Without a word he took her bag and grabbed her hand, kicking the door shut behind him. She followed without any word either. Her heart was hammering against her chest. Was he going to *punish* her? She wondered...

Loraine stopped right at the door of Greyson's bedroom. She was shocked by what was before her eyes. It looked like a kinky man's den... a Dom's den... curtains were drawn giving the dark illusion, candles were lit, only the bedside lights were on... chains, whips and handcuffs were on the bed as well as a red piece which was called lingerie, but Loraine scoffed at that. There was barely any material on it. And there was a ball-gag.

"Enter." Greyson ordered.

She put one foot in front of the other and only stopped midway... Greyson was a kinky asshole and she didn't think she'd ever get used to that. She has upset and hurt him, she wondered if the punishment would be enjoyable or would leave her reeling in pain and guilt.

Instead of ordering her to take off her clothes, he did so himself with gentle care. He was so gentle with her and that scared her. He was just too gentle and quiet for her liking. But she never said anything, she bit her tongue.



"I wanted you to put this on but I like you better in nothing but your shoes on."

She still couldn't speak. What was she thinking sending him that video? She should have grovelled like every other person who wanted their partner back, but no she had to be a wild cat knowing fully that she was not.

A gag, nipple clamps, wrists cuffed to the bed posts, Loraine was standing in front of his bed, naked and in that state with her arms stretched to the sides as they were cuffed to the bedposts. She now fully couldn't talk with the ball gag, it felt like a scene out of a porn site. But she was excited; her core was already wet with excitement.

Greyson looked right into her eyes, his Adam's apple bopping up and down as he ran a slick finger between her womanly folds.

She was so warm and wet; he liked how her body responded to his touch. He liked how she responded to his touch.

"Eyes on me." He commanded before his finger went deep inside of her earning a series of moans from her. He looked into her eyes and each time she'd close her eyes, he'd stop fingering her and gave her a warning look. "Eyes on me."

It was as if she could see his soul, even when the room was slightly dark, even when she felt like his soul should be dark with his activities, with his kinkiness, she still felt like he had the purest soul. She loved him and she wanted to fully know him and understand him.

Adding another finger in, Lori's moans did not stop and neither did Greyson. Her moans were a tune he wanted to dance to for eternity. He coiled his fingers inside of her and found her g-spot, he massaged it and she started thrashing around, however she couldn't get anywhere as she was bound right at the end of his bed.

The pressure and the pleasure were too much. She felt her stomach tighten and her brain almost switching off as she let go and squirted right on his bedroom floor and in his hand.

You'd think he'd stop once the water pipe broke but he continued fingering her as she squirted, getting his hand and a part of his arm wet.

He was entranced. She has never squirted before. He saw a video by some doctor online, who was teaching men on how to please a woman with just fingers and he didn't think it would work, but now that he knew it was possible, he looked forward to doing it again.

And he did...

Loraine wanted to tell him to stop, that she was losing her mind from being pleased this much, from the crazy orgasms he caused with just his fingers but she was gagged, so she moaned and thrashed to no avail.

Greyson then stopped and stood back, milking her all in. she was a sight, a beautiful sight and she was his.

He then placed a vibrator against her vagina, making sure not to miss her clit and he increased pressure to max. Loraine

closed her eyes and head tilted back as she felt yet another orgasm break through her.

If she gets another orgasm, she was definitely going to collapse into a coma.

Her body was betraying her. It was reacting to its own accord. It was as if it wanted to please Greyson. Inside she was running out of battery but on the outside she looked just about ready for anything.

"You hurt me, do you know that?" Greyson asked and Loraine nodded weakly. Then without warning he snatched the nipple clamps from her body and she screamed however her screams were muffled by the gag. Even though the way he removed the clamps was painful, she felt moisture between her legs.

"You like a little pain hey little one?" he was playing with her, tormenting her.

"I don't. And you caused me pain... right here..." he pointed to his heart. His voice sounded so distant like he was not directly in front of her.

He then decided to remove the gag, he wanted to hear her screams, her curses, her moans out loud without disturbance, but mostly he wanted to hear her voice as he spoke to her.

He placed an egg vibrator in her pussy and it started stimulating her. "Keep your legs together, it better not fall little one." He warned before he took a seat directly in front of her but a couple of feet away.

He leaned back placed his hand on his rock-hard dick, oh the things he'd give up just so he could ram his dick inside of her, but he had to do this, he had to punish her.

"Oh God!" she moaned as she felt another orgasm come.

"Please...plea...oh, oh..." she couldn't prevent the moans that accompanied the orgasm. She had lost count. She was sure she couldn't cum anymore. But she soon learned that it was

possible as another rippling orgasm coursed through her. She was about enough.

"Do you love me?" he asked her, watching her intently like some predator.

"Ye-yes..." she was shaking, her nerves were too sensitive, and her clit couldn't take it anymore.

"Then why did you hurt me?"

"It wasssss...wasssnt... it wasn't my intention." She told him. She didn't want to talk, she couldn't.

"Can I give you my heart?"

She weakly nodded. "Would you take care of it?" again, she nodded.

Greyson felt sorry for her, he saw a tear trickle down her face before she screamed as she squirted again, and this time she wasn't sure if it was not just pee.

Greyson un-cuffed her and took off her shoes, he picked her up and placed her on the bed. "That was enough right little one?" she nodded.

"Enough punishment for the little video you took and for how you kept a secret from me, how you were sent to destroy me. But we are not done... ass up!" he ordered. He wanted to feel sorry for her, he did, but he didn't want to cave, not yet. She felt the whip before it even kissed her butt. This was punishment for sure!

When he was satisfied with the whips, he moved behind her, she didn't hear him take off his clothes but he felt his hard member right at her entrance.

"Daddy is going to fuck you one more time yeah?"

"Yeah..."

Then he entered her, he couldn't deal with how wet she was, her liquid was too hot, and he been hard for too long, he couldn't hold on any longer.

He literally finished as he entered here. His promise to fuck her; gone with the wind.

Loraine was surprised at how quick that went, she was actually happy and grateful that he didn't last over two

minutes because of how raw her punani felt but still, she was surprised.

"Fuck!" Greyson emptied his seeds deep inside of her. He felt right at home, he didn't care that he came too quick; it was still the best orgasm yet.

When they had all calmed down, he pulled her to lie on his chest. "I love you, and I believe you."

Loraine rubbed his chest, feeling asleep. "Thank you." She mumbled. "I love you too Greyson, I mean it."

Then they passed out.

★ ★

"Morning..." Loraine greeted Greyson in the morning after a fantastic night, she was still unsure of where they stood with each other. He told her he loved her last night, hell he kept making love to her in the early hours of the morning but she still needed clarity, she still needed assurance that they were indeed back together, that he has forgiven her.



"Why are you looking at me like that?" Greyson was dressed in his black pyjama bottoms, barefoot and shirtless. He had just come from the kitchen, preparing breakfast.

"I just... are we okay?" she asked, she had to.

Greyson looked at her, and then he sat down on the bed and grabbed her hands. "What you tried to do to me is hurtful but I understand because once we established this relationship, you wanted nothing to do with what Druza asked you to do. I can't hold that against you."

"Please, he told me that your family stole from him so I came here thinking that I am doing my family justice."

"I understand my love."

"I am sorry Grey I love you." He looked at her strangely. And she asked him what was wrong.

"You hardly if at all call me Grey, it's weird hearing that from that gorgeous hot mouth." He teased.

"Oh you're terrible. What time is it?" she asked, stretching her arms and the sheets falling down to her waist, her boobs

starring back at Greyson who couldn't help but to salivate while looking at them. Those dark nipples called out to him, making him forget that he had a company to run.

"It's past eight in the morning." His voice was huskier and Lori knew; the man was horny.

"Greyson, don't you have to get to the office?" she panicked but he kissed her, shutting her up. After a crazy morning glory, they both showered and had to re-heat their breakfast. Greyson finally called Karabo after finding missed calls from her and he assured her, he'd be in the office in no time.

"Baby, wanna go to work with me?" he asked.

"Does this mean I am no longer suspended?" she asked, happiness filling her body.

"I was being mean but yeah, I need you back in the office. Karabo and that Tracy girl are forever complaining about me and the workload. They need you, I need you..."

Loraine grinned and nodded. "Oh, but I don't have clothes to wear." The smile she spotted earlier on died down.

"You left a black dress once here, it's in my wardrobe you can wear it with the shoes you wore yesterday."

"But underwear? I can wear the bra it's fine but panties?"

"Don't wear panties..." his eyes turned a stormy shade of blue thinking about Loraine not wearing panties all day long at the office, he wondered if he will get through the day alright.

They had their breakfast as planned; they then went to the office. Arriving there, they went to HR to clear the mess up, Greyson hadn't told them why she was suspended, and they acted solely on his command. It was unethical but there was nothing more they could do, he was the boss, and he made the rules.

"Oh Jesus Christ!" Tracy jumped from her chair when she saw Loraine walk in with Greyson all full of smiles. "Child am I not happy to see you! Mr Pierce." Tracy greeted Greyson before he excused him but not before he kissed Loraine's cheek and left the two ladies to catch up.

"He's in a good mood! How did you win him over?"

"I don't think you want to know Trace." Loraine rounded her desk and sat down, passing Tracy her bags. "Thank you for holding the fort for me but I am back now." Loraine smiled. "You have no idea how much I prayed for this. How the fuck do you handle all of these managers at once? I don't even want to mention that Chrystal bitch, she's so demanding. " Loraine laughed. "Honestly the person who knew how to handle them very well is Karabo, I am also still learning... but it isn't so bad once you are used to the system that I have put in place."

"I was about to lose my mind this morning, all I ever want to do is answer calls at reception, sign for deliveries and be about my life." Loraine laughed; Tracy was one woman who was very content with being a receptionist. There was nothing else she wanted to do other than that. She did her job so well that HR would ask her first of opportunities to grow in the company which she always rejected.

Karabo came almost running in her heels towards Loraine and Tracy. "Oh this is why he's happy, I was coming to tell Tracy that my boss is back and in a good mood, wondering what was going on. So it is because of you."

Loraine blushed. "Was he that bad?"

"That bad?" both Tracy and Karabo said at the same time.

You could tell they were frustrated with the man.

"He has been hell." Karabo commented. "I contemplated on asking him to call you. What was going on?"

"We had a fight, I did something terrible to him so yeah he was in a foul mood, but I fixed it."

"Look, don't upset him again, because an upset Greyson is a danger to society. I will check you later." Karabo excused herself.

"So is everything sorted between the two of you?"

"Yes. At least the worst is over hey."

"I am sure. I bet he was furious when he learned that your uncle is the one that tried to kill your sister." Loraine looked

down on her desk and busied herself by packing things neatly.

"You didn't tell him everything? Loraine!"

"I didn't want him to think that I am only telling him the truth because of my sister."

"Be honest with the man. Don't leave anything out so he can be on board with everything. I am going back to my desk before I am replaced." Tracy smiled and left. They had asked one of the cleaners to stand in for Tracy; she normally did so when Tracy was on lunch. It was a great experience that the young lady was upset when she saw Tracy come back down to her desk.

The day went by and David Pierce had lunch with his daughter. "So, baby girl you have been this side for too long, are you no longer going back to Cape Town?" he asked, stuffing himself with a rib burger that he ordered for lunch. Gina had hoped that her father wouldn't notice that she had stayed more than she normally did in Gauteng. By now she

would have been back at Cape Town after making sure Greyson was alright.

"Is something wrong in Cape Town? Do you no longer wish to live there?"

How does she explain to her father that the man she was shagging with had dumped her? Her father didn't even know she lived with a man let alone knew that she was once engaged. She had kept it all under wraps until it blew in her face when her fiancé cheated on her.

"I don't think Cape Town is for me anymore." She plastered a fake smile on her face; there was no way she was going to admit that she had made a wrong choice in men.

"It's not a man that has chased you out of that beautiful city is it?"

She laughed, a sarcastic laugh, a laugh that was filled with concealed hurt. "Oh dad. Hey did Greyson tell you that his girlfriend tried to steal from him?" she changed the subject.

"What? Who? Lorraine?"

"The one and only." Gina spilled all the beans and David Pierce grew angry.

"Your uncle doesn't know when to stop neh? But firstly, I need to have a word with Greyson. This is unheard of." David wiped his mouth clean, drank the juice and used it to rinse his mouth of any food remains. "Thanks for lunch my girl. I will see you back inside."

David Pierce was furious, how dare the employee they hired come to take them down? And how dare Greyson hide this from him? He thought Lorraine was a sweet girl who worked dedicatedly and hard for this company. He liked her on a personal level as he saw first-hand how she had changed his son's life.

Karabo was not at her desk, she was probably on lunch so David swung the door of Greyson's office without knocking and wish he had knocked first.

The sight before him shocked him that he stood rooted by the door, hand on the door handle.



"Fuck dad!" Greyson cursed as he helped Loraine off his desk, luckily he was just a minute away from unzipping his pants and burying himself inside Loraine's warm pot.

Loraine wished she could die at that instant. Having your boyfriend's father catch you making out with his son was not part of her bucket list. How would she now look at the man? She was embarrassed.

"Since when do you not knock?" Greyson asked his father while trying to adjust his dick in his pants. He has been looking forward to having his lunch time snack but his father was just like his daughter, no manners at all, they just kept ruining things for him.

"I didn't think that you did such things in the office." David finally found his words. The large man closed the door and walked further in. "On the contrary I am glad I caught the both of you together. You want to tell me why you're with this girl?"

Loraine did not expect that, she did not expect that question at all. She thought David liked her. Hell he knew about them on the Friday that Gina sent Greyson crying, she and David worked together into finding Grey. What was this question he was now asking?

"Dad?"

"Did she not try and steal from us? Did she or did she not come into your life so she could steal from us?"

Loraine who was standing next to Greyson looked at her boyfriend who looked down at her. Fear coloured her brown eyes and he wasn't going to have that. He was mad at Loraine for nothing; this time around he was going to stand by her.

"Let me guess, Gina told you that?"

"Of course because she cares! She is thinking straight."

"Is she dad? Is she really?" Greyson mocked his father. "We are talking about the woman who was hell-bent on destroying my relationship with Loraine the minute she heard of it. So what's to say Gina didn't orchestrate all these lies?"

Loraine was confused at what game Greyson was playing at.

"What are you saying?"

"I am saying Gina wanted to steal the chip herself so she could blame Loraine. If you don't believe me ask the boy I fired yesterday, ask him who kept having meetings with Druza about the chip and then ask me who sent me a message warning me that Loraine was trying to steal from me."

"Warn you against Loraine? Grey if your sister did what you are accusing her of, why would she warn you against Loraine?"

"That's the million dollar question isn't it? She disgusts me and she's your daughter so I suggest you go ask her why she worked with Druza and tried to frame my woman, and when she gives you the answer, send me a text."

David was embarrassed but more than anything else, he was mad that Gina was so hell-bent on trying to sabotage her

brother's relationship to a point of lying and skimming, conniving and manipulating.

"I'm sorry. I will leave you to... whatever it is I interrupted."

David then closed the door behind him.

"Why did you lie to him?"

"It wasn't at all lies. Gina was working with Druza, according to Thabiso that is. That reminds me, I need to find Druza."

"Why?"

"I need to teach him a lesson. He is your uncle he shouldn't have used you like that."

Loraine snickered while folding her arms. "Using me, I won't forgive that man for what he did to Masego. I hate him." She mumbled.

"What did he do to Masego?"

"He was the one who almost ran her down with a car. That was the final message to me to steal from you."

"What? Why didn't you tell me?"

"I honestly don't know. I felt like if I told you, you'd think I'm trying to save face. I needed you to trust me without all the details."

Greyson gently cupped her face in his hands and kissed her lips. "You are one weird person. Next time, baby I need you to be honest with me. Give me the entire truth okay?"

"Okay."

"Okay, so here is my card, you can order lunch and have it here. I will be back soon." He kissed her before he left the office.

Greyson knew where to find Druza thanks to Thabiso who let it slip that he still worked at his uncle's warehouse. Not so long Greyson had parked at his uncle's workplace and sliding through where he knew the workers would be having lunch. Andrew saw Greyson enter their workplace and panic settled in his being. Greyson looked straight at the man his eyes never wavering and that's when Lori's uncle knew that this

man was there for him. He shouldn't have let his boss to get inside his head and tasked him to steal for him.

Greyson grabbed Andrew by the collars and brought him up to a standing position soon after that, he had delivered blows to the man's face. Andrew tried to return the favour but Greyson was too skilled and too angry for him to do any damage. By the time Andrew's colleagues pulled Greyson off him, his nose was bleeding and he spotted a busted lip and a dislocated knee.

"You better stay away from Loraine and her family Druza. Or I will come to finish what I started." Greyson spat in his face before he left to his car.

He was too livid that he forgot he attacked a man at his work place in front of his colleagues and not just any man, a black man.

★ ★

"Loraine, sorry doll I need your help quickly." Lebogang from marketing approached Loraine's desk. She was one kind and

sweet lady. She never gave Loraine any problems at all; instead she was very accommodating and took into account that Loraine was new at the company.

"I have a meeting with finance and David and Greyson tomorrow. So I need you to prepare a few things for me today before you leave as the meeting is scheduled for nine in the morning."

Loraine nodded and listened to Lebogang as she instructed her what she needed. As they were busy talking Loraine taking down the notes, three police officers following Tracy walked passed her desk.

Lebogang and Loraine watched as the police officers and Tracy headed to Greyson's office. The man returned from his lunch run in a bad mood and Loraine was too swamped with work, she couldn't stop to check up on him. Now that the police were here, she was wondering what the hell was going on.

Was he going to get her uncle arrested or did something happen? A lot of questions were buzzing around her head that Lebogang had to snap her fingers in her face to get her attention.

"Are you alright?" the older woman asked.

"Yeah, yeah... just curious that's all."

"I am too but where my bosses are concerned I try not to get involved. Look I think we have everything –" Lebogang couldn't finish her sentence as she watched Greyson being cuffed and being dragged out of the office.

"What is going on?" Loraine was shocked at the turn of events. Why was Greyson being arrested?

"Call my father." That was all Greyson said before they disappeared into the lift. Tracy however remained behind, walking with Karabo to Loraine's desk.

"Tracy? Why are they arresting Greyson? What is going on?" Loraine asked while rounding her desk to stand with the ladies, watching as the lift closed.



"He is being arrested for beating up some man named Andrew something." Tracy mentioned. "Apparently the man was rushed to the hospital because of that."

Loraine wished she could rewind the time to lunchtime, she knew Greyson did it. He came back in a foul mood; she just pushed him to the back of her mind so she could work. "Oh God." David Pierce was not going to like this.

"Which police station did they take him to?"

"Olieven police station. It is the closest. Call his father."

"I knew that man had a temper, I am not even shocked."

Lebogang commented and Karabo backed her up.

"He actually knows how to control his temper; I am surprised that today he actually left here to go beat a man up."

Loraine looked at the ladies as she dialled David's office.

"That man is my uncle." She mentioned and Karabo and Lebogang's eyes enlarged to the size of plates.

"Mr Pierce, it's Lori uhm Loraine, Greyson just got arrested. He was taken to the Oliven police station just now." She bit her bottom lip as David fired questions at her.

"What the hell? When did this happen?"

"Like two minutes ago."

"Fucking hell, alright. Do you want to come along?" she was surprised that David asked her this. Of course she did, that was her man, she wanted to be with him.

"I have to go uhh Lebo I will come back to finish for you okay. I promise." Lebogang was confused as to why Loraine had to leave to the police station. She picked up her purse and switched off her laptop and monitor leaving them on her desk. She hurried to the lift so she could meet David at the basement.

"Uhh I'd understand if you Karabo went with him as his personal assistant even then I'd still ask why, but Loraine? Why? Is it because he beat up her uncle also why did he beat up her uncle what am I missing here?"

Karabo and Tracy looked at each other with amused expressions on their faces. "Sis Lebo Loraine is dating Mr Greyson Pierce." Karabo answered.

"I be damned." Lebogang was surprised, shocked to say the least. Loraine was too humble of a person for someone who was dating a CEO of a multimillion dollar company. Chrystal was never the man's girlfriend but she made it known that she was sleeping with the boss. Loraine was something else.

"Do you guys think she will help me set up my meeting tomorrow? Would there even be a meeting if the one of the attendees has been arrested?" Lebogang was stressed out. She didn't want to have the meeting with the finance manager only. They didn't get along and she'd prefer if both bosses were present.

"You sound like you have a lot. Let's just wait to hear from Loraine. Besides, I am the one who will help set up since my boss is involved. So I will come in early so we can know what is going on."

"Alright pretty people it's knock off time. I have to beat the traffic. See you tomorrow." Tracy left Karabo and Lebogang to figure out what was next with the meeting.

Loraine drove with David pierce who had already called their family lawyer to meet them at the station and Gina was not so far behind as she heard about the arrest soon as she stepped into the kitchen to fix herself a cup of coffee.

The situation at the police station was not pleasant. And Greyson's lawyer couldn't get him off as there were formal charges against Greyson along with evidence of him beating the man up.

"Fuck!" David cursed when Terrance their lawyer informed them that he will have to wait for his bail hearing otherwise the man will sleep in a holding cell that night.

"It is your fault Loraine you know that right?" Gina spoke up. Loraine snapped her head in Gina's direction and her eyes narrowed into thin slits. "Excuse me?"

"Yeah, if you were not in his life my brother wouldn't have been compelled to defend you all the time to a point of beating up your uncle for the mess he caused in your life."

"I am about sick and tired of you Gina. I am up to here –"

Lorraine pointed at her neck. "With you and your crazy self. I love Greyson, I care about him and unlike you I don't go out of my way to upset him at every chance I get. And for your fucking information, Greyson beat up my uncle because of you."

Terrance and David watched the two women breathed fire towards each other.

"Excuse me?"

"Are you not the one who was scheming with Andrew and Thabiso so you could sabotage my relationship with your dear brother? Were you not? Well Greyson didn't go to fend for me; he went there because my uncle tried to ruin your family's legacy. Nothing to do with me. And to be honest, I'd rather have you behind those bars than him. Because at the

end of everything that has been happening, you are at the core of it."

"You have some nerve-"

"You have got that nerve to blame me of everything! If we were not in a police station right now, I'd definitely mop the floor with your narrow behind. You go around pretending that you care and love Greyson but when he's happy, you come around and you steal his joy. Is that the kind of sister you are? Because if you are then you are terrible human being and Greyson is better off without a sister like you."

Gina was about to slap Loraine but Loraine caught her wrist before she could even go further. "I am going to get Greyson out of that cell and by doing so, I am going to get Andrew and his acquaintances arrested too. That includes you Gina; you better hope and pray that my uncle doesn't sing like a bird when they come for him, when I come for him." Loraine the harshly released Gina's hand and went to Terrance, asking if she could go see Greyson.

"I hate that girl." Gina mumbled when it was only her and her father left.

"You and I need to have a talk about this obsession you have over Loraine and Grey."

"I am not obsessed with her dad; she's just bad for Greyson."

"How? Please enlighten me my child. How is this fine young woman who has made your brother feel alive again bad for him?"

Gina opened and closed her mouth like a fish. She didn't know what to say for herself. Why did she hate Loraine? Why did she think Loraine was bad for Greyson?

"I mean look at it dad, she tried to steal the chip. We could have lost the company."

"We wouldn't have. Because according to Thabiso, the chip was going to end up in your hands anyway just to show that Loraine is bad for your brother. Well she didn't steal it, she didn't steal anything, she actually went and decided to tell Grey the truth... so what else you got?"

Loraine was so upset when she saw Greyson in the interrogation room. She quickly flung herself in his arms.

"Baby, I am sorry!" Loraine pulled back and cupped his face in her delicate soft hands. "Are you okay?"

Greyson smiled down at her and pecked lips a few times before he grabbed her hands to calm her down.

"Now that I see you." He smirked.

"Hey man, I will try by all means to get you out of here tomorrow on bail. And I got you a nice holding cell alone alright? I will see you tomorrow. Loraine you have five minutes with the man before they come in here." Terrance then left them alone.

"You think there are cameras in here?" Greyson teased Lori, sweeping his tongue over his bottom lip.

Loraine hit his chest playfully. "You are not funny!" she hugged him and they stood like that until one of the officers came to take Greyson back to his cell. Oh how happy he was



that they had arrested a white influential man. This would go down in history since all the evidence was there.

"I am going to get you out of here." Loraine promised him.

Greyson was confused by what she meant alas, he allowed the officer to escort him out of the room but not before reminding his woman that he loved her.

What was Loraine planning on doing he wondered.

Loraine asked David, Greyson's father to take her back to the office so she could pack hers and Greyson's stuff properly.

Arriving to the building, it was almost empty except for a few people that were not in a rush to go back home, they probably had cars and didn't have to suffer the public transport and its long queues.

Walking to Greyson's office, she found it locked, but she had the code to unlock from that one day she assisted him. She found his things neatly packed, courtesy of his personal assistant and her friend; Karabo. She only picked his laptop bag up and files there on top of the laptop bag, she passed by

her desk to take hers and the notepad where she wrote Lebogang's requests, she'll have to work until late at night. She proceeded to go to the basement where Greyson's car was parked. Dumping everything in the boot, she slid in the driver's seat and marvelled at how the leather seat felt. Greyson's car smelled like him, which put a smile on her face. Pushing the start button, the car came to life, she giggled, rubbing her hands together that she finally got drive the man's car. What a beautiful ride.

She drove out of the parking lot and into the streets; her heart was dancing around, excitement filling her body. She always drove her father's car before it was involved in an accident and usually whenever she visited her aunts or uncles, they'd send her to run errands with their cars so Greyson's car was definitely in good hands.

It was about half past six in the evening and she stepped on the accelerator, time was not on her side, she meant to see her plan fall through no later than that night.

She drove all the way to Olieven, instead of going to Ivory Park where her home was; she drove to Andrew's place. Parking the car in the open yard, she walked around the house and found her aunt sitting in the kitchen drinking tea with the door wide open.

"Mogatsamalome." (Aunt – but directly translate to my uncle's wife) she greeted Andrew's wife.

"Aw, Lori my baby I wasn't expecting you." The chubby woman smiled fondly at her niece. Everyone loved Loraine, she was kind, she wasn't so talkative and she was very respectful.

"Would you like some tea?"

"I wouldn't mind a glass of juice if you have." There was no time for tea but she was nervous, she needed something cold to calm her down.

Her aunt got up from the chair and poured her Oros that she had made earlier for her twins. "Your uncle is lying down in the bedroom. He came back from work beaten up and

limping. He says some crazy white man attacked him for nothing. But it's a good thing I encouraged him to open a case." Her aunt briefed her as she placed the cold beverage in front of her.

"Thank you." Lori said to her bringing the glass closer to her.

"Hao, a man just went to him and beat him up for nothing? Do you believe that?" she asked.

Her aunt shrugged and took a sip of her piping hot green tea.

"He showed me the video his colleagues took when he was being beaten. He was beaten by a white man in a suit. You know these people think they own South Africa just because they have money. So I told him enough is enough."

"Mmagobana!" Andrew yelled. (Mother of the kids.)

"Papa." Andrew's wife responded.

"Who are you talking to?"

"Ah, papa it's Lori. Can you believe she just popped up here? But Lori is not late... oh you're driving?" a smile spread on the

woman's face when she realized that next to Loraine's phone were car keys.

Loraine looked at the car keys and smiled, everything reminded her of Greyson. "It's not my car but yes, I drove here. I am actually looking for malome, it's important that I see him."

Loraine didn't have to speak twice, before Andrew limped into the kitchen. He had a plaster over his nose and spotted a burst lip.

"What do you want here?" Andrew was malicious.

"Hao papa, you can't talk to her like that. She wants to talk to you. Let me give you two space."

"No, mogatsamalome. You don't have to go anywhere. You can sit and hear what I have to say."

Andrew narrowed his eyes into thin slits; he knew what Loraine was trying to do. Loraine was trying to tell his wife about all that he had done. He'd rather die first than allow that to happen.

"Please go check on the twins and you can come back."

Andrew said to his wife who quickly excused herself to go check on the sleeping babies. She had to wake them up or else they would have problems sleeping later at night.

"What do you want? Was it not enough that you sent that hooligan to beat me up?"

Loraine looked at her uncle with nothing but disgust all over her face. "You call that beating you up? That is nothing; I wish he had done more."

"I don't know you to be this disrespectful."

"Respect is earned and you malome have lost all mine including the love I once had for you. You ran Masego with a car, my little sister, your niece, how did you think I was going to act towards you?" Loraine was baffled with the man's crazy thoughts.

"What do you want? If you want me to drop the charges against that fool, you can think again."

"Really? Is that the hill you are willing to die on?" she asked with an arched eyebrow. "I need to remind you that I have kept every sms, every threat you have sent to me, all the scheming, everything... if you don't drop the charges against Grey, I am going to make sure you share a cell with him tonight. I wonder what will mogatsamalome say when I tell her that you tried to kill Masego and I wonder if you will survive a night with Greyson in one cell."

"Huh! That boy's penis has gone through your head neh? You now think you're the top dog? Because he lets you drive his car and employed you at his company paying you peanuts?" Loraine rolled her eyes when her uncle spoke.

"Maybe, but just so you know you can hail all kinds of insults at me, it won't change the fact that either I am leaving here with you so you can drop the charges or I am leaving alone to go open a case of attempted murder against you. Let's see who will last in jail between you and Grey." Loraine did not bat an eyelash. She had to do it for her baby sister and for the

man she loved. She had done Grey wrong, and this was one way of apologizing to him.

After a few minutes of starring competition, Andrew's wife returned a smile on her face that quickly vanished as she looked at the two people starring daggers at each other in her small kitchen.

"Is everything alright?" she asked.

"I don't know, is everything alright malome?" Lori tormented her uncle.

Cussing under his breath, Andrew stood up from the chair. "I will go by myself. You can leave."

"Hao papa, kgane why o bolela le ngwana so?" (Goodness, papa why are you talking like that to the child?)

"I will be waiting there for you. If you don't come..."

"Yeah, yeah I will."

Loraine then took a sip of the juice and smiled at her aunt while picking up her phone and the car keys. "It was nice seeing you aunty, but I have to go. I hope to see you and the



twins pretty soon. Have a nice evening." Loraine then dashed out of the house, into the car and drove to the police station which was not far from Andrew's place.

It wasn't later that Andrew dropped the charges against Greyson, despite the police officers warning him about wasting state resources and their time, and that if Greyson had threatened him they can help.

Loraine had called Terrance after getting his number from David and she waited for both he and Grey to come out of the station.

"Wena? Otlo itshola." His uncle warned her as his friend's car was parked next to Loraine. (You? You will regret this.)

When Greyson and Terrance walked out of the police station towards her, Lori couldn't help but to run to meet Greyson halfway. Greyson looked at her and his heart swelled with nothing but pride and love. He had made peace with the fact that he was going to spend the night in a holding cell but true to her word, Loraine fixed things.

A clearing of a throat set them apart; they hadn't even realized they were making out in front of Terrance.

"I am going to leave you two love birds alone, my man, stay out of trouble." He warned Grey before entering his car and driving off.

Greyson looked at his car at the police station parking lot then looked at Loraine who couldn't stop smiling. "Did you drive my car?" He asked her.

Loraine looked at him then back at his car and remembered how he once refused to let her drive. "Uhh I had to; uber is so expensive to go back and forth. From my uncle's place to the here..." She quickly explained herself. Jesus she was not looking for yet another fight. They had just made out. She was still raw from the punishment; she didn't want to be punished anytime soon.

"How does it feel?" Greyson asked.

"Yoooh it's a beautiful car and a beautiful ride. I didn't even want to stop driving." She beamed with excitement. Greyson smiled at her, he loved his car too. It was quite a beast.

"Keys please?" Greyson opened his hand so Loraine could give him the keys.

"Look I drove the car here; I am driving the car out." Loraine stepped back towards the driver's side. But Greyson was too quick for her. He hugged her from behind gently bit her earlobe. When she moaned, he took the car keys from her hand.

"Next time baby." He then slapped her ass. "Let's go." He said.

Loraine couldn't help but to giggle. "But we need to pass by the mall to get me an outfit for tomorrow and to get some food."

"Anything for the lady." Greyson said as he pulled out of the police station parking lot.



## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

February came and February left. Loraine and Greyson still couldn't keep their hands off each other. Loraine lived at Greyson's than she did at her own home and her mother was not happy about that.

"Lori no child of mine will cohabit with a man while I am still alive, vat n sit? No way." Her mother would say but Lori would sleep at home two nights out of a seven nights' week.

Joyce didn't even know what more to say to her stubborn daughter as her daughter was adamant with being as close as possible to the man she was in a relationship with.

Loraine had just knocked off and as usual Greyson either took her home or they'd go to his house. Today was no different. He told her, he had to go elsewhere but he'd be back to pick her up when she knocks off, true to his word, at five in the

evening, he sent her a message that he was parked outside waiting for her.

She was so giddy; being in love with a man that loudly loved her was like magic. Greyson kept her as a profile picture of his WhatsApp and a picture of them on his Facebook even when he hardly ever posted on the socials, he still showed her off. That alone swelled her heart. She felt like an important piece in his life.

Wearing jeans and a long, short sleeved blazer, with a black pair of heels Loraine stepped around her desk so she could leave. Karabo was following closely behind so they both walked to the lift.

"You look happy." Karabo commented.

"I am always happy Kay." Lori responded.

"Greyson Pierce makes you happy neh?"

"So much." The ladies fell into a conversation about relationships and men and how Karabo would die to be in a healthy relationship.

"Honestly just to have a man who think I am the most gorgeous woman in the world, a loyal man is that too much to ask for?" she whined as they walked towards the entrance so they could exit the building. Karabo's car was parked out front too. She brings her car around before knock time. As the personal assistant to the boss; she was awarded a parking spot in the basement.

"No honestly it isn't." Lori responded.

"It isn't. But you know what? I will fast for that man." They shared a laugh as they stepped outside and right at the entrance was Greyson in his fine grey suit paired with a black button down shirt leaning against a brand new car that had red ribbons over it.

The car was the same model as the car he drove which was in front of the new car. Karabo's jaw dropped while Loraine was shocked. She didn't need to be told what was going, with the way Greyson was smiling at her, the crazy, kinky man had gone and a bought a car for her.

*Who does that?*

"Greyson..." Loraine's voice held panic. She couldn't accept the car if her assumptions were right.

"Yes my love." Greyson showed off his pearly whites. Since he met Loraine that seems to be all he does. Smile, laugh, grin... she did that. She made him happy.

"You have been crying over wanting to drive my car, even had the nerve to tell me that it suited you better than it did me, since I agree but can't let you drive it, I thought you should drive yours." He passed her a box that held the key.

All the while Karabo had taken out her phone, and recorded the whole moment.

"Greyson are you crazy?" Loraine whispered, still in shock.

"You don't like it?"

"It's a car Greyson..."

"Yeah, for my baby."

"I can't accept this."



"What?" Both Greyson and Karabo spoke at the same time.

"Why not?" Greyson further asked.

"It's too much."

Greyson held her hands together and kissed her gently on the lips. She was still immobilized by shock. "You are my baby, my woman, my smile keeper, the one who makes my heart leap with joy. If I could get rid of everyone in this world so I can give you the world, I would. Since I can't, how about a car? Don't break my heart."

Loraine knew Greyson wouldn't take no for an answer. The happiness in his eyes, he wanted to do this for her. She'd be a bitch to decline, especially when they had an audience now. Wrapping her arms around his neck, Loraine kissed him. "I don't know what to say."

"How do I thank you?" she whispered, looking at the keys and then the car.

"I can think about ten ways you can." The man bit his bottom lip seductively, causing Loraine to roll her eyes and yet laughed at his weird and horny self.

Dumping her bags in the boot of her car along with the red ribbon that adorned the car, Loraine settled in the driver's seat and brought the car to life. A grin plastered on her face.

"This is my car?" she gushed.

Greyson tapped on her window a smile on his face. "Miss Teffo, ready to go home?" he asked.

"Yes sir!" she rolled her window back up and hooted as she drove off following Greyson.

"Some girls are really lucky." Karabo commented as she saved the video and send it to Loraine before she went to her own car.

Greyson and Loraine drove up Greyson's driveway and Loraine groaned when she saw Gina's car parked outside.

Gina was on the phone just by her car, when she had movement she looked up only to see two identical cars, she

knew one belonged to Grey but who... her train of thought was cut when Loraine stepped out of the other car.

"Gina what do you want? Didn't I tell you to leave Loraine and myself alone?" Greyson was instantly ticked off by the sight of his sister.

"Greyson... I didn't come here to fight."

"That's what you always say and end up doing the exact opposite. Loraine is my woman and she's not going anywhere. If you want me to choose between the two of you, I will choose the woman who I bury my dick in every night." Gina flushed as Loraine's jaw dropped. Did this man really just say what he said?

"What you and that sick bastard Druza did is unforgivable, you should be in a fucking jail cell with him but Loraine felt bad for you because you are my sister. If it was up to me, you'd be in jail with your friend."

Loraine hadn't planned on opening a case against her uncle, but her mother was so angry that she went to tell Andrew's

wife about all her husband did and she was the one who encouraged the family to open a case of attempted murder against him. She figured he was just too dangerous to be around them.

Loraine kept mum about Gina, for the sake of Greyson.

"I came to apologize." Gina said.

Loraine and Greyson both looked at each other then back at Gina. The blue eyed woman couldn't make eye contact with Loraine. She knew she fucked up when she received a call from Andrew from jail and her father threatening to cut her off financially if she kept pestering Greyson and Loraine.

She had some time to reflect on her actions and the motive behind that, coupled with therapy sessions, she now knew why she acted the way she did. It was no excuse, but it was a good enough reason. Her therapist encouraged her to be honest with Grey and Loraine and also ask for forgiveness and butt out of their relationship.

"Look I am sorry Grey and ... you Loraine. I was a bitch." She said, still couldn't look Loraine square in the eye.

"More like a witch, and if there is anyone you need to apologize to, it's Loraine. I will be in the house babe." He left the two women standing alone, awkwardly.

"Look Gina, you don't have to apologize, it's okay. You cared about your brother and I can't fault for you for that." Lori wanted the woman to leave as soon as possible. She felt awkward around her after the many fights they've had.

"No, it wasn't because I was protective of my brother..." Loraine was surprised to hear that. "You aren't trying to tell me that you have feelings for your brother right?" Loraine's eyes were enlarged at the realization that what she said could be true.

"Ew! God no! That is disgusting." Gina made a face and Loraine was relieved. That was close. She wondered what she would have done if that was the case.

"I liked you when I saw you; you seemed like a decent nice

girl. But knowing that you were just a cleaner here at home I was fine with you. It was only when I found out that you were screwing my brother. My mind just went into overdrive and I refused to see you for you are and how happy you made my brother. To me you were just another black person wanting to ruin our lives".

"Another black person?"

Gina scrolled through her phone and showed Loraine a picture of a black man smiling down at Gina.

"What am I looking at?"

"My fiancé, ex fiancé. I devoted my life to that guy, uprooted my life in Pretoria to go stay with him in Cape Town. We were so happy, he made me happy and I thought I also made him happy. But when he cheated on me, repeatedly even after I had forgiven him, I realized that maybe I didn't make him happy. Because why would he go elsewhere?" a lone tear escaped Gina's eye but she quickly caught it and sniffed.

"So, I saw him in you and that was unfair. So I am sorry. My therapist made me see it, if I hadn't decided to go on therapy I'd probably still hate you for his mistakes."

Loraine didn't know what to say but she understood. Hell Thabiso pulled a number on her and she was never the same. She couldn't possibly hate Gina now.

"Thank you for opening up to me. I forgive you but we won't be friends."

"I wasn't expecting that." Gina smiled a little. "Thank you for forgiving me. Tell Greyson I left. And nice car by the way, he really loves you, take care of him and he will take care of you."

Loraine watched as Gina drove out of the yard. That was intense.

"Is she gone?" Greyson asked. He was in the lounge having a glass of what seemed to be whiskey.

"Yeah..."

"You two good?"

"Yeah, I think we are. She just had some unresolved issues and she took them out on me. But she will be alright."

Greyson grabbed her hand and made her straddle him on the couch. "You are an amazing person you know that?"

"Mhm-mhm you are the amazing person baby." They made out on the couch but got disturbed by Loraine's stomach growling.

"Okay let's feed you before I feed on you." Greyson smiled at her. They ordered pizza and Loraine excused herself to the bathroom.

She unlocked her phone and received a pop-up notification of her period tracker app. She had the shock of her life as the calendar stared back at her.

**\*Two weeks late\***

(We have listed a few items that could contribute to that...) she didn't even want to click on the link provided to check what could have really messed up her cycle. February came



and left and she never noticed that she didn't go on her period.

She sat for a while in the bathroom, not knowing what to do.

"Baby? Are you okay?" Greyson was by the door, as she has been a while.

"Yeah." She responded, but it was not convincing.

"What's keeping you? Are you taking a dump?" he asked.

Loraine flung the door open, her eyes were teary. "No."

"Were you just sitting in there?" Greyson found the whole thing strange. "What's wrong?" she was just happy a moment ago.

"It's nothing." She walked to the bedroom. Her head was spinning.

"Food will be here soon."

"I am not hungry."

"Not hungry? Your stomach just grumbled a few minutes ago. Baby what is going on?"

Loraine walked to the bedroom and sat on the bed. Her head was spinning. She couldn't be pregnant. Not again. Jesus they just got into a relationship why was her womb so eager to house a human being?

"Nothing is going on Greyson, I just need a moment."

"Fuck that shit. You look like you are about to cry and I won't leave you until you tell me what is going on." The man was adamant about what he said. She knew Greyson wouldn't give up until she spilled the beans. "Did we not agree that we won't lie to each other? Or keep things from each other?"

"Oh fuck it there you go." She threw her unlocked phone at him. And he looked at the screen and his brows furrowed.

"Two weeks late? Two weeks late of what?"

"Of my period Greyson, two weeks late of my fucking period! I am late!" she almost yelled. Was she angry at him or at herself for allowing this to happen again?

"Oh shit." Greyson cursed as he took a proper look at the phone screen. "I am not ready for a baby Loraine."

Everything stilled after those godforsaken words. "*Loraine I am not ready for a baby.*" She felt her heart stop beating. She was not ready to being a mother either but she always saw herself as mother. Even when she was pregnant with Thabiso's baby she was willing to keep the baby if only Thabiso was a decent man. But now it was all happening again, she was pregnant or could be pregnant and he was telling her he was not ready for the baby.

How could she be so unlucky with men? Just as she thought she found the one, the man who loved her with everything she had, everything she was she was proved wrong.

"It's okay." She found her voice. If anything she was not going to meltdown in front of him, she will go cry her lungs out at home, then decide what she was going to do. She couldn't do another abortion but she sure as hell didn't want to have a

baby with someone who was not ready. Hell she was not ready too but it was happening.

She caught a lone tear with her a finger and stood up from the bed. "It's not like I've never been down this road before, right?" she made means to leave but Greyson stopped her from going any further.

"Where are you going?"

"Home, Greyson. I can't stay here knowing that I may be pregnant and you don't want the child. So I am going home, I am going to cry my eyes at home because it hurts right here."

She pointed to her chest. "It hurts."

"Loraine... I'd never let you go through this alone."

"You just said you aren't ready for a child."

"I was just teasing you, fuck it was joke in bad taste and I didn't mean to hurt you. I love you, all of you. Even if you trip and fall and your eye comes out, I will love you anyway." He held both of her hands together kissing them. "No one is ever ready for pregnancy. I have just been thinking about you and I

and the things we need to do together but I guess someone wants to join us too and I am all for it. It's our creation."

Hearing him say that brought a warm feeling to her chest. She looked into his eyes and he smiled his usual cheesy grin. He looked happy and she couldn't help but to let out the waterworks. She thought she'd have to deal with another pregnancy by herself.

"I'm sorry baby. I will never joke like that." Greyson then kissed her forehead. "If we are pregnant then we are pregnant, if we are not I guess we need to talk about our recklessness?"

"Only now?"

"I won't lie to you Loraine and say that I am going to use condoms with you. We had that chance and it never happened I am not going back."

"The least we could do is go and test right?"

"For pregnancy?"

"No."

"For HIV?"

"Yes." Loraine mumbled and Greyson laughed.

"You know what? Anything for you baby. We will test for everything under the sun including pregnancy. I will ask Karabo to book us an appointment with the doctor."

"No, no. I will make the appointment. I don't want anyone knowing my business. We make a booking at the doctors for the both of us and she will ask me questions."

"True. But you know... if you are pregnant we have to tell your mother."

Loraine looked at him and groaned. "This just got a lot complicated."

"How do you mean?" Greyson asked, his eyes searching hers for answers.

"We are from different cultures Grey. We have things called damages if you get a girl pregnant out of wedlock then you will have to pay that girl's family and whatnot. And my family will ask you about your intentions with me... oh my God they

will be all up in my business." Loraine was starting to stress out. This was not how it was supposed to be. It was too soon for Greyson to be met by other family members besides her mother and Masego.

"Oh I know about that. I have been living around African people to know such things baby. And tell me here... if I pay lobola without them knowing about the pregnancy, do I still pay for damages?"

Hearing the word lobola caused panic to course through her body. "Greyson... lobola is different from damages. Lobola you are basically marrying me."

Greyson realized that was not a cute way to ask a girl to marry you. Hell if he ever had to ask her to marry him, he'd go all out for her. He'd make it so romantic, a day she will never forget. Not in his bedroom with tears still decorating her cheeks from crying earlier on. "You know what my love? The pizza guy should be here soon. Let's go eat and will have this talk once we are back from the doctor, okay?"

Loraine felt a little at ease at the change of the subject. Did she want to get married to Greyson? Of course, hell yes. Did she hope she was pregnant? Hell yeah. Did she see a forever with him? Absolutely yes. But all of that scared her. A part of her was telling her they were moving too fast.

The pizza was delivered and instead of wine, Greyson poured her grape juice. "You know we aren't even sure that I am pregnant and I already can't have wine?" Loraine pouted. Inside she was giggling like a school girl. She had no doubt that Greyson was going to take care of her if she was pregnant.

"I am not taking that chance with you babe. You're having juice."

The following day Loraine only worked until lunch time, as she had a doctor's appointment. She had lied to Greyson that the appointment was for Monday but she managed to get in on a Friday. Tracy was waiting for her in the basement; she



was taking her to the doctor. Somehow she could confide in Tracy and trust her with her secrets.

"Whoa Trace. Is this your car?" Loraine was shocked by Tracy's car. She knew it cost around two millions of rands. You had to be a big earner to afford the car. And Tracy was always in cute designer clothes, smelled great, always looking for the next great perfume and never made lunch from home. Loraine was just too preoccupied to notice that her newfound best friend was a baller in hiding.

"You don't know Marcel?"

"Marcel?"

"This car baby. His name is Marcel. So sexy ain't he?" The look of pure joy in Tracy's eyes was a tell it all.

"I am going to go right ahead and ask... can receptionists afford this?" Loraine asked as she buckled herself in. she wished to own one of these some other day. It was a sexy car, however big it was; she wanted it.

"With what they pay me here? No." Tracy chuckled as she put on sunglasses on her face and they pulled out of the parking lot. "But I am resourceful woman. I have a couple of eggs in different baskets."

"Okay you need to show me the ropes. I want this car too."

"Girl Greyson got you a fucking sexy car, pretty expensive too."

"I mean do I only deserve one car? Besides, he bought it... I want what's mine."

"You clearly need to change career fields then... but if I were you, I'd just hope that I am pregnant so I can tell my fucking rich boyfriend to get me whatever car I want." The girls shared a laugh at how ridiculous that was. Loraine enjoyed Tracy's company. The curvy woman was only five years her senior but they could relate so much to each other.

Even if Karabo was her friend and roommate first, they were still off-balanced sometimes. She enjoyed both women's company, but trusted Tracy more.

Arriving to the hospital, Loraine was assisted by a doctor with Tracy waiting for her in the waiting area.

An hour later Loraine emerged from the doctor's office; a solemn look on her face. "And?" Tracy was anxious to know. She loved babies; she had no chance of falling pregnant like she was told by over five doctors, so she lived vicariously through other pregnant women.

"Negative."

"What? How come?"

"Doctor think it's stress that may have delayed my periods? And besides I did maybe once or twice have irregular periods." Loraine was chuffed.

"Aww you sound upset. Were you hoping that you'd be pregnant?"

"Greyson loved that idea, seeing him happy like that last night made me hopeful that if I am pregnant, he will be great with me and the child."

"Aww you almost make me want to believe in love. I really hope that you two get you're hoping for. Ready to leave?"

"You know what will cheer me up Tracy?"

Tracy stopped to look at her friend and saw the glint of hope in those brown eyes and knew what Loraine wanted. "You are not driving my car."

"Oh come on!" What was with people and not letting her drive? She was a good damn driver dammit.

She and Tracy passed by McDonald's despite being late from returning from lunch. She then went to Greyson's office where she found him having lunch by his desk, his nose buried in financial files.

She told him about the doctor's visit and he saw his face fall. Just like hers did, they were hopeful that maybe they were pregnant but at the same time, they were both not ready to share each other just yet.

"That's okay. We still have each other baby." Greyson kissed her hands.

"That's what's more important right?"

"That's what's more fun." He told her. "Anyway, when are you going home to show your mom your new car?"

Loraine smiled. "This weekend, plus I have to take them grocery shopping. I got paid." She did a little happy dance and Greyson couldn't help but to smile back. He was screwed. He was a man in love.

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

### **Seven months later...**

"So it finally happened? And you thought to test on your wedding day? Why?" Tracy dressed in a white dress that hugged her curvy body was in the bridal room with Loraine, as one of her bridesmaids. The dress came just below her knees with frills that will take you back to the great Gatsby. The dress was paired with white sneakers, Loraine expected people to dance and she knew heels were not going to work for everyone or herself. Yes she may work all day long in those kind shoes but for her wedding day, she was not going to do it.

She held a positive pregnancy test after speculating for over two months, and a bright smile danced on her face.

She was adorned with beautiful makeup for her special day and she couldn't hide her excitement.

When Greyson proposed to her three months ago, she thought it was too soon but at the same time she had nothing else to lose. She loved the man, he treated her like a princess, her mother and little sister loved him dearly like he was their blood family so why the hell not?

He was also romantic, very romantic...how he proposed to her will live with her forever. One day she will share with everyone else in the world how the man she was about to marry asked her to be his wife.

She'd expect a man like him to set up some romantic candle lit dinner in the house or at some posh restaurant in Sandton but no, the man actually flew them out to Cape Town and on a yacht, he had organised for just the two of them he made them watch a play.

The play was a romantic love story between two interracial couple, it was funny and cute and Loraine found it fascinating

how throughout the whole play the characters only ever addressed each other with their nicknames, it was until the end when the man asked the woman to marry him when she heard "Loraine Teffo, would you make me, Greyson Pierce the happiest man on this earth by becoming my wife?"

She was a little confused, she looked at the screen of the play and the characters seemed to be looking back at her, she turned to look at Greyson and was met by the most beautiful princess cut diamond ring.

"Will you marry me my love?"

At that point she didn't have time to ponder if it was too soon or if they were rushing, she agreed to marry him.

Three months later, they were ready to say I do. The lobola negotiations set the tongues wagging in the township, family members wondered if Loraine was sleeping with her boss, some wondered how she bagged a whole white rich man, accusations of witchcraft were also blowing in the wind, but Joyce Teffo was there for her daughter, every step of the way.



She encouraged her daughter that if she felt like Greyson was the one, then may the Lord bless their union.

Masego on the other hand was over the moon. She had been over the moon since Loraine drove her brand-new car home. The young lady even forgot about her fractured leg. She was ecstatic for her sister and her newfound beau.

"We have been talking about starting a family next year but I knew at the rate we were having sex... it was going to happen sooner. So I needed to be sure."

"Well I guess congratulations are in order." Tracy took a sip of her champagne then passed Loraine a glass. "Oh sorry, no more this for you." She gulped down Loraine's glass.

"Tracy, are you going to remember all the steps to the dance with the rate you're drinking at?"

"Don't worry about me home girl, I won't let you down. It's the white men you should worry about." They shared a laugh. Soon enough Loraine's mother and Masego who was Loraine's best lady entered the room in their white dresses as

well, they were followed by their two cousins together with Karabo they made the whole bridesmaids team.

"Oh ngwana'ka hle bathong. You look like an angel."

Lorraine's mother gushed.

"She looks like a dream." Masego had to add. Her dress was a little different from the rest of the crew as the best lady but it was still white in colour, and she too wore converse All-stars like everyone else.

Lorraine stood in front of the long mirror and could not believe the girl she was looking at was herself.

She was in a Gert Johan Coetzee mermaid dress with a long ass trail that started from the crown atop of her head. Her makeup was a soft glow which brought out her melanin against the white and beige material. The dress brought out her figure and she loved everything about it. And the pregnancy was giving her boobs a lift and she loved that.

"Are you ready to become Mrs Pierce?"

Hearing that almost caused her insides to melt. *Becoming Mrs Pierce.*

★ ★

On the other side of the chapel, Greyson was surrounded by his siblings and father with his date. The Pierce children were not quite fond of their father back in the dating scene but they figured the old man needed some loving too. He did say it wasn't anything serious, but he was just going go with the wind.

The men were dressed in black slacks and white shirts and beige blazers to match a part of Loraine's dress and their theme. Whereas Greyson was safe in a black and white tuxedo... like the ladies they were dressed in converse All-stars.

"I can't believe you are getting married before any of us."

Mason, the first born spoke up. At thirty-eight years old, he was still in the dating game and not even thinking of retiring. But now they flew back to the south of Africa for his little

bro's wedding, he was having a change of heart but not Kyle... Kyle was a different case.

Bringing a glass of scotch to his lips Kyle unbuttoned two buttons of his shirt. "I have to look sexy, I am not wearing a fucking tie." He said, causing his family to chuckle.

"No one expects you to wear the tie Ky." Greyson reassured him.

"Good. It's not my wedding." He further said. "Hey man, are you sure you want to get married? What's the rush? You can always settle down when you're fifty."

"When he is fifty?" David; their father, Mason and Gina all asked at the same time, eyebrows arched.

"Kyle Pierce are you trying to tell me that you are only going to settle down when you are fifty?" David couldn't believe what his son said.

"All women do is hurt us, so no thanks. Maybe when I'm fifty I will meet a lonely ass woman who wants nothing but love and I will give that a chance but now, no thanks."

Gina rolled her eyes while Mason and David shook their heads. "Don't be shaking your head Mace. You are pushing forty and I don't have no grandchild or a daughter in law. As my first born I thought you'd lead these lost ones." David threw his hands up dramatically so.

"Anyway, it's time son. Are you ready to become a husband?" David asked.

"As ready as I can be." Greyson beamed and his siblings had no choice but to join in on a toast. They filled their glasses with champagne while Kyle still stuck to his scotch.

"To Greyson finally becoming a man amongst men."

"Hear, hear."

The soft music started playing and Greyson who was supported by his three siblings and two friends as his groomsmen team grew nervous. This was it, there was no turning back.

Quite funny how he was almost here before, when he proposed to his deceased fiancée, he was in no rush to get

married but he wanted to. But with Loraine, it was like a dream, everything just happened in a matter of weeks, months... were they rushing things? He wondered. But he didn't care... all he cared about was the beautiful swan walking towards him hanging on her mother's elbow.

Mrs Teffo passed Loraine to her soon to be husband. Greyson hugged and kissed Joyce's cheeks and joined hands with Loraine.

Their vows caused some waterworks amongst the attendees... they truly had a fire brewing between them. Their emotions were raw and Loraine couldn't believe this man loved her out loud. His intentions were always clear with everything he did. He was clear about what he wanted from her, clear in how he treated her, how he loved her. She hoped she could love him just as much. She hoped she made him happy too.

★ ★

"So she was a cleaner at my house and she did not clean at all." Greyson was giving his speech and the wedding guests laughed at him. "She'd clean one room every day and loved to lounge in the cinema or the kitchen. I'd check the cameras late at night and see her lounging by the pool. Like what kind of a cleaner is this one?"

"Tell them how you never gave me a chance to clean as well, Jesus." Loraine interjected with a smile on her face.

"Touché." Greyson grinned. After making their speeches, they went to the dance floor and anyone who wanted to dance joined them. It was a beautiful day, white people mixed with black people celebrating the union of their two loved ones. Some members of Loraine's family were not happy about the wedding as they didn't have much power, unlike the normal weddings that took place at the bride's home, they opted for a neutral venue where everyone would be a guest and no one going up and down with a bucket of umqombothi or a bucket of scones, no fighting with the person who held the key to the

room that is housing alcohol and soft drinks, there was an open bar for all.

The party went on until the evening...

"Mrs Pierce..." Greyson who was slow dancing to the soft soulful ballad called out to his newly wedded wife. "Ah it feels so great to say that." He smiled.

Loraine whose arms were around his neck looked into his eyes with warmth and a dazzling smile. "Mr Pierce."

"How's about we leave the guests alone and go home? I need to really put a baby inside of you. I want to take you from behind wearing this dress, rip it off you and look into your eyes as I make sweet love to you." What a cheesy man.

Loraine could feel her pussy throb at the mention of having sex with her man. This man was going to be the death of her. His energy was still the same as when they met. He woke her up daily with strokes before they could take on the day at the office.



"About putting a baby inside of me... well too late, there is one already." She smiled at him.

"There is?"

"There is."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah, two months now that I haven't been getting my periods so, I took a test this morning."

Greyson had no words; he was a husband and soon going to be a father? His heart couldn't take all of it. He cried, for the second time that day. He was overwhelmed with emotions.

"I... thank you." He hugged her, almost crushing her. "You came into my life for a damn reason. You'd just made me the happiest man ever...fuck Loraine." He then kissed her. When he pulled apart, Loraine wiped his tears off, blinking repeatedly so she too didn't cry.

"Are you crying bro?" Kyle walked up to the couple only to catch Greyson wiping his tears off. "It's your wedding day, you should be smiling."

"I am smiling." Greyson grinned at his big brother. They were almost of the same height but Kyle packed more muscles than Greyson making him slightly bigger. "Loraine is pregnant... we are pregnant." He told his brother.

Kyle fist bumped him and hugged Loraine. "Congratulations you two. Thank you for making me an uncle." He winked at Loraine who chuckled.

As they were standing there, passing congratulations and celebrating the good news, Tracy walked towards them, a bottle of champagne in her hand and a glass half full on the other hand.

"Mr and Mrs Pierce." She grinned at the lovely couple. "This wedding is amaze balls. Maybe one day I will lose my mind and fall in love too." She giggled.

"Maybe you will Tracy." Loraine said and Greyson shook his head. Loraine had one time disclosed to Greyson on how Tracy did not believe in love anymore. That she's not even dreaming of it.

"Did you tell him about the bun yet?" she thought she was whispering but she was loud for all three of them to hear her. "He can hear you Trace and yes, yes I did." Loraine responded and Tracy could only offer giggles.

Kyle grew awfully quiet. Something about Tracy rendered him speechless. She was very curvy, her chest looked heavy but her skin, her caramel skin was glowing like pearls. Her teeth were sparkling and her pink full lips looked very edible. A twitch in his groin alerted him that he was thinking a little too much about the strange woman. He saw her at the rehearsal dinner but she was on her phone most of the time, he didn't even fully notice her until now.

The white dress hugged her body showing all her softness. She then looked away from Loraine and her eyes landed on him. He didn't avert his gaze, instead he held hers. She didn't avert her eyes either. She looked up and found a very yummy looking man starring at her and because she never gave up easily she starred back at him.

There was only one problem with their starring contest; she looked at him with challenging eyes, wanting to see who will look away first but he... he looked at her with hungry eyes. He looked at her like he wanted to devour her and that was the problem...

"Anyway, we are leaving... see you guys when we come back from our honeymoon." Loraine snapped Tracy and Kyle out of their trance.

"Kyle, I will call you yeah?" That was Greyson to his brother.

Soon enough, Lori and Grey went to say their byes to Loraine's mother, Masego, David and some of the guests.

"Alright you two take care." Joyce hugged them both and the pair held each other's hands and left the venue into an awaiting limo.

There Greyson opened a bottle of champagne; luckily there was juice so he poured for Loraine as well. "I am sorry that you can't get drunk tonight baby."

Loraine smiled accepting the glass of juice. "It's worth it my dear husband."

"We are really married?"

Loraine laughed "After the lobola drama, we are finally married."

Greyson groaned thinking of how messy the lobola negotiations almost were. Loraine's uncles and aunts did not make it easy for his family to come to an agreement. But Greyson had won over Joyce's heart so when Loraine went to cry to her mother that their family was being unfair, Joyce agreed and put her foot down.

They charged him a hefty amount of money and Greyson's family was not with it. It almost turned ugly for the young couple until Joyce stepped in for her child's happiness.

"That's what I get for marrying into a different culture. But honestly I wouldn't have it any other way my love." He kissed her. It was just supposed to be a peck on the lips but Loraine

deepened the kiss, grabbing the back of Greyson's head and pushing him closer.

They only stopped making out when they came back for air and their eyes were hooded. "When I get home, I am going to need you to lend me your body." Loraine told him.

Those were Greyson's words that he once used when he wanted to pleasure Loraine however way he wanted.

Greyson looked at his wife; he knew what was ahead of him.

He wasn't sure he was ready to be made to cum multiple times. His dick would get so sensitive he'd always be on the verge of crying... his tight grunts would turn into cries of pleasure and sensitivity and Loraine enjoyed that. She enjoyed that side of his.

"Are you going to let me?" she looked at him through the roof of her lashes.

"I guess... I mean if you go easy on me."

"Oh come on Greyson... it's our wedding night. Let me enjoy you."

He smiled at her, and then kissed her. "Okay Mrs Pierce, my body is yours to use."

**THE END!!**

## SEQUEL

**Well that's the end of the road for our Lori and Grey  
Pierce... It's been a ride, a wonderful ride and I hope you  
have enjoyed it.**

**I am super, super grateful that you gave this book a  
chance. 🙌**

**Well their story ends here... But we have two new people  
who'd like to say hi to you all...**

**Tracy Phiri and Kyle Pierce...**

**Come and hop on the ride...on**

**#BreatheAgain**

**It is totally, totally different from what you have read  
here... But I promise you will love it too. ❤️❤️**



MATSHIDISO BELLA



## **SOCIAL MEDIA PLATFORMS:**

### FACEBOOK:

@ Matshidiso Bella

&

@ Matshidiso The storyteller

### TWITTER:

@ Matshidiso Bella

Let me know what you thought about this story!!!! 😊