
CAMPUS
EXILE
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Chapter 1

PART ONE

'Nakupiga exile leo usiku' was one of the most dreaded phrases on campus, no roommate wished that phrase to be directed to them. On the other side of the coin, every male student on campus looked forward to the day he will use that phrase on his roommate. The joy and pride that came with exiling a roommate was incomparable on a weekend. The more times you exiled a roommate, the more respect you earned from comrades. Comrades with the prowess of bedding many ladies were assigned high-table chairs during wise men meetings.

It takes a man with brains to convince a lady to spend a night with him on an iron bed, but it takes a wise man to constantly repeat this feat with different ladies. 'The more ladies you bed, the wiser you are,' Ndege Serkali, 2014. The numbers of nights you slept in your room were directly proportional to how often you exiled your roommate. The more exile you received, the fewer night you spend in your room, this was according to a research done by Ipsos.

With the number of cars, not just cars, but machines parked outside female hostels on Friday evening increasing every week, bedding a campus lady on a weekend was increasingly becoming hard for most campus guys. The first day I walked passed a female hostel, I was made to believe those female students are very rich; the number of cars parked outside male hostels; zero, the number of cars parked outside female hostels; exceeds hundreds. As I grew into the university, I came to understand that those cars belonged to the fathers and uncles of the male students, Sponsors, who were there to pick campus slay queens for a night or weekend out.

Fridays afternoon used to be messy on campus, the hostel highways were decorated with students walking in pairs. For instance, the number of female students entering hall nine in UON was directly proportional to the number of male students getting out of the same hostel; for every lady entering a male hostel, a guy was being exiled, (getting out).

Alvin and Elana were not left behind on this particular Friday after. They were first years, two weeks into the campus. Alvin represented everything that described a village guy joining a city university. Unlike campus wise men who dressed to look trendy, Alvin was dressed to hide his nakedness; an oversized jeans, a tone shirt and a pair of old-school open shoes to give him the look of a mjengo man in Luckysummer.

The lady beside him was the first friend he made during the admission day. Over time, out of necessity, the two had developed love for one another. Alvin was very hard working, always doing the donkey work of the two. They mutually depended on one another, Alvin 'catching' seats for her in lecture halls and doing her assignments, while she walked beside him in university corridors. Walking with her was the only reward he received for waking up very early to reserve a front seat in the lecturer, while she came in late into the class amid stares from the rest of the lecture hall.

Alvin didn't like the attention she received all over the place, however, he did not complain, he knew his time to enjoy the fruits of his hard work would come. You could not fault Elana for attracting stares, she was naturally beautiful. She was the most beautiful lady UON had admitted since Stella Awinja, may she

R.I.P. She was like Africa before colonization. She had not been explored yet. The scramble and partition of her genitalia in the university had not started. The explorers had not discovered her natural beauty; perky 38D boob and a round ass, the missionaries; (C.U and evening prayer partners) had not yet started inviting her for Friday evening prayers that ended with missionary's sex, while the TRADERS, (sponsors) had not started exchanging money for her services.

'You've never invited me to your hostel?' Elana broke the silence between the two. They were coming from an afternoon class. 'When I request to visit you, you've always turned down my request. I am tired of listening to my friends boosting off their experiences in male hostels, while I can't contribute anything!' Elena complained.

Alvin rubbed his balls, as any wise man would have done whenever presented with a difficult question. 'Boys massage their beards when thinking while wise man rubs their balls when thinking,' Babu Owino-2015. 'I told you I am not ready to host you in my room!'

'When will you ever be ready?' Elena nagged.

'I told you our rooms are very dirty, more so, they are invaded by micro comrades!' he explained.

'What are micro-comrades?' she asked.

'Hehe! They are very tiny monsters that suck blood at night like vampires!'

'Stop joking!' Elena folded her face out of frustration. She really wanted to explore the secrets inside boys' hostels, the crazy writings on doors that her friends had talked about, the music systems, the loud music.

'This is the room that your mother told you to stay away from!' Akinyi's (Elena's friend) boyfriend stayed in a room with that writing on the door.

'My boyfriend's door had the most insane label,' Elena remembered her friends narrate of their maiden visits into male hostels. Njoki was talking, 'when I read the label on his door, I was scared and confused. "We treat virginity; don't enter if you are not a virgin!"'

'Well. Micro-comrades are bedbugs, I am scared if I invite you into my room, they will tarnish your smooth skin! I don't want you to have black spots on your minji minji skin because of bedbugs. We are going to spread our room with pesticides in two weeks time, that is the time when HELB will be disbursed into our accounts!' Alvin explained.

Elana was not satisfied by his weak narratives. Her friends had not complained of bedbugs in their folklores, none had. Well, none will ever complain of bedbugs. Bedbugs will never attack a comrade when he is having sex; they usually hide and watch the act under darkness. Bedbugs, don't attack when a lady is around! Alvin had missed this vital piece of information during his orientation.

Elana hugged him haphazardly and walked away into her hostel, Hall five, a female hostel. She was mad, she will not have a story to tell when girls sit on Sunday evening to narrate of their weekend's sex escapades. He watched on, as she shook her ass into her hostel. He smiled, an assuring smile, knowing that one day, that ass will be his.

Alvin was convinced that time was not ripe to invite a lady into his room, he was very broke to start with. HELB had not been disbudded yet, comrades were not eating, and those who ate, eat like chicken! Comrades were not fucking; you cannot fuck on an angry stomach, only the wise were able to fuck during those trying times. They had mastered the art of survival. Otiato was one of those campus wise men.

Otiato was Alvin's roommate in hall nine. He was a third year BA student, a class he had maintained for the past five years. His maiden classmates were on their fifth job promotions or managing companies while his current classmates were trending online with #ifikiewazazi. Otiato was rich, he was among the only few males students who could compete with sponsors for parking space outside female hostels. He owned two cars, which he hired out as taxis. Despite being rich, Otiato always loved staying within the school. He has never changed his room for the past five years; however, he has had five different roommates over the same period.

Alvin and Otiato were not only roommates, they were great friends. They would spend their evenings playing chess in their room, while Otiato passed on wisdom to Alvin.

'Brother, how comes you have never invited a girl into this room?' Otiato observed on the evening of the same Friday. 'Does it mean that none of these campus ladies has ever caught the attention of your dick?' He asked.

Alvin smiled, he pulled an embarrassing smile. His roommate had just questioned his abilities to bed a lady. 'Not really bro! I have a first-year girlfriend; she is the most beautiful girl you are ever going to see. She is untapped bro!' Alvin said, making a move on the chess board.

'mmhh!' Otiato smirked. 'Why have you not yet brought her here?' he added calmly.

'Look at me, bro!' Alvin said spreading his hands. 'I am fucking broke. I can't afford a meal for myself. The micro-comrades residing on my bed are soon dying of malnutrition, I don't eat decently. If I cannot feed myself and the micro-comrades, do you think I can afford to feed a campus lady, even for just a night?' Alvin argued.

Otiato laughed sheepishly. 'Is she coming to feed or to be fucked?' he asked between his laughter. 'I thought you will be bringing a girl this weekend, I don't even know your girlfriend which is all wrong. If you don't have intentions to exile me on the weekend, acha mimi nitafute form!'

'Go ahead bro, I am very broke to invite my girlfriend into this room. She is too beautiful to spend a night in such a bed. I will get HELB and take her out in nice rooms in town!' Alvin replied.

'He will understand the rules of the jangle!' Otiato thought, picked his phone to make a call to a female friend, Marion. Marion was Elana's roommate. Just like Otiato, she was a third year BA student. She was a campus ponce who ran an online brothel on Campus; 'Campus Divas for Sponsor!'

'I want that fresha for the weekend Marion, your new roommate; we will talk about the price later. I know you are planning to recruit her into your business, let me be her first client!' Otiato said over the phone.

PART TWO

Marion was the reigning Miss UON. She had picked the title not because she was the most beautiful lady on campus, but because she managed to bed all the judges just days before the contest. Otiato was one of the judges who awarded her the crown. The two had developed an inseparable friendship since then. Marion was one of the few campus ladies who owned a car. She made a lot of money from her online brothel.

'Elena sweetheart, do you remember Otiato, the friend of mine that came to visit us a few days ago?' Marion asked.

'The nicely dressed guy? I saw him in school today with a fleet of girls! What about him?'

'Nothing serious, only that he will be coming to visit in a short while.' Marion replied, sliding her voluptuous body into a luscious dress. She had gained a lot of weight ever since she started making money.

'Okay.' Elena replied defiantly. Her mind was swirling around male hostels. She was very eager to experience the thrill that is associated with male hostels. The loud music, as each room, competes to outplay one another. 'The music is loud. Imagine, I went to a room in hall 9, the semi-partitioned rooms. The guy on the left, my boyfriend was playing full blast Jamaican music while smoking week. The other guy on the right of the room was playing gospel music and reading the Bible always. They both played loud music to outdo each other, until one day, the gospel guy walked into the hostel with a home-theatre. The whole floor was forced to listen to the gospel music because no system would match his. It reached a point that guys started walking into his room to request for songs they wished to listen to and when he refused to play their music, they stole his home-theatre eventually. You don't turn hall 9 into JCC!' Njoki, Elena's friend narrated of her knowledge of hall nine. Hall nine is the most famous hostel in Kenya.

'I love that dress, honestly, Marion; I have always admired the whole of your wall robe. Everything is elegant and expensive, I have always wondered, how do you manage to be in school and make money at the same time?' Elena said, breaking a silence that had ensued between them.

'Thanks, sweetie. I know the trick. The trick is simple, walk with the right kind of men. Men have money, if you dress for them, they will appreciate you, sometimes for nothing,' Marion explained. She walked and sat next to Elena.

'I don't want to make money out of men; I want to make money out of my own hard work when I am working.'

'Perfect, for now, you are not working, and the only way you can make money on campus is if you impress men out there. Look at me, I am driving, I don't lack anything. I could as well walk out of school now because I don't need education.'

Elana sunk her head into her hands as if she was thinking; she was not a wise man, for she had no balls. 'What do you have to give them for them to appreciate me?'

‘Sometimes they just need your company, just your presence, and you can scratch their backs. Men have money, a lot of money to waste. If you are wise, they will waste their money on you. I have a lot of male friends with lots of money, they like wasting the money on me. Otiato is one of those friends. He was asking about you just a few minutes ago,’ Marion said, measuring every word that came from her mouth.

Elena was disturbed. She grew up feeding on the idea that ladies should grow up to be independent, that is what her mother was, an independent single mother who did everything to make ends meet. ‘Otiato was asking for me? The guy had a lot of ladies swirling around him in school today. Why would he ask for me?’ Elena wondered out loudly.

‘Otiato is one of the richest students in school. He is not mean with his money that is why ladies always smear around him. He is a great friend of mine, and I will recommend you to get close to him. He oozes wisdom and money in equal measures, he is also handsome. He is a rare species,’ Marion explained. She knew deep down her head that Otiato bedding Elina will be directly proportional to the amount of money in her account; I don’t know if that statement makes sense.

‘Is having sex with him part of appreciating him?’ Elena asked curiously.

‘It all depends on how much you want to be appreciated, my dear! Men love sex, they love vagina a lot, and you have a vagina, why not use it to get what you want, like Kendall Jenner, explore your vagina. 90% of women in the corporate world are there not entirely because of hard work, but because they gave men what they wanted. Look at you; you depend on me for everything. I am not complaining by the way, but you can be like me, learn my ways to survive!’

‘But I have a boyfriend,’ Elena said timidly.

‘Fuck boyfriends, the guy is not asking for your love, just your presence and attention! A boyfriend is going to screw you and leave you with a sore pussy, a man fucks you and gives you money to buy painkillers’ Marion countered.

Elena was convinced. Since joining campus two weeks ago, she has lived on the mercies of Marion. If meeting Otiato would change that, she was ready to give it a shot.

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‘Are you going to invite a lady here today? This house looks pathetic and dirty, the last time we cleaned here was when your lady came here two weeks ago,’ Alvin observed. He looked around the house. The utensils were dirty, their beds were not done, the floor was dirty. Nothing in the room looked presentable.

‘Watch and learn bro. Ladies love to be responsible. If a girl walks into a clean room, she won’t feel responsible enough. Let her walk in a dirty house, let her pick the broom and sweep the room. They will clean the house calling you an irresponsible dirty boy. That gives them pride and joy. They like it when they are taking care of the things around and when they boss us around. Let her tell you that the smell out of your armpits is skunky, it’s the easiest way to get her into the bathroom with you,’ wisdom oozed out of Otiato’s lips.

‘That’s insightful bro,’ Alvin acknowledged.

‘You can’t fuck her and clean the house for her at the same time. Let her do some of the things,’ Otiato added, receiving a phone call from Marion.

Their phone call was brief, as brief as a cock on a hen. ‘Okay Madam boss, I will be there to pick her at around seven in the evening,’ was the final sentence the two exchanged.

Alvin pulled a lugubrious face; he won’t be sleeping in the room again. It was a challenge. Why always him? This was his second weekend in school; he won’t be spending any in school. Alvin picked up his phone to call two of his first-year friends, to seek accommodation for the weekend. Like him, the two were facing a potential exile for the whole weekend. ‘I was almost ringing you bro to ask you if I can pirate in your room for the weekend!’ was the standard reply he received from the two.

Two options remained, call his girlfriend and find out if he can pirate in her room for the weekend or go back to his uncle’s place in Kariobangi. The last time he was in Kariobangi, the wife of his uncle ignored his handshake. She has never liked people from her husband’s place.

‘Hallo my dear,’ Alvin greeted.

‘Hello, Alvin, what is up?’ Elena asked from the other side of the phone.

‘Was wondering, will your roommate spend the weekend in your room or will she spend out like usual?’

‘I told you she does not spend her weekends in school; she does not have a boring life like yours. Anyways, why are you asking?’ Elena asked rudely.

‘Ouch! That pains. Anyways, I was hoping can I come and spend the weekend at your place; my roommate’s girlfriend is coming over tonight!’

‘Hehehe, as always you are the one to pave way for your roommate to use the room for the weekend. Anyways, I am also leaving the school.’

‘Where to?’ Alvin asked sharply.

‘I am going to a church Kesha, today, as I am speaking, am preparing. Tomorrow I will be attending a cousin’s wedding in Karen, and on Sunday, I will visit my Aunt in Kileleshwa. I heard she is sick,’ She lied.

‘Why didn’t you tell me this? You never mentioned all this to me?’ Alvin complained.

‘I didn’t, because I was expected you to invite me to your place for the weekend. I am tired of spending lugubrious weekends in the hostels alone. You roommate is inviting her girlfriend over, while you give me sill excuses every day. Did he hunt down all the bedbugs? Or are they also being exiled?’ she asked sarcastically.

‘Okay sweetheart, enjoy your weekend, let us meet on Monday!’

‘Okay, as usual, unishikie kiti kwa class ya Psychology Monday morning!’

Another weekend in kariobang. Alvin parked a few clothes and books and walked out of the room in the company of Otiato. Otiato was going to the shop to grab some kiss condoms, while Alvin made his way out of school.

PART THREE

'Is this all I am putting on? I feel like I am naked' Elena was shocked. She has never ever over-exposed her body like she was on that day, unless she was going to the bathroom.

'That is the start-up pack you need for the kind of company you are going to give the guy!' Marion replied, pulling a trench coat on Elena's body. Elena looked decorated; there were tonnes of makeup on her face. The make-up used on her face was enough to paint the whole of KICC.

'I am dressed like those girls in porn videos.' Elena lamented.

'Good thing you have watched porn. I want you to act like one of those girls!' Marion thought loudly.

'Did you say anything?'

'No, nothing, I was saying that the world has evolved. This kind of clothes made the likes of Vera Sidika, Kim Kardashian and Zari millionaires.' Marion said passionately.

'I even don't know who those are. Anyways, what's the name of these clothes that I am wearing?' Elena asked as Marion tightened the belt on her garter.

'Well what you have on are called lingerie, they are sexy clothes worn by super-rich women and women who want to be rich like you. Inside, you have a thong; on top of the thong is a sheer garter dress with a strapless push-up bra, perfect for your body and boob size,' Marion said.

Elena looked sexy for sex. Marion had worked with female students before, but none was as beautiful and sexy as Elena. If all went according to her plans, Elena would become the face of her 'Campus Slay queens for sponsors,' online business. She would be assigned to serve the super-rich customers. To get her to that level, she had to mentor her, and who else was a good mentor than Otiato?

Otiato had an unrivaled legacy of fucking young and beautiful first years, more often virgin first years. He had extra-sensitive insect-like antennae inside his nose that can smell a virgin within a certain radius. 'Woow, look at this angel, she has the face of a mermaid. You look more beautiful than anything I have seen before.' Otiato complimented Elena as soon as they met inside Marion's room. Elena blushed, her curvy lips folding inside to form one of the most beautiful dimples ever. She was angelic.

'Thanks,' is all that sneaked out of her mouth. She was nervous; she had never spent time with a man, apart from the two men who tried to force themselves on her a few years ago. Today was going to be her first night with a man; she had never planned it to be this way. Just like any teenage girl, her dream was to lose her virginity to the man who will marry her.

'You look cute too, I love your suits!' she finally composed herself to compliment Otiato. Her courage to compliment him was admirable, how often do ladies compliment men?

'Gracia, merci beaucoup! This is an Italian Suit; I imported it last week just for this occasion!' Otiato said boastfully. Elena smiled and followed Otiato as he led her into his hostel. Hall nine as usual on a Friday evening was burning. The smell and smoke of bang emanating from rooms would have made you

believe that you are in Jamaica. As expected, music was booming and ladies were already moaning. Hall nine is where most UON girls experience their first campus sex.

Otiato's room was on the second floor, and the writing on his door was epic, 'Mama, Mama she is here. Mama, you warned her to stay away from male hostels but she disobeyed you. Mama, you warned her to abstain from sex, but she is here mama, going to be fucked.'

'This is where I spend my lonely nights and days! Welcome in and feel at home,' Otiato welcomed her in. The room was in a mess, a big mess.

'When was the last time you cleaned in here? This room looks like the owners were displaced long long time ago! Do you have a broom?' Elena asked while trying to spreading the undone bed.

'C'mon angel,' Otiato walked to her, wrapping his long strong arms around her body from the back. 'It's too late to spread the bed or clean. We will do that in the morning.' He pulled her on his body, such that his crotch was massaging her firm ass from behind. A timid sigh escaped her lips; she shivered but at the same time felt so safe inside Otiato's strong arms.

'Where is your roommate?' Elena asked. Otiato lowered his head, bend her head and planted a kiss on her neck.

'I don't know. I don't know where he took his broke ass to. It is Friday night, a night reserved for ejaculation on campus, broke niggas are not allowed to ejaculate, not until they receive HELB!' Otiato replied rudely as usual. He was an egomaniac.

He moved his strong arms up her body, squeezing her flat tummy. A strong breath escaped her mouth again. She was scared and ecstatic in equal measures, but she was determined to expel fear from her body. 'If you do well, he will pay you handsomely. Be calm, let him do to you whatever he wants to do to you,' she remembered Marion's advice.

Otiato pilled the trench coat from her body to expose her lingerie. 'You are dressed like a little hoe, that turned me on instantly.' He whispered into her ears, biting her lower ear. She never ever thought she will ever be called a little hoe; leave alone fuck a man she never loved. She wanted to cry, she wanted to let her tears out in gashes, but she remembered Marion's word, 'don't do something that might piss him off! Don't be too gloomy, be happy and get acknowledged happily!'

With force, he tore off lingeries, one by one, they fell on the dirty floor until she was only standing on her thong; was it hers really? She had been forced to put on that piece of thread. She stood there, like a mosquito that has inhaled a repellent.

'C'mon, make a move; shake your ass or something. Don't just stand there as if I am a mortuary attendant cuddling with a dead woman!' Otiato said rudely. He hated the static nature of Elena. She was not static, she just didn't know what to do or say, she was scared to do what she had watched girls do in the videos that Marion had shown her. 'If you can do like these girls are doing, it won't take you long before you start driving.' Mario wanted her to behave like a porn star.

'I am sorry,' Elena replied timidly, turning around to face Otiato. She wrapped her delicate arms around his broad shoulders. He was heavily built. She stretched upwards to kiss his tar coated lips. He pulled her

on himself mercilessly. Her perky tits pierced his chest, with her nipples threatening to bore holes on his shirt.

‘Sorry about that, I shouldn’t have allowed my emotions to take control of me. What I said is mean!’ Otiato apologized. He has never apologized before.

‘It’s okay sweetheart, I am all yours tonight, do to me what you would like to do, and I will be your hoe tonight!’ Elena said, she undid his shirt, and belt and pulled out his fat shaft. It was huge. She took it into her hands and shook it, as if ‘shaking well before use.’ The dick was already oozing pre-cum, which looked disgusting.

‘Take his dick into your hands, shake it smoothly, massage it from top to the base and gently shove it into your mouth. Make sure your teeth stay away from his flesh. It irritates a man when a lady’s teeth scratch his dick during the blowjob. Use your tongue and your lips alone, I repeat, keep your teeth away from his flesh. Occasionally massage his balls too!’ She replayed Marion’s advice in her brain again, bends down and pulled Otiato’s dick into her warm mouth.

A soft moan escaped his lips, the grip of her mouth on his dick was expertise and exceptional. She sucked and squeezed his dick like she has been doing all her life.

‘Mmhh, seems you were born to do this,’ he said between his moans.

Like an echo, the words kept on playing in her head. She was fighting her tears with every passing minute. She wanted to hit him and run away, bite his dick off and swallow it. She wanted to grab his balls and pull them off his body.

PART FOUR

'I was told you are a virgin, how come you are lambaring my lolo like you've been doing it straight from your mother's womb!' His face glimmered with satisfaction as he talked, pulling and pushing Elena's head on and off his massive dick.

Rage was building in her mouth, the pain was growing in her mouth, and she really wanted to inject that pain in his body through his dick. Her anger grew with every thrust he made inside her mouth. She wished she was a vampire, grow long teeth and inject venom into his dick, but she wasn't, she was scared.

What would happen to her was unimaginable. 'He is a millionaire, a tycoon student who runs lots of illegal business on the campus. Everyone in school knows he is a drug lord; he sells cocaine and marijuana to students. Polices are aware, the administration is aware, the government is aware, everyone is; he is untouchable!' Marion's words replayed again.

How do you attack such a powerful man? Where will you run? With her arrant poverty, she would get back home covered in a coffin other than a graduation gown. She used her tears as a lubricant to ease the pain his huge dick was inflicting on her lips. She used the tear to dilute the toxic cum that was oozing out of his dick into her mouth.

With the voice of a Cumming bull, he let out his cum, all in her mouth. She wanted to spit it out, spit it on his tummy, his Italian imported suit, spit on his face, but again; 'If he cums inside your mouth, swallow it, swallow it like your swallowed your mama's breast milk. It turns on a man when you swallow his cum.' Marion said.

Like a Luhya would have swallowed porridge, she pushed the cum down her esophagus into her empty stomach, I am sure some female worms inside her stomach conceived on that night. 'That was a mind-blowing blow-job young hoe. I have never cum in a ladies mouth! No single lady has ever made me to cum.' Otiato said. He sat on a wooden chair with exhaustion, he sighed with satisfaction. Elena had sucked every gallon of energy out of his body.

'Anything for you my dear, I am here to blow you out!' she said, faking her smile. Even with a fake smile, she was beautiful. He barely gave attention to her words. He lit a cigarette and started smoking, puffing the smoke right on her face. This is what she watches in movies, erotic fetish movies. The smoke choked her little throat. She coughed with difficulties and sunk on Alvin's bed.

'I am going to fuck you right on that bed, but first, I want to watch you masturbate, pleasure yourself. Once you are ready, call me!' Otiato ordered, sitting on the chair with his dick dancing to the tunes of ohangla in anticipation of a nice fuck. He had the face of a lead actor in a horror movie; he had the face of Freddy Kruger, the lead character in The Nightmare on Elm Street. He had the scary face of a walker in The Walking Dead and the ugly face of The Hound in the Game of Thrones. He had all those three faces painted on his face. She wanted to run away, away from school, from everything, but she couldn't. She was too weak.

‘You are a very annoying old man. You are very disgusting. I am not your little hoe, I am not your age mate, I don’t even want your money!’ that is what her brain wanted her mouth to say. But she couldn’t, instead; she smiled again, pulled off her thong and lay on Alvin’s bed with her legs spread.

‘Rub your boobs, squeeze them while occasionally moaning. It turns him on. Move your hands down your body with the grace of a bride walking down the aisle. Rub the out part of your pussy, the vulva; meticulously massage it while moaning softly. Ask him if he is enjoying your show, engage your audience. Rub your clit, gently then vigorously. Lubricate your finger with your saliva then guide it into your pussy slowly. Moan, moan with pleasure. Massage the inner soft walls of your pussy, especially the sponge-like spot, that’s where the G-spot is. Rub it vigorously while moaning. If you can’t moan, fakes it. Do it until you cum.’ she followed each step that Marion had demonstrated to her.

She was a good student, and Marion was a good teacher, the best practical teacher. Her first orgasm was a squirt, I repeat; her first orgasm was a squirt. The orgasm was hallucinatory, yet so painful. Her emotions were a cocktail of joy and sadness.

‘Your little hoe is ready my dear,’ she whispered, beckoning Otiato on her. His dick rose up instantly at the sight of this beauty queen. He was already questioning if Marion was honest when telling him that she was a virgin. Virgins were priced differently from others.

‘Virgin or no virgin, I don’t care so long it can make me ejaculate again!’ he thought. His eyes were stalking her, bisecting her wet pussy into two. He already knew what style would suit her tiny pussy.

Something was familiar with that room, she noticed but couldn’t tell what it was. The natural scent of the bed reminded her of a person she knew, the shirt hanging beside the bed resembled the one worn by Alvin to class on that day. ‘People do share scents and clothes sometimes resemble,’ she pushed the idea from her head. ‘Focus on what brought you here, you have five thousand or more at the end of the weekend!’ she consoled.

Otiato was humping her mercilessly before he shoved his dick into her tight pussy. The penetration was so painful and abrupt to Elena. She folded her face in pain as he slid in and out of her monstrous dick. She socked in the pain, which eased with every shove in he made.

Eventually, when the sexual feeling surpassed the pain, she sunk her nails into his back and pushed him in and out of her body. Soft moans as directed had to escape her mouth, to massage the wallet of Otiato. ‘He likes it when you moan!’ she remembered. She tied her legs around his back, holding him on her firmly. She was already wild in bed. She kissed his neck and dark lips. She whispered all sorts of nasty words in his ears, words she had learned from Marion’s book.

‘This is the best feeling of my life; I kept myself for you, fuck me Otaito, make me impure!’ She said with moans. Just like that, a little hoe had been carved out of a virgin. She did not have to go through heartbreaks to be one; all she needed was a man to offer her money to ejaculate inside her pussy.

Otiato smiled, his dick had never been so tightly held before. It did not take him long before he poured inside her. She was sweet, luscious and smooth. This is one to keep for a long long time, he thought.

In no time, he was between Alvin sheets, snoring like a cow. She spent the whole night cursing everyone and everything that crossed her mind. Her virginity had been taken by a monster, a drug lord, and killer.

‘He killed his opponent in a student’s election. He is very violent when facing an enemy, but the best guy when he is satisfied with you!’

That night, she felt like the wife of Pablo Escobar, she felt so safe and scared at the same time. What if her boyfriend finds out? He will confront Otiato, a fight might ensue, and she already knew who the casualty was going to be.

‘I will break up with him the first thing on Monday after classes. I am no longer good for his heart!’ she kept on thinking.

She did not have to wait till Monday to meet Alvin. The following day, mid-morning, Alvin was making his way into his hostel when he met Otiato on his way to town. Otiato was hyper, still suffering from the hangover of the best sex ever.

‘What’s up bro, I did not expect to meet you today. What happened?’ Otiato asked curiously.

‘I am sorry to bother you guys, I am heading to the room to pick my inorganic chemistry laboratory results. I am supposed to create a lab report out of it before Monday. Let me hope I am interfering with anything.’ He paused, ‘and where is my in-law?’

‘Oooh, that is okay bro. I left her in the room preparing breakfast. I am rushing to town to meet a client; I will be back in less than 30 minutes. Just get your whatever, you can tag along we take breakfast. She is a nice girl. I woke up to a clean house and washed bed sheets and clothes. She washed yours too. Lucky bastard,’ Otiato said, laughing awkwardly.

Alvin was in no mood to laugh. ‘I won’t stay for a minute; I have to rush to the library to clear my lab report. It is on a weekend, the library will be closed by noon.’ Alvin replied hurriedly.

‘I wish you stayed longer, she is the best lady you will ever meet bro. She is golden. She says she has a boyfriend, the bustard will be shocked. I am planning to have her under my wings for the rest of the semesters…….’ Otiato boosted.

‘We shall talk about that on Monday when I am officially back bro. Let me rush please.’ Alvin said, moving on towards his hostel. Otiato exchanged handshakes with few students at the freedom square on his way to town.....

PART FIVE

The morning was bright, so was Elena's face. Despite the demons of yesternight, she was happy, one night was done, and she had just to stand one more night of his weak sex to earn over five thousand shillings. She was dressed in a long basketball shorts, and a football jersey, Chelsea jersey to be precise, and they both belonged to Alvin.

The house was sparkling, the beds were done, utensils were clean and she was happy as a woman to have placed everything in order. She sat on the chair, with a sore vagina. 'I will get painkillers to ease the pain,' she convinced her worried head. Her eyes wandered around the room, but something familiar was strange in that room. Two of the clothes she had cleaned looked familiar.

The familiarity of clothes didn't bother her as much as a packet of un-used condoms inside Otiato's closet. 'The ugly monster didn't use condoms!' it dawned her. How naïve of her to let him hit raw? A lot of thoughts swirled inside her brain, her head was spinning, and her nerves ached. 'What mess did I get myself into?'

As her eyes wondered, something familiar hit her eyes, Alvin's admission number. Just like any other fresher, Alvin had written his admission number on his hostel table. The admission number was large and bold, and just below it was two names, Alvin and Elena. The names were written in bold graffiti, just a day ago. The ink was still wet.

Her body boiled in shock, she had been screwed by Alvin's roommate. 'Your roommate stays in hall nine? That should not worry you; I have fucked two boys who stay on the same floor in Mamlaka hostel without their knowledge. There is no chance that your boyfriend will found you out. There are over 400 hundred rooms in Hall Nine; chances that your boyfriend is Otiato's roommate are one out 4oo, a very small chance. And fuck boyfriends. I told you the broke boys will only leave you with a bruised vagina.' She remembered Marion's talk on chances of Alvin finding out that she is playing him.

'I need to get out of here soon,' she convinced herself. But how does she walk away from there, there was tea on the table; she didn't know where the house keys were kept. What if she walked out and someone else walked in and walked out with electronics? She was confused.

As seconds passed, the stronger Alvin's scent grew. 'Fuck what happens!' She yelled and made a move towards the door, she had made up her head to run away. This was too much for her young head.

She opened the door just when Alvin was about to knock on it. The face on their faces was priceless. She was not expecting him that soon, he was not expecting to see her in school.

'What are you doing in my room?' Alvin asked shockingly.

'What are you doing here?' Elena asked.

'You meant to ask me what I am doing in my own room, didn't you?' Alvin asked, scanning Elena from top to bottom. 'Hold on first, where is Otiato's girlfriend?'

'I don't know!' Elena replied.

‘What are you doing in my room? What are you doing in my clothes? Aren’t you supposed to be attending a wedding ceremony?’ Alvin asked, his shock slowly transforming into anger and rage.

‘I don’t know!’ Elena said;tears were already flowing down her beautiful face, a defense mechanism used by ladies to attract mercy from men. But, Mercy died, mercy was hit by a car along Waiyaki, (may she continue to R.I.P), there is no mercy today. ‘It is not what you are thinking my dear,’ Marion added.

Alvin smiled momentarily, a scorning smile, ‘What am I thinking? That my roommate exiled me, in my own room to screw my girlfriend on my own bed while I thought she was somewhere praying, while cold was chewing me in iron cottages in Kariobangi… is that what I am thinking? Hell yes! That’s what I am thinking!’

Alvin didn’t believe what he was seeing. Momentarily, he wished this was an extension of his night dreams, but it was real. ‘I am not as cheap as other campus girls to sleep with any man. It takes special love for a man to get between my legs. Hundreds have tried but zero has accessed my legs. You alone Alvin, has my special love, you alone will discover the beauty between my legs,’ he replayed her words, words she made to him on their way from ADD, a building reserved for evening and night studies. The more he stood there, the more it became clear that his roommate had screwed his girlfriend. Elena burst out into heavy sobs and sat on Alvin’s bed. The guilt on her face almost choked her to death. It was unbearable.

‘My love…’ Elena called out.

‘Stop loving me, stop calling me that!’ Alvin yelled at her.

She felt threatened, the same man she adored had the face of Lucifer, she saw a beast inside his eye pupil, and the angry monster in his eyes was smiling at her, counting the number of minutes before people would start writing her eulogy. ‘Listen to me my love,’ she begged, walking towards Alvin. Alvin shoved her away with force. She had the scent Otiato coated all over her; her lips had the smell of cigarette on it. Otiato had forced her to smoke that morning.

‘What should I listen to? You want me to listen to you, telling me that my roommate fucked you, that you were so heartless to break your virginity to someone else? Why just my roommate?’

‘It’s your fault, Alvin!’ Elena accused.

‘What did you just say?’

‘It was your fault. You were never a boyfriend to me, I loved you unconditionally. I did not ask for great meals or dates in fancy hotels. I mean, you never perfumed your duties as a boyfriend when I needed you.’

‘So you looked for my roommate to perform the duties that I failed to perform?’ Alvin smacked his lips tumultuously.

‘Not what you are thinking, sweetheart. You were never there for me; you never gave me your time. I needed you to be there for me this weekend. You abandoned me; you gave me all sorts of excuses leaving me vulnerable and weak. If you were there for me, if you had accepted to invite me into your room from yesterday, this wouldn’t have happened,’ she accused. Deep in her mind, she was convinced that Alvin pushed him into this. What if he had accepted to invite her into his room for the weekend?

‘Silly, very silly of you to accuse me of your impatience, it is very despicable of you to blame me for being a little hoe! Blame yourself for opening your legs for money!’ he attacked. She wanted to cry, yell and scream in his ears. This was the second time in a day that a man had called her ‘a little hoe’. What made it worse was the fact that one of those men had her heart. She loved him with everything she had.

‘I didn’t know he was your roommate,’ she whispered.

‘It doesn’t matter anymore, it doesn’t matter whether he was or not, the fact remains that you lied to me, the fact remains that you broke my trust, the fact remains that you cheated on me. That is more important than anything else.’ Alvin wanted to hit her, transfer his pain to her. ‘Never hit a woman, never repeat the mistakes I did,’ he remembered his father’s advice. His father spent his life hitting and abusing his three wives daily. A day came when the wives decided to seek legal intervention from courts. All his wealth was lost in courts, fighting cases and settling divorce orders. He now languishes in advese poverty. ‘Even if your girlfriend made it to Robin’s list of shame, don’t hit her. Rant as much as you want, but never raise your hand on a woman, the moment you do that, you stop being a man.’ His father would add.

‘I love you, Alvin. Forgive me, I allowed a moment of weakness to sneak into me. Forgive me,’ she begged. Her voice was dry and cold, her head was aching and her eyes were red from continuous crying. All she wanted was Alvin to take her into his arms, forgive her and assure her of his love. All she wanted was her boyfriend to stitch her bleeding heart. How could he stitch her bleeding heart when his heart was gushing blood like water from a tap?

He was devastated.

‘You know what? I forgive you, I forgive you, sweetheart. Hehe, of course, I do,’ he laughed sheepishly. ‘I do love a little hoe, a pretender, a hoe in a nun’s skin. I wish I knew this would happen. I am gone, gone out of here, gone out of your life, gone out of everything.’ He grabbed his bag, his lab report and walked towards the door.

Elena ran after him. She grabbed his hand and hugged him with much force. She didn’t want him to leave, she wanted him there, standing there, yelling at her, calling her all sorts of mean names, insulting her, but she never wanted him gone. The last thing she wanted was him walking out of her life, especially at that time. She needed him. There is nothing wrecking like the ones you love walking out of your life when you need them most.

He pushed her away again, with much force this time around. She fell on her back, hitting her head on the table that had tea. The tea came down seeking residence with her beautiful hair. He opened the door to leave, just at the time when Otiato was about to open it.

‘You are leaving so fast bro, hang around!’ He said. His eyes made way into the room. He was shocked to see Elena struggling to get up on her feet, her hair shrinking and expanding in equal dimensions. ‘What’s up, bro? What happened?’ Otiato asked.

FOLLOW ME Collins Sakwah if you don't want to miss any part.

PART SIX

Otiato's breathe when he opened his mouth to talk reeked of alcohol. It was his ritual to visit a pub in town during early hours of the day.

On a scale of weight and height, both Otiato and Alvin matched each other. They were tall and built, with equal measures of intimidation if anyone thought of coming against them in a physical contest. In case a fight ensued today, Alvin had an upper hand of stability. He was sober while Otiato was drunk, but never rule out a drunk man, one misjudged punch and you are dead.

Alvin's eyes were dark; he wanted to punch Otiato in his balls. Alvin needed to control his emotions. The last time he lost control into a fight, he was expelled from high school after he broke the jaws of a school prefect with a single swing of his fist. University rules were very clear; fighting in halls of residence was punishable.

'Ask her what's up,' Alvin replied with a composed tone, however his eyes betrayed his composure. The two exchanged harsh stares. A tense air circulated around them. Alvin and Otiato were great friends. They spent most of their free times playing chess in their room, but today, a cloud of resent and hate had engulfed their air. Otiato was not aware that Alvin and Elena were a couple, but that would not faze him anyway. He cared for no one, apart from himself.

'Man, what's up with you bro? A lady is down hurting and you just walk out like shit is not happening! Are you for real? Did you harm my girlfriend?'

It was all calm and peaceful until Otiato labeled Elena his girlfriend. Anger climbed Alvin's throat. He wanted to punch him, he really wanted, but being a 2 week-old first year, university rules were still wet in his brain. 'Fighting his punishable!' he remembered.

'Girlfriend?' Alvin asked in anger, fidgeting his fingers with remorse. 'Since when did she become your girlfriend?'

'What has gotten into you, young man? Since when did you start raising your voice on me? I am your senior young boy. Now sit down and tell me what happened to my girl?' Otiato requested. His tone was more authoritative than inquisitive. He placed his hand on Alvin, slightly pushing him to sit down on the bed.

'Hey, keep your drunken hands off my body.' Alvin warned, pushing Otiato away.

'What has gotten into you, Alvin? Do you realize who I am? Get back to where you picked your juvenile guts!' Otiato ranted. Voices were already flying high and fists were already folded.

Elena was dizzy; her vision was blurred when she finally got up to her feet. The pain in her head was acute but her brain was alert enough to realize that two boys were about to exchange blows. 'Hey guys stop it, don't fight please!' she requested, her voice was too weak to even scare away an eagle that is stalking a hen with chicks.

‘Did he harm you, sweetheart?’ Otiato asked Elena? ‘What happened, did he harm my little hoe?’ He added.

Alvin swung his fist with force, it landed right on Otiato’s cheekbone. His fist on his cheekbone produced a squeaking voice, the sound of an accident. ‘Call her sweetheart again and I will swing my arm again, this time around, I will aim at your imp-like balls! I don’t care who you are, stay away from her!’ Alvin warned, strengthening his dislocated phalanges.

For seconds, Otiato nursed his pain and embarrassment. His pride had been multiplied by zero, his ego divided by zero. He massaged his red zone as if wiping away the pain. He stood straight with a lot of difficulties. He was drunk and weak, and the fist had destabilized him, but he was a man. He has dealt with Goliaths before, Alvin was just a David.

He bent his neck from side to side, to flex his muscles. His eyes were red as chilly. It had been long since he spelled blood. He swung his fist with all the energy he could gather, aiming straight at Alvin’s neck, aiming at Alvin’s Jugular vein and the vagus nerve found in the neck. One strong punch on the vein and the nerve, and Alvin would be out, dead if it is worse.

Alvin grabbed Otiato’s hand before the punch could land on his neck, but the force of the punch pushed him back onto the closet. He hit his head on the closet’s door. His vision blurred momentarily but he was able to see Otiato swing another fist.

Elana was up on her feet, screaming at the top of her voice to get the attention of the two protagonists. She ran and grabbed Otiato from the back, but he shook her off his body like a piece of a plastic bag. She was very light.

Alvin evaded Otiato’s second fist that landed on the door handle of the closet. Otiato’s fingers dislocated and the pain from his fingers diffused to the rest of his body like an electrified body.

Alvin took advantage of Otiato’s swaying body. He got up to his feet and just like he had promised Otiato before, he punched him between his legs, on his balls. Otiato coiled with pain. He fell down on his knees, folding his face with anguishing pain. His hands grabbed his balls trying to ease the pain. Nothing is as painful as a hit on the balls. It is more painful because someone has attacked you and your future generation.

‘Stop it, Alvin! Stop it, Alvin!’ Elena shouted pushing Alvin away. His eyes were burning with rage. Elena has never seen eyes pregnant with the desire to beat someone like Alvin’s eyes. He still wanted to beat him. ‘It is enough sweethearts,’ Elena pushed him hard, trying to get his attention on her. He looked down at her, directly onto her eyes. His eyes were strong and scorching. She blushed. Who blushes during a war? Men have died in wars because they were distracted by beautiful blushes.

‘Let me beat this son of a skunk,’ he said, trying to force his way towards a groaning Otiato. Otiato was in abject pain. All his life he had associated his balls with pleasure, never in his life had he ever thought that his balls will be a source of pain.

‘The moment a mosquito lands on your balls is the day you will learn to solve your problems without using force!’ Otiato remembered. He sat on his bed, his ball still lingering in pain. He was still folding his balls which were now threatening to detach from his body.

Elena was still standing between them, tightly holding Alvin back. She had her boobs and hands on him, in a hugging position. 'Just get out of here please, ran away!' she whispered in Otiato's ears.

Otiato raised his head. There was no way he was going to let Alvin walk away from his scene of the crime without paying for his sins. 'No one is walking out of this room!' Otiato ordered. He stood in pain, with his legs bend inside like he was suffering from marasmus.

He pulled a gun from his pants and pointed it straight towards Alvin. He has killed before; he has killed more powerful people before. Killing Alvin to him would be an equivalent of squeezing the life out of a nagging mosquito. There is no way the word will get out there that he could not walk up-straight-up because a first-year massaged his balls mercilessly. His ego was too huge to allow that.

'Get out of the way little hoe; get off the way of the bullet!' Otiato ordered Elena. Elena and Alvin froze. They had never seen a gun so close to them, they had not seen one before.

'Please don't shoot him. He is my boyfriend!' Elena pleaded. Otiato smiled, a smile that burst into a big ugly laughter.

'Hehehe! So you want me to let you call a press conference to tell everyone that this corpse is your boyfriend before I can kill him?'

'Otiato please, I am willing to do anything you want me to do, but spare him,' Elena's lips were dry, so was her voice. She had no fluid left in her body.

'I am going to kill this bitch right now, and you Elena will call a conference and tell the whole world that I shot him because I found him trying to rape you. I tried to fight him off you, but he overpowered me, and that's why I was forced to shoot him, hahaha, this is fun.' He laughed.

Alvin's body was numb, he had transformed into a different being, and maybe he was a corpse already. He could not even move his own lips to talk. The sight of a gun aiming his heart was freezing.

'Just pull the damn trigger already!' Alvin gathered the last energy remaining in him to speak. He had heard stories of Otiato's cold blood murders from students, some of the stories he heard them from Otiato himself. 'As a drug lord, I kill people to survive; sometimes you have to kill to access a market. It is a messy world to be in,' he remembered Otiato narrating to him of his killing prowess. 'I had to kill people to gain this territory; I mean the drug market that walks in form of the students of UON. We had people who were business here, I had to clear them before I could gain the territory.'

Alvin knew he was going to die anyway, in one way or another. He cursed himself for not controlling his emotions. All these would have been avoided had he not thrown his punch on Otiato.

Otiato laughed again. He enjoyed the mental torture he was inflicting on Alvin. He knew he will kill him eventually; no way was he going to let him walk away scot-free after attacking and injuring his future generation, balls.

'Hehehe, a little boy wants to die because of love. You want to go into books of history and join the likes of Jack of Titanic, Romeo in Shakespeare's books, Paris who died for Helen in Troy and finally your hero in Chuka University who committed suicide because of love. You want to be Alvin of UON who took a bullet because he was fighting a powerful man for calling his beautiful girlfriend 'sweetheart.' Otiato laughed again like a drunken man, well he was drunk. 'The good thing about boys, who fight for true

love, is that they always die like flies. Did you see how Jack froze like a piece of wood in Titanic? I am going to kill you and dump you in the swimming pool tonight so that you can freeze off like jack. You will leave your little behind like jack left his Titanic hoe, and we are going to fuck her for you, hehehe.'

'Do it already!' Alvin yelled. Otiato laughed and pulled the trigger. No one dares him twice.

It was always going to be messy, noisy and with causalities.

PART SEVEN

In the arms of the person you love, men close their eyes in anticipation of a kiss, but Alvin closed his eyes anticipating death. He pushed Elena away in a gush. He was ready to die; he was going to die one day anyway.

The trigger popped. That was all that happened. The gun was empty.

A one minute silence engulfed the room; everyone remained unmoved as if they were observing the death of Alvin. Alvin was sweating profoundly; he was sweating fear and agony. Nothing is as scary as knowing that you are going to die in a second's time then you realize that you are still alive one minute later.

'Fuck, I have no bullets left!' Otiato yelled, cursing his gun. 'Motherfucker borrowed my gun for an errand and forgot to refill it; I will kill that thug, just like I am going to kill this baboon eventually!' Otiato shouted and bowled at Elena, Alvin, and anything that dared to listen to him, including himself.

He had lost his head.

'Run away Alvin, ran back to Kariobangi,' Elena pleaded. 'Run out of school before he harms you!'

Alvin was becoming stronger and stronger with every passing second as if Elena's word had vitalized his body. He stalked Otiato, exploring all his weak spots.

'If a murder attempts at your life but fails, do you run away or do you kill him, especially now that he is weak and vulnerable?' A voice asked Alvin. 'Running away won't solve your problems,' he remembered his father's words.

'No wayyy' he yelled as if replying to Elena and the voice simultaneously. He made two steps towards Otiato, as Otiato struggled to maintain balance on the ground. He was drunk and still absorbing the pain from his balls.

'Alvin, stop it, run away!' Elena called out again, standing in the middle. Like a piece of a plastic bag, she was pushed away again. It was irritating that she could do nothing; she couldn't help other than receive tosses, pushes and shoves from anyone who wished to remind her that she a light-weight.

Alarmed, Otiato threw his gun in the direction of Alvin, Aiming his head. A Ruger Super Redhawk is one of the heaviest handguns in the world, weighing around 1kg. If its grip hits your forehead, you are dead. The gun came flying, making sirens and whistles in the air on its way.

It got the jaws of Alvin, dislocating two of his teeth that went flying into the mouth of Elena, whose mouth was wide open shouting vehemently at the boys to stop it. Her voice was helpless. Blood oozed out of his mouth and he wadded backward. The force of the gun forced him back, he fell on the closet's door again, this time around, and he injured his upper back.

Otiato staggered towards the gun, an empty gun would still work the magic. 'Just hit the motherfucker with the gun continuously on the head, he will die slowly like a snake.'

Alvin killed the gun under the bed, before grabbing the leg of Otiato. Otiato fell on his stomach with a thug!

Elena dashed out of the room like a possessed woman. She needed external help before one of them became a causality. She was scared. Otaito aimed a gun at them; he was going to shoot them. She had never seen a man so determined to end the life of another.

Most rooms were empty, while those that were occupied were locked from inside with blazing music. Two rooms away, she was lucky to find the room partially locked. She didn't even knock on the door. She burst inside, panting like she was from a marathon.

The two boys were shocked. How often do ladies burst into their uninvited and without knocking? They were the poor lot who could not afford an ejaculation without HELB.

'Guys I need your help!' she said in pain.

'Where do you want to take our help?' One of the boys asked. He had a stick of marijuana between his hands. He was a loyal customer of Otiato's products.

'My boyfriend is fighting his roommate, help me separate them please!' she pleaded.

'Who wronged the other first? Hold on; are you the reason why they are fighting? If you are the reason why they are fighting, I would also like to fight with your boyfriend,' the other guy joked.

'Hehehe, at this rate, your boyfriend is going to fight every boy on this campus, hehehehe, I also want to fight him. Damn, I would fight for such a beauty!' the Marijuana guy added.

Elena was irked, why were they joking with a life and death matter? 'Does everyone in this hostel joke with death?' she wondered.

'Guys, they are going to kill one another!' she yelled angrily.

'Whom do you want to see dead first?' the second boy asked. He had the face of a fuck boy with the hairstyle of a Congolese dancer, Paul Pogba.

'For fuck's sake, can you guys come and help me separate them. They are fighting, they will kill each other,' she yelled. She wished she was the mother of these boys; she would have whooped their ass with a pair of slippers and forced them where she wanted them to be.

'Which room is that?' the Marijuana boy asked.

'Two rooms from the staircases on your left,' she directed.

'Otiato's room!' the marijuana boy noted.

'Hehehe, in that room, there is going to be only one dead man; we all know it's not Otiato!' the Congolese dancer said, pouring a glass of spirit into his body.

'When your boyfriend dies, don't forget us. We will lend you a shoulder to lean on and a dick to ride on during his funeral,' the marijuana boy joked.

‘My girlfriend traveled to shags in Kakamega, I am languishing with dryspell for a month now. We could as well start leaning on one another’s shoulder now because your boyfriend is a corpse as we speak,’ the Congolese dancer said, moving towards Elena without and perverted eyes.

She didn’t believe that she stood there like a dummy listening to their hogwash for such a long time. She disappeared, in the same manner, she had appeared. On the corridor, she was confused. She let out a loud wail that can only be replicated by a mourner in a Luhya funeral who is wailing not to mourn the dead but to attract the attention of those who are cooking in the tends.

‘UUUIIIIII! UUUUIIIII!!!! People are dying'. She yelled louder and louder. Her technique worked. Within a few seconds, the place was already parked.

Otiato is feared and loved in equal measures. Most students have learned to avoid him naturally like a plague, reason why most walked away as soon as they learned that Otiato was involved. Those who valued life forced their way into the room to separate them.

It was not easy getting them apart. Each gentleman had done a lot of damage to each other’s body. Alvin was bleeding from the mouth while Otiato’s ball threatened to deport themselves from his body. He was limping, his left shoulder was dislocated and his right eye had developed an anthill. He looked like a survivor of a fatal accident.

Despite the damage, the two still wanted to get onto to each other. They still maneuvered through the crowd into one another, exchanged few blunt blows before they were separated away again. It took the intervention of the security guards to completely separate them.

‘I am going to kill that poor rat, I will kill him. Go and commit suicide before I lay my hands on you bitch,’ Otiato yelled in the direction of Alvin.

‘You had almost two hours plus a gun but still, you failed to kill me. I am not scared of you. I saw Pablo Escobar die. He controlled a drug market in California, Bogotá, and New York. You only control hall nine. Try me again in a fair playing ground!’ Alvin dared. The shock on everyone’s face was priceless. They didn’t believe the guts in Alvin’s voice. How many people can boast of daring Otiato?

The bickering continued. The two continued to exchange harsh words like jilted lovers in a solon. Alvin was whisked away by the security guards while Otiato was locked inside their room. From the room, tables were heard breaking, everything was being banged.

Elena was left outside the door with a torn Chelsea jersey, torn in a manner which Manchester United is going to tear them apart in the FA cup final. She was surrounded by curious gossipers. She was like the eyewitness being interviewed by media.

Ten minutes later, she was taken away by the police to record a statement at the central police station. Efforts to meet Alvin were declined by the police. She didn’t know where he was and what he was going through. After recording his own statement, Otiato met Elena at the entrance of the police station. The two exchanged threatening stares.

‘Just make sure he does not disappear!’ she whispered into his ears. It was not a mere whisper; it was a threat, a warning.

Otiato shrugged off rudely, he signaled his driver, who handed him money tied together. He threw the money between her legs before he was driven off in one of his cars into the hospital.

'What happened girl?' Marion asked. 'I ran here as fast as I could as soon as I read the story in the Comrades' Forum, the Facebook group for UON students. What happened?'

Elena walked past her like she was not there. Marion was the last person she wanted to talk to or see. 'You still need me young siz! I can get him back to you!'

'Whom should I fuck this time round to get my boyfriend back?' Elana asked timidly.

END OF CHAPTER ONE.....


Chapter 2

PART ONE

Elena was mesmerized by the elegance of the hotel she entered. The most expensive hotel she had ever visited had its Menu written on the wall and fish-ugali was the most expensive meal on offer, a meal she could not afford.

'Excuse me miss, I am supposed to meet someone in this hotel, room number 208,' Elena asked the receptionist at Sankara Hotel in Westlands.

'Your names please?' the beautiful receptionist asked with a big grin on her face.

'Carmela Robinson,' Elena said with a doubtful tone. She was not used to lying people her real names, not with exotic Western names.

The receptionist smiled, she had been there before. She had used a fake name before.

'Carmela, you have a reservation in room 208. Use the elevator on the left, the room is on the third floor on your left. Enjoy your stay here,' she said, handing Elena her room keys.

'Thanks,' Elena thanked with a smile on her face. It was the first smile she had managed in two weeks. Two weeks she had not seen. We all deserve to see the people we love from time to time.

'Welcome, Carmela. By the way, you have beautiful names. I used to have such names too, Chloe Cassandra, those used to pet names during such meetings!' the receptionist replied with a mischievous smile on her face. Elena smiled back, a smile your will give a girl of your ilk who understands your ways without judging.

'We need such names to survive in this turbulent industry,' Elena replied, walking away.

'All the best siz, be careful, some men are very dangerous.'

Elena smiled in appreciation. For the first time in a while, she met a person who could understand her choice. It was never easy to survive on campus without parents or a sponsor, the sponsor of the original meaning. Since the Otiato scandal, she has been a victim of public backlash. She was lampooned by the self-proclaimed campus self-righteous students, she made it to every cover of campus bloggers and all lists of shame, only missing on Robin's list of shame by a whisker.

It has been two turbulent weeks since that fiasco erupted. 'How much will you charge me for a night? Don't invite your boyfriend over, I am not asking for a threesome,' perverts and mean schoolmates would through demeaning tantrums on her during her walks on school corridors.

She had to recoil back into her cocoon for few days, just to rediscover her new self and to avoid critics and malicious people who were out to spoil her delicate moods. She lost friends and allies. The friends she used to gossip with, now hide in dark places to gossip about her, sometimes they world gossip on her face. In the company of her friends, she used to be an example of a decent woman, but now her friends used her as an example of a girl who got spoilt when she joined campus.

She made her way into the room with elegant calculated steps. She was dressed in a gorgeous pink evening dress, with a slit that went as high as her beautiful thigh gap. Her longer tanned legs were a joy to watch, all walking on the corridors drooled on her when she walked passed them.

She opened the door into a large spacious room with a large beautiful bed, an en-suite bathroom, and two coaches. The room was facing the beautiful landscape of westlands. She walked into the balcony of the room to inhale in the fresh air.

Her second sex encounter was going to be this room. This is where Alvin promised to bring her on their first date once he received HELB, but this is where another man will be fucking her. Alvin was such a naïve and reckless first year. She stood on the balcony with a glass of red wine, remembering the incidences that led her to this executive hotel.

She had not been on talking terms with Marion for the first one week that preceded the infamous incidence. They lived like strangers in their room, until one day an ugly argument erupted in their room.

'You said you could help me get Alvin back, I haven't heard from you since then or was it just a PR statement?' Elena asked curiously.

'It is not easy, not as easy as you think. Otiato has him in places he has refused to disclose to me. You know him, he likes doing his things his way!' Marion had approached Otiato to plead with him, but as always, he was defiant.

'You started this mess Marion, I am never going to forgive if I don't see him,' Elena threatened.

'Are you threatening me? What has gotten into you first years? What happened to the timid first years that used to think that the student's portal is a building? What happened to freshers who were scared and respected senior students?'

'Are you going to help me or do you want us to play this the hard way?' Elena asked with a cold tone, ignoring Marion's boring joke.

'Move with moderation young girl. Walk carefully like you are walking on a floor with burning charcoal, don't step on feet you will regret stepping on. Don't rub shoulders with some people; they will clobber you like a mongoose that was spotted near a Luhya's chicken farm!' Marion warned.

'I will do anything it takes to get my boyfriend back, and you, Marion; you are going to help me get him back. I don't care if you use crude or refined means, we will get Alvin back!' she said with optimism.

'What do you want me to do?'

'You online company is on a recess, it is on a decline. You need me; you need me to be the face of your company. I am willing to be that if you blackmail Otiato…….'

'Blackmail who?' the water she was taking almost choked her.

'Otiato. You know all his A-Z, you said you know his darkest secrets, threaten him. Tell him if he can't release my boyfriend, then you will release his secrets to the public. That should be as simple as opening your legs.' Elena did not believe her own tone. A week ago, she had been a shy girl that wouldn't even threaten the life of a mosquito sucking her blood, but here she was talking tough to the richest girl on

campus. Sometimes people do things not because it's their nature, but because life has pushed them into that. Touch life limits our choices, leaving us with touch choices alone.

One minute passed where no one talked, a minute where Marion regretted opening her secrets to Elena. She couldn't blame herself for over-trusting Elena because Elena was a harmless girl at that time, a laid back girl who was capable of keeping secrets into graves.

'And you Marion, do you know how Mpasho and Ghafla would fight each other to get to me when I tell them that I know of a prostitution syndicate going on in UON, and I know who runs the whole system. How about, 'Meet the reigning Miss UON, who runs a multi-million online brothel from UON hostels' headlining Mpasho or Ghafla?' Elena did not even believe her blackmailing voice.

'Are you threatening and blackmailing me?' Marion asked angrily. She felt cornered and beaten.

'Not really, call it offering a deal you have no other choice other than accept it!' Elena replied defiantly. She has never felt this courageous in her life. All her childhood, she spent most of her time talking less.

'It is a deal then,' Marion said after a moment of another annoying silence.

'Not a deal till it's signed on a physical contract or some sort of written agreement!'

'Okay, I will work on a contract in two days time!' Marion said, walking out of the room with a lugubriously annoyed face.

So on that day, in the hotel, Elena was there not to sign a contract, but to serve her first official client. The evening was numbing, but the view from the balcony was nothing she has ever experienced. The cold breeze on her skin was epic.

She walked back into the room. It had been almost an hour past the time she was scheduled to meet the man. She slipped off her dress; her pink laced floral G-string and a matching strapless bra. She admired her body in the wall mirror. She was blameless. Her body was meticulously flawless. She tied her delicate hair into a messy bun and pulled on a shower cap on her head then walked into the bathroom to relax in the warm bathtub.

Her body was relaxed but her mind wasn't. Her head was thinking about Alvin. According to Marion latest update, he was still alive. That gave her hope.

'I am still negotiating with Otiato. He is not very easy. He was torturing your boyfriends, giving him a very slow death, but I managed to talk him out. We are still negotiating,' She remembered her last conversation with Marion before leaving for the hotel.

She loved Alvin, she did. He was naturally rusty, build and with broad shoulders. He had a wide face with protruding cheekbones that were decorated with dimples whenever he smiled. He had dark artistic beards that run across his face. He was very tempting, the first man that ever got her attention at first sight.

The door lock turned, and a man she had not fallen in love with walked in. He was an old man with a haphazardly shaped body, with a protruding stomach.

Elena wrapped a towel around her body and elegantly walked into the bedside, hugged the man and planted a beautiful peck on his rough cheeks.

‘I am Nicodemus, Marion’s biggest client. You must be Carmela, right? I have heard lots of sweet things about you. You were like a beautiful painting in an exhibition; I had to outbid other online clients to get your services. They say that you are as responsive as Samantha. You are the closest I have ever been close to a goddess. When I saw you online, I thought you were curved or painted, but you are real…’ the man complimented, while Elena took off his shirt.

‘Thanks, I hope I will make you happy!’ she said with a fake smile on her face.

‘Hopefully my little hoe,’ the man said. She wanted to break the glass of wine on his face, but she remembered Marion’s word:

, ‘Clients are always right!’

PART TWO

Alvin had thinned. He had spent two weeks in a dark room without light. He had lost track of day and night, the day of the month and date. He was grievously unhealthy. He had not had a decent meal in two weeks, not even taken a shower at the same time. He smelled high to heaven, like a skunk, like Miguna Miguna on his way to Dubai.

The room was found in a building that had been earmarked for demolition by the county government. There was no tenant that occupied it. It reeked a strong stench of urine and his fiscal matter. The small room was his bedroom, sitting room, washroom and dining room that is in case he was lucky to get a meal.

His body was swollen from severe routinely beating he received from Otiato goons. He bled occasionally, and his wounds went unattended to. His life was wasting away; his soul was half-way out of his body. His eyes were dry and bloody. His skin was pale, dry and swollen.

'Someone has bailed you out young man,' he remembered on that day he was picked from Central Police station. He had spent a night locked up in the station. His heart jumped with jubilation when he was informed that he was leaving the cell. He never bothered to find out who was bailing him. What mattered was his freedom.

Outside the cell, he was taken into a car whose occupants mentioned something like taking him to a National TV for an interview.

'Your story has been trending online and in all stations. Our media house has decided to take you in for an interview, but before that, we had to bail you out,' the smartly dressed man, with a shirt bearing the logo of NTV said.

'Thanks,' he replied ebulliently.

Joy engulfed his body, from a cell into a national TV, only a few ordinary Kenyans had achieved such a feat. In his mind, he polished his English, rehearsed what he will say on TV and even tried several smiles on his face through the rearview mirror.

Nothing seemed suspicious to him, he never read malice in their intentions. His head was too occupied to check on the direction of the car was taking. It was when he was asked to get out of the car that he realized he was far away from the city and the Nation Building that hosts NTV.

Efforts to ask about his location were met by heavy slaps on his face, shoves and a beating by two men who grabbed him and forced him into an abandoned house in some rural areas, slightly past Juja center.

The door opened and three built figures entered, the three goons were followed shortly by Otiato in a suit. Alvin opened his eyes and adjusted his sore body on the wall.

'Where am I?' Alvin asked again with drowsy eyes. It was a question he had asked every time they came to check on him.

'Where you belong, Love boys like you belong somewhere like here, where you can die slowly like an aging mongoose. I wanted to kill you by the bullet, but that would be too sweet for you, lover boy. A

slow painful death is what you deserve. I am eating your life day by day, until the day you have none left. That way, if you go to hell, you will learn to stay away from people of my ilk, in case you get there, say hi to my mentor, Pablo Escobar, ' Otiato said boisterously, whacking Alvin with a whip on his bare back. Otiato found joy in torturing and tormenting his enemies.

'Just kill me already, kill me, you moron!' Alvin pleaded, with blood oozing out of his mouth. The sight of a man pleading to die was a joy to Otiato. He had no penitence for his enemies. He had killed a couple of people, but none gave him joy like watching Alvin die day by day, second by second.

'I am not granting you your wish, I am not handing you your death on a Silva Plata. Work hard for it bro,' Otiato said.

'Just kill me, man, what else do you want from me?'

'One thing, just one thing, I want to fuck your little hoe right here. I want you to watch me fuck her, rape her, sodomize her, dominate her, on your eyes. I want you to watch her submit to me, I want her to admit that she is a hoe in your face,' Otiato said with a huge smirk on his tar-coated lips.

'Leave her alone. You already did damage to her. I am the one who fought you. Leave the poor thing alone,' Alvin implored emotionally.

'I was leaving her alone; I was minding my own business until she started minding mine. Your little hoe has been sending people to threaten me, to intimidate me and to blackmail me. Blackmail me, Otiato, son of a peasant fisherman from Kondole, me, Otiato, the most powerful student in the University of Nairobi, me, Otiato…' he paused, before violently slapping Alvin on the face. His anger was growing with every word that came out of his mouth. Otiato was a sexist, his view and attitude towards women was patronizing, he was a hoity-toity who believed that women should always be submissive to men. A woman was not supposed to question him or threaten him in any way. Elena had gone overboard to send Marion to blackmail him. 'She will pay for everything. I am going to bisect her vagina with a digger, but before that, I and my men will bisect her with our dicks, and my dog, my German shepherd called Robin, will fuck her too. After that, poor boy, we will slice her pussy into two with a machete, then force you to watch her bleed to death, and you Alvin, you, will fuck her copse!' Otiato said, his tone was a cocktail of anger and pride. He let out a loud ugly laughter like he had said something very important.

Elena was in a contrasting scene. While her boyfriend was offered beans soap with two slices of expired bread, she was in a 5-star hotel in the arm of another man. But was she happy? No, back in her mind, she was doing this for her boyfriend. She wanted to fuck another man for her boyfriend. Who does that? A loving woman with zero choices will do that; that is Elena for you.

Nicodemus was not just any other man, he was what Otiato dreamt to be when he grows up, and he was filthy rich, a city tycoon running a multi-billion establishment. He was a loyal customer to Marion, he had an unrivaled taste for campus' ladies skin, and she got the best skins of all the ladies signed up in Elena's online brothel.

'Now where do we start from? A kiss maybe,' the man suggested.

'No kissing, kisses are reserved for my boyfriend alone,' Elena protested.

‘Why?’

‘I don’t understand you rich perverts? You have beautiful wives at home, but still, find your way into other women’s legs. Have you ever imagined the kind of sex your wife will give you if you took the ten thousand you paid to her? Or if you bought her a new dress?’

‘Young lady, are you here to understand rich perverts or to open legs for them?’ the man asked bitterly. He was offended by Elena’s mean jib.

‘Of course to open my legs for you, but without kissing. Kissing strangers is unhealthy. On my online profile, I clearly stated that I don’t offer kisses and you are not allowed to crop my boobs. I don’t want them giving up to the force of gravity.’

‘Understood young lady,’ the man gave in, pulling off his shirt. His chest was bushy, with sharply pointed hair under his armpits. The hair maneuvered down his chest, through his stomach till they found their way into his pants. He looked like a man that had not seen a wife for ages. Wives would not allow a thicket under their husbands’ armpits.

Fucking Otiato was tolerable, after all, he was within the age bracket of men her morals would allow on her body, but this, a man old enough to be her father, was painful. Tears formed deep her eyes, she was troubled. Watching an old man pull off his shirt was like watching her father. She was never privileged to meet her own father all her life, and there was someone else’s father about to fuck her.

The man momentarily stopped undressing when he realized tears in Elena’s tears. She pulled his shirt back on, crawled on the bed to sit next to her. She looked the other side when she discovered that the man was reading her eye. She allowed tears to drizzle down her cheeks into the absorbing fabrics of the towel that was still wrapped around her body.

‘How old are you young lady?’ the man asked. Nicodemus had never cared about the emotions of other ladies he fucked, but Elena had something in her that drew his emotional side to her.

‘I am turning 20 in a month’s time,’ she said timidly.

‘That’s the age of my first born child, whom I have never met before unfortunately. Her mother hid her from me,’ the man said emotionally.

‘I am sorry, every parent deserves to meet their kids,’ she said absent-mindedly.

‘As much as I want to have sex with you, I don’t feel like it is the right thing to do to a young beautiful lady like, not especially a crying girl. Why are you in this business?’ the man asked.

‘No, no, no! You paid a lot of money to have sex with me, I have a contract that asks me to make you happy, that’s what I am going to do,’ Elena protested, wiping tears off her face. ‘Tears on my face should not be your concern, I just like being emotional sometimes for no reason,’ she said, forcing her lips to break apart for a fake smile.

‘That’s bullshit. Where is your home? Where are your parents? Who is paying your school fees?’ the man asked. He has never been this emotional in his life.

‘I am a total orphan, I have never met my father in life, and my mum passed away a few years ago from a chronic illness. I was born and raised in the slums of Mathare, that is all,’ she opened up, this time around, she was not able to hold her tears back.

‘Where is your father?’

‘I don’t know. Mum told me that she was raped by my father. She secured a job on his company as a secretary and on the first day at work, he raped her. She quit the job that day and never worked for someone else again,’ she explained.

‘Did she tell you the name of the company?’ he asked,

‘Never, and when I insisted on knowing my father, she told me that my dad was a moron, a pervert who changed women on a daily. She never wanted me to know him,’ she said, looking at the man on the face for the first time. She hated the curiosity on his face. Why was he so keen to know about her background? ‘Why are you so keen to know me?’ she asked.

‘You just looked troubled and I thought maybe you needed someone to talk to,’ the man lied.

A short annoying silence followed. Everyone was buried in deep thoughts. Elena was wondering why the man was so keen to know her while the man was wondering if Elena was her daughter.

‘That woman lives around Mathare, she conceived with you. When I reached out to her, she was too defensive; she did not want to have anything to do with you. She moved houses and since then I have never seen her,’ Mr. Nicodemus remembered a conversation he had with a friend. The lady in the picture was a secretary he had sex with, but she disappeared after that day. His friend died a week later during the terrorist attack of 1998, which hit the American Embassy in Nairobi. Since that day, he had lost track of the lady.

He reached his pocket, drew a business card and handed it to Elena. He reached his wallet and handed Elena ten thousand shillings. Elena was shocked. She had never such an amount in her life.

‘Call me the first thing in the morning; I will set an appointment with somewhere. Meanwhile, order anything you want to eat for supper. In case you need anything for tonight, call me. I will find somewhere else to spend the night,’ he said, then walked out of the room like he had walked. Elena was left confused and perturbed.

PART THREE

The following morning, Elena was abnormally very happy. The grin on her face when she ignored those who ogled her was artistic. For the first time, she looked at mean faces and gave them an 'I don't give a shit about your stares,' type of look.

On her hands were two expensive shopping bags with expensive clothes and personal effects from Jades Collection.

'That shopping there came from a sponsor's wallet. This first year is too much already, she is the reason why his boyfriend disappeared, and she is already fucking rich men. Poor thing can't even give her pussy time to grieve the death of her boyfriend. She spent last night with a sponsor,' one boy commented as Elena passed by them.

Elena smirked, made few steps from the boy before smearing shit on their faces. 'Thank God for the sponsor I spend the night with was your father. I made him forget your boring mother for a night. Ohh, and he regrets not using a condom on the night you were conceived. The shopping that he gave me is more than the school fees he will give you for the rest of your stay on campus, LAMBA LOLO, Moron,' she said.

The lugubrious boy almost spoilt his pants with urine. His friends laughed at him sheepishly. He was embarrassed and flustered at the same time, he ran back to his room like a bullied kid.

The remaining boys cheered on Elena as she swayed her delicate ass into her hostel. She was a joy to watch, too smooth and sleek in the eyes.

On the floor of the house, she was still bubbly. She jumped and hoped up and down like a newborn calf. If you asked her why she was happy, she would have given you a starring answer. She didn't know why she was happy, but she was. All night long, her heart was dancing; even her dreams had smiles, for the first time.

She opened her room oblivious to what was going on inside. She walked on Marion fucking another man. She was screaming like a female baboon on heat while she rode the man like a stolen boda-boda.

'Shit, Fuck you, little hoe, what happened to your manners? What happened to knock the door before entering?' Marion yelled at Elena angrily. Elena's bright moods dimmed suddenly.

'I am sorry, I didn't expect to find you in this compromising position!' Elena apologized quickly, blind-folding her eyes with her hands.

'What did you expect to find me? These are the kind of people that walk on you, records your video and shares them on social media. Get your poor ass out of the room already. Don't you see I have a client here?' Marion said insolently. She possessed a pompous tone that would intimate anyone, but Elena, not on a day when she was on her good moods.

'I have a client in our room? Don't you think we share the room and I had a right to be informed that you will be having visitors? I pay for the room too,' she replied, pulling a supercilious face that scared

the man being rode. She looked the man directly in the face, giving him an, 'I am not moving an inch from here look.'

The man chickened out. He had never been intimidated by beautiful eyes in his life. His dick shrunk and pulled itself out of Marion's vagina. 'My dear, the lady is correct, if you share the room, then the least you could have done was to inform her that you were inviting me here,' the man said politely and timorously, pulling on his pants.

Elena smiled and winked at Marion, a move that annoyed Marion even more.

'Sweetheart we can't stop, the deal was two rounds; we are not even done with the first one.' Marion tried to convince the man to ignore Elena and finish what they were doing. She knew half services meant lesser payment.

'Unfortunately, my dick is weak, I can't continue. You could have taken me to a place where there were no interruptions. You know what this means, I am not paying the agreed amount. I am not even paying half of it,' the man said.

Marion's face dulled, she folded her forehead in anger. 'You will pay for this!' her facial expression said.

'But sweetheart….' Marion begged. The man shushed her, before handing her a 1000 note from his wallet.

'We five thousand my dear,' Marion pleaded.

'Yes, five thousand without interruptions!'

'C'mon sweetheart, she was supposed to be out of the school for the whole weekend! I didn't know she would interrupt us!'

'Unfortunately, she did, my dick is too sensitive to an interruption!' he said, fastening his necktie.

'Yea, I was supposed to be out for the weekend, which still remains because I was only coming to change my clothes. I have an appointment in two hours time,' Elena said merrily.

'You see,' Elena gestured. 'She was just changing and leaving, we can finish this!' Marion pleaded.

'Issa no! Sorry!' he said, walking towards the door.

Marion was so desperate to have money. Her online company was not doing so well. The fourth years that had graduated a few months ago left a gap while recruiting first years was slow. Her assistant had graduated from the school that year to venture into other business. She needed Elena and any other money that would have come her way.

Marion was the reason why Elena was her roommate. She pleaded with the Student's Welfare association to reallocate Elena her room; she wanted them to be roommates to keeps close tabs on her. She remembers during the admission date, Elena walked in school with clothes only tolerated in Prophet Awour's church. She looked simple yet so elegant; her natural beauty was evident even under old-school clothes.

But here she was, barely two weeks into her business; Elena was already threatening her thrown. She never took lightly her client siding with Elena.

'Fuck!' she yelled in anger as the man made his way towards the door. When he got closer to Elena, he pulled a business card from his jacket pocket and handed it to her.

'Call me maybe,' he said before walking out of the door.

Elena folded the card and dumped it in the gutter bin and made her way on her bed. She still had a devilish smile on her face.

'Maybe, just maybe if you had not been too rude to me, I would have walked out the moment I walked on. But, just but you calling me poor little hoe, spoilt my moods. From today, that phrase is an insult to me, I won't take it lightly. Only my boyfriend is allowed to call me!' she said proudly.

'Cut your crap already. You need a reminder of who is clothing and feeding you in this room,' Marion jumped in.

'Not anymore Mama. I am here to drop your clothes and move out!'

'Where did you get the money to buy clothes? Remember the contract says that payment from clients comes directly to my account. It is from my account that your earn forty percent of it,' Marion noted.

'Yes, I didn't breach any contract. The money of my services was paid directly into your account. I owe you 40% of the amount, but because today I feel sufficiently philanthropic, I will leave the money to you!' Elena said. She couldn't believe her own ego. What was getting into her? Maybe she was just giving back the fuck to those people who tried fucking her life.

'Are you listening to yourself, Elena? Remember who I am and who are you! Are you dating one of my company's clients? Remember the rules, no dating or falling in love with a client. You just fuck and that's the end of your relationship!'

'Again, I have not breached any contract rule. I am not dating a client. I can only date my boyfriend, whom I want soon,' Elena said.

'Do you want your boyfriend or money?' Marion asked.

'I want both!'

'If money is involved, then you will have to respect me, Elena. It from my company that you earned the clothes you are pulling on right now!' Marion warned. She watched Elena pull on a very expensively assembly luscious dress, her dream cloth. She looked elegant in it. The dress complimented her beautiful body. She looked like a painting done by a famous painter.

'I no longer need your money,' Elena said absent-mindedly, pulling together the straps on the dress.

'What!' Marion was dumbfounded. She was confused. 'Anyways, that is up to you if you don't need my money. However, you need money to fight Otiato or to get your boyfriend back,' Marion noted.

'Sure that is true.'

'Where will you get the money if you can't work for me?'

‘You owe me money, my dear! My 4k, use that to manipulate Otiato’ Elena said, looking Marion directly in the eyes. Marion’s eyes shied away.

‘Otiato did not take lightly you using me to manipulate and blackmail him,’ Marion said timidly.

‘You know what Marion; I am in this mess because you put me in it. I don’t know where my boyfriend is because of you started this. Now listen to me, you have a week, and when I say a week I mean seven days, for you to get my boyfriend back to me. Or……’

‘Or what? Are you threatening me?’ Marion asked.

‘I am not, I am giving you a one-week ultimatum to get my boyfriend back to me or else, you and Otiato will fall down! It is going to be noisy, messy and there will be casualties,’ Elena said, before walking out the door like a model on the runway.

She was breathtaking on the eyes, in her new dress. Even other girls in the hostel paused to stare at her; they ran out of their room to peep her through the door as she marched down. Her aura was high, high in the sky with eagles. Her demeanor had sky-rocketed into the levels of a socialite. Her confident, Akothe would have envied it.

She walked like a princess into a German machine, the real thing from German, not as fake as Robin. Everyone envied her. Even those who had vilified, lambasted and lampooned her now whistled in admiration when she disappeared into the car. Marion, through the window of their room, looked down at her with anger. She wished to jump from the window, from the third floor, into the car, grab her dress, tear it apart and soil her face with punches. Jumping from the third floor would mean committing suicide be, why, because of jealous. She was jealous of Elena’s beautiful and her new image. She wanted that, and she was determined to get that.

‘You father was perturbed to when you texted him that your boyfriend was kidnapped from a police cell, that is why he asked me to set a meeting with you at Jacaranda Hotel. He is rich but lacks a family. He was looking for a lost daughter. He is happy to finally have you. The DNA results are almost out, and the doctors have been said, it is positive. They are just waiting for official documentation, which takes a few days, one or two!’ the driver, Mr. Nicodemus’ old driver and now, Elena’s new driver said. ‘We are happy to have you. My boss has to other kids, and he is happy to finally meet you.

PART FOUR

'How long have you known Mr. Nicodemus?' Elena asked as they made way into town through the Lower State House Road. The driver, who had introduced himself as Don Mike, slowed down as he caught up with an annoying traffic jam around University Way rounder about. He took a comfortable posture before replying, resting his arms on the steering wheel.

'I have worked for your father as long as you have lived,' he replied with a grin of pride on his lips.

'How much do you know about him?' Elena inquired.

'As a brother would know a brother, I am his younger brother, and I have worked for him as a chauffeur since you were born. He was never a family guy. All his adult life, he concentrated on building the business empires that he forgot about family life. Nic, as I usually call him, loved your mother with all his wealth and heart, but when your mum rejected him, he lost interest in love and family life. Losing the woman he loved was terrible; it affected him and his business. It took him time to get back on his feet, but he never forgot about your mum. He kept on looking for you until recently he got a word that you had joined campus. He stopped his habit of invading campus girls momentarily, until yesterday; fate brought you together before the unthinkable could have happened. Thank the Lords,' the driver said, as traffic eased.

'So you are my Uncle, guess I should be calling you Uncle Mike,' Elena said with a lot of emotions. Why did it take that long for her to meet the rest of her family? She grew up with her mum as her only family member.

'You are very privileged my dear, not every niece is lucky to have an uncle as her chauffeur.' Don Mike teased. He was a charming uncle already. Elena smiled; family is what she dreamt off all her life. Efforts to find her own family bore fruitless results every time she tried to locate her roots.

'Thanks, Uncle Mike,' she smiled, pronouncing uncle with much difficult but it came out anyway. The last time she called a man uncle, was when she was in class eight. As a young girl, every man that came to visit her mother in Mathare was an uncle. She had lost the count of uncles her mother introduced to her.

Otiato and his three goons, as it was their habit were sipping on liquor tins in town with a bunch of fine skins massaging their bare asses on their laps. They were wasting their frivolous lives at a downtown strip club and bar when Otiato's phone beeped. It was Marion on the other side of the phone. He ignored the phone accusing her of being a snitch. 'I don't talk to snitches,' he accused with a drunken tone.

Marion called three more times, a move that prompted one of Otiato's goons to convince him to pick up the phone.

'There is trouble looming,' Marion said as soon Otiato picked the phone, choosing not to dwell on 'hellos' and 'how are yours'.

‘What is it?’ Otiato asked defiantly, not in the moods to talk on the phone.

‘Elena has back-up from a very powerful person, and they are coming for you, I mean us!’ Marion said.

‘What do you mean? Am I not powerful?’ Otiato asked boastfully.

‘You are, but she is getting support from I guess a client she served yesterday. He is a very powerful person. I don’t know what they agreed on, but she is heading towards Westlands for a meeting. She is being driven in a black Mercedes Benz; I am sending you photos right now. They should be along Waiyaki Way currently. You know what she can do with back-up, I don’t need to remind you that,’ Marion paused on the phone, took a deep breath. ‘He will help her recover Alvin from your hands.’

Otiato laughed sheepishly on the other side of the phone before hanging up the conversation. He signaled his three goons over and gestured the strippers to leave the room.

‘Get a van; you have a task that needs your attention. The reward is very handsome,’ he said, emptying the beer from his can.

Elena and Don Mike were getting along smoothly and happily. They were like two lovers that have been reunited after a very long period of separation. Her laughter and smiles were radiant and vitalizing.

‘I was in another room when your dad came in, with tears on his face. His face was confusing; it was very hard to tell whether he was happy or sad. I asked him what was wrong because normally he spends the whole night with his girls in one room as I wait for him in the other room. You know I am a family and marriage man, I don’t chase kids of your age. You have two cousins, you should meet them soon. Anyways, yesterday he came into my room earlier than usual. For a moment I thought the lady had not shown up.’ Don Mike narrated of Mr. Nicodemus’ the previous night’s ordeal.

‘He sat next to me then said, “I think I have found my daughter. The moment I entered the room, something was strange, I had an emotional feeling climbing my throat. Then I saw a necklace on her shoulders, the same golden necklace that I bought the woman of my life just hours before the incidence that led to our separation. The lady in the room is my daughter, but her name is strange. My daughter was called Elena, but she says her name is Carmel.” I laughed at his naivety. All those years he slept with campus ladies, he has never realized that they don’t use their real names. ’ Don Mike paused to focus on driving.

Elena smiled.

She looked her necklace; her mother gave it to her on her eighteenth birthday, just a month before she passed away. Her neck has never missed the necklace before. ‘So this beautiful necklace came from my dad? Mum used to treasure it more than anything else. She would spend hours just looking at it, sometimes with tears in her eyes. When I asked her what was wrong, or what the necklace meant to her, she would quickly wipe the tears away and say nothing. On the day that she died, she told me that the necklace represented the love of her life, a love that she never had. She told me to take it, treasure it like a family treasure. “Don’t let the necklace out of your neck,”’ Elena mimicked the exact tone of her mum when she was dying.

A silence for the first time ensued between them. Don Mike concentrated on driving while Elena starred into the blank moving space absent-mindedly.

It was like looking into the outside space that she discovered a strange motion behind them through the side-mirror.

A car had been trailing them for the past twenty minutes, imitating every motion they took. At first, she ignored the trailing idea because she thought they were going on the same direction, but it became strange when they slowed down in the same manner that Don Mike slowed down their car when talking on the phone.

'Uncle, I think some van is following us, a black tinted van.' Elena alerted her uncle.

Don Mike adjusted his side mirror to bring the van into his view. He slowed down momentarily, a move that was replicated by the van.

'I have seen it. Why would anyone follow us?' he wondered.

'Maybe dad has enemies?' Elena asked with a worrying face.

'Not any that I know. Your dad has friends and his businesses are clean. But to succeed, you need enemies and competitors. I think these are just the normal Nairobi carjackers chasing us. I am sure by now they know we are aware of their trailing. I will change direction to lose them. I have dealt with such morons before,' Don Mike said with an assuring tone.

He accelerated the car and picked a road that would double the distance to be covered to their location. Just as they disappeared into the road, the van picked the same road and roared towards them.

The road was isolated with very few motorists using it. Don Mike was alarmed. Normally thugs would have lost interest in them if they discovered that they had been noticed. He kept on changing roads, without a clear direction, his main aim was to lose them.

Every time he turned, then have that 'we have lost them,' sigh of relief, the van would reappear from a distance and roar towards them with anger.

Don Mike kept on spinning the car, and when his trick didn't work, he decided to stop the car and face them one on one. He brought the car to a full stop by the roadside of a dusty road, which was half-tarmacked, in rural areas that were far away from the busy center of the city. He reached the back of his pants and drew a pistol, he was breathing heavily.

'They are a three, one driver and two passengers, I want you to hide in the boot. Draw the seats forward and hide in the boot, I will tackle them. I have done this before,' Don Mike said confidently, tacking his shirt in like a Texas Sheriff.

'Why don't we just drive on Uncle Mike? Is it dangerous?' Elena asked with a weary face. Why was life this sad? Her troubles seemed to be compounding every day, she wondered. Just when she thought her trouble had disappeared into thin air like smoke, someone else puffed another smoke into her direction.

'Just do as I have said please,' Don Mike ordered. 'I cannot keep on driving because I don't know where the road is leading. If we keep on driving, we might run out of gas or petrol. I don't see a station in these

areas. Even Google map can't recognize this place, I am sure, the internet reception is very pathetic, and so is the mobile phone network. My phone's network is down' Don Mike explained.

'My phone can access the mobile network. I still use my Nokia C11, and its network reception is decent. Let me reach dad,' she said, moving into the boot as directed. Her petite figure fit perfectly into the boot.

As she dialed her dad's number, the van drew closer and closer.

Her voice was sacred and dry when she talked to her dad.

'Where are you guys? Shouldn't you guys be here by now?' His dad asked.

'We… we are… I don't know dad... I don't know where we are……' Elena stammered. 'Some people followed us dad, are following us, we had to change our direction, but I don't where we are currently.'

'Call the police now… they will track your call,' Mr. Nicodemus said. As she was about to hung up the call, the phone went off. The battery was empty. She brushed her finger through her hair with frustrations.

'Calm down niece, I have this covered,' Don Mike assured.

The car approached them then slowed down. The driver lowered the front window and smiled at Don Mike.

'How can I help you guys?' Don Mike asked.

Like a bunch of freaks, the three goons burst out in unison laughter before speeding off like they were never there.

Don Mike sighed and allowed his body to wound down with ease. A thick sweat cascaded down his neck.

'What was that? Who are these freaks that would trail us all this was to laugh at us and drive away?' Don Mike asked, breaking into a big laughter of his own.

He turned on the car's ignition and speed back to where they came from.

They laughed and made fun of their naïve reaction towards a bunch of freaks. Elena reoccupied her earlier seat and took a few selfies on her uncle's phone.

As soon as Don Mike took the first bend of the road, the same van came roaring towards them at an alarming speed and slammed into their car that their car rolled off the road into a wild steep slope. The car rolled severally until it was halted by a huge fig tree a few miles from the road.

The three goons walked down the slope towards the car, with smiles on their faces.

Both Don Mike and Elena were motionless, the car was in total wrecks. The windscreen had been shattered into pieces.

As soon as they got on the spot, Don Mike, with the last energy and life of his body, aimed his gun and shot one of them in the head. He died on the spot.

Don Mike was too weak to pull the trigger again; instead, one of the remaining goons pulled the gun on his head and killed Don Mike. They pulled Elena's motionless body from the car wrecks, she was not breathing. Her limps were oozing blood.

'Hi boss, we lost one of our members. But we killed one of them. You wanted the lady dead or alive. Well, we don't know if she is alive or dead, but we will bring her to you,' One goon said on a phone with Otiato.

'Good job, dispose of the two dead bodies and come back with the lady. She is more valuable to me dead or alive. I promised her boyfriend that he will fuck his girlfriend's corpse!' Otiato replied.

PART FIVE

Alvin was in a deep sleep when Otiato, his goons, and Elena paid him a visit. One of Otiato's goons, Makokha unsuccessfully tried to wake up using friendly means, calling his name. Alvin did not respond to his name, something that prompted Makokha to employ a friendlier mean, he squeezed Alvin's balls using his hands.

Alvin woke up in confusion, his sight blurred, but with every passing second, the face of Elena appeared in his eyes. She was motionless; she lay on the cold floor with soiled clothes, blood stains all over her body.

Alvin wiped his eyes as if confirming if he was still dreaming. Tears fell from his eyes on seeing the state of Elena. He attempted to get on his feet but realized that his limps had been chained.

'Elena! Elena! Elena!' he called, hoping she could hear him. 'What did you do to her?' Alvin asked.

'What I promised I will do to her, it is only your part that is remaining. You promised to fuck her dead body, remember? Hehehe!' Otiato said.

'Over my dead body,' Alvin replied, spitting on Otiato's face. Makokha, as ready as always, slapped Alvin on the face. Alvin's head spun in pain.

'NOOOOO!' Alvin yelled in pain, 'You can't kill my girlfriend and force me to fuck her. Why did you kill her? I hate you Otiato! Curse you!' Alvin cursed.

'Hahaha, soon you will follow her in hell, young hoes am sure are not welcomed in Heaven. She might seduce Angel Gabriel,' Otiato joked. His goons laughed awkwardly, as was their norm, they were heartless, laughing annoyingly while one of them was dead.

'KILL ME ALREADY, KIILLLLL MEEEEE TOOO. What are you waiting for?' Alvin yelled louder and louder. 'What is there to live for, what else is there to live for if my girlfriend is dead? WHYYY, why did you kill her?' Alvin was crying uncontrolled. He has never been this emotional in his life.

'C'mon brother, isn't it only fair that we kill the hoe. Before she came into our bracket, we were brothers, playing together, sharing jokes, food, and everything. She is the reason why you humiliated me; she is the reason why you are suffering. Isn't it fair that she dies, isn't bro?' Otiato asked.

Alvin looked at him with red chilly eyes. He wished he could break loose and chew Otiato alive.

'Isn't it good that she is dead? You and I can go back to being good friends. Why should we fight bro? Why? Are we surely fighting because of a girl?' Otiato asked again.

Alvin spat on his face again, this time the spit landed inside Otiato's eyes. Otiato wiped his eyes in anger.

Makokha punched Alvin in the stomach with huge force, Alvin fell down, hitting his head on the wall. His head momentarily went blank.

'JUST KILL ME INSTEAD!' Alvin yelled in pain. KILLLLL ME!'

Elena moved her hand, she heard him yell in pain. She tried to move her hand to hold him, to ease his pain but she was too weak to even move a muscle. She was regaining her conscious with difficulties. She

tried to open her eyes but everything was blurred, blood had clotted on top of her eyes, he eye-lids failed to move.

'Alvin!' she tried to call him out, her voice barely going past her throat. Her breathing was very difficult.

Alvin noticed her movements. His pain disappeared, or it didn't matter anymore. He was the first to discover that she was not dead. His heart danced with ecstasy. She was not dead.

'Elena! Sweetheart!' He called with an amused voice.

'Hohoho, the little hoe is alive. This is now becoming fun. I thought your reunion was reserved in hell. Get up, bitch!' Otiato said, stalking Elena.

'Don't harm her please, I beg you, please, don't. She needs a doctor, please. She is wounded, she lost blood. Take her to the hospital, then you can do anything with you wish with me,' Alvin begged.

'Hehehe, bro, I was going to do what I wish with you, regardless. This hoe, threatened me, she send people to blackmail me,' Otiato said, anger climbing his throat with every word that came out of his mouth. 'I hate ladies directing me, I hate that. As a matter of fact, I hate anybody giving me ultimatums,' he added, pulling Elena's hair to get her sit up-right. She was still unresponsive, but her eyes were open. Her breathing was dim.

'Please Otiato, that girl is only nineteen. She is still naïve. Please forgive her, please!'

'Hehehe, so you can be this polite? This is fun.' Otiato laughed. 'Makokha, get me Robin from my car. His hoe is awake. I promised him a human vagina. Tell him his bitch is alive.' Otiato send Makokha to fetch his dog from the car.

Robin was a beast, trained to fuck ladies. He has starred in several dog-human sex videos. Robin was initially owned by a German called Robin, whom, through the help of Otaito, opened a pornography production house in Kenya. His pornography company produced mainly bestiality movies. Otiato, having a wide range of connection in Kenya, linked Mr. Robin with several campus ladies who were willing to earn extra cash.

Over two-thirds of the ladies who starred in the videos belonged to Coastal universities because Robin was based in Mombasa. After two years of working together, Otiato's relationship with Mr. Robin deteriorated after their dirty business was brought to the attention of the public. To protect his name, Otiato killed Mr. Robin, sold his production house and inherited one of his dogs, whom he renamed after his old owner, ROBIN.

'Don't forget the camera. We must record this. The video might get us millions from those porn sites,' Otiato added.

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With the help of police, Mr. Nicodemus had tracked the exact location from where Elena had called him last. The police found wrecks of Elena's car a few kilometers from the place.

Mr. Nicodemus burst out into sobs when they found wild dogs feeding on the corpse of Don Mike. Don Mike was his driver, his only brother and his confidant. He cried uncontrollably as the police chased away the angry dogs.

The dogs ran away on the sound of the gun, but not as far away, they landed on another dead body that had not been discovered by the police and Mr. Nic.

'That must be her!' he said, his voice was smeared with despondency and dejection. He sat down because his limps were too weak to support him.

The police again chased the hungry and angry wild dogs away.

'It is a man!' one police officer shouted, 'Your daughter is not here!' he announced.

It took Mr. Nic time before he got back on his feet. Don Mike's body had been severely mutilated by the dogs.

'Who is the other guy?' he asked the lead police officer.

'He is a University of Nairobi School of the Arts student; we found a student's Identity card in his pocket. He was shot by a bullet from your brother's gun. Your brother had survived the accident. He was shot in the head, probably by one of the guys. We are taking his body away for further investigations. We are very sorry Mr. Nic,' the police officer replied remorsefully.

'He is part of the gang that followed my daughter and brother,' Mr. Nic accused.

'That what we are trying to conclude. They were not car thieves. Carjackers don't hit the vehicle that they are attempting to steal. These were kidnappers who employ more ruthless means than carjackers. They took your daughter away. We have recovered a small mobile phone on the passenger's seat in the car, guess it belonged to her. We are really sorry sir, but we will make sure that they are caught,' the police officer said.

'What about my brother's mobile phone?' Mr. Nic asked.

'Among the items that were recovered from his body, a phone was not part of them,' the police officer reported.

'His phone had a tracker, and the morons took it.' Mr. Nic said.

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'Pull this hoe on her knees,' Otiato ordered the remaining goon, Kipyator. Kipyator pulled Elena on her knees; she was too weak to maintain that position.

Every passing second, Elena was regaining her consciousness. Elena's body was sore.

'Can I have water please,' she asked, eventually finding her voice.

‘Ohh, she wants water. Who are we to deny her wish? Get me the tin from which this moron used to dump his urine. That can quench his thirst perfectly.’

Kipyator walked across the room and fetched the tin-containing Alvin’s urine. The stench from the tin was blinding. Otiato pulled the tin on Elena’s mouth and forced her to drink the urine. As soon as the urine hit her stomach, they came back roaring out of her mouth in form of puke that had blood stains. The puke landed on Otiato’s sports shoes and lower parts of his sweatpants.

Angered, Otiato slapped Elena hard on her head, sending her on the floor again. She was too weak and numb to react, cry, plead or beg him.

All this time, Alvin was screaming, shouting, begging and pleading with Otiato to spare his girlfriend. All his efforts fell on deaf ears. He was determined to torture them to death, slowly and bit by bit. That would satisfy his beasty soul.

Alvin tried to break free from the chains, but every time he forced himself to free up, his hands hurt.

He wiped the puke off his body using her long hair.

Robin entered the room roaring and hungry. He had been to such settings before; he had had sex with half-conscious ladies before. He ran towards Elena. Elena was still on her knees and started sniffing on her.

‘NOOO please, stop the dog please!’ Alvin pleaded. His voice was dry and rough. Makokha pulled Elena’s soiled dress on her back, exposing her bare back. The dog sniffed on her ass and licked her. It was already hard, his massive dick already throbbing out of its penile sheath. The pervert tried to climb Elena, but his penis was not stable enough to penetrate her. More so, she still had her panty on.

Kipyator stripped off Elena’s panty. The dog licked her pussy from behind like it had been trained to do. It climbed on her back again, but only managed to hump between her things. It did not penetrate her vagina.

‘This is fun. It has been long before Robin had a human flesh. He lost his magical art. He used to penetrate ladies on the first attempt,’ Otiato commented.

‘Please Otiato, stop it. Forgive us, please. Punish me, she is innocent. She doesn’t deserve this!’

‘Your voice is becoming a nuisance to my ears moron. We are shooting a movie here bitch. Your role will come later, till then, shut up!’

As Robin prepared to climb on top of Elena again, a phone rang. It was a strange ringtone, a gospel ringtone. Kipyator reached his pocket and drew Don Mike’s phone. He picked Don Mike’s phone but forgot to switch it off.

‘Whose phone is that?’ Otiato asked angrily?

‘It belonged to the driver that was driving this girl!’ Kipyator replied timidly. He could read trouble written on Otiato’s face!

‘How could you be this careless? They have already tracked us. I wanted this thing to be done in darkness, but because of your carelessness, we will have to move now!’ Otiato angrily, he pulled a gun

from his pants and shot Kipyator on the head. ‘I don’t entertain carelessness. Stupid moron. Let us get out of here before police apprehend us,’ Otiato ordered. Makokha has never seen his boss this mad.

He was scared. He had lost all his friends in a span of only a few hours. He pulled Elena on his shoulders.

‘What about the boy?’ Makokha asked.

‘He is not too important to us for now. He can die as much as I care. We will lock him in the house. Get that phone, we will dump it somewhere on the road to confuse the police,’ Otiato said, as he locked the door.

Alvin was left, frustrated as always. His hands were in immense pain.

PART SIX

'Freeze, everyone hands on your hair. Police!' the police officers, with their guns pointing into the room ordered.

Alvin opened his eyes, trying to lift up in the air his chained hands, but it was in vain.

'It is me, don't shoot!' he yelled back.

'Who are you?' the police officer asked. They had surrounded Alvin with their guns pointing at his chest.

'I am Alvin, a University of Nairobi Student. I was kidnapped; I am the boyfriend of the lady!' Alvin replied, with a sigh of relief when the police lowered their guns.

'We need an additional ambulance; one person is in a very bad condition has been recovered. One dead body also has been discovered,' the police officer talked on his walkie-talkie.

Alvin was unchained; his hands were wounded and bleeding. His skin was dry and wrinkled because of malnourishment, he smelled like a Nairobian man on a rainy cold season. His eyes were sinking inside their sockets.

He was carried away on a stretcher into an awaiting ambulance, but police had to use force to take him down. Even as weak as he was, police had to sweat to take him down.

'I want to go after my girlfriend. I want to save my girlfriend,' he kept on shouting, throwing kicks in the air to whoever it might concern.

'That's not your work any longer. You need to see a doctor,' Mr Nic, tried to talk him out of the idea. 'I am Elena's father; I will make sure that she is back to you. She mentioned to me that you had been kidnapped. Don't worry son!'

Alvin was confused. Elena had not mentioned a father to him, but there was a man claiming to be her father. He believed him anyway because he had no energy left to argue with anyone. He calmed down.

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Two days inside Kenyatta Hospital felt like an eternal date in hell. Alvin did not trust anyone in the hospital. He had to confirm from every doctor that attendant to him if s/he was being administered the correct medication, or if a certain medication belonged a different doctor.

'Madam nurse; are sure you haven't used that syringe on another patient before?' he asked with the serious face of the teacher on duty at a Kenyan high school.

The young beautiful nurse, a fresh intern from the University of Nairobi ogled him with pity, anger and confusion, all mixed on her face. 'Don't worry Alvin, you are safe with me,' she replied with a beautiful smile. She was breathtaking.

‘I don’t trust anyone in Kenyatta Hospital; you might be working for Otiato. I have seen your face in UON. Are you working for him? Did he send you to poison me? Did he?’ Alvin asked, with a paranoid tone. Alvin was going crazy, the emotional torture he had gone through had affected his brains severely. He was almost going crazy.

‘Sir, I have heard your story in school. I am a victim of Otiato’s inhuman behaviours before. My story is very pathetic, so I would never work for him. Trust me, I am a learning nurse bound with medical practitioners’ work ethics. I would never do something that would intentionally harm a patient. I am so sorry about what happened to you. No one deserves what happened to you,’ the young nurse, Doreen, explained.

She pulled a smile, a smile that Alvin rejected.

‘I don’t trust you or anyone from UON, I don’t. Get out of here; you have been sent by him to kill me. Get out of here,’ Alvin shouted, throwing his kicks and punches in the air for whomever they might concern with. He was mad, crazy, insane, losing his mind. If anyone went through what he went through, s/he would be dead.

Doreen was frustrated, her integrity was being put into question by the virtue that she is a student from UON on practice at KNH. It was even more frustrating that she was being suspected of working for Otiato, a man that defiled her when she was only a first year, four years ago.

‘How could you accuse me of working for that monster? I am his victim. He raped me once when I was a first year. When I tried to report the issue to the police, my life was threatened. How could you? How could you?’ Doreen asked with tears on her face.

The healing wounds on her heart were opened. In flashes, she remembered her friend inviting her to attend a birthday party in hall nine, Otiato’s birthday. She was the most beautiful girl in the party, which had more boys than girls. The party was fun, with lots of drinks, sheesha, marijuana and cocaine making rounds. It was all fun until in the early hours of the morning when her friend left the room with a guy. All other girls had left with their boyfriends or left for their rooms.

Her friend was drunk; she didn’t even remember she had invited Doreen to the party. As a first year, Doreen was confused; she didn’t know what to do. She was left in the room with two guys, Otiato and Makokha. When she tried to leave for her room, Makokha locked the door. The rest of the story is very painful; she never wanted to remember it.

‘I don’t trust you. I said I don’t trust you. Otiato has sent you to kill me! Alvin shouted, threatening to attack the frightened nurse. Doreen was scared. Alvin had lost his mind, completely lost his head.

Doreen ran out of the ward crying, calling for help. When help arrived, Alvin was walking towards the door, on his way out of the hospital.

‘I am going to save my girlfriend, leave me alone!’ he shouted, cursing, kicking and punching anyone that dared step on his way. ‘I am not staying in this hospital. That lady nurse wanted to poison me. She was sent by him to finish me up. She can’t kill me before I see my girlfriend,’ He shouted, struggling to free him from the grip of seven build health workers.

He was dragged back to his ward where sedatives were administered to him to calm his nerves down.

The following day in the morning, Alvin woke up feeling okay; however he was declared too dangerous to himself and anyone in the hospital. He was put under tight surveillance. No one was allowed to visit him. No one would anyways, apart from the police and Mr Nic.

In the mid-morning hours, Mr Nic paid him a visit. Alvin was happy to see him. He remembered him as the man who introduced himself as Elena's dad.

When Mr Nic left the ward, Alvin folded his body into in a sleeping position. Twenty minutes later, the security guard assigned to watch him over, sneaked out of the ward after he was convinced that Alvin was deep asleep.

Ten minutes after the guard left had the room, a male doctor, taking the place of Doreen who was too traumatized to attend to Alvin, walked in with a tray of medication that included sedatives. He was shocked too shocked when he didn't find the security guard in the room but felt safe because Alvin was asleep.

In his sleep, Alvin grabbed the doctor by the neck and injected the sleeping sedatives into the trapped body of the doctor. He then stripped the doctor off his clothes, pulled his off then exchange with doctor's clothes. He pulled the sedated doctor on the bed, in the same sleeping position that he was when the security guard walked out the ward.

'Hehehe,' he laughed, like a man who has achieved a huge milestone in life that will save the whole human race from going to hell. 'I used to watch this happen in movies, I never thought I would pull it. Sorry bro, when you grow up and fall in love, you will understand why I did this. My girlfriend is more important than your syringes. I am not even sure if you are injecting me with the correct medication, or you are administering my body with drugs that were meant for someone suffering from marasmus. Well, I might have been malnourished for few days, but that does not mean that I should be injected with marasmus injection.'

Alvin joked, was he joking or was his mind off? He cared less. He intubated the doctor in the same manner that he was then sneaked out of the Kenyatta Hospital in the doctor's clothes. Inside the doctor's clothes, there was cash that he used to travel back to school.

His main target was getting to Marion. Marion held the key to accessing Otiato.

On the school highways, no one recognized him. No one would no one paid attention to him, no one expected him back to school sooner. He covered his hands in gloves to hide the stitches and bandages on his hands.

He walked towards Marion's Hall, Hall four, but just as he was about to enter the gate, he saw Marion enter her car and drive away. Luckily, for him, a cub was dropping slay queens at the student's residential area's gate. He took the cub and instructed the driver to chase after Marion's Car up to where she was going.

'Money is not a problem, where she goes, I will pay you. I have a lot of money,' Alvin said confidently, running his hands on top of the doctor's suit just to make sure the money was still there. How stupid was the doctor to walk with such huge amount of money in his pocket?

The driver drove after Marion; it was hard manoeuvring through the chaos of Nairobi's traffic jam and the traffic police lights while chasing another car. It was all fun until a traffic police flagged them down, immediately after letting Marion pass. The traffic lights had turned red on them.

Alvin was mad, very mad; he was almost losing his head again. 'This is not the right place to lose your head moron,' he said to himself.

'Please, just drive on, drive on. Fuck traffic rules, fuck traffic lights and drive on. I will pay your bail in case you are arrested, additionally, I will pay you as much as you earn in a month, all in one day', Alvin said, handing the drive ten thousand shillings, 'here is the down payment'. The driver smiled and let the car roar angrily after Marion.

'You are a very rich bro,' the driver commented. 'You are very rich for your age. Are you chasing after your girlfriend? Why are you chasing her?' the driver asked.

'Don't worry, when you grow up and fall in love, you will understand why I am doing this,' he replied. The driver laughed and accelerated even more after Marion.

One hour later, they were in the outskirt of Kiambu town, branching into a small hotel that Marion had parked outside.

'Wait for me here. Don't leave; remember I still have your salary.' Alvin said, walking into the hotel. On the hotel, in a corner, Marion was making her way to a table that was occupied by a hooded man. Otiato…

'This motherfucker is here!' Alvin sighed. 'Now Moron, this is the right place to lose your head.'

Thanks for those who send me money. Be Blessed sana... I am building a website soon, the money i received will help me build it.

PART SEVEN

'Hey, bro, don't do that!' The driver tapped on Alvin's shoulder. Alvin turned his head in anger, giving him a 'what is wrong with you?' look. 'Don't work on your impulses, I might not be old enough to understand what lovers do for love, but one thing I know is that but you don't ambush enemies when you are stitched. I saw you on TV; I was trying to figure out where I saw you. You are the guy who was rescued three days ago. I know the guy in the hood. He is a most wanted,' the driver said.

'I know but I have to do what I have to do. That old career student has my girlfriend I don't know hidden where!' Alvin replied.

'I know, but trust me, the guy is probably armed, and you are not armed, in stitches, weak, sick and alone!'

'I am not alone, I have you here. We are doing this together bro. My father-in-law is very rich, I will have you as my driver when we win this,' Alvin said absent-mindedly.

'Noo, I am in this with you, but we are not doing it this way. You are not Denzel Washington. Call me Eric!' the driver offered.

'Eric, what is your plan?'

'I have dark sunglasses and a hood in the car. Put them on then you can sneak to where they are sitting, occupy the near-by table and listen to their talk. I am sure they are going to mention names, where your girlfriend is and what they are up to. Meanwhile, I will stand here and watch over you, just in case something comes up, I will offer my help!' Eric said passionately.

Marion hugged Otiato with a weak grin on her face. She was very worried and scared. The last person she wanted to meet was Otiato, but she had just one choice when he asked to meet her. She could not turn him down. She was who she was because of Otiato, she owed him everything.

Otiato's name was all over the media, the most wanted criminal in Kenya with a 5 million bounty on his head. Everyone who had known Otiato for ages wondered why it took police so many years to list him as dangerous.

'I heard and read that I am wanted all over?' he asked, with a scared tone. It was the first time that Otiato's pompous tone had shades of fear. He looked very scared. On a normal day, he would be ordering everyone around the hotel, insulting waiters, calling them dumbass. He was a narcissist, who believed in himself alone.

He was so polite on that day, thanking every waiter that approached him. He threw 'excuse me's,' thank you's and 'please's' around on anyone and everyone. He smiled at anyone who looked at him, to avoid raising the attention on him. He wanted to act as normal as possible.

'This time you went overboard, bro. I warned you, I warned you that that girl was meeting a very rich tycoon. You have killed people before, you have sold drugs before, but have you ever seen police chase

after you like they are doing? The man is very rich. He oozes money! This time around you stepped on the wrong foot!' Marion said, adjusting the sunglasses on her chubby face.

'There is something we can do!' Otiato said.

'You and who? Otiato I don't want to be in this with you. That man is very rich and according to my findings, he is Elena's father. I don't want to aid a fight against a wounded city tycoon'

'I don't understand how a daughter of a tycoon can have sex on the campus for money!' Otiato said.

'She did that before meeting her father. She almost had sex with him. I recruited her in my online brothel, to work as a prostitute. She wanted to earn money so that she could save her boyfriend, but instead, she ran into her father. Such a sweet reunion,' Marion narrated bitterly. Ever since Elena met her father, her business had been crumbling day after day. Elena's profile was booked for two months, with ten men booking her over two months, each willing to pay as high as ten thousand shillings to sleep with her. She lost sixty thousand shillings when Elena resigned.

Alvin sat on the next table, listened carefully to the hogwash on Otiato's table. Otiato's face reminded him that he is supposed to punch him repeatedly. He wanted to walk over and beat the hell out of him, but every time he wanted to get up, Eric would wink at him, calming him down.

'I need money from you. I want to run out of the country. I can't withdraw my money from the bank currently. I need you to lend me a half a million, plus two fully fueled cars,' Otiato asked.

'Half a million? Where do I get this kind of money? My business is not doing well.' Marion was taken aback by Otiato's demands.

'I don't know Marion. Get a loan or borrow from one of your rich men. Remember if I go down, I am going with you. We are in this mess together!' Otiato replied, measuring his tone.

'Where is she? The little hoe,' Marion asked curiously.

'We are hiding her somewhere in a forest in an abandoned house in Thika River forest. There is a house in the middle of the forest, that's where we are keeping her. Makokha is guarding her, but currently, we have run out of food and money. We need money, and you Marion is providing that money!' Otiato said.

'Why don't you ask for ransom from her dad? You will get quick money,' Marion suggested.

'Police are no longer stupid my dear. You will ask for ransom but get arrested a day after receiving the money. Thugs are no longer kidnapping rich kids. I am going to kill that bitch and run away from this country. She is the reason why I am in this mess. I can start my narcotic empire is Tanzania,' Otiato said, looking around the place to make sure no one was eyeing them.

'When are you planning to do all these?' Marion asked sharply.

'Today at night, we don't have the luxury of time. I need the money tonight or we are going down tomorrow. An insider inside the police force has informed me that they are planning a raid tomorrow inside Thika River forest. They already have information that we are hiding in the forest, that's why we have to do this tonight. Thankfully, I still have friends within the police force.' Otiato said.

‘Okay, you will get the money in the evening. I know where to get that sum, but make sure I get my money back!’

‘Don’t worry. I will talk to some guy from the bank to transfer my money to your account. I am connected in Kenya, you know!’

There was nothing more that Alvin would have liked to listen to. He knew where his girlfriend was, in a house in the middle of Thika River Forest. He walked out the hotel, angered by the fact that Otiato was just a punch throw away from him but he couldn’t punch him.

‘You did good bro,’ Eric said, tapping Alvin on the back.

‘I wanted to break his jaws, tear apart his mouth and pee down his throat. I will do that, soon,’ Alvin said assuringly.

‘Where to?’ Eric asked.

‘I want to call my in-law, inform him of the exact location where Elena is, and what they are planning to do to her tonight. He can come along with the police. I know this motherfucker will be driving back there soon. We need to get there before he gets there and save my girlfriend,’ Alvin said, fastening his safety belt in the cub. ‘Drive into Thika River Forest. I don’t know where that is.’ He added.

‘As you say bro!’ Eric roared off the hotel compound with the same speed that he drove in.

‘Where am I?’ Elena asked in her thoughts. She woke up on an old bed with very dirty sheets. She looked around and nothing looked familiar. There was no one in the room. The walls of the room were dirty with blood stains. The spiders dancing on their cobwebs ogled her mincingly, accusing her of intruding on their peaceful space.

The place looked creepy, a perfect location to shoot a horror movie with Freddy Kruger as the main antagonist, but that was not a movie, she was not dreaming. Everything was real. The door leading into the room was injured with bullet holes. It was an abandoned house; it belonged to the British during the colonial period. The gun holes represented the struggle that Kenyan went through fighting the colonial powers.

‘Hallo, is anyone at home?’ she called out. No replied came back apart from echoes. ‘Can anyone hear me? Is anyone at home, hallo, is anyone at home?’ she called out to no reply. Listening to her call out, you would realize that she is a huge fan of horror movies.

Her stomach ached; she had taken food for three days. The wounds on her limps were still oozing pus. She limped off the bed towards the door.

Outside the room, she saw staircases that led down the room. She walked down the stairs into a large sitting room with Brocken chairs and tables. The floor of the room was dirty, covered with broken windows and gun magazines.

‘When was the last that someone lived here?’ she wondered, her eyes inspecting the room.

‘Is anyone at home?’ she asked again. Her eyes wondered into a jacket that she recognized. The jacket was hanging on the wall next to the main door. She quickly remembered whose jacket that was, Makokha. In a flash, she remembered how she got there.

She picked the jacket and wrapped it around her body. The forest was very cold, with cold breezes penetrating into the house through the broken windows.

The jacket was extra-ordinarily heavier than usual. There was something inside it that was making it heavy, a gun. The gun belonged to Don Mike, her Uncle. She remembered how he drew the gun from his pants and assured her that everything was going to be fine.

She missed him, she missed her Uncle already. She cried remembering Makokha shooting him in the head. ‘That son of a bitch will rot in hell,’ she said stepping out of the house.

The house was in the middle of a huge field with shin-length grass, and beyond the field, there was a thick forest surrounding it. ‘Where the hell I am?’ she wondered loudly.

The forest breeze was chilling. Birds and monkeys were singing and dancing in the forest yonder. The grass on the field waved along the movements of the wind.

From a distance, she noticed a strange movement. Her eyes ached when she tried to open them wide, however, with every passing second, the movement became clear and clear. It was a man and a dog. The two waded through the grass with difficulties towards the house.

Makokha was carrying a stick with squirrels and an antelope. He took Robin out into the forest to hunt for food, lest they died of hunger in the house.

The sight of Robin wagging his tail, barking angrily towards Elena scared her. She remembered the dog humping on her a few days ago.

Robin came roaring towards her menacingly, with Makokha running after him. Elena drew the gun and pointed towards Robin, who was advancing towards her at the speed of a Formula One car.

Her hands were shaking. She had never used a gun before, but she knew how to pull the trigger. Everyone knew. She had seen Otiato operate a gun in his room.

She sighed, breathed in and out, calmed down and pulled the trigger. The bullet went straight into Robin’s head. Robin fell to the ground and died on the spot.

‘NOOOOOOOO!’ Makokha yelled in agony. He knew he would be dead if Otiato found Robin dead. Like a wounded rhino, he charged towards Elena in anger. She aimed at him with the gun, breathed in and out, calmed downed and pulled the trigger…. The gun was empty.

‘Shit!’ she cursed.

She could not run away. Her body was aching. She squatted down and prayed to God to protect her…

‘Dear God, if this is my last day on earth, Lord please forgive me my sins. Protect my boyfriend. I was never a good girlfriend to him, but I loved him. He knew how much I loved him. I wish I could get another chance to show him how much I loved him, but if you have decided that this is the day I should

die, take me Lord and forgive my sins!' she prayed and opened her eyes to the sound of a car, roaring through the field towards Makokha.

Lewis Hamilton would be envious of whoever was driving the car. Sebastian Lob would sit down and take a lesson from the driver. Whoever produced Fast and Furious made consultations with Eric, the cab driver!

PART EIGHT

'Get to him before he gets to her,' Alvin directed Eric.

'As you wish bro,' Eric let the car accelerate in a manner in wish its tyres barely touched the top of the grass.

Makokha was two hundred meters away from Elena, on realizing a car approaching his direction, he accelerated. His mission was to grab Elena, Load the gun with bullets inside his pocket and defend himself against whoever was in the car until help came in from Otiato.

'Don't let him get to her, please. Told you this Makokha guy is gluttonous, he forgot about watching over her and went into the forest to hunt for food,' Alvin joked.

'I got this bro. According to my estimations, we will get to him before he gets to her. His speed is fading every passing second. Do I run over him?' Eric asked?

'Hit him in a manner that would demobilize him instead of killing him. I want to torture him like they did to me. He doesn't deserve a sweet and quick death, that would be boring to him.' Collins suggested. 'But to achieve that, you ought to be so accurate; I heard he fled from Somalia after undergoing through one-year training with the Al Shaabab. I am sure he is trained to handle such a situation without getting hurt. I need you to be at the top of your game.'

Makokha was not just any normal goon masquerading as a student at the University Of Nairobi. He had a cocktail of military and terrorist training in his blood. Makokha joined the UON in 2009, to study medicine, after a year in school; education became too boring to him. He grew up with dreams of joining America's Airforce one. When this dream wasn't forthcoming, he decided to join Kenya's disciplined forces.

He dropped out of school in 2010 to join the General Service Unite; he was successfully absorbed into the Unite on his first attempt. He went through a one year vigorous GSU training. During the training, Makokha always came ahead of his peers in military drills; he was the most disciplined, determined and hard-working of them all. His seniors were impressed with his determination that they put his name on the list of those that would be selected to join the special branch of the GSU, the Recce Squad for further rigorous seven-month training in Israel and USA. After seven months training in America and Israel where he trained alongside world greatest commandos, the Delta Force of the US and the Sayeret Matkal of Israel, he was deployed into the Crisis Response Team; one of the three unites of the Recce squad. In 2012, he made the special team that repelled the Al Shaabab militia holding hostages inside the Westgate gate Mall.

In 2013, he quit from the military because he found it too boring. A month later, he was lured to join the Al Shaabab militia in Somalia after he was promised millions by the militia group that had courted him for months. Makokha joined the group and within a year he had risen through the ranks to earn a commanding position in the group that was sent to Garissa University; he commanded the group that executed the Garissa University massacre in April of 2015.

While other militias were gunned down by the Recce squad, he outsmarted them and walked out school promises masquerading as a victim. He found his way back to Nairobi where he was reunited with Otiato, his former classmate. He has worked as Otiato's right-hand man since then, where he takes home one hundred thousand per month as salary and other benefits like having a share of virgins that join UON. He already has a few rape accusations under his name from UON ladies.

'I can tell that from the way he is running, he is a trained man. I have heard his stories before. He is running in zigzags and winding patterns. I can pull him down if I get a scratch on him. It is going to be hard to pin him down. I can't drive in drifts, unless if I want us to die,' Eric said.

'I believe in you bro! If we die, my girlfriend will suffer.' Alvin said as they closed on Makokha.

Makokha ran, watching the movements of the car. He had them under control. The car got speed, but it lacked the flexibly of his body his. The car was five metres away from him when he applied breaks on his legs. He stood still, avoiding the path of the car.

Eric could not drift the car sharply to get into his path, he missed him by a whisker, but the air from the car pulled Makokha down on the ground. Eric stepped on the breaks and reversed back towards him. Makokha got up quickly, dived off the car's path, however, the car was too quick for him this time around, and it got a scratch on his body.

'We don't have the luxury of petrol bro. We will still need this car on our way out. He is not stable, therefore, I will confront him, get his attention, waste his time while you run to pick your girlfriend. Get your girlfriend into the car as faster as you can then come help me with him. He seems too huge for me. I know him, he has always intimidated me. That is a story of another day.' Alvin directed.

'Cool bro. I owe you a lot; I will make it up to you!' Alvin said, getting out of the car. His body was still in pain but he managed to run towards Elena.

'Finally, you and I can square this out man to man,' Eric said, maintaining a three mitre distance between him and Makokha who was still struggling to get back on his feet. 'I remember when I came to demand my salary from my boss, you beat me up, remember that?' Eric asked, dancing from side to side like a scared boxer.

Eric was one the taxi drivers driving Otiato's two taxis. He first encountered Makokha a few months ago when he visited Otiato in a brothel to demand his salary, a two months' salary. He was roughed up by Makokha, sitting next to Otiato in the brothel, leaving him with bruises on his face.

'Hehe, son, better run away, bitch. I am going to kill you bitch,' Makokha roared.

'Come closer to me; stop issuing threats far away from me, get closer and let us see if you punches can get to me,' Eric talked, throwing blunt and teasing punches in the air while dancing like an orthodox boxer. 'Come and face me, coward, Come closer!'

Makokha walked angrily towards Eric. One calculated punch would knock Eric out. Eric cowardly took a few steps backwards, maintaining the three mitre gap between him and Makokha. Allowing Makokha closer to him was equivalent to allowing death closer to his body, therefore, he maintained the distance.

‘I don’t have time for cowards like you,’ Makokha turned to walk away.

‘Whom are you calling a coward? You think you are the only one who escaped from a terrorist camp? Ever since that day that you assaulted, I have been training with the ISIS, ISAL, AL KAIDA, Boko Haram et al, in my dreams, I am well equipped with all the skills to handle you. I think I am ready for you. Come closer to me, why are you running away you bitch?’ Eric provoked, hitting Makokha’s head with a huge stone from the back.

Makokha grabbed his head in pain. Blood oozed out his back head.

‘Shit man, today I am going to chew your bones and drink your bone marrow for breakfast,’ Makokha groaned with irritation and discomfort making his way back towards Eric. Eric made a few steps back again, buying time. Eric was not too quick, but he knew Makokha was in pain and too tired to catch him in case a race ensued between them. He did not want to underestimate a man carrying both Recce squad and Al Shaabab training, therefore, he maintained a distance he would be comfortable to run away from Makokha. It was a cowardly tactic, but it was helping him buy time for Alvin to get his girlfriend and carry her into the car.

Elena ran into Alvin’ arms like a possessed person. She was like a lastborn running into the legs of the mum when she comes back from the market on a market day. She was too overwhelmed to see him. She was too weak to run, but when love engulfs your body, nothing can stop you from getting to the one you love. She held on to him so tightly, they barely breathed.

‘I am so sorry sweetheart, I am sorry I brought this misery on you,’ Elena apologized as soon as she was in his arms.

‘Spare your apology, you will still need to do that once we are safe, but for now, I have to secure your freedom first,’ Alvin replied. He grabbed Elena onto his shoulders and set off back into the car. Elena held onto to him so tightly. He was too weak to run; he chose to wade through the marshy grass instead.

Elena felt so safe in his arms. ‘I am so sorry Alvin. I didn’t mean to cheat on you. Things just happened quickly and I didn’t give myself time to think. I was weak both mentally and physically. I wronged you, sweetheart, forgive me, please. Give me a second chance please, to prove to you how much I loved you,’ Elena was too apologetic and emotional.

‘I can only afford to forgive you and give you back your freedom. You are in this situation because you came to fight for my freedom too. Asking for a second chance is demanding too much from me. I don’t think you will get that from me,’ Alvin replied cold-heartedly.

‘What can I do to get a second chance from you?’ Elena asked? She was on his shoulders, her lips closer to his, but she could not kiss him. She tried to kiss him, but he pulled his head away.

‘Nothing, let me get you to safety first, get you to the hospital then from there, everyone can walk their different paths.’ Alvin replied while walking with Elena on him.

‘I don’t want to live without Alvin, I can’t. I am so safe closer to you, don’t leave me, Alvin. I love you, sweetheart. If you leave me I will die,’ Elena pleaded.

‘Shut up Elena, shut up already! Your words are making you heavier than you are supposed to be. I need to get you into the car before that monster gets here,’ Alvin said, half commanding, half requesting.

‘I better stay in the hands of that monster than lose you, Alvin, what is more, torturous that being rejected by the person that you love? What is more hurting than the one you love denying you a second chance?’ Elena asked, tears flowing down her eyes.

Alvin wanted to confess that he still loved her, he wanted to kiss her and give her a second chance, but his ego wouldn’t allow him to do that. How could he just let her back into his life after what she did to him?

‘I said shut up; I am wasting more energy talking to you. I need to get you into the car, run over and help my friend to handle the other monster. I am requesting you, don’t make this harder than it is,’ Alvin requested.

Elena forced herself from his grip. She fell to the ground and sat down, in tears as always.

‘What are you doing Elena? Save our lives this drama. Let me get you into the car, we need to get out of here before that monster comes back,’ Alvin requested again, anger slowly creeping into his voice.

‘I am not boarding into that car knowing that you won’t give me a second chance. I risked my life to get you out of his hands Alvin, you know why? I love you; I love you more than I love myself. Take your friend and drive back. I don’t want to live without you’ Elena said, refusing to get back on her feet.

‘Save this drama for the soap opera my dear, get up. We fucking need to get into the car now, we don’t have timeeee….’ Alvin yelled.

‘You say you are going to eat my bone marrow for breakfast? You are mistaken moron, I will chop off your dick, fry it into a sausage and force you to eat it like Reek of the game of thrones,’ Eric said, still dancing in his circles around Makokha, who stood there in anger, calculating his moves.

‘Why are you running away from me? Why don’t you come to me like a man?’ Makokha yelled with rage.

‘Why don’t you come closer to me instead, throw your first punch and let us see who will throw the last punch. I have been waiting for this moment all my life. I want to show you that I am the modern day David of the Bible. I am going to take you down by a single swing of my arm. Let me tell you a story, one day while driving a very rich customer home, we were confronted with four heavily armed thugs. I single-handedly took them down and killed them on spot using just one thumb. You are not armed and you are alone, bitch, you are rusty, you have not trained for two years now and you spend your time in brothels drinking and fucking. You are no longer my march, bring it on.’ Eric narrated.

‘Mhm, let us see,’ Makokha said, stalking Eric’s weakness. Eric’s strongest asset was the distance he maintained between them and his weakness was; he was distracted by Alvin and Elena. He would occasionally glance over his shoulders to check on their progress.

‘Noo!’ Eric cried out when he saw Elena on the ground while Alvin standing by her, begging her to get on her feet.

Makokha seized that moment of distraction, charged towards Eric and planted a heavy punch on his forehead. Eric fell to the ground and passed out. There was no way back for him.

‘Son of le puta,’ Makokha insulted him hungrily. ‘I would have beaten you to death but I don’t have time for squirrels like you. I will let hyena on a dry spell to feast on you defenceless poor body at night,’ Makokha spat on Eric and walked toward Alvin and Elena.

On the edge of the forest, another car was heard roaring towards the field. Makokha sighed with relief to see Otiato’s car enter the field at top speed. He was not alone in the car.

‘Seems I have unwanted visitors here today,’ Otiato observed.

‘That looks like one of your taxi,’ Marion absent-mindedly.

‘Yea, it is. I wonder what it is doing here,’ Otiato wondering. ‘I have been trying to get to Eric, the driver, but he was not picking my calls.’

