

## A SWEET BITTER FRUIT

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A two - storey building stood tall from the ground surrounded with well-manicured lawn that had been cut short. Well separated palm trees dotted the lawn giving the place a scene of opulence. The left side of the building housed a double garage with iron doors and a small driveway connected it to the gate.

A dark short woman with dimpled cheeks was seated outside, seated on a plastic chair, watching a gardener trimming flowers when she remembered what had taken place the previous night. She had waited for her husband before she grew tired and went to bed.

In the middle of the night, she suddenly heard a scratch which reached her ears. Alert she tiptoed slowly out of the bedroom to the window. Her husband was on the steps outside the house talking to a woman over his mobile phone. She heard the conversation for about two minutes and realized she might faint if she continued to listen for the next second.

Mwela walked away ~~rainfully~~. She walked into the bedroom leaving the door open, sat on the bed and started pondering. This is not the complete story. To read further, please either register how she had worked hard in school. register as a new reader or login now if already registered and look after his children who went to a posh academy.

Surprisingly, she was the only child of her mother who had brought her up single handedly. Her father had vanished from home when she was still young when he found a firm chested woman. Mwela had made endless journeys to her in - laws to report his misdemeanors but they would simply said they'll talk to him.

Marimi was a short, dark muscular man with broad shoulders and hairy hands. Across his left hand ran a large scar. A rumour was peddled around his village that he'd been fighting with a fellow business man and when he saw the tide was not going his way, he decided to cut himself right before the law enforcement officers arrived at the scene. The competitor was convicted and jailed while he was paid damages and since then his empire flourished. He was an established business man; with tentacles spread in most parts of the city.

A sudden scratch of a bird from a palm tree brought her back from her flight of thoughts. The gate swung open after the gate man opened them and Marimi drove in quickly and stopped the car near the entrance to the house, got out and walked into the house. He looked disturbed.