

DRUG PARADISE

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PART TWO

“When sorrows come, they come not single spies but in battalions.” – King Claudius, *Hamlet*

Lily

LILY PICKED UP her phone from her king-size bed. It was the latest iPhone, unveiled less than a month ago. She eyeballed it and it unlocked automatically. She moved to the glass door and opened it. The cold breeze instantly made her nipples poke her silk nightgown.

She was staying in a five-star hotel overlooking Lake Victoria and the view was breathtaking. She admired it for a moment. In the distance, she could see fishermen in their canoes. Closer, she could see people exchanging chatter. She closed her eyes and wished for a moment that her life was that simple.

She closed the glass door, pulled back the curtain and dialed The Scorpion. Today was not the day she wanted walls to have ears or eyes. He picked on the second ring. Only Lily had that kind of clearance. The rest of them had to go through all sorts of

hoops before gaining access to him. She smiled and thought of giggling in a horny teenager sort of way and asking him how he was holding up without a human blanket, but she decided against it. The seriousness of the matter she was about to address required her to go straight to the point.

“Oyunga has been neutralized. I don’t think he will be a problem anymore.” She knew she had made a mistake with her wording immediately she mouthed the words.

“That’s fantastic news, Quicksilver, but what do you mean, ‘think’? Isn’t it a done deal?” The voice at the other end was metallic, devoid of emotion.

“I am looking at the car his little love fling was in as we speak. It’s been reduced to fragments,” she said while moving the menu and the remote on her desk to keep her right hand busy. In a weird sense, it made her feel more anchored in the conversation, made her mind think a bit quicker. But even then she was no match for The Scorpion.

“Good. Oyunga wasn’t in that car, was he?”

Lily thought about lying but then she reconsidered. She had known The Scorpion long enough to know that you could never

bend a truth of such magnitude. The Scorpion would always find out and when he did you had better have your grave ready.

“No, he wasn’t,” she said. Her tone was icy but The Scorpion felt the warmth in it.

“You realize he also has to go, don’t you?”

“Is there a need for that? I can convince him back to our side.”

“You just neutralized his woman and I have been made to believe that that woman was carrying his twins.” He said ‘made to believe’ as if challenging Lily to tell him otherwise. He paused for a split second longer. "I don’t think he will meet you with flowers. Neutralize him.”

“We are to get married,” Lily shrieked.

"Put that out of your mind. We can’t afford a chink in our armor, or do I need to remind you which side of your bread is buttered?"

The Scorpion’s word was usually final. Lily was the only one who could go back and forth with him. But she also knew when she was pushing the envelope a bit too far. She decided she would make it seem as if she was hunting down Oyunga but really she would be using all her skills to try and bring him back to her side.

Surely once The Scorpion saw his unwavering loyalty he would reconsider.

“Okay. Your wish, my command,” she said and the line went dead.

She put on a coat and went lingerie shopping. She was intending to use all of her skills to woo Oyunga back to her side.

Oyunga

OYUNGA HAD JUST touched down in Nairobi. He had just had a sit-down with Marion's uncle. Her uncle had seemed concerned about Marion's death but Oyunga realized later that he had only been worried about spending his own money on the funeral.

When he heard her body had been blown to bits, instead of getting angry, he seemed to loosen up. He loosened up even further when Oyunga said he would foot the funeral bill. He needed him to gather Marion's relatives and pick a place on their ancestral land where she would rest. The uncle nodded in agreement after Oyunga handed him a wad of two hundred thousand bob for expenses.

His next destination was Marion's office. He looked at the exposed stone edifice she had worked in and wondered how he

would broach the subject. He was already feeling weak after the conversation with her uncle. Tears were knocking on his eyelids. He breathed in a chunk of snot and walked to the reception area.

“I’m here with a message about Marion, who can I talk to?”

Immediately he said the word Marion the receptionist’s eyes lit up.

“Oh, Marion, how is she? She was such an amazing boss. We did not understand why she wrapped up things so hurriedly. It wasn’t her style at all.”

“I’m afraid she is no longer with us,” Oyunga said with his face to the floor. The receptionist understood immediately what he meant. Her face sagged and she got up.

“Come, the boss’s office is this way.”

Sandeep was seated on his desk in his Givenchy pinstripe suit. His feet were on top of his mahogany table and he was staring at the picture of his wife and two kids on the table. He was considering a divorce but did not know how it would rub off on the kids. He also didn’t know how it would rub off on him. He was a man who had always had bouts of loneliness; a type of abyss that would leave him functionless without company. It suited him to have a wife or a longtime companion.

He looked at the photo again and this time instead of seeing his wife's face he saw Marion's. He smashed the cigar he was smoking on an ashtray and reached for his Galaxy Note. He opened up the photo gallery to a picture of Marion. "Wherever did you go that is so top secret, no contact of mine can seem to locate you?" he murmured into his bowtie while zooming in on her face but before he could form a concrete thought, the door flew open.

"Someone is here to see you about Marion," the receptionist chirped.

He jumped out of his leather chair feeling as if the fate of his second wife-to-be had come knocking on his door but all those dreams dried up the second he saw the raw sadness on Oyunga's face.

He moved to the corner of his office, poured two fingers of whisky into a glass, dropped in two ice-cubes and handed it to Oyunga. He then poured three fingers for himself and didn't reach for the ice-cube tray.

"How did she go?"

"A car explosion, it replays in my mind every night like some broken record."

“An accident?”

“No, foul play.”

“You know the guys who did it?”

"Yes."

"You're going after them, aren't you?"

It wasn't framed as a question that needed an answer but Oyunga took it as one because he wanted to feel the anger froth up his mouth once more. He could now taste it on his tongue like copper.

"With everything I got."

"She was my favorite, you know," Sandeep said while walking him to the designated lounge area in his office. He sat in one corner of the brown leather sofa and crossed his legs. Oyunga sat on the other corner with his legs apart. "I used to see her and everything in me buzzed like a fridge that had been plugged in. Sometimes I didn't know what to do with myself when she walked in. She was something."

It was the first time that Oyunga let out the waterworks. It started with a lone tear running bereft on his left cheek after he blinked, followed by a mouthful of hiccups and then a gush of

tears. Sandeep left him to it. He went to the table and came back with napkins.

“She was carrying my twins; I should have been in that car with her.”

“Don’t say things like that, we need to get those guys. I have some contacts that might be useful. If you need anything all you have to do is give me a buzz.”

“Her funeral is coming up; it would be great if her colleagues could be there.”

“They used to adore her around here, you can count on them.”

It was the first time in a long time Oyunga had been vulnerable. Sandeep was an older gent and he had probably gone through his fair share of turmoil. *I needed this*, he thought while getting up and stretching out his hand to Sandeep.

“Thank you for the support, I will remember it.”

“Let’s get those bastards.”

"They don't have a clue what's coming to them," Oyunga said while reaching for the door. The receptionist was not at her desk. He lingered for a second and imagined that the entire Nairobi must know that Marion had passed by now.

Lily

THERE WAS A KNOCK on the door. Lily was trying out her lingerie. She was in a see-through purple gown whose hem came to a halt slightly below her hips. Her nipples, dark and menacing against the contrast of her yellow skin, were exposed for the world to see. She looked risqué, like sex on legs. She didn't bother covering up with a robe. She went to her bedside and picked up her light compact revolver. She held it with ease, like you would hold a spoon or a piece of bread. She loved it. It almost looked like an ornament on her hand. She hid it from vision behind her back and opened the door.

“You're going to open the door for your husband with a gun, where has decorum gone to in this country?” Frankie said with a cheeky smile. The gold tooth in his mouth glinted in the yellow light in the room.

"Nobody told me you were coming," Lily said, amused.

He let himself in and started checking out the place.

"Well, I had to come, judging by the way you are running amok up here. But turns out, it's a waste of a trip."

"What do you mean 'waste of a trip'?"

"Haha, nobody has told you? Your little pretty boy has checked back to Nairobi. He's making funeral arrangements for the little love thing of his you blew to bits. You're going to pay for that, you know. It's the one thing you have in common with that bastard. Vengeance. I hope you're prepared," he said, his physique close to her. His nostrils breathed her aura in. He ran his hands through her hair and Lily let him.

"It doesn't have to be a complete waste of a trip, you know."

"It doesn't," she said almost in a whisper. Frankie's right hand took the LCR from her left hand and placed it on the table then he used the same hand to squeeze her firm buttocks. Blood rushed from his head to his manhood and Lily's nipples stood erect.

"Before we go there, tell me what the plan is?" she breathed out a moan.

“We’re going to hit him at the funeral. It’s going down in Murang’a this weekend. My boys are already down there setting up camp. He will never see it coming.”

Lily’s arousal faded and she pushed away.

“At a funeral, come on, Frankie, even you are better than that. Let the man mourn, at least.”

“Mourn? Haha. You’re ridiculous, Quicksilver. It’s one of the qualities I love most about you.” He approached her but she moved back. “All of a sudden you have the moral high ground of deciding where people should die? Hilarious. This one is going to be one for the record books. Like the Red Wedding only grander.” He smiled again and his gold tooth gleamed.

“Get out the same way you came in,” she said irritated.

Lily knew that her best move would have been to act unbothered but she was overpowered with a rage that could only be informed by love. She did not understand how The Scorpion could expect her to be okay with him taking out her fiancé as if he were a household roach.

“I said get out.” Her tone was rising.

"You look tired. I'm going to let you relax. Think things through. Get a clear mind and realize that this is going to be done one way or the other and the sooner you get on board the better for us." He grabbed his manhood and winked at her while the door clicked behind him.

Lily opened the glass door. The soft breeze kissed her breasts and her nipples stood erect again. *No, not Oyunga.* She thought of the last time they shared a bed and her pulse raced.

She reached up her thigh and parted her lips. She was sticky. She stuck a finger and exhaled. She could have really used Frankie's company if only he did not act a fool. She shoved another finger in herself. It did not do the trick. She moved away from the door and went to her bag. She was going to need something more powerful than two fingers.

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