

CHAPTER 5

MEHWISH WAS SEVENTEEN years old when she finally met her father's white partner. In Zanzibar, it didn't matter who her father's mother was. He was ruthless, powerful, rich, and the son of Rajab bin Mohammed bin Said el Murgebi. But in the colonies, where an African is considered inferior, Said el Murgebi was forced to use a surrogate to conduct business in the lucrative slave market. He'd taken on a partner, a white American named Martin Henry Singleton. The arrangement was simple. Her father would procure the slaves and Singleton would act as the front man, captaining her father's fleet of ships to transport the slaves for sale in the colonies.

Martin came to Serengeti to square up with her father after disposing of a large shipment of slaves. Mehwish fell madly in love with him in the crazy, irrationally intense manner that only someone of her inexperience and youth could.

Martin was pleasantly surprised at the changes that were wrought in his partner's young daughter. The last time he'd seen Mehwish, she'd been little more than a child. She now bore absolutely no resemblance to the flat-chested, slim-hipped youth whose black knowing eyes were far too large for her face. Her body and her eyes held promise of mysterious sensuality. Being the ladies' man that Martin was, he couldn't help but take notice.

Martin Henry Singleton was breathtakingly handsome, tall and well built, with an aristocratic manner and an impeccable sense of style. He was a mortal god, with chiselled features, hair bleached white-blond from standing on the

decks of ships, and mesmerising eyes that were so startling a shade of blue that Mehwish could swear she saw the heavens within their clear blue depths.

Those same clear blue eyes were now looking down on Mehwish, his pants pooled around his ankles, while she serviced him on her knees. Her eyes never left Martin's as she swirled her tongue around his heat, wetting the tip of his cock as she played his organ like a sweetly tuned flute.

"That's right, my darling. Lick me," he urged.

Mehwish did more than lick. She worshipped his stalk. She grabbed him and dragged her tongue from base to tip, leaving a trail of spittle glistening on his skin. Martin moaned like a starving man presented with a royal feast. The only difference was that Mehwish was doing the eating.

She gobbled him up, feeding as much of him into her mouth as it would hold. His tip hit the back of her throat at the same time her mouth connected with the coarse musky blond bush of hair at the base of his cock. She breathed through her nose, inhaling the sweaty musty scent on his skin, and then she swallowed.

At the moment of his release, Martin screamed, "I love you."

Mehwish believed him. After all, why wouldn't she? *I am young, beautiful, and rich. How could he help but love me?*

Mehwish was accustomed to getting everything she wanted and she wanted Martin Singleton—desperately. The very next day she paid an unexpected visit to her grandmother, entreating her to help her. She already had Martin's desire. Now she wanted to gain his love. She fully intended to become his wife.

"Have you given this man your maidenhead yet?"

There was no embarrassment between the two of them. Mehwish was well aware that Zahara knew the liberties she had already allowed Martin.

"No, old woman, I have not allowed him to penetrate my body, but we have engaged in activities I would not desire my father to know about."

Seemingly satisfied with Mehwish's response, Zahara stood on weak legs to retrieve some items from the back of her hut. She returned with two candles.

"This is what you must do, Granddaughter," she advised, handing a pink

and purple candle to Mehwish. “This pink candle will induce love. The purple one will induce desire. Scratch Martin’s name on the pink candle. You must then burn this candle on the even hours around the clock for seven days.

“Scratch Martin’s name on the purple candle. You must burn this candle on the odd hours round the clock for seven days. When is your next flux?” she asked in a no-nonsense tone.

Mehwish answered Zahara’s question and listened carefully to the additional instructions she imparted.

Mehwish burned the candles as Zahara instructed. She waited two weeks until she knew her father would be away from the shamba to invite Martin to a very special dinner. She mixed a bit of her first day menstrual blood in a spicy hot Arab soup dish consisting of lentils and spinach and tiny balls of dough. Mehwish sat patiently watching Martin as he ate every mouthful of the ensorcelled food. That afternoon Mehwish surrendered everything to Martin—her maidenhead, her heart, and her trust.

Serengeti was isolated. The Zanzibari nights were hot and sultry—a perfect backdrop for passion. Martin was a man of lusty needs. He indulged Mehwish in her young infatuation, taking advantage of his partner’s trust and abusing his hospitality by sneaking behind Issaiyah’s back to sleep with his young, impetuous daughter. They made love often, sometimes in Mehwish’s bed. Once, they had even sated their desire for one another in Issaiyah’s bed.

Now that Mehwish had a taste of what it felt like to have a man inside of her, she was obsessed with Martin. She fully intended to force Martin to accept her inside of his heart. Her greatest desire was to shout her love for Martin to the rooftops. She wanted him to go to her father to ask for her hand. She wanted to share the wonderful feelings she had for him with the world. Martin bade her to wait.

“Sweetheart, we have to keep our relationship a secret. Your father will never consent to our being together. He will see my behaviour as a betrayal of his trust, and that is the very last thing that I want. Run away with me, my love,” he declared ardently. “Once we are married and our relationship is a *fait accompli*, your father will have no choice but to accept our being together.”

Mehwish happily agreed to run away with Martin. She would do *anything* to be with him.



Not much got past Binta. Her figure blended in with the shadows as she stood at Mehwish's bedroom window, observing Mehwish's late-night departure. For months she'd witnessed Mehwish running after Singleton like a low-class bitch in heat.

Binta knew the date and the time when the little hussy finally lay down with the white man. She'd seen the evidence of Mehwish's lost maidenhead with her own eyes. After all, Binta did her laundry. She could have blown the whistle on her then, but her spirit told her to be silent—to wait.

Binta laughed to herself—not the sweet tinkling laugh of years ago, but a malicious mean-spirited laugh seasoned by years of pent-up rage and unfulfilled vengeance.

Now the evil strumpet fashions herself in love, huh? Well, well, well. This should be more than a little bit interesting.

A set of luggage and two trunks were missing and enough clothing to fill them. It didn't take a genius to figure out Mehwish's intentions. The chit planned to run away with Singleton, and she didn't plan to tell her father about it either.

Serves the devil spawn good and right. Binta knew Mehwish was the only something her wicked sire ever loved. *Why wouldn't he? She's just like him.* She also knew it would break him when he finds her gone. Binta was glad. *Let him suffer as I have.*

The bastard would lose his precious daughter and his trusted partner at the same time. There's no way Singleton could face Issaiyah after a betrayal of this magnitude. Binta prayed every night that she would see him suffer like she'd been forced to suffer when he'd ordered her son beaten to death. She would keep silent until Mehwish and Singleton were long gone, and then she would watch the story unfold.