
KENYA'S KING

ASANTI EAST



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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only.
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advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

Chapter 1

“Do you ever go home?” She looked up from her desk and saw her boss leaning up against her doorframe. She sat back and took her glasses off.

“Well, no, Mr. President, I don’t,” she chuckled.

“Well, my Chief of Staff needs a good night’s rest,” President Issac Williams replied as he sat in the chair across from her desk.

“And I get one, on that couch over there most nights.” She pointed to the couch in the corner of her office.

“You know what I mean, like in a bed, Kenya.”

“As soon as Pakistan, Israel, India, and Saudi Arabia can get along for more than twelve hours then I will gladly go home and crawl into my nearly new bed.”

“While I can’t promise that, I can send you home for the night,” the president said as he stood, “or until there’s another crisis.”

“You’re ordering me home, sir?” she asked as she stood.

“Sure am,” he replied as he walked back out the door.

She shook her head as she packed up her computer and got ready to go. She walked to the front door and bid everyone good-

night... or good morning. At this point, she didn't know which was which.

She was the youngest Chief of Staff to the President of Lira and she had a lot on her plate. Throw in the fact she was a woman and things got even heavier. Lira was a mid-size island nation in the middle of the Mediterranean Sea. Their citizens enjoyed their democratic government which mimicked that of the United States, they had an elected President and held elections. Their crown jewel was the beautiful coastline. They touted one of the best tourism industries in the area because of their beautiful beaches and architecture.

She honestly felt half her job was wrangling her senior staff into submission.

There was Eddie, the Deputy Chief of Staff, who felt jaded because he was passed over for her job.

Charlotte, the Communications Director, who was a gem, when she wasn't lecturing Kenya on how she would do things.

Samuel, the Deputy Communications Director, he was the only tempered one among the bunch and a truly brilliant speechwriter.

And finally Lauren, the Press Secretary, a total sweetheart but she was a die-hard romantic who always seemed to end up in some type of whirlwind romance. The only problem was she didn't stick in those romances too long.

She drove through the streets trying to get home and she realized she really was exhausted. She hadn't been home in about three days, they were dealing with a situation in Northern India.

Luckily, World War 3 had been averted.

She parked in the garage of her building and walked to the elevator. Once in, she leaned against the side and finally let go of the breath she had been holding in for a while. She seemed to do that a lot, sort of waiting for the other shoe to drop.

Once she got to her door she opened it and dropped her bag on the floor. She stripped and walked into her bedroom. Exhausted.

tion truly hit once she saw her bed. She collapsed in it and went straight to sleep.

Like clockwork, her phone rang and woke her up a few hours later. She rifled around her nightstand without looking until she finally found and answered it.

“Hello,” she said groggily.

“Please hold for the President,” the operator replied.

“Kenya.” She heard President Williams’ voice.

“Yes, sir.”

“Just wanted to make sure you were sleeping,” he chuckled.

“You called me to make sure I was asleep, sir?”

“Yes.”

“Goodnight, sir.”

She hung up and quickly went back to sleep.

The relationship she had with President Williams went all the way back to her first job. She started as an Office Assistant in his office when he was a Parliament member. Within a year her work ethic got her promoted to the position of his executive assistant. Mr. Williams had always been there for her, he kept encouraging her to attend and finish school. He even spoke at her graduation when she got her law degree.

Kenya was the first person he told when he decided he wanted to run for President, after his wife Cynthia, of course.

The Williams took her in as their own after they got to know her. They called her the daughter they never had. They were almost like surrogate parents to Kenya. Her parents died in a car crash when she was eighteen, about six months after she started her job. President Williams and the First Lady never forgot to tell her how proud her own parents are of her even if they aren't with them anymore.

When her actual alarm went off at 6:30 a.m. she rolled over and turned it off. She stretched and got out of bed. She actually did feel refreshed and recharged. Nothing like sleeping in a warm comfy bed.

She went through her morning routine and tried to walk out her door, but it was blocked by a burly man in a black suit.

Secret Service.

She constantly forgot about her detail, it was only assigned to her when serious threats came through.

“Bruce, can I leave please?” she asked, already knowing who the agent was.

“In a moment, ma’am,” he responded. “We have to secure the path to your car.”

“Okay, knock when you’re done.”

She closed her door, she knew she was going to be sitting there waiting for at least another thirty minutes.

She always tended to forget about them. The first few times she was stopped from going somewhere she was livid and went on and on about not wanting the detail and infringements on her civil liberties.

And then the President showed her just a few of the threats that had come in since he took office and it scared her into compliance. Especially the ones directed toward her. They were a part of her life now.

Thirty minutes later she got the knock at her door and she knew it was time to go.

“I’ll be driving you today, ma’am.”

“Car bomb threat again?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Bruce said as they began walking down the hallway.

“How are Tracy and the kids?”

“Great, Josh is starting on the swim team and Katie is doing ballet. Tracy just got a promotion too,” Bruce said with a smile on his face as they got to his car.

"That's awesome! Tell her I said hey and congrats."

"I will, you know she's still trying to fix you up with that guy at her office," Bruce said, as he looked at Kenya from the rearview mirror.

"Yeah I know, please tell her to stop. I promise I don't have time for a personal life."

"Will do."

They pulled out onto the street and drove towards the Dentz House, the hub for all national business and home to the President of Lira. She looked out the window and took in the scenery of Cameron, the capital city of Lira. It had always amazed her that the most powerful city in the country can have such a stark difference in cultures. On one side you have the obvious powerful federal government. Power suits, lunch meetings, monuments, and history.

But on the other, there was a community of people who struggled just to make it. Poverty, violence, homelessness, and all-around hopelessness. She came to the Dentz House with President Williams hoping to start to enact change in these neighborhoods, to show these people there was a light at the end of the tunnel.

She knew what it was like to live in darkness and uncertainty. Her mom and dad did the absolute best they could, but they just got caught up in the system. Working just to barely make ends meet, never able to travel and just enjoy themselves. Always saying they had all the time in the world, and then they didn't.

Then they were gone, in the blink of an eye. Just gone. It was a drunk driver who took them away from Kenya. When she needed them the most.

"Kenya," Bruce half-yelled.

"Huh?" she replied, shaking herself out of memory lane.

"We're here."

"Oh shoot, thanks."

She got out and headed for the front door. Before she even

fully opened the door she saw Lauren and Samuel standing there waiting.

Shit. What possibly could have happened in the few hours since she left and closed her damn eyes?

“So have you heard?” Lauren asked, as Kenya opened the door and walked through the security station.

“Hey Janice,” she said to the guard stationed there. “And no, Lauren I haven’t heard, what happened now?”

Lauren thrust a newspaper into Kenya’s hands, as she glanced over it she saw nothing of consequence to the President. Kenya looked up at Lauren confused.

“Page six,” Lauren said.

She turned to page six and skimmed until she found the nicely hidden bombshell *‘Williams Administration Torn On Education’*

“How bad?” Kenya asked, as she handed the paper back over to Lauren.

“Eh, it only quotes a senior aide about the rift between us and the President on the college tuition deduction.”

“Just the way I wanted to start my morning. Okay, all of you figure out who it was. Tell Eddie and Charlotte that yes, they have to question their aides. In the meantime put out a statement along the lines of, ‘we are all united behind President Williams’ vision for education reform’. Anything else?”

“Not yet, but it’s still early,” Lauren answered.

They both walked away as she approached her office.

“Good morning, Ashley,” Kenya said when she saw her assistant.

“Hey Kenya, briefings are on your desk, senior staff in thirty minutes,” Ashley said as she handed Kenya some things to be signed.

“Who do I have today?”

“Umm, Minority Rep at 11:30, Majority Rep at 1, Minister of Education at 1:30, and the travel liaison at 3.”

"Thanks for keeping it short with the Majority Leader. And why am I talking to the travel liaison?"

"The representative coming from Caiseon isn't an ambassador."

"Well who the hell is it?"

"It's their King," Ashley answered.

Kenya stopped and knocked half the papers on her table over.

"What? Are you sure? There's no ambassador?"

"Yes I am. King Adrian Santos is going to be visiting to discuss gaining Lira as an ally."

"Shit, now I have to actually research this place," Kenya grumbled.

"Yeah you do, but I have you covered. I'm going to go through all the information and give you the short version."

"Thanks," Kenya replied.

Ashley gave her a simple smile and walked away.

Kenya was so grateful for Ashley, she had no idea what she would do without her. She was also her closest confidant here, the only one she trusted, besides the President and First Lady.

"Kenya," she heard Mrs. Williams' voice in her doorway.

"Mrs. Williams," Kenya squealed a little. She hurried and got up from her chair and gave the First Lady a hug.

Cynthia Williams was a wonderful woman, and like a mother to Kenya. Loving, caring, but knew how to keep her grounded and in check.

"How was your trip?" Kenya asked as they sat down.

"Well, Norway is always going to be Norway. Nothing changes."

"Understandable, I'm so glad you're back!"

"How has he been?" the First Lady asked.

"Well I just got here but it's going to be an interesting day. I have to learn all about a country I know nothing about and how to deal with a King."

“What?”

“Caiseon is sending their King, well I guess I should say their King is coming, to talk to the President about having Lira as an ally. I know nothing about this place but apparently, I’m going to be the first person he meets,” Kenya explained.

“Well, hopefully, he’s good looking and sweeps you off your feet.”

“Let’s hope not! Am I the only person who’s okay with me being single?” Kenya asked.

“Yes, you are. Now I’ll catch you later I need to get a nap before my day starts.”

“Of course, I’ll see you later. Would you like me to tell the President you’re home?”

“Nope, I think he’s avoiding me. So let’s just let it be a surprise.”

“Why would he be avoiding you, ma’am?” Kenya asked.

“We got into a squabble about the spelling of a certain word and he has vowed not to talk to me.”

Kenya burst into laughter because that was exactly the type of thing President Williams would do.

“All right, surprise it is, I will see you later.”

They hugged once more, and the First Lady left for the Mansion. Kenya sat back down and skimmed over the different briefings on her desk. She prioritized which needed her immediate attention and immediate answers and those that could wait until later in the day.

She glanced at the clock and noticed her senior staff meeting was supposed to start in about five minutes. But her wonderful staff was never on time. She swore it was almost like a very personal F-you from them.

She decided to take this time and do a little research on their guest of honor. She Googled the country of Caiseon. She discovered it was a small coastal nation which was wedged in between Morocco and Tyro another small country, lovely. Lira didn’t have

much of a relationship with Tyro and Morocco couldn't honestly care less as long as the tariffs didn't go up. She looked a little deeper and found a picture of their King. His Royal Majesty King Adrian Santos, at first glance she had to admit he was a showstopper. He looked phenomenal, he exuded power, he oozed sex. Any woman's fantasy. You could tell he worked out a lot.

She found an article from some of his critics who were speaking out about him wanting peace and becoming an ally of Lira. He seemed to know what he wanted from his answers in the article. Kenya skimmed more articles and saw a common question asked by every reporter: When will he marry? She was shocked he was still single, as good as he looked and being in his position of power.

Interesting.

Well, she knew one thing for sure, she needed to keep Lauren away from him before she had another whirlwind romance that ended in heartbreak. The last time it happened she missed work for two weeks crying her eyes out. It took Kenya going to her house, prying the ice cream away from her, and talking to her like a big sister for her to come back as fierce as ever.

She heard arguing near her door and knew it must be time for her senior staff meeting.

"Well, why does it have to be one of my people?" Eddie, her Deputy Chief of Staff yelled.

"Because we all know your people have big mouths just like you!" Charlotte the Communications Director yelled back.

"And good morning to you all too. Please sit and let's have another riveting round of 'whose aide talked to the press'? Today we have Eddie versus Charlotte," Kenya said as they all finally walked into her office.

She saw Samuel and Lauren hanging towards the back trying to hold their laughter. It was always fun watching Eddie and Charlotte go at it. They had the epitome of a love-hate relation-

ship. They both loved the President fiercely but hated each other with the same passion.

“All right, lay it on me. Be quick though we do have a country to run, people,” Kenya said, as they all launched into the myriad of problems that had presented themselves thus far. Most were mundane and handled easily through her. Only a select few made it to the President’s desk. Only the truly serious, life-changing, or threatening ones.

“Umm I have a few reporters asking about the King of Caiseon visiting and his purpose here,” Lauren chimed in from the back.

“Tell them he is here to open talks between his country and Lira. Trade talks mostly.”

“So he’s not here to find a wife?”

“What the hell? No, he’s not here to find a damn wife. Where the fuck do your people get their info from?” Kenya asked.

“The same place they get their quotes about education reform,” Eddie threw out.

Okay, Kenya was sick of this shit now. She stood up and halfway banged her fists on the table to get everyone’s attention. “No, Eddie they got that quote from a living, breathing person who works for one of you and thought it was okay to run their damn mouth. Now, if any of you had some damn sense you’d be trying to figure out who it was and what to do about them. Now get the fuck on and let’s run a damn country shall we?”

Charlotte and Eddie looked baffled while Samuel and Lauren let a laugh slip through. They all walked out and went their various ways, mostly away from each other.

Kenya looked at the clock. It was only 9:30 a.m. Fuck.