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Prologue

Ugh...I hate shopping. I mean don't get me wrong, I love getting the things I want but having to actually go to stores to buy stuff is exhausting. I am not a fan of being in crowded spaces that's why I avoid going to malls when I can. Now, back to my task. How I wish I could be sitting in my living room bingewatching on 'Superstore' on Netflix. I realize that I've zoned out a bit as I grab two packets of Doritos.

"There, done!", I say as I put them in the trolley. So now that I'm done I can finally go get some rest and maybe watch a movie or two, who knows.

First thing I do when I get home is take off my bra and shoes then I start packing the grocery. Yeah

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I'm super tired to be doing all this. Once done, I soak myself in water just to try and relax. As I shut my eyes, I immediately

think of scenarios that might never even happen. I imagine falling in love with an amazing guy who puts my needs before theirs and wants me to achieve my goals...but that can only be a dream. Solely because I honestly don't believe in love and no, I have never had my heart broken before.

I have dated and slept with some people before but I have never fallen in love with any of them. There is no sad story attached to me feeling this way I am simply just not a "hopeless romantic" I guess. I realize I've been in the water for too long, aze ayabanda lamanzi (this water has gotten cold) so I quickly bath and tidy up. I decide to wear my onesie since it's a bit chilly outside ngoba haibo!

I've been talking for so long I haven't even introduced myself. I am Ziyanda Mkhize, 24 years of age and ngiphila umgowo (I am living umgowo). Yeah and I am single as the day I was born. Well more things about me will unravel as time goes on.

Oh and now I'm on episode 5 of season 4 of 'Superstore'...I swear this series is hilarious I can't stop laughing.

1

"Fuuuuuck!" I just woke up and I'm so tired I barely slept last night. I grab my phone and check the time, it reads 06:05. Yeah I'm super tired because I woke up around three because of this nightmare that got me sweating like a pig. I was being chased by wolves that ate up a friend of mine and man, was I not scared. When I got up around that time all I could do was pray and pray and pray because WOW!! I don't know hey...I think God is mad that I actually went through with masturbating last night. I had already eaten so I decided why not do something to get me relaxed before I catch some sleep but I guess God was furious he decided not to let me rest. Yeah I should get up from this bed now or I'll be extremely late for my interview.

I quickly go to bathroom to fill water in the bathtub while I take out something formal to wear. Navy blue two-piece and crisp white shirt to go with it and a pair of heels sounds good. Once I'm done with that I pee then get inside the bathtub and take a quick bath. There's no time to be bathing slow ngoba ngizo selwa ngempela (I'll be really late).

By 07:15, I'm out of the flat and on my way to catch the 07:30 bus. My mom is the one that helps me pay rent for this flat because I'm unemployed. I moved from Mpumalanga to Johannesburg because I needed to be independent and that's why I'm looking for a job this side. I also my mom was tired of

having me in her house all time kodwa net nje angeke asho (but she just won't say anything).

As I get to the bus station the line is not that much today and I'm super grateful for it. The bus arrives at 07:35 and we're on our way to our destinations. I picked the seat near the window because I hate having small talks so I do this to avoid all that and listen to some music.

As we move past houses and buildings I think about the time I was still in high school...man I never went out much. I guess this explains why I'm not the best at socialising and sometimes have moments of awkward silence. I wonder how it would have been had I made friends that had genuine intentions. I had a friend once, her name was Tholakele and in her I thought I had found someone who understood me and loved me for me. Turns out Tholakele was two-faced and was never interested in being friends with me just pretending to. Tholakele's story is one for another day. As I zone back into the present, I realize we are approaching the bus stop I was directed to get off at and I take off my earphones and put my phone in my bag. I get off the bus and head on over to 'Ezizweni', the company I'm going to an interview for. I'm a nervous mess as I stand in front of this building...I hope all goes well.

****Sigh**** Well here goes nothing!?

2

Wow!! Is all I can say. I'm so happy right now I don't even know what to do with myself. It's been two weeks since the interview and it went really well. I say it went well because I just received a call that says I am to start at work on Tuesday.

I studied marketing management at University of Mpumalanga and need I say I hated school with my entire being. I'm not a fan of all this nonsense of working and learning. This having to work and learn in a world I did not ask to be brought into sucks a whole lot, SUCKS I tell you.

Sooo, back to the interview!! I got there and I was extremely nervous but from the receptionist Zimbini to the HR Manager Lwazi, I realized that they were nice people. They made me feel welcomed and I was able to go through my interview without any hassles. After hearing them say the common line, "Don't call us, we'll call you.", I honestly thought that was it. God really came through for me on this one and I have to make sure I don't waste this opportunity.

Zimbini and I exchanged numbers before I left and we've been in contact ever since. Today is Friday and she's asked that we go out and paint the town red just to celebrate my victory. I said yes of course

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because who wouldn't want to be out to celebrate on such an amazing occasion. If I'm lucky, I might even bag someone to shag just for tonight.

iAfro yami yona ayihluphi bandla (My Afro is not really problematic) so I'll just comb it and maybe put on a hairband. It's around five in the evening and Zimbini said she's on her way to my place right now and we'll leave for dinner around 19:00 then hit the club after that. I take out a pair of jeans and, a black and gold t-shirt as well as some sneakers to wear once we decide to leave. I'm pretty sure it's going to be packed at the club tonight so I'm not about to tire myself out by wearing heels at a crowded place.

To be honest I don't understand the concept of wearing heels to clubs because awusabi yini ukuphuka umlenze (aren't you afraid of breaking your leg), yeah people be strong out here.

Anyway, I take a bottle of Merlot and some snacks for when Zim gets here so we can nibble and catch up before we leave.

Oh!! I hear a knock on my door and I'm sure it's Zim, she did text that she was downstairs and I gave her the flat number so she could come up.

"Hello hii sthandwa" she says as I let her in. I greet her back and we head on to the couch to relax a bit.

uZimbini can talk guys...she's been telling me about our married boss and how handsome he is and just how much she would kill just to spend one night with him. I've been laughing non-stop because the girl is crazy.

"He really is loyal to his wife and I know for sure he won't cheat on her. That is such a bummer hey." She says.

"Mngani kusho kona kuthi akuyena ewakho (Friend this shows that he's not yours) but don't worry, tonight you might just get someone that is yours. Let's get ready so we can leave for dinner first."

She agrees with me and off we go to get ready. Tonight is going to be epic, I hope.

3

18SL

Now this is what I call fun. We're at Club Oasis right now and man is it not everything great. We ate some dinner at a restaurant named Vita about 2 hours ago and then came straight here. This club is really popping and now I get why they named it Oasis, it is amazing. I am in a state of euphoria right now and nothing can change my mood.

I've only had about 4 bottles of Corona and one shot of Tequila but for Zim, it's a totally different story. I swear this girl can drink and when I asked her, she said she's just trying to relieve some stress from work and her relationship with a guy named Njabulo. The more she tells me about their situation, the more I realize that this guy is a jerk and doesn't deserve her but of course I don't tell her that yet...she's venting because she needs someone to talk to.

Now back to the groove... I take two more shots of Tequila so I can get amped up to dance with Zim. Honestly, Corona doesn't

get me drunk and that's why I choose to drink it when I'm out and about. Zim sure knows how to dance and she's been at it for the past 25 minutes and she's still not tired. I "dance" with her as Burna Boy's 'Ye' is on, I love me some Burna Boy hey. I say "dance" because umzimba uqinile angikhoni ngisho noku movisa ifigure (my body is stiff I can't even move my waste), this hurts. LOL.

I'm more of a hyper than a dancer, that's why I'm currently cheering Zim to do the most. I go to the bar to get another shot of Tequila when this good looking but slim guy, offers to pay for it. I don't decline because why would I say no to a free drink, angihlanyi mina (I'm not crazy).

"My name is Mngqobi and what is yours?" He says

Think fast Ziyanda...

"Nosipho is my name"

I say as I spew the lies straight from my mouth.

He says it's nice to meet me and asks if he could join us, I agree because I have nothing to lose. Remember I said I need to get laid tonight?? Well the guy looks like a good candidate even though I'm not a fan of abo yellow mellow. I just need to release some tension before I start work.

Monalisa by Lojay booms from the speakers and am I not the first one to rush to the dancefloor so I could dance to it. I keep dancing and I feel arms around me, nxandithi ndithi (when I look back) it's Mngqobi holding on to my stiff waist. I keep grinding my ass on him and I can feel him get an erection. I am impressed with the size of his dick as I feel it with my hand. Wow, tonight is going to be amazing for sure.

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It's around two in the morning and we went to my flat. By "we" I mean Mngqobi and I. We dropped Zim at her place because she was super sloshed, I'll call her later today though. When we enter I lead him straight to my room and we're immediately at it kissing. He pushes me towards the bed and the back of my knees hit the bed. In no time, I'm on top of the bed and his finger is in my pussy while he's licking and sucking in a frenzy. I

let out a breathy moan as he keeps going on it for a while until cum. Woooooow!! That was great.

He stands up and takes out a condom and rolls it on his dick. Well...the size is not as impressive as I thought it would be but then again, it's not about the size but job that needs to be done that matters. I'm a panting mess as he lines up his cock on the entrance of my pussy and he pushes it in a swift move. My knees are pushed up and he keeps on going in and out of me. He pulls back leaving only the tip of his cock in me before he rams inside again causing my hips to buckle. If he keeps going this way, I'm going to cum soon.

I look at him with my eyes and mouth slightly open as I feel this beautiful feeling take over my body and my toes tingle as I feel that a wave of a massive orgasm is about to hit me. I am grabbing at the sheets because the movement his making now is amazing.

"Aaaaaaah...Oh my! Oh my!! Fuuuuck. I'm gonna cum!!" I yell at him as he keeps ramming inside me.

He keeps going and I can feel his pace increase as I feel that he's about to explode as well.

I rub my clit as I can feel it take over my entire body. I climax so hard I can tell that he's probably in shock of how ugly my climax face is...yeah I know it is I don't need to be told. I am not going to let that stop me though from this exciting feeling. I hear him grunt mean he's also reached his peak.

Once we both catch our breath, I realize that this is exactly what I needed to let go of any tension in my body. I am rating Mngobi a 7/10, he's not bad at all.

"Mngobi thanks for that great session. Let me walk you out."

"Walk me out? You mean I can't sleep over because it is late?"

"No. It was a one night thing and I made it clear to you before we left the club. Thanks and goodbye." I say this as I open the door for him.

He leaves, mumbling a whole lot of nonsense I don't even pay attention to. Woosah!! Now I can get a good rest.

4

It's Saturday, the weather is gloomy and I can tell it's going to be like this the entire day. Man...whoever said alcohol doesn't give a person diarrhoea lied. I woke up early and rushed to the toilet and spent maybe 20 minutes in there and let's just say the experience was not nice at all. It's half past eight right now and I'm trying to make something for breakfast because I'm famished. I settle for a few slices of bread and eggs, even though I'd rather be having some hot wings. Sigh.

Yes the weather is not looking great but my mood on the other hand?? I feel amazing and super fresh, ready to take on the day. I still haven't called Zim but I'll do that once I finish eating and tidying up the place. At quarter to eleven, I am done with everything I needed to do so I decide to call my friend. Well I'd like to believe that that's what we've become after chatting for a while.

"Hi mngani unjani? (Hi friend how are you?)" I ask immediately after she answers the phone.

"Oh man Yanda...I'm not feeling too great. I have this huge hangover and my body feels like it has gone through a lot" she says

"How can it not? You were doing the most on the dancefloor last night. Anyway I'm just checking on you since you were out of it when we dropped you off."

"I'm okay hey besides the hangover, I'm good. Haibo sisi, awusasho kuthi kwenzekeni kuwe no Mngqobi, khuluma phela! (Sis, you HAVE to tell me what between you and Mngqobi, spill!!)"

"Honestly it was nothing great, but I enjoyed myself and I think he did too. There's not much to it really because I told him to leave right after." I say.

We continue chatting for a while then decide to end the call with promises to see each other at work. I decide to just read a book, sip on wine and listen to some music. To match the weather

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first song on my playlist is 'When the party's over' by Billie Eilish. She really has a great a voice now I regret ever disliking her.

Time goes by when I suddenly hear a burst of a pipe. I hurry to the kitchen since that is where the sound came from, I see a lot of water puddled near the sink. I honestly have no idea how this happened and I have no choice but to shut off the water from the meter while I call for a plumber. Well this sucks, this was supposed to be a chilled day with no stress whatsoever. Sigh. I quickly go to Google and search for a plumbing company that comes highly recommended. 'Zungu's Hardware and Plumbing Company', it has a five star rating so I guess this will be the one. I send a request and they reply that help is on the way.

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Thirty minutes later there's a knock on the door and I know that help has arrived. I open the door and is my jaw not on the ground.

"Hi. I'm here to fix a burst pipe?" This fine specimen says.

I quickly clear my throat and greet him back as I welcome him in. I show him where the problem is and leave him with his tools as he gets to work.

Oh My God!!! What the heck did I just see. This is what I call INDODA (a man). The uniform is tight on his body and I think beige suits him well...or is that my thirsty ass speaking. Let me go offer him some juice or tea, my mom would be pissed if I didn't show any manners. Speaking of my mom, it's been a while since we last spoke, I have to give her a call later today.

"Uhm bhuti can I get you anything to drink? Juice? Tea?" I say trying to sound like a lady that I am.

"Oh yes. I'll take a glass of juice thanks." He says. This voice oh Lord!

I pour him juice as I ask what really went wrong with the pipe and he tells me that there was a screw loose but he has managed to fix it. He finishes up and packs his tools as he grabs the glass to quench his thirst.

"Thank you. Will you be paying cash or will you do a transfer?"
Him again.

"I'll just send the money straight to the account. How much is it again?"

He tells me the amount and once I'm done he prepares to leave but not before a loud thunder strikes outside. I tell him to stay for a while just until the weather clears and he agrees. We sit in the lounge and I ask him to tell me about himself.

He introduces himself as uMnotho and that he has 4 siblings, with him being the second born. He's 28 years old and spends most of his time working. He tells me how much he enjoys what he does and that he wouldn't change it for a thing. By the time the rain stops, I don't want him to leave.

"Goodbye Ziyanda, enjoy the rest of your day."

"Bye Mnotho, uhambe kahle.(Go well.)"

AND he's gone!! But why I am I suddenly missing this stranger? I felt this weird connection with him. I'm not usually like this, as I've stated before I'm not the feeling kind so this just amazes me. I'm not liking this feeling at all, it can have detrimental effects. Okay now my entire mood is ruined.

5

Psychology states that there are ways a person can make sure they stay happy and positive, always. There are different kinds of hormones that are mentioned but one that stands out is, Dopamine. It is a feel-good hormone that is responsible for managing the brain's reward centre. This means that there are certain things we can do to make sure this hormone does its intended job, to be happy.

For example, listening to upbeat music and getting a good night's sleep are a few examples of the activities that keep you in a great mood. That is why in this exact moment, I'm feeling like a million bucks. I slept like a baby yesterday and when I woke up this morning, I decided to listen the likes of Zandile Khumalo and Doja Cat to brighten up my mood. Today's my first day at work and I'm super excited to finally have something meaningful to wake up for. I have been unemployed for a year, so getting this job means a lot to me, I finally stop depending on my mother and being a burden to her as well.

As I'm getting ready, I receive a phone call from my mom.

"Make" (Mom)

"Yebo sesi, unjani?" (Hii sisi, how are you?)

I know it's kind of weird how we talk, but this is the exact kind of lingo that is used in MP.

"Ngiyaphila make, unjani wena?"(I'm well and you ma?)

"Ngiyaphila se. I just wanted to wish you a wonderful day on your first day and I hope everything goes well."

"Thank you so much mama. Honestly I am kind of nervous but I'm hoping all goes well. I just have to sign the contract when I get there then carry on with the rest of the day."

"Oh sesi don't worry about it too much, you'll do great. I have faith in you just do what you know and if there's something you don't understand, ask for clarity and all shall go well."

We finish up with our conversation and bid each other farewell with promises of me having to call when I get back from work. I go back to getting ready and once I'm done, I rush off to have something to eat. Well I'm not much of a breakfast person so I settle on some cereal and an apple that keeps the doctor away. Lol.

It's half past six when I quickly rush out of the flat to the bus station in hopes of catching an almost empty bus. People are savages out here, they don't care whether you wearing heels or are pregnant, they just don't give up their seats for anybody anymore. Angisayi beki ke ye bus (I won't even touch on the bus situation), these bus drivers don't care uzowa bangabi nandaba (you'd fall and they wouldn't even care). Sigh. Tough times that we're living in shame.

By 07:45, I'm in front of the building and freaking out to be honest.

"Come on Yanda

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you can do this!" I hype myself up just as I entire.

"Sanbona bantu abadala, ninjani?"(Greetings my elders, how are you?) I say the security guards on post.

They reply back telling me that they are doing well but also share a complaint or two about having to wake up so early in the morning. The things we do to survive in this life!?

I get to the reception and I find Zim there, we share greetings and promises of having lunch together as I tell her to that I'm going to the HR department. Once I'm done signing, I get a tour guide called Mthokozisi and he shows me around the building .

I never really admired this building when I first got here and as I get off the elevator, I realize that there are a few offices here and the rest is just an open plan. From the outside it is just a plain white 2-story building written 'EZIZWENI' in bold, sort of like a hospital, boring really. But the inside is very different, very unique. There are a lot of cubicles here and from what I've heard, the design is made so that people are able to communicate better with no restrictions. The people who have offices are those that have higher positions such as directors and whatnot.

I get to my work station with the help of Mtho and I thank him once again before he takes off. I fire up my laptop and screen, as I get down to work.

It's one o'clock when Zim gets to my cubicle to let me know that it's lunchtime. I quickly gather my things, then we leave. I

think this a good day so far, I've had no complaints and hope it remains that way for the rest of the day.

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It's five pm when I knock off and I can already feel that I'm exhausted beyond measures. I know that the que at the bus stop is insane at this time so I have no choice but to catch a taxi since it is faster. I go with Zim to the taxi rank and man is it not packed.

"Friend, did you have a good day today?" She asks me for the second time today.

"Yeah mngani, it was not bad really. I just have to adjust to the environment, that's all."

"Okay that's good sweetie. Let me go now, the taxi I'm going with is on this side and yours is right there." She points at the corner.

We say our goodbyes and I head off to the taxi. I get in and in less than twenty minutes, the taxi is full and ready to go. As the

taxi takes off, I think of my mom and I'm pretty sure she would have a homecooked meal ready for me. Sigh. Its times like these where I miss her so much.

"Short left!" I yell just enough to be heard by the driver. Why does announcing your stop sound so embarrassing. I sound like a fucking chicken being slaughtered. I get off and head on to a place I call home.

When I enter my place, I switch on the lights and rush to the bathroom to fill up the tub with some water I can soak myself in. I don't have any bath salts so maybe a bit of Jeyes Fluid to keep away bad spirits? Yeah...maybe not. I'll probably vomit in the night because of the smell. Too strong I tell you.

Once I'm done bathing, I heat up some leftovers from yeaterday in the microwave and check a few messages on my phone. Most of them are from my mom wishing me well and one from Zitha saying goodnight.

I reply to mama's messages and lock the phone after setting the alarm for tomorrow morning. I wash the dishes and quickly go to bed to get some rest.

Woosah. Now this is what my body has been yearning for. Off to LalaLand I go.

6

MNOTHO ZUNGU

It's been three days now and I honestly cannot get that Ziyanda character off my mind. I wish I could get to see her again, and this time for it to be totally by fate.

"Mnotho ndoda!! Yini manje ngawe?"(Mnotho dude, what's up with you?) That is my annoying friend and business partner, Sabelo.

"Nothing is wrong, I just have a lot on my mind."

"Yeah and that "a lot" does not include this meeting am I right!? Do you even understand the importance of this deal?"
He says.

I totally understand how important this deal is to us but what he doesn't understand, is how much I'm affected by a random girl. I wish I had connections that would tell me all I need to know about this lady and why I find her interesting in particular. I haven't had a serious relationship for about 3 years now and solely because I was still enjoying my "hoe phase".

"Yes, I understand Sabelo. I'm sorry for not being 100% present. You may continue. "

We continue with the rest of the meeting and him letting me know how much we will be making from this specific deal and that we both have to be hands on, in terms of the office work. He puts emphasis on being hands on because I am usually not in the office but out in the field doing work. The meeting is adjourned and we go our separate ways. According to him, we have workers that are paid to do the plumbing and handling of the hardware. What he doesn't understand though is that, I have a huge attachment to it because I have been doing it for as long as I can remember.

I'd say I started plumbing at the age of 15 because I used to help my dad whenever he had a job to do. From thereon, I developed a love for it myself and since then, I have worked my way up to where I am. I met Sabelo when I was 23, at his parent's house where I was fixing some burst pipes in their bathroom that connected to another pipe outside the house.

We started talking and he approached me with an offer of starting a plumbing business.

He was 25 then and since he was a trustfund baby, he had all the means to make our business a dream come true. He wanted to go 60-40 because he already had another business that needed his full attention, hence I am the major shareholder and my last name is on the company name. We registered the plumbing company first then the hardware followed. Since they were two different companies then, we realized that it makes sense to just join the two and make it one.

Now four going to five years later

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we have our own thriving company, Zungu's Hardware and Plumbing Company', located in Johannesburg CBD. We are currently looking for places to branch out to. Durban is the first area on my list, there's a lot of opportunities there.

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I arrive at my place, and it feels cold and dull...lacks warmth or maybe I mean to say a woman's touch? I'm hungry so I quickly freshen up so I can make something to eat, I take out a pack of wors so I can defrost it. 15 minutes later I'm all done and ready to make myself some pap' and wors.

Forty five minutes later I've cooked both pap' and wors and I'm ready to eat. I turn on the news channel so I can catch up on what's happening around the world while I eat. My mind trails off to how I came to meet the one who has occupied my mind these past few days. Ziyanda.

The person who was meant to be working at her place, unfortunately, got into an accident. It was not that bad, just a few scratches on his arms and the side of his legs. He went to the hospital just to get attended to and was released later that day.

So I substituted for him and since I knew it was not a hectic job, I went ahead to get it fixed. When she opened the door I was amazed by the beauty in front of me. Besides her physical features, my heart was just beating at a fast rate and never have I experienced such a feeling before. At that moment, I had even forgotten what I had come to do exactly.

"Sawubona bhuti" is what she said and at I felt myself more drawn to her. She has a deep, raspy kind of voice and it made her way more attractive.

I finished fixing the pipe faster than I thought I would but I prolonged my stay there and acted busier than I really was. When I got done and she offered me a glass of juice, I was happier than ever. The weather also corresponded by hailing and I got to sit down with her and have a chat with her. We mostly spoke about me and I loved how she looked so intrigued by what I was saying, telling her about myself that is.

No one has ever showed interest in wanting to know me that well and for me, it sealed the deal about how I feel for her. I am interested in her and I hope fate plays it's part by allowing me the chance to see her beautiful self again.

7

Ziyanda

I cannot wait to get off work, my limbs already indicate that ixesha lise duze lokuba ndigoduke (the time for me to go home is near). It is a Friday and all that's on my mind is lazing around on my couch eating some snacks. Today is different though because I will be going back home with Zim as she's not feeling too well. Apparently her boyfriend cheated on her and when she confronted him, he didn't even deny it. This then led to Zim finally calling it quits with the gent and quite frankly, I am in full support of this break up.

Yes I am not a number 1 supporter of love, but what I do know is that there was no love between Zim and this guy and if there was, it was unrequited love with Zim being the only one in love. In the entire 3 months that I've been working here, not once has she shared a story that proves to me that this guy really loved her. With all that, I'm just glad I get to be her shoulder to cry on now that she's not taking this break up too well.

It's two hours till knock off time and I'm already feeling a bit restless and agitated. Marketing management is quite vast, and that is why a person is able to choose one particular area to focus on. I chose to focus on Digital marketing as it is what piqued my interest.

There are only four keys to make sure that digital marketing is a success. 1. Have A Goal and objectives, 2. Know How To Reach Your Audience, 3. Creating an Effective Funnel and lastly, Creating Effective Content. That is exactly what I did with all the projects I have received since I got here and have gotten positive feedback since.

Another project has recently been handed to us as the department of creatives and we are yet to sit down and converse on how to do it. It is said that two heads are better than one and in this case, multiple heads are better than one.

Finally, it's five pm and I'm ready to go.

"Bye Cindy

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see you on Monday."

"Bye Yanda, see you." She says.

Well Cindy and I are cubicle partners as we are situated next to each other. I wouldn't say we're friends but she's a good person from what I've gathered.

I hurry downstairs and meet up with my dearest friend whose heart is broken. We converse about nothing much really as we head to the taxi rank and catch a taxi to my place. Yes she's chatty but not the usual kind and my heart breaks a little as I realise just how broken she is. We're at my place in half an hour and all we do for the rest of the night is watch a movie. Zim cries and vents about how much she'll miss Njabulo and all I can do is listen to her till she falls asleep.

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The following day I decide it's time to let loose and have some fun. That is why I've decided that today we'll be spending our

day at Fourways Farmer's Market. I've heard great things about the place so why not give it a try.

We've arrived and man is it not full. There are kids and their families everywhere...and the place is crawling with couples.

"Mngani thanks for taking me out today. I really needed this." Zim says.

"No problem friend. I am willing to do whatever as long as you get to feel better."

"I feel better already and I'm not going to be sulking over a douche bag like Njabulo anymore."

"That's the spirit lala. Now let's have some fun!" I say.

We are having the best time as we are feasting on every delicious item we set our eyes on. The next item we try is the meatball sub, this thing is gigantic and it is filled with all kinds of ingredients. We try out the Mason Jars that are filled with food, with these one's you get to choose what you want in your jar. Best believe I'm going to get my money's worth - cheese, steak, peppers, etc... whatever goes really.

As we leave the food station, my eyes lock with those of the mysterious guy...Mnotho. He really looks amazing in those Khaki pants and black shirt. God really took his time creating this guy, he is magnificent. He's with a group of guys, 4 I think, with two of them looking slightly like him. One older and another younger.

"Zim, slowly look in front us...good. Now you see the guy coming towards us? That's the plumber!!" I tell my nosy friend.

Well I had to tell her about it since I was not able to stop thinking about him since I last saw him.

"Unamanga mngani!! Cha umawakhe wazala ngempela ke la. Yindoda yangempela mngani! (You lie friend! His mother really gave birth to something great for real. This is a real man!)"

Firstly, I don't understand why she had to hit my shoulder that hard but then again this is Zim we're talking about. I don't get to give her a reply as this amazing creature is now standing in front of us.

"Ziyanda" He says...God take me now! His voice is to die for or is it the way he says my name that drives me crazy. Lord, I'm losing it!?

8

MNOTHO

"Hi Mnotho, how are you?" The girl who's been occupying my thoughts for days on end says.

"I'm well thanks Ziyanda. And hello to you too Ziyanda's friend who's name is?"

"Hi my name is Zimbini and nice to meet you." The lady answers and smiles ever so brightly.

"The feeling is mutual Zimbini. Well Ziyanda, nice to meet you again and I hope that it's not the last time that we meet."

"Yes it was nice seeing you too. I look forward to that day indeed." She smiles, and is it not the most beautiful smile I've seen in a long time.

"Alright goodbye ladies. I've already kept my friends waiting for quite some time." I finally walk off and head on to my brothers and friends.

Well, coming to the Farmer's Market today was not something I had planned but these fools I came here with, were not willing to leave me behind. I came with two of my brothers, Qaphela and Sithembiso, as well as Nkanyezi and Sabelo, my friends. I'm pretty sure you know of Sabelo by now.

Anyway, I'm really glad they dragged me to this place as I got to see the beautiful Ziyanda. Seeing her here again made me realize that I feel something quite serious for this girl and that if given the chance I'd totally want us to become exclusive. I still have to try and gather enough guts to approach her and ask her out on a date.

"Welele...Ndoda yini manje? Uzishayile ngale ngani noma? (Hey man what's up now? Do you have feelings for this girl or what?)" Says Nkanyezi. I swear this guy has zero chill.

"Nkanyezi, awume kancane ndoda. (chill out man.) You know I don't rush into things but yeah, I am interested in getting to know her."

"Oh okay, but have you told her this or igwababa likuphethe ngama washing? (fear has you by the neck?)" That would be Sabelo. One would think he, out of everybody else

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would have my back since we are super close.

"No I have not and nina aningeni ndawo lapho. (this does not concern you guys in any way) Let's just go and enjoy the rest of the day." I say to the gents. They agree and we decide to go a bit further from where Yanda and her friend are. I take one last look at her and she really looks amazing today, with her afro held up by a hairband and a denim skirt perfectly situated on her hips and that crispy white t-shirt tucked in. Dare I say, she might be the one.

.....

We left the place at 16:45pm with an extra fifteen minutes to spare since it closes at five pm. We went to Qaphela's house to watch a soccer match, Sundowns vs The Royal AM, not a fan of either club but the guys I was with would die for it. None of us would admit it but we went to Q's house because he's got such a good wife, who has some amazing culinary skills. She is great at what she does and knows how to take care of her family and guests.

Once the game was over, I was ready to go home and get on with my social media bounty hunting, for the one my heart desires. Well that did not go as planned since the guys wanted to hangout, and in their defence, it has been a long while since we've spent some time together. That is how I got to leave in the early hours of the morning and when I got to my place, I was too tired to do anything so I decided to sleep.

It's eleven am on a Sunday as I wake up and I'm too drained to do anything hectic. I freshen up, have something to eat and get started on my mission. 'Finding Ziyanda'.

First thing I do is install Instagram and Facebook. I've honestly never seen the point to have any of these apps until now. I create my accounts and once that's done, I search for her on Facebook first. There are way too many Ziyanda's here and not knowing her surname is a major setback.

I quickly log out of there and head on to Instagram. I type in her name and after going through at least 5 profiles... I finally land on HERS!! This is my moment.

I quickly send out a request because her account is private and it is accepted in a short while. I send her a message, nothing special just a greeting and about twenty minutes later, my phone beeps.

"HI Mnotho."

Well I'd be damned!!!

ZIYANDA

Immediately when we entered the flat, Zim was already firing out questions and some I had no answers to.

"Do you think he likes you mngani?"

"Maybe he has kids, don't you think?"

"Did you see that handsome dark skinned friend of his?? Do you think he'd want to smash?"

Like honestly, this girl is nuts and I've realised that there is nothing I or anyone else could do, to reverse her way of thinking. She eventually got tired of asking when I was not giving her answers anymore. I mean girl, didn't you just get out of a relationship a week ago!? No like literally a week ago!! Lol. It can only be her.

Although I acted nonchalant about the whole Mnotho situation, I was the complete opposite inside. I am feeling hot and bothered where he's concerned. I don't know, maybe it's those hazel brown eyes of his that made me feel some kind of way.

He has beautiful eyes and I got to see them properly today in the sunlight, they look like they contain stories, or am I just mesmerized by them? Anyway, who cares!?

We barely slept that night just chatting about anything and everything, Zim and I. I got to know her on a deeper level and saw that behind those jokes and not caring persona

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lies a strong, independent and beautiful woman. She lives with her 17 year old brother and 8 year old sister, who she's taking care of all on her own.

"Mngani there's nothing I wouldn't do for those kids. Even if it costs me my soul, I shall bare the cross for them." Is what she said when I asked how she feels to be taking care of them when she's still so young herself.

In all honesty, I admire her bravery and selflessness. Not many would do what she does for her folks, family or not, some people don't care and that's the hard truth. I'm just glad I now have a hint of who she is beyond what she portrays.

When the time came for us to retire to sleep, we were completely drained. We shared the bed because there's only one room in this place and I was glad I had a snuggle buddy for the night.

It's the next day and Zim left early to her home, matters of getting her work stuff and the kids' school attires ready for the week. I hope her sibilings appreciate her when they grow older, she's done so much for them and expects nothing in return.

The reason why I accepted Mnotho's request and answered his message so fast is because I was bored okay. I had nothing else to do and so texting him does not seem like a bad idea at all.

"How are you? Didn't get to see you again before you left yesterday...you and your friend arrived early?" He just replied to my mesaage.

"I'm well thanks hey and yes we arrived safely. Well we kind of left early as we had already seen most of the stalls." I reply.

"Well I felt sad not seeing you again. I really meant what I said about hoping to see you soon."

"Oh okay. Then maybe we can set up a date so we know when to meet exactly?"

"Yes! I'd love that and since I'm so eager to see you again, mind if I pop up today just to see you for just 5 minutes?" The text reads.

Haibo nangumuntu!! (Wow this guy!!) I'm not even gonna front, I do want to see him again so why not!?

"Sure. I guess you can. You still remember your way here?" I send the text.

"I wouldn't forget it even if I tried. I'll be there in 40." His text says.

Ziyanda yazi nizo tshontshwa ngelinye ilanga (you know you'll get kidanpped one day!?)

Oh well...no turning back now.

ZIYANDA

I am so restless as I wait for him to show up and I don't know why. I pride myself in being a confident woman who knows what she wants and is always in control of her feelings. But this right here, what I'm feeling? It is a very foreign feeling and I'm not sure if it's good or bad for me.

I hope Mnotho does not come to see me in a company car. I mean nothing is wrong with it and I'm not judging but if he does, it could lead to him get fired. Not many people will admit it because of society's expectations but, being with an unemployed partner is strenuous, for both men and women. So I don't want him to even deal with the struggles of unemployment.

It's exactly fifteen minutes past three when he sends a text saying he's outside. In this exact moment, I wish I had a bottle of tequila I could chug down and drown these butterflies I feel in my tummy. I was listening to 'Vegas' by Doja Cat and it's

given me the boost of confidence I didn't even know I needed to go see this man.

I glance at myself in the mirror one last time and I still look good in these sweatpants. I had to change into sweatpants in case things go south and my hoe side starts to surface and wants to play. These will protect me from making any bad decisions I hope.

Off I go... it's showtime!!

MNOTHO

I honestly didn't think Yanda would give me the time of day let alone allow me to pop up at her place. I'm not nervous per se but I am curious as to how this meeting will go and I'm hoping I don't screw it up.

I see her approach the car and I quickly get out so I could stand on the other side to open the door for her. I'm driving a VW Polo GTI today and she looks a bit stunned, at what? I'm not quite sure.

"Hi." She says as she stands a few feet away from me looking simple but beautiful.

"Hi Yanda. Do you think I could get a hug?"

"Uh yeah sure, I guess."

She gets closer and I lean in for a hug and as I envelop her in my arms, I can't help but inhale her magnificent scent. She smells like lavender and a hint of basil

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an odd combination but it works. I find it hard to pull away but I have to lest it gets awkward and we still have to chat.

"Uhm... so what brings you here?" She asks.

"Well I don't know really, I just had an urge to come see you. It's weird I know but I can't describe it, I just felt it. Mind if we get inside the car?" I say.

She nods, I open the door for her and shut it immediately once she's in.

"I can't say I understand how you feel but I'm willing to just talk to you and hope that you're not some kind of serial killer." She says with some humor laced in her voice.

I chuckle at that and give her one of my best smiles, well I hope that's how it looks to her. You never know nowadays, you'd think you're cute kanti you're giving off psycho vibes.

"What's your surname Yanda?"

"It's Mkhize, why ask?"

"I'm just asking for future reference, nothing serious."

We spend about three hours conversating about anything under the sun and all I feel is contentment. This is exactly what I needed today. She leaves but not before we exchange numbers and share promises of meeting up again some time.

As I head on home, I'm feeling elated and appreciative for the time I spent with uMa'Mkhize wami, uKhabazela. (My MaMkhize) Or is it too soon to claim her as mine?

11

ZIYANDA

'Dali wongishayel ikhwela (ikhwela ikhwela)

Wongishayel ikhwela (Ikhwela ikhwela)

Wongishayel ikhwela (Ikhwela ikhwela)

Sthandwa wongishayel ikhwela (Ikhwela ikhwela)'

That is the amazing song, Ikhwela by Zandile Khumalo ft Xowla that has helped get through my morning tasks with no hassle. I've been playing the song since I left my place to catch a bus and right until I got to work. It's really just gonna be living in my mind rent free, I don't know until when.

"Haibo mngani, yini wjabula kangaka nje wena? Ngiyazi phela kuthi ngama Monday awubi right so ngiyamangala manje. (Hey friend, why are you so happy today? I know you're not fond of Mondays so I'm shocked why you're so chirpy this morning.)" That's Zim for you. Always wants to be kept in the loop.

I chuckle at her inquisitive self and respond plainly by saying, "Hey friend, don't worry I'll let you in on the details at lunch."

She agrees to that because she knows there's no time to waste more especially because the reception gets quite busy after weekends.

I arrive at my cubicle only to find out that today I'm a bit early and the office is still kinda empty. I check the time and it reads 08:16, man no wonder this place looks deserted. I guess I could do with cup of coffee and a quick smoke. I go to the kitchen to and settle on making myself some hot chocolate, I'll make coffee later on in the day.

I started smoking when I was seventeen and that is because the pressure of school work got to me and other events that I've gone through in my life that I will probably divulge on later. I am not a heavy smoker but I do 3-4 times a week and even more, when I'm under immense pressure.

I've already strayed from what I was doing and when I check the time, twenty five minutes have passed and it's my time to

head back to the office. On my way to my desk, I can see that the office is slowly filling up and I've already greeted a lot of people but my lovely cubicle buddy Cindy, hasn't arrived.

My phone chimes just as I take a seat. "Have a wonderful day Yaya." The text reads. I smile because I mean, who wouldn't? Yaya? So we already on nicknames now? Okay, I'm here for it. "Thanks Mnotho

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same to you." I reply. I'm yet to find a nickname suitable for him. He reads it immediately and sends a thumbs up emoji.

I fire up my computer and get started on work. I check my emails and there's a meeting we're summoned to as creatives to discuss the new deal we just landed. We haven't been told the name of the company which we will be handling as of yet but I heard from the grapevine, that it is a logistics company. I'm super stoked about it because I have never dealt with such a task before and it is a challenge I'm willing to accept.

The clock strikes eleven am and it is time for the meeting. I'm glad they made it at this time because at twelve it's lunch time and I can't wait, I'm already hungry.

"Hi guys, I'm pretty sure you are all wondering why we're are gathered here right now. Well this is solely because the company we'll be dealing with now needs all of us to be hands on. The CEO has requested that he also takes part in making sure that everything goes well with this project." Says our director of digital marketing, Mark.

"If I may ask sir, is there any reason why he wants to be so hands on this entire process?" Asks one of my colleagues.

"Oh yes. The previous agency that was helping him with his brand, messed up a lot and almost cost him a fortune on the losses. That's why he's trying by all means to avoid such a scenario ever again. Any further questions before we continue?")

We all mumble our answers saying no.

"So with all that out in the open, I'd like to introduce the CEO himself, since he insisted on being here today. Welcome Mr Nkanyezi Mkhwanazi of 'Mkhwanazi Logistics'."

Everybody claps as we await for the CEO himself and when he enters, I can tell I know this guy from somewhere. This confirms it when our eyes lock and he raises his eyebrows, maybe also trying to recall where he might know me from.

The clapping ceases and he's given the chance to speak. This guy oozes confidence and authority, and that suit he has on looks custom made.

"Hi everyone...as Mark may have already told you, I am Nkanyezi Mkhwanazi and I will be working with you all where this project is concerned. I hope we'll be able to respect each other and have a healthy working space. That is all. Thank you!" He says all this while his eyes dart around the room and stay 2 seconds too long on me before they move on, probably still trying to remember where we might have met.

Claps sound again as he leaves and then the meeting is adjourned. It's lunch time and I don't waste any more time as I go straight to Zim so we could go to the cafeteria and grab something to eat. When I get there I notice that she seems a bit down and when I ask her about it she just brushes it off saying it's nothing.

We keep on having lunch with Zim looking a little distracted, with no topic of my morning behaviour being brought up. Now I know she's not okay but she'll talk when she's ready. Once we're done we head straight back to work and I make a mental note to ask her what is really wrong with her when we get off or once I get home. As I settle down on my chair, it finally clicks where I saw that guy.

"That's Mnotho's friend!!!" I whisper to myself.

How did I miss this!?

12

ZIMBINI

"Yeeey wena Thandi, ungangi hlanyisi!! (Hey you Thandi!? Don't make me angry!!) You are gonna be late for school, so put on these shoes so we can leave already!" I semi yell at this little minx.

Well that is my little sister Thandiwe, she's 8 years old and man she thrives on driving me nuts sometimes. I guess I'd say it's because she doesn't know that once in a while I'd like some peace, and for things to go accordingly with no mishaps. Right at this moment, she thinks wearing these bloody sneakers at school is the "IT" thing, and unfortunately it's not, now I have to force her into wearing these school shoes.

"Thandi, I'm not going to repeat myself. Wear these shoes now or I'll leave you behind." I warn one last time.

"This sucks..." she mumbles and I will let this slide because I don't have any energy left in me to argue with her.

My brother, Mthokozisi left earlier, something about morning classes? I'm not too sure. With him, I know I have nothing to stress about, he's more of a nerd and there's nothing one could do to keep him off his books. He also understands that there are times I'd come home late from work because of the workload and by then, he had already cooked and helped Thandi with her homework.

This house we live in, belonged to my mom before she passed away and then left the house under my name and care. I've tried fixing around where I can and other places still need a bit more intervention, which I will take care of when the time comes. Things weren't always like this though...my stepfather, Thandi's biological father was very abusive towards my mother. Everyday my mother used to shed tears because of his unruly behavior and I never understood why she stuck around with him for that long.

"You won't understand my baby." Is what she said to me when I asked her for the millionth time. I guess I might never understand and well I hope I am never put in a position to.

When miss is finally ready and done, we walk to her school and I drop her off at the gate.

"Behave yourself okay Thandi. Angifuni izinkinga angithi uyazi.(I don't want any problems

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you know that right?)

"Yebo sisi. Goodbye."

"Bye baby." I kiss her cheek and off she goes.

30 minutes later I'm at work and I have no time to waste as I dive straight into work.

Fifteen minutes later Ziyanda enters inside the building and I can tell she's on top of the world right now...all smiles.

I ask her what's going on and all she had to say was, "Hey friend, don't worry I'll let you in on the details at lunch." And

just like that I am left wondering what is really going on with her. I'm left in suspense and I cannot wait for lunch.

Time passes and when I check it's fifteen minutes to eleven. Amazing!! Any time soon I'll be put out of suspense. Just as I sort out the files on my station I hear the doors open and shut. I lift my eyes and they meet one's that look so beautiful, pure black and enticing. The owner though looks like he is bored to even be here. He looks oddly familiar.

"Hi sir, how may I help you?" I hope my voice is not selling me out because I am drooling.

"Hi. I'm looking for the boardroom where I have a meeting with the creatives and director of digital marketing. Would you mind directing me to where it is?" His voice sounds so smooth and calming.

"Oh yes sure. Second floor and the first door on your right."

"Okay thank you and next time...try not to look so thirsty." And with that he walks off to his designated place.

My jaw drops and I feel a wave of shame hit me in the face. Talk about being rude. Screw whatever feeling I had brewing inside, this was a total turnoff.

It's not long when it's lunch time and I still feel a bit down. This guy really knows how to put one's mood down. Ziyanda fetches me and we go to the cafeteria, I try hard to not seem affected but I think Zee can tell as well that I'm not my normal self. Hence the never-ending questions about whether I'm okay or not. She finally gets that I don't wanna talk about it and gives it a rest. We finish off lunch in silence.

It's knockoff time and Zee says her "plumber lover" has ordered to fetch and transport us home. Well better hope she doesn't catch me calling him plumber lover. Lol.

"Mngani, this guy is the real deal mos. A few days in and he's already offering such?" I say this as I chuckle.

"Yeah hey, I'm surprised as well. Let's go now, he's already waiting outside."

We get to the parking lot and there he is outside the car. Yeyeni bo, abo Ziyanda bageza ngani nathi sizo geza ngakho(Wow, what does Ziyanda use so that we can use it as well.) This guy is a decent person and I can see that he's very invested in her. She deserves this...she might not know it yet, but this guy is good for her.

He greets us and opens the back seat door for me and the front for Zee. I am not stressed about Thandi because I know my brother would have fetched her by now. This lift is exactly what I needed...I don't think I could think properly with a lot of people around.

20 minutes later I'm dropped off at the gate after thanking Mnotho and saying goodbye to both him and Zee. Immediately when I enter, I'm suffocated in a bone crushing hug by yours truly, Thandi.

"Hi baby unjani?(How are you)"

"Ngiyaphila sisi wena unjani? Bokunjani emsebenzini? (I'm well thanks sis and how are you? How was work?)"

"I'm well baby and work was okay thanks. Have you bathed already? "

"Yep."

She skips off to the living room once she's done speaking. I find Mthoko there with her watching tv and ask if they've already eaten and he replies yes. He's not much of a talker so I know there's not much that will be said, I leave them there after saying goodnight. I need to have an early sleep tonight, especially since that whole scenario from earlier today keeps replaying in my mind.

That stupid good looking maniac sure tainted my heart, a bit. I don't understand why he's still stuck to my thoughts regardless of my attempts to not think of him.

"Stupid me!" I say to myself as I head to bed and hope for a better day tomorrow.

13

ZIYANDA

I can feel his breath down my neck...his breath so warm it makes me drench down my nether region. His wet kisses on my skin create such an amazing sensation as goosebumps make themselves known on my entire body. I don't know how we got to this point but I don't want this feeling to ever end. I hold on to his bald head as he drops feathery, wet kisses on my nape down to my nipples. I gasp as he rolls his tongue on my left boob and again when he does it to my right.

He travels further down and I can feel his tongue showering my pussy with it's skills. He keeps licking and sucking on my clit like it's his last meal and I can slowly feel myself getting sucked into a state of bliss. He pushes one finger inside my nookie and I grab onto the sheets. He's hitting the spot and he knows it because he pushes me further down into the bed making sure I don't move. "Mnotho" his name comes out as a whisper as I'm about to explode.

A distant ringing disturbs me as I jolt awake from sleep.

"Fucking wet dream!!"

The ringing would be my alarm that has rudely woken me up from beautiful my slumber. Ugh...I hate my life. This is the second time I've had a wet dream of him and I. Only this time around we were in my room doing it whereas, the first time we were getting it on at my workplace. Weird I know but I can't stop them or the feelings I'm starting to develop for this guy. I scurry out of bed and make my way to the bathroom to take a bath.

It's been a week since he came to fetch Zim and I from work. We talked a lot even after dropping Zim off we continued our conversation at my flat. It's quite shocking and reckless of me to have trusted a guy I barely knew for a month and have welcomed him in my sacred space. I think I'm at a space where I can finally admit that I really like the guy and he's been so persistent in his attempt to pursue me. I decided to give him a chance by going out on a date with him, which we'll be having this coming Saturday. I am kinda excited about it.

I'm at work and I already saw my dearest friend. She seems to be in a great mood today and I'm honestly here for those kind of moments. Zim is a great human being and I hope she finds someone who will give her all of her hearts desires.

Now back to the my job. I enjoy what I do and sometimes I find it hard leaving my work. "Good morning beautiful. Hope you have a great day.", a text from Mnotho. Yes...he calls me beautiful now. I am yet to get used to him complimenting me, I'm not really a fan of compliments but he loves it so I can't deny him that. I reply then get started on my work.

Last week was hectic and simply because the CEO of the project we're dealing with was there with us the entire time, monitoring all we do. I can't lie, all of us are a bit on edge since we want to impress him and don't want to let him down or our director, in any way. As TikTok(ers) would have it, "the presha is getting worser and worseerrrr".

"I want my company to attract big clients, people who will know and understand that I mean serious business and that I promise to deliver. That they will never regret ever trusting me

to handle all the logistical aspects of their companies." Nkanyezi says.

I did say he oozes confidence and as he walks around this boardroom right now addressing us, I can tell that he feels that we feel he is "THE MAN" he thinks he is. Lol, crazy I know.

Since he got here, we have realized that he is actually not a bad guy, he loves making jokes and making the work environment bearable. What he doesn't like though, is when people get too comfortable and end up not doing what they are supposed to do initially. He can get very scary once he switches and becomes all serious.

He has come up with different ways in which he'd like us to handle his project and dare I say, it has been very effective. We are able to get more work done in a shorter amount of time. Mark also seems to be impressed by this strategy and has asked that we implement it even when dealing with other projects. Nkanyezi is a smart man and I can't take away that from him. The three branches in different provinces of his company speak

for themselves, as they are generating great income individually.

It's lunch and Zim has been on her phone since we settled down, smiling non-stop. Angazi noma uvukile yini umalambane?(I don't know whether she has gotten a lover somewhere?) Only one way to find out.

"Mngani yini

usunomuntu na? (Friend do you have a boyfriend already?)"

She raises her head in a speed of lighting and quickly shakes her head no.

"No mngani not yet but I hope I doin the future." She says

"You keep on smiling to your phone, who is it then if not your boyfriend?"

"He's just a person I'm getting to know friend but if the status on that changes, you'll be the first to know."

"Okay ke mawusho njalo lala (if you say so lala). Guess what?"

"What?"

"Mnotho asked me out on a date this Saturday and I said yes." I almost squeal in my seat.

"Unamnga wena!?! (You lie!?) Oh mngani I'm so happy for you. After work on Friday, we have to go get your hair done then early on Saturday, we'll go dress hunting. You need to look the part!" She says in so much excitement. I swear if I didn't know better, I'd she is the one going on a date.

We carry on talking until it's time to go back to work,so we part ways. It's grinding time and once its knock off time I head to the reception to fetch Zim so we can ride home with Mnotho as our own self appointed driver.

He says he enjoys fetching me from work and whatever other reason he has to say. When I get down in the lobby, Zim still seems to be working.

"Haibo mngani, it's knockoff time and Mnotho is here to give us a ride. Why aren't you packed and ready to go?" I ask her.

"Oh about that friend, you can miss me on the lift I still have to finish off some work here then I'll be off." She says without even taking a look in my eye.

"Okay ke mngani call me once you get home. Love you see you tomorrow." I say to her as I exit the building. Something is up with Zim and I have to find out what it is.

As I approach the car in the parking lot, Mnotho is standing outside his forever famous VW looking handsome in his black jeans and gray t-shirt. We hug and I hold on to him a tad bit longer...I can't help it the guy smells amazing.

I pull out of the hug and smile at him, he smiles back. "Hi"

"Hi Yanda" this fool is still smiling. He opens the door for me and takes me home.

On my way home he questions about how my day went and if anything interesting happened. I ask him about his day as well and from then on, we share some jokes to keep us going. We've arrived outside the place I stay and I can't seem to leave his car.

"Thank you, Mnotho. For making time from your busy schedule to fetch me. It really means a lot to me."

"It is my pleasure Zee. I'd do anything to help." He says this with a smile.

"Well, I should get going now. See you. Thanks once again." I say.

"Bye Yanda but before you leave...my hug?" I swear this guy wants me to drop my panties for him.

I get closer to him and we hug for a while and just when we pull apart, I feel his breath fan my face. He smells like nicotine and mint. I thought he'd pull away but instead he captures my lips in his, my reflex action being shutting my eyes and responding to the kiss.

He's got plumpy tender lips and I find it hard to let go. He pulls away, leaving both of us breathless. Just as he is about to speak, I scurry out the car and say goodbye without giving him a chance to reply.

Once I'm in my flat, I rest my back on the door and release a huge sigh of relief...and then it hits me. I just kissed Mnotho!!!

"Ziyanda kanti sowentani manje!?" (what are you doing now?)" I chastise myself.

Whew!! What a way to end the day.

14

ZIMBINI

25 years I've been on this planet we call Earth and man, I'm tired as fuck of it already. This life thing is not easy and I wish they told us that when we were still young so we wouldn't wish to grow up so fast. All those lies about "Working hard, gets you far in life." "Eat enough food so you can be big and strong." Now look at us, we're just big and exhausted human beings!!

I hate summer because it rains constantly and it becomes very hard for us public transport commuters to get 'to and from' places. I'm standing outside the building waiting for this rain to subside because there is no way in hell I can walk from here to the taxi rank and survive.

I don't see it stopping any time soon and this is frustrating because I have to get back home before the kids get worried. A black SUV stops right in front of me, pulling me from my train of thoughts. Oh, its that handsome bastard from last time...I wonder what he wants. The window rolls down.

"Hi, would you care for a lift?" He asks. Okay why is this one acting like he didn't treat me like shit just the other day?

"No thank you. I'm fine." I'd say more but then that would get me fired which I can't afford.

His eyebrows furrow and I totally get why they would. He can tell from my tone that I have zero interest in talking to him.

"Come on lady...this weather won't clear up any time soon and it's not safe for a lady like yourself to be on your own here at this hour." He is making a lot of sense.

I check the time and it reads twenty minutes past six. The only reason I was still at the office around this time is because I had work to finish off and I couldn't afford not getting it done. Life of a receptionist is not exactly ideal but at least I get to pay the bills. Now I'm forced to catch a ride with this dummy.

"Fine I'll only get in because I care for my life and at least if you kill me, the cops will be able to trace my death back to you because of the security cameras." I say to him as I open the front door so I can settle down.

He chuckles at my remark and responds by saying, "What makes you think I wouldn't get away with it?"

Okay now that right there, I didn't expect and I guess he could tell because he quickly adds on by saying, "Hey relax, I was just kidding. I'm not going to hurt you."

For some weird reason, I believe he wouldn't be stupid enough to do that. He asks that I put my address on his GPS and I do that as we continue with our journey.

"So what's your name?" He asks.

"Zimbini"

" Oh nice to know you Zimbini, my name is Nkanyezi."

"Yeah well I didn't ask, but okay."

"O-kay. What's your deal really? I'm trying to conversate with you and you are being so rude. Did I do someting to you?"

Inoba lomntu undiyenza isbhanxa or uphambene nyan'? (Is this guy just making a fool out of me or is he mad?)

"Well last week when you came here for your meeting, you were unnecessarily rude to me and I did not appreciate it at all."

"I'm sorry you feel or felt that way. I was not trying to disrespect you. That's just the way I am, and I was only teasing you."

I did not think that things would go in that direction but I'm glad it did and that I told him how I felt. It's silent until he parks outside my place.

"Uh..thank you for the apology and the ride as well. I'm really grateful for it." I say to him trying my utmost best to hide how being in his presence affects me.

"It's my pleasure Zim."

I nod not knowing what else to say and as I shut the door he calls out to me asking for my numbers. I asked him why and all he could say was, "in case it rains again and you need transport." I give them to him and say my goodbyes.

When I enter, I find both my siblings cuddled up on the couch with the heater and TV on. I place a blanket on them and switch off the TV. I'll wake them up once the food is delivered, so they can go to bed full.

"I just got home friend and I'm safe!" I send the message to Ziyanda and quickly change into something comfortable.

TGIF!!! (Thank God It's Friday)

I've been playing 'It's Plenty' by Burna Boy for most of the day. I resonate with the lyrics of the song so much.

'For this life I dey, I want to be celebrated

Don't wanna waste my days

I want to spend them on enjoyment

It's plenty oh, ahh'

I believe in living for the moment and if it were up to me, I'd be partying every weekend. That would make me happy but I have responsibilities and I promised my siblings I'd spend time with them this weekend. I don't want them to feel neglected in any kind of way

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I'm the only parent they have and recognize.

On Fridays, we knockoff at 15:00 and since Yanda and I had plenty of time to spare, we went to the salon as we had planned earlier on in the week. She settled for braids and I

decided to cut my hair and dye it purple. It's a bold move I know but I wanted to try something different.

Later on, we decide to just buy the dress today even though we only had thirty minutes before retail shops were going to close. Remember, I already made plans for this weekend and I can't disappoint. We get to this other boutique and decide to search for a dress fitting for a dinner date.

One thing I like about these private shops, is that they'd do anything to get that money. That's why they've extended our shopping with an extra twenty minutes because they were already about to close for the day.

"Wow mngani you look really gorgeous!" I say. She does look stunning. She's in a mermaid red, elegant dress that accentuates all her assets perfectly. She has a very voluptuous body and I don't think she knows how beautiful she is, I've seen it plenty of time's when she belittles herself and can't take a mere compliment.

She pays for the dress and off we go to our places, with me promising to call her tomorrow before her date. I get home late and prepare supper for the three of us. Nothing fancy, just some rice and roasted chicken. Empeleni, angi busiswanga ebhodweni (I'm not blessed when it comes to cooking) so I settle to do easy dishes all the time.

At eight, we eat while they share with me the events of the entire week at school. Thandi got into a "fight" with her friend, Zama about who is the greatest princess of all time between Elsa and Moana. I just humor her by saying Moana is the greatest and that Zama doesn't know real quality. Mthoko just tells me that it's been work on top of work for him and that he needs a break since he won't be attending any classes this weekend.

Dinner is over and the kids have finally retired to sleep, I tune into Showmax and watch my favorite show, New Amsterdam. I swear I should have been in the medical field the way I watch this show. My favorite part is when Dr Max Goodwin says, "How can I help?". I lose it for sure.

"Hi Zim. Can we talk?" A text pops up on my phone.

Hawu, ubani ke manje lo? (Uh, now who is this?)

"Hi. Who is this?"

"It's Nkanyezi. Any chance you could come outside so we can have a chat?"

Wonders shall never end!! It's been days since this guy took my numbers and I had lost all hope of him texting me. Now all of a sudden, ufuna ndiphume kokwethu ndizo bona yena? (he wants me to leave my home and go see him?). Unezimanga ke uNkanyezi (Nkanyezi's full of surprises).

"Okay I'll be right there." I reply.

You only live once so I am taking this risk to go see this guy. His car is here and I and wear my gown so that he can see I was preparing to sleep. I wonder what's his deal.

"Hi how are you?" He asks as soon as I'm inside the car.

"I'm good and how are you?"

He's looking at my hair probably taking notice of the change of hairstyles.

"I'm fine thanks. You look beautiful and the color purple suits."
He says.

"Thank you" I say.

"I'm pretty sure you're wondering why I'm here."

"Uh yes I am, I was actually on my way to sleep so if we could speed this up please. I also left my siblings all on their own." I say to him with a bored tone.

"Well thing is... I've been thinking about you these past few days and I can't get you out of my head. I find your personality really attractive and I'd really like to get to know you better."

I'm shocked to say the least because we haven't spoken since that rainy day and at work, he doesn't even spare me a glance. I don't know how to feel about this but one thing I know is I refuse to be played by some guy I barely even know. I've had my fair share of heartbreaks and heartbreaking, I don't know if I need this right now.

"I don't know if you're genuine or not, so I'd just like some time to think about it and then I'll get back to you. At this point I'd like to think that actions speak louder than words so we'll just see."

"Okay...I can live with that. Thank you for not rejecting me right away?" He says this with a huge smile on his face. He looks even better with that stupid smile on his face.

I laugh at that and respond, "My pleasure. Well let me get going now. See you when I see you."

He nods and says goodbye. I enter the house with my heart beating out of my chest.

Wadla mntana ka Thokozile!

15

MNOTHO

"You look really gorgeous tonight." I say to Yaya.

We're at a restaurant called 'In Vino Veritas' which is Italian for, "In wine there is truth". Great name if you ask me, and I actually found it at the last minute. I had no idea where to take her until I asked Qaphela for any suggestions. This restaurant came up top tier on his list because this is where he took his wife last year for their anniversary, really amazing.

"Thank you. You don't look too shabby yourself." Yaya responds.

Honestly I really like this girl and tonight I'm not planning on wasting any time. I will ask her to be mine and if she says no, I'll have to be strong and just move on. That red dress looks amazing on her, and the braids just added on to her beauty. I'm

hoping this night goes well and hopefully we can get to know each other on a deeper level.

She still doesn't know that I am not exactly a plumber but that I infact own the company in which she thinks I'm an employee at. She's never brought it up and I never saw the need to tell her as well. Tonight I want to clear up any confusions so that we can hopefully become an item at the end of the evening. The waiter comes up to take our orders.

"What would you like to drink, white or red wine?" I ask as we scan the menu.

"I'd like a glass of red wine please." She says.

"And for dinner you'll be having?"

"I'll have the Easy Chicken Parm." She says

"And I'll have the Easy Carbonara. Please make it a bottle of the red wine. Thank you." The waiter goes off to place our orders.

"So Mnotho, how are you able to afford such an expensive restaurant with a plumber's salary...no offense." I've been waiting for her to ask this question.

I laugh."None taken. I understand why you'd ask that but the thing is, I am not a plumber. I am actually the CEO of 'Zungu's Hardware and Plumbing Company'. I am the major shareholder but I co-own it with my friend, Sabelo."

"Oh now it makes sense. For a moment I thought you borrowed that car we came with today, from your brother or cousin."

She's talking about the Mercedes Benz- A-Class-A250 I fetched her in today. Yeah, I'd need to have a side hustle if I was a plumber who owned two expensive cars. The Polo and this one, are the only cars I own.

"Oh yeah?" I ask with a smile.

"Yeah! Phela angifuni kuthiwe hehe uZiyanda ubusy nezi gebengu hehe (I don't want people to be saying this and that about me dating a thug)." She says in confidence.

One thing I've noticed about her is that she's very funny without even trying and that she doesn't enjoy having serious conversations about death or even love. I have to know why.

I laugh at her response and the date continues with her telling me stories about herself. I know that she is her mother's only remaining child and that she had a sister who passed away when she was still young. I can tell that talking about her sister is a sensitive topic for her to touch on and she couldn't even tell me how she passed on. I didn't want to put any pressure on her so I changed the topic and we spoke of something else, her fear of heights.

We both share jokes and have this silly banter going on about which is better between DC and Marvel. Let's just say...that topic is still reserved for another time and another day. We're now on top of this hill on a peaceful part of Johannesburg

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but it still overlooks the city. And I have to admit that the city lights look amazing from up here at night, this is definitely a mini escape from the ever so busy city.

I brought her here so we can have this one-on-one talk without any disruptions from the blasting of car horns or arguments between couples. I need to make my intentions clear and then leave the ball in her court. We haven't touched the subject of the kiss we shared the last time and I'm hoping we don't have to as we'll finally become official.

"I hope this keeps you warm enough." I say to her as I drape my jacket on her shoulders. This is a classic rule of romantic stories, have a jacket on standby so you can borrow it to her when it gets chilly. See, I know things.

"Thank you." She says.

Well it's now or never, I have to tell her.

"Ziyanda?" I call out to her

"Hmm" she says and looks into my eyes as if she already knows what I'm about to say.

"I have something I want to tell you and I don't want to play run around with it. I have taken a huge liking to you and I can feel that these feelings get stronger with every encounter. I don't know about you but I'd really like it if you gave me a chance to prove that I'm worthy of your time and heart. Will you please be my girlfriend?"

She stares at me in silence for about a minute or so then she clears her throat. Oh-oh...this can't be good.

"Well Mnotho, I find you interesting and thanks for even going such an extra mile for me to give you a chance. I have to tell you something first though." She says.

Okay this sounds serious and why is she still so quiet.

"Okay what is it?" I ask impatiently because I can see she's taking her time and I can't stand the silence anymore.

"If I agree to be your girlfriend, you have to know and understand that I might never fall in love with you and therefore can never say those words to you because it's against me to lie about something of this magnitude."

I've never heard this before, so I am quite shocked.

"Why is that if I may ask?" I have to know.

"There is no specific reason really and I've also never fallen in love with anyone before, not even once. So I'm telling you this so you don't end up feeling like you not doing enough when I don't say those words to you. I will respect you, that I can guarantee but not the love aspect." She concludes.

I think I can live with that...I mean how hard could it be to be with someone who never says the three magical words. But it might change this time around and maybe I'll make her fall in

love with me? I just need to probably give her some time...yeah I think this could work as long as we respect each other.

I mean I might just be fooling myself here but I'm going to give it a shot so I dont have any regrets later.

"Yeah sure. I can work with respect and I'll do all the feeling in this relationship. So does this mean we're in an exclusive relationship now?" I ask her.

She smiles ever so brightly...ah she looks beautiful indeed.

"Yes I think it does."

Without further talk I stand in front of her and caress her stunning face. I grab on to her waist and pull her close to my body so I can catch a whiff of her amazing lavender-basil scent. I hear her gasp and slightly pull away so I can kiss her neck, cheek and finally her lips.

I capture her lips into mine and my body is sent into a minor frenzy as I feel different emotions envoke from within me, a major one of protecting her from getting hurt. In this moment I know for sure that I love this girl and I have to do whatever it takes to make her fall for me just as much as I have for her.

I pull out from the kiss, which leaves us both her and I breathless and panting for more. This right here is my future and I have to try by all means necessary to claim her as mine, emotionally.

I hold on to her shoulders as we stare ahead at the beautiful city lights. Sigh. I can finally breath knowing that Ziyanda Mkhize is my girlfriend everybody!!

16

NKANYEZI

"Yeah mfana! Z'khiphani? Sesifikile yini istuff sami na? (Yeah boy. What's up? Has my stuff arrived yet?)

"Sho sho bozza. Ah lutho yazi, since silinde from ek'seni. Dololo. (Sure sure boss. No, not yet we have been waiting for it since this morning but nothing.)"

"Yeah this is going to cause me problems now. I can't seem incompetent in front of those people. I'll look like a fool and lose my business on top of that. Tell Ambani to get on it and track down the people shipping these containers here." I say to Thulani, one of the coordinators who I work with a lot here at the depot.

"I'm on it bozza. Is there anything else you want from me?" He asks.

I tell him no and he's gone in a blink of an eye. Working in logistics is not easy and it requires one to have patience and a high tolerance for stress. There are a number of containers that needed to have arrived early this morning so that the items inside can be transported to where they need to be.

Packaging of goods is a very delicate and important part of this business and that's why we like taking our time in making sure everything goes as planned. Now this delay could cost us a fortune and I'm just hoping that the coordinator for this branch is able to handle the situation.

My phone rings and I take a look at who it might be. Mnotho. I wonder what he has to say today.

"Hey man, whats up?" I say.

"Don't hey man me. I've been trying to get ahold of you and this is when you decide to pick up!?" He retorts.

Ah...I see why he's being dramatic. I missed his call yesterday night because I had already dozed off. I was tired and I can't really apologize for that.

"Sorry about that man. So what is happening?" I say hoping he gets to the point already.

"Well I just wanted to let you know I finally made Ziyanda my girlfriend. It's official now and I'm feeling great."

"Ey man congratulations that is amazing! I'm glad you finally got rid of igwababa (your fear)."

We chat for a few more minutes then hang up. I'm really glad bro finally had the guts to approach his lady. I could tell from when we were at Famrer's market that he's really smitten by her and this just confirmed it. I hope they last.

Today I decided to touch base and not go to Ezizweni and just try and let them do what they think is best for me. I trust that

they have everything under control and that they'll know what is best for my company. I can't always hover around them because that will eventually hinder the progress of events.

I ring the intercom and it gets attended to right away,
"Nkwenkwezi, would you please bring me some donuts and a cup of black coffee on your way here please?"

"Right on it boss!" She answers.

I have a couple of files I need to sort out since I've been away for so long. I need to make sure I at least get to balance out my work between here and getting this marketing project where it needs to be. In fifteen minutes my PA is back and she tells me of all the meetings I have this entire week.

"Okay thanks Nkwenkwezi, that will be all for now." I dismiss her.

"Okay boss, I'll be on standby." She says and leaves.

Once the door is shut, I get to finally exhale and get lost in my thoughts. Ever since I spoke to Zimbini, she's constantly invading my thoughts. I really love it when a woman speaks her mind and isn't afraid to say what she feels exactly. That is Zim for me.

I've been cracking my brain trying to figure out what it is I could get her to show her just how serious I am about her. She looks like she's into finer things in life so I think maybe a bracelet and necklace would do for now since I don't know her shoe size. I would buy her a pair of LV shoes or something.

I make a call to the jewellery shop so that these items can be delivered today around lunch and a small message telling her that she's in my thoughts, always. I get back straight to work because I have a lot to get done in a short amount of time.

ZIMBINI

"Hi ma'am. I'm looking for one Ms Zimbini?" This delivery guy says to me as he takes a look at his clipboard.

Eh and then? I wonder this is all about.

"That would be me...how can I help?" There is no other Zimbini in this building so I'm certain it has to be me but I didn't order anything.

"Oh okay ma'am...please take this and sign this for me on the dotted line." He says.

I take the clipboard and sign, take the package and thank him as he takes off. It's almost lunchtime so I'll just open it then.

It's lunch now and I quickly open the package before Yanda gets here. I take out this little box wrapped in a small red bow, with a little note attached to it on the side. 'A beautiful gift, for a beautiful lady.

Join me for dinner tonight?

P.S

NM'

It reads. Okay I definitely know who these initials belong to. I pull out my phone and quickly send him a text.

'Hi, thanks for the gift. I'd love to join you for dinner. You fetching me from work right?' I press send and put away the phone.

Let me take a look at what this gift is, this beautiful...a diamond set of a bracelet and a necklace. Not just any diamonds though, emerald diamonds. These I've only ever seen in movies. I see Yanda approaching and I shove them back inside the box and put it in my bag.

"Hi friend kwenzenjani

yini ngathi uthukile nje? (what's up, you seem a bit shaken?)"

She asks.

"Oh not at all friend...I'm just tired and waiting for this day to end already."

She laughs "Unga worry wena oe. (Don't worry friend.) This day will end very soon."

I swear something has changed with this girl...she is really glowing. No, I have to know what went down on that date. We get to the cafeteria and buy ourselves some sandwiches and juice.

"So tell me friend, how'd it go on your date?" I ask her.

"Mngani, ngithi ngamangala phela uMnotho ang'yise endaweni ebizayo. (Friend, I was shocked when Mnotho took me out to an expensive place.)" She says.

"You lie mngani!?! How did he afford it?" I say in shock.

She goes on to tell me what went down on their date and that they ended up on a hill looking at the city lights. She also tells me that they made it official and that she finally has a boyfriend. I didn't think Mnotho was monied hey but I guess it's

not gonna be written on people's foreheads that they are well off.

After lunch, work continued as usual and I have already decided I'll catch a taxi home since Nkanyezi hasn't replied to my text. Kodwa why sisazihlupha ngama doda mara huh!? (Why do we still bother ourselves with men though?). Yanda already got picked up by Mnotho and they are going out on a date, I didn't want to impose by asking for a lift. That'd be rude for real.

"Usale kahle Bab'Khuzwayo. (Stay well Bab' Khuzwayo.)" I tell him as I exit the building.

"Uhambe kahle ntombi, iyobona mayibonana. (Go well my girl, see you when I see you.) He says.

Bab' Khuzwayo is a 65 year old man who is one of the securities here at this company. I still don't understand why he hasn't retired but he still looks good for his age nonetheless. You know the saying of 'Black Never Cracks' and plus he's so kind.

As I approach the gate I see his SUV parked across the street.
Sigh. I go to the passenger seat and step inside.

"Hi Nkanyezi."

"Hi Zim. Unjani? (How are you?)"

"I'm well thanks and how are you?" I ask as he starts the car.

"I'm good. Sorry I didn't get to reply to your text I was really busy today. Did you like your gift?"

"Yes I did thank you. I'll probably wear it when I have a serious event to get to."

He laughs at what I just said.

"Well that's okay I guess. Do you mind if we have dinner at my place? I'm not feeling like being in a crowded space right now."
He says.

Okay I don't understand why he's still asking because the car is already in motion and is definitely not headed to my house. What else would I do or say? Jump out of a moving car?

"Uh yeah sure that's cool. Let me just text my brother and tell him that I'll be home late today."

He nods and continues driving. I send my brother a text and inform him that I'll be late and that he can order in as well as lock up when it gets late. After that, Nkanyezi and I get a chance to talk about the day we had and how hectic it was until we arrive at his place.

His place is really gorgeous, nothing porsche but something cosy and comfortable enough for him to live in. Ey it must be nice living in the 'burbs...all this peace and quiet with no gossipers in sight. Lol.

"Welcome to my humble abode." He says just as we enter.

"Yeah...it's humble alright!?" I say in sarcasm because this house is quite huge for someone who lives alone.

He chuckles. "Should I get you anything to drink? I've already ordered some food for us and it'll be here soon."

"Uh I'll have some soda please, that's if you have it."

"Okay let me get it for you...I'll be back in a jiffy." He says. In a less than a minute he's back and he tells me he's going to change and that he'll be back. I stay back and roam around the living room looking at all the pictures located on each pedestal. One is of him holding a cute baby girl in his arms...she looks at least three years old. She's cute I won't lie and that smile on his face says a lot...he loves the girl.

I can't look further because I hear his footsteps behind me, I turn around and he looks amazing in a pair of shorts and a muscle top. Eh I think ubrothers didn't get the memo, because

why would you wear like this when the weather is the opposite.
It's none of my business though.

Before he can even take a seat, there's a knock on the door and he attends to it. He comes back with food paper bags and we sit on the floor as we eat our food.

"So...that girl in one of your pictures, is she your daughter?" I ask.

"No. She's my niece and her name is Lethokuhle."

"Hmm...she's really pretty."

"Thank you."

"So why'd you bring me here?"

"Well I did say I wanted to get to know you better and that I like you."

"Okay then."

"And maybe I could also get a kiss or two!?"

I don't have a response for that so I just continue talking about where he was born and how he started his company. I'm really proud of how far he's come, it's empowering seeing any black person achieve so much. We're in the kitchen now after getting rid of all the containers we were using.

I'm at the doorway when he grabs my arm and turns me around. I was about to swear at him when he shuts me up with a kiss. His kiss is soft yet rough and I can't help but moan in his mouth.

"Let mark you as mine tonight." He says.

I barely sound audible when I say, "Mark me how?"

"Let me fuck you into oblivion and let your body decide whether it wants to be mine or not." He whispers into my ear.

I feel shivers run down my spine and I can feel a river down in nether region. My pussy has spoken and I have decided to listen. I shall get laid today.

"Make me yours!"

It's about to go down tonight.

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18SL

ZIMBINI

This is a different turn of events and I'm honestly regretting it one bit.

"Are you sure you're giving me complete access to your temple?" He asks.

Eh this guy...I'm wet and bothered, I would give him complete control of my entire life if he were to ask me. I haven't any action since I broke up with, you know who. So I'm really excited about this and I'm hoping I get to cum at least once.

"I'm sure. Claim my body!" I tell him.

As soon as I said that he leads me to his room and shuts the bedroom door. Once that is done he helps me get rid of every

piece of clothing draped around me. He then pushes me on his bed and in this moment, I thank God that I shave on a regular basis. At least he isn't welcomed by a bush.

He kneels down on the edge of the bed and spreads my legs wide open. He is facing nookie now and I feel him spread my pussy lips open. He circles his tongue on my clit and he flicks it over and over, like he's got the world's most skilled tongue. I moan loudly as my body unconsciously archs to the sensation I'm experiencing. His hands find their way to my breasts and he massages one while he flicks the nipple of the other. God!! What is this guy doing to me.

He lifts up his head and looks at me through eyes filled with nothing but lust. I wish I could scream at him and just tell him, "Ngivithize boy...ungabi nozwelo. (Eat me up boy...and show no mercy.)" But I guess I can't have things go my way always.

He strips off all his clothes and is now left in the nude. Mamamia!!! This dude is packing and he looks really hot right now. Or is it lust talking!? Not sure but either way, he's riding

me tonight. He reaches for his drawer and takes out a condom which he rolls on to his dick immediately.

He's already above me when he pulls my knees up and away from each other...opening me up to his desired manipulation. I feel him teasing my hole, rubbing up and down causing every nerve down there to tingle in anticipation. I watch through dazed eyes as he places the tip of his cock on my entrance. I moan through gritted teeth as he gently pushes into me, assisted by the wetness already pooling there.

He's in...inch by inch, deeper and deeper, my mind reels with black-out pleasure. The further he pushes, the further my inner walls expand and I can already feel myself about to climax. I shiver as I feel a soft brush of cool air dust on my throbbing clit. I am over the moon right now and he hasn't even started doing anything yet.

In and out he moves, slowly, fucking me in a torturously slow rhythm that has me squirming in the air. I squeeze my pelvic muscles around his dick and before I can even stop myself...the words spill out of my mouth.

"Please...faster!" Ugh I hate how I sound right now, like a starved slut.

This he liked because he leans into my ear and whispers, "With pleasure baby." That raspy voice is not doing any justice to how I feel right now.

And with that, he picks up his pace and I can feel my juices drip down to my ass.

My eyes shut involuntarily and I can't stop all these sounds coming out from my mouth. Jesus

this feels so good. I'm sorry Bra God that I have used your son's name in vain... I just couldn't help it.

With each thrust in, I feel him hit my g-spot and a few thrusts later, I feel my legs jerk as I fall deeper and deeper into ecstasy. I feel my orgasm build up and I guess he senses too as he speeds up a little more. Harder and faster he went...like a person high on Viagra. It's coming and I feel it's coming.

The orgasm hits me unexpectedly that I scream so loud he decides to muffle my screams with a kiss. I arch my back in pleasure as he fucks me through my climax and cums inside the condom after two more thrusts.

"Fuuuuck" I say as I feel my knees trembling. He pulls and flops down next to me breathing heavily.

"Shit!! That was amazing." He says.

"I know right. Tell me about it." I reply.

After catching his breath he saunters to the bathroom and comes back with a damp cloth so he could wipe me and himself. He goes back to the bathroom and comes back a minute later and spoons me from behind as we cuddle.

"You're mine now lala. There's no going back. Get some rest...the night is still young." He whispers in my ear.

I can't even respond to him because I'm very exhausted right now. Oh and I believe him when he says I belong to him now...I

felt it with each thrust he pumped into me. He has damaged me for any man that will come after him. But what does this mean? Are we a couple now or what? I drift off to sleep with these thoughts occupying my mind.

ZIYANDA

I'm at Mnotho's place...he asked if I could sleep over and no, we haven't done anything nasty yet. We've only been kissing and nothing more than that. We're watching a movie called 'The Luckiest Girl

Alive'. He wanted to watch something else but I ended up having the last say...I don't know a saying about, "A happy wife a happy life.". I'm not a wife yes, but I think this applies for us girlfriends and sneaky links as well.

"Sweery?" I call out to him. I still haven't been able to give him a proper nickname.

"Yes Yaya?" He answers with his eyes and attention all on what's playing on TV.

"Why aren't you in a serious relationship? I mean you seem well put together and I figured that's what most girls want in a guy." I ask what I've been wanting to find out.

"Uh well that's a story I don't usually like talking about and it could take a while." He replies

Should I tell him I have all the time in the world to listen to him tell me all about it.

I won't let this go so I respond, "Well I have all the time in the world to listen to you right now."

"Okay...I guess I could just tell you." He says.

Uh yes...you could and you will!!

"I was in a relationship with this lady for about a year and a half, before she fell pregnant. I really loved her and I had invested all my time on her. She was very loving, or so I thought and I had already planned on paying ilobolo ngoba bengizi misele ngaye and beka khulelwe nge ngane yami.(I was ready to pay dowry for her because I serious about her and she was already pregnant with her child.)" He narrates. I think this hurt him pretty bad because he's got this look on his face I hadn't seen before, a look of a broken man.

He continues, "Business was picking up and I thought why not do right by this woman who has been with me when I was struggling. My uncles had planned on coming in two weeks time but before that time even surpassed, the worst happened.

My supposed pregnant girlfriend got a miscarriage earlier in the day and unfortunately I was not there with her, and she had called her mom and dad to take her to the hospital. I got there late and when I asked what happened, I was told she fell down the steps when she was trying get to the kitchen.

I then asked to see the foetus because she was far gone into the pregnancy so there had to be some kind of body we can bury. The parents told me that she had decided to have the foetus cremated which was shocking because didn't I need to consent to it as well seeing that I didn't get a chance to see it.

I couldn't understand what was going on so the following day when I went to see her, she started telling me that she couldn't continue lying anymore and that she needed to get it off her chest. She told me that the baby had long stopped kicking and she just didn't know what to tell me. You know, I was willing to forgive her for that because I couldn't fault her for it, she had no control over it. Then she told me that the baby wasn't mine and that she had an affair with her boss for months before she fell pregnant.

She said she knew the baby was his because sometimes they wouldn't use protection. That destroyed every bit of love I had for her and with that said I left her there never saw her again. Her parents came to fetch her stuff from my place and I told them that there wouldn't be any marriage happening anymore. They left and that was the last I saw of her and anyone related to her." He finally concludes.

Wow! I can't even begin to describe how he must have felt at that moment. It's tough what some men have to go through hey.

"I'm sorry that happened to you...but did you ever get counselling after that whole ordeal?" I ask.

"Yes I did and it took a while before I became better but I did eventually because I didn't want to continue wallowing in self pity." He says.

I get it hey...I'm just glad that he seems okay now and that he can talk about it.

I kiss him for a while before I pull away and say, "Thank you for sharing your story with me baby."

"Yeah yeah...no more heavy talk now. Sondela uzongithi manqa kancane. (Come closer so you can give me a kiss.)"

Oh well...It's the beginning of a new chapter now and I can hope we'll be able to treat each other well.

NKANYEZI

I'm looking at her as she lays asleep next to me...she looks so peaceful. We've been at it for most of the night and she didn't leave when she was supposed to. She'll probably freak out when she wakes up because she left her siblings alone at home, but I did ask one of my friend's to send a person to look out for any strange activities that may happen. I couldn't not do anything knowing very well that I kept her here.

I know it's "too soon" for us to be having sex so early in the stages of getting to know each other, but I couldn't control myself. I felt this rage of hormones taking control over me and when she was that close to me, I couldn't let an opportunity pass me by just like that. Her mere presence suffocates me and has this magnetic force that pulls me towards her.

I plant wet kisses on her neck so that she could wake up. If she doesn't wake up now, she'll be late for work and won't be able

to see her siblings off to school this morning. It's 04:30 and I still have to drive her home to make sure she is on time.

"Hey Zim...wake up sweetie. It's time to go."

"Mhmmm...I'm tired" she mumbles in her sleep.

I swear my heart just swells up with pride because I know she's exhausted from the events of yesterday. But she really has to get up or else she'll be unemployed soon.

"Come on sweetie you have to wake up." I drag her off the bed.

"Ugh...why does a person have to work though!?" She says clearly in a bad mood.

I just laugh at that. She's up, gets dressed very quickly and off to the road we are. The drive to her home is approximately +- 30 minutes and since the road is clear, it took about 20. I stop in front of her gate.

"Okay so I'll fetch you around half past seven so I can take you to work?" I say.

"Uh yeah sure, I'll be done by then. See you."

"Before you leave, mind giving me your banking details?"

She seems hesitant at first but then ends up giving them to me eventually. She gives me a kiss on the cheek and then she's out of the car.

As much as she's tried not showing that she's handsy, it was impossible for her not to. I think her love language is physical touch because throughout the night, I'd find her arms draped around me and when I had left to pee, I came back to her cuddled up with a pillow.

I get back to my place around 05:30 and since I have no sleep left in me, I decide to take a shower and start prepping for my day. I take out my suit, navy blue will do today...I'm in a good mood and it should reflect on the outside. I'll leave at 07:00 to go fetch ZimZim and maybe we can also drop off her little sister.

I think Zim finds it hard to trust anyone easily and I wonder if she's told Ziyanda about my pursuit for her. She is her closest if not only, friend so I hope she's at least able to confide in her about anything that might be troubling her.

I check a few of my files and look at my diary on what I need to do for the day. I have a supplier I need to meet up with at eleven a.m and I'm told he/she wants to make a huge shipment of the products they'll be dealing with.

I glance at the time and it's 06:52...I might as well get moving now. I get to the car and drive out, no traffic in sight and that's well and good enough for me. Once I get to her place, I call her.

"Hi...I'm outside." I say.

"Okay I'll be there just now." She hangs up and I play some music while I wait for her.

I see her approach the car and she's with her little sister. Zimbini is such a sexy woman, her confidence is really such a

turn on and that pencil skirt is doing amazing things to her body. One thing that I admire the most though is her love for her siblings

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this goes to show that she's a selfless human being.

She opens the front seat and asks if we could drop off her sister on her way to work. The school is not that far so it will take ten minutes or less. She introduces her sister as Thandi and she tells her that she can call me 'Uncle'.

"Hi Thandi how are you?"

"I'm well thanks Malume and how are you?" Well she sounds respectful.

"I'm good. Are you ready for the day?"

"Yes...my friends and I have games we are going to play."

"Uh nice...have a good day then." I say as the car stops at the school gate.

"Bye" she says as Zim gets out to open the door for her and leaves her inside the school premises.

Once she's back in the car and we're on our way to drop her off at work she decides to speak after being silent for so long.

"Thank you for giving my sister a ride and for entertaining her."

"No need to thank me...I wanted to. And well the entertainment part, I have a niece and I know these little humans love attention." I say.

She nods and looks forward. I have to ask her about what last night meant. I really meant it when I said she is mine.

"So Zim..."

"Uh huh?" She responds.

"Last night I told you that once we fuck, you are mine and there's no going back. I meant what I said and I am telling you this so that you know, yesterday's events certified our relationship status. We're boyfriend and girlfriend and I want to know if you're okay with that."

She keeps quiet for a while and finally responds. "Yes...I am okay with it."

Okay now that went better than I thought it would, I guess God's on my side. The rest of the ride to her workplace is spent in silence with music playing in the background.

Aaah...I could live like this.

ZIYANDA

Zim and I haven't talked a lot since we both kind of preoccupied by things we had to do. So today, we decided to spend the night at her home and I also get to finally meet her siblings, Thandi and Mtho. I hear Thandi is very extroverted and well, Mtho is quite tge opposite.

It's after work and we're already on our way there...we've just been talking about the day we had and I think we both agree that it was long and tiring. We didn't really have a problem with getting a taxi to get here.

We enter and all I can say is wow!! I can tell that she paid a lot of attention to detail and everything is spot on. I love the blend of colours used here, red and black, with a touch of silver. It feels so homey and welcoming.

"Mngani, kuhle bo la kini. (Friend, your home is so beautiful.)" I tell her.

"Thanks friend. I try to make it as beautiful as I can. Can I get you anything?" She asks as she leads me to the sitting room.

"Uh just a cup of coffee please." I say taking off my shoes. I came with my sports bag with the clothes I'll wear tomorrow and, my pyjamas and slippers as well.

"Make yourself at home. Let me go change out of these clothes so I can get to cooking. Phela there's a lot I need to tell you." she says as she hands me the cup of coffee and leaves.

A few minutes later, she's back and asks that I join her in the kitchen so we could talk while she cooks. She then goes on to

tell me all about her escapades with Nkanyezi. To say I was shocked would be an understatement. I never would have guessed honestly but I am happy for her. I guess we dating friends now?

Just as she finishes up cooking, Mthoko and Thandi enter the kitchen. I hadn't met them since I arrived so we get the introductions out of the way. Now I totally believe Zim about the different personalities her siblings possess.

We all have dinner and once we're done, Mtho offers to do the dishes. I can tell that the little Ms is tired already so Zim goes to tuck her in. By the time she returns, Mtho is done with the dishes and with that we all retire to sleep. Zim and I are sharing her bed, we talk a lot into the night.

Just as I feel myself about to dose off, my phone vibrates. "Ulale kahle muntu wam omuhle. (Sleep well my beautiful partner.)" The text reads.

I smile and reply with a simple "Goodnight my Plumber Lover." Hey don't judge me!?! Zim told me the name and I'm sticking with it.

6 months later

MNOTHO

I can't begin to describe just how great life has been these past few months, not to even mention how well my relationship is going and our sex life is amazing as well. I never thought getting into a serious relationship again would be one of the greatest things I get to experience in this lifetime. I can say that it was not really easy being with Yaya.

She did tell me from the get-go that she won't be able to say she loves me unless she really means it. I thought things would change once we started dating and that maybe I could convince her otherwise, but that proves to be a bit tough. She still hasn't said those three magic words regardless of how many times I say it to to. If I say those words to her she'll only answer with, "Thank you!" "That's great." "Uh...wanna do something fun?"

We talk about everything and anything to stray away from that conversation. She says that her feeling this way has nothing to do with past relationships or anything but I think otherwise. I think that maybe she experienced some kind of abandonment

issues that she views as normalcy and has no reason to believe that is why she can't fall in love.

So I'm currently at work and we're dealing with an upcoming company that has asked us to take care of the plumbing in their company. Things have been quite busy because that is not the only project we have to be installing pipes and taps in. It is busy around here and I'm just waiting for the day to be over so I can see my girlfriend.

"Hi baby, how are you?" I just called Yaya, I want to find out if she has any plans for tonight. I want to do something to make her feel special.

"Hi Munch, I'm well thanks and how are you?" Oh yes...she finally has a pet name for me. She finds it hard to use it when we're together though but she does once in a blue moon.

"Good. I just wanted to know if you had any plans for this evening?"

"No I don't...why?"

"I just wanted to have you come over to my place and maybe I could cook you some of your favorite food, share some wine and maybe if I'm lucky we could do more?"

She laughs and I can already tell what her answer will be.

"Yeah sure why not. I can't wait. So you'll pick me up from work right?" She says

"Yes, I will be there at five-thirty. Is that okay?"

"Yeah it's okay. Chat later then?"

"Later. Bye sweetie, love you."

"Bye." She says in a monotone voice.

One thing I know about myself is that I'm way too affectionate and I know that sometimes it gets pretty annoying for other people. I'm the type to ask questions about what you're doing and who you're with at every hour, and all that is done

innocently. With Yaya though, I've tried to be a bit less affectionate because she's expressed to me once that she gets easily overwhelmed and I am not planning on losing her.

I need to get this work done before I leave because I know that I won't be able to get any work done once I get home.

ZIMBINI

I was scared jumping straight into a relationship so recently after a break up. But I right now I'm glad that I took that chance with Nkanyezi because he's been such a great boyfriend. He's an alpha male so he can get a bit controlling at times and I have to just bring him back

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and make him understand that I'm also an female and that I'm used to being independent.

Ever since he got my account details, he's been doing the most and sending me money at the most random moments. I love the fact that he does that for me, out of his own free will but I did try telling him that he doesn't need to do so much. His response was, " I was taught to take care of my own and that means providing whenever I can. This is just me showing how much I love you...by caring for you and yours." And of course the "yours" he is referring to are my siblings.

Three months into our relationship, I decided to formally introduce him to Mtho and Thandi over lunch. The introduction went pretty well, although Mtho did give Nkanyezi a bit of a hard time in the beginning but by the end of lunch, they were best friends.(YAWN!)

So my decision to tell Ziyanda about Nlanyezi a bit later on was because I had doubts about how she'd take the news of us dating friends. I didn't want to be THAT girl who just wants to date in the same circle as her friends...kind of cliché if you ask me. I'm just glad she didn't see it that way and that nothing has changed between us.

I'm a very private person and more especially when it comes to my past. There are things that I've done for my siblings and I to survive since my mom was not able to. The more I grow closer to Nkanyezi is the more I realize that I'll have to let him in and tell him about things that I'm not necessarily proud of. It won't be easy but I have to do it because he's been hinting about meeting his family and marriage, but I want him to do that once he knows the real me. I need to just rip off the band-aid and do it.

He's on his way here and I'm feeling a bit anxious. I invited him over so we could talk and I'm just glad the kids aren't here. Thandi went to her friends' place for a sleepover and Mtho went to a crossnight study session with his friend. Matric is really hard and I'm confident that he'll do well.

I hear the car pull up on the driveway and I know that he has arrived. I left the gate open so he could park inside and then he'll lock once he has entered. There's a knock on the door and I attend to it. I take a deep breath before I open it. "You can do this Zizi" I whisper to myself.

I open the door and he looks so majestic in that outfit he has on. I could just lick his entire face...but that's not why he's here.

"Hii baby...how are you?" He says as he leans over for a hug

"I'm good and how are you?" I reply pulling out of his warm embrace.

"Good good. So what's happening? You said it was important?" This man has no patience whatsoever.

I lead him to the couch and ask if he'd like anything to drink.

"Yeah...just beer please."

Well I stocked up on Beer since I realized that it's what he loves to drink I come back from the kitchen with his drink and hand it to me. "Thank you...so what is it you'd like to talk about?" He asks as he takes a sip of his beverage.

"Well first and foremost, I want you to know that I have grown to love you and appreciate your presence in my life." I say.

He chuckles and says, "When someone starts off like that, it's not usually a good thing."

I smile nervously and say, "I'd like to tell you about my past..."

His eyebrows furrow in suspense as he looks at me. I have to tell him and hope for the best. Well here goes nothing.

ZIMBINI

He's looking at me intently, maybe trying to figure out what it is I have to tell him. I don't think it is something he would get mad at me for because it is in the past but you just never know with people. That is why I try not to let people know so much about me, spares me any disappointment. But this I cannot avoid since he's shown nothing but care and love for me these past 6 months...he has to know.

I clear my throat before I start narrating the whole reason I asked him here.

"My dad passed on when I was only 12 years old leaving me with my mom and brother who was 4 years old then. It was a very difficult time for us, mom fell into depression and kind of neglected us for 2 years straight. She was just not the mom we knew and loved, she didn't care for anything and had tried to take her life a couple of times, with no success.

Things seemed to get better as time went by and things were finally getting into place, she was starting to cook for us again as well as sharing stories with us. Our mom was normal again. It didn't last long though because she met someone else...Thandi's father." I feel myself getting teary as I talk about this, I've never opened up to anybody about how I feel.

"Charles looked like a good guy at first. He used to treat my brother and I like his own kids- that was before Thandi was even in the picture. After a few years, mom and Charles decided to get married, I was not totally against it because I could see he made her happy but there was just something unsettling about him. They went to Home Affairs and signed, that was it.

Soon after, Mom got pregnant with Thandi and loved filled our home. We were happy that there's a new addition to the family and the love between the newly-weds was so beautiful to watch. I can say that her entire pregnancy was a smooth one, no complications whatsoever. Once she gave birth, I finally thought that mom had gotten her happy ending.

Things changed when Thandi turned two years old...Charles started coming home late and spending less time with us as a family. Mother noticed and tried by all means to call him to order but that just made it worse. He became verbally and physically abusive towards her."

I let out a lengthy breath...yeah I didn't think this would be so hard to tell. "You can finish telling me the story tomorrow." Nkanyezi says. I honestly just want to get it over and done with so I continue.

"Fast forward

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my mom finds out that he's cheating and when she tried to intervene and confront him about his adulterous ways, things took a left turn. Mom suffered a major stroke, paralyzing the right side of her body. She couldn't do anything for herself and she was let off from work because there wasn't anything she could do. This caused me a lot of stress as I was still in school and I was responsible of taking care of my mother and siblings.

Charles had already let us know that he won't be able to deal with a paralyzed woman and that it's not what he signed up for. He took his things and left and that was the last we ever saw of him. That is when I decided to juggle between school and making some income to provide for my family. I did that for about a year and when mom was constantly in and out of hospital, bills started piling up and I had no other choice but to look for another alternative.

I was seventeen then and in my matric year, I started dating older men in order to get money to take care of my family. Those were not my proudest moments but I had to do what I had to do to survive. I did this until I finished matric and into my second year of university. I did some unspeakable things with those men all in the name of money but it got painful on some occasions because they would hurt me.

They would have their way with me and not give me a dime in return. Just pleased themselves and that was it. Those were rough days and it all came crashing on me when I got a call while in class from my brother telling me that mom has stopped breathing. I felt my life crumbling down before me...I had to bury my mother with no help from any family member

in sight. I had it hard and I felt like the walls were caving in on me.

A few months after my mother's burial, I decided to go job hunting and quit school because there was no way I could juggle dealing with that, work and taking care of my siblings at the same time. I needed a well paying and permanent job to feed my brother and sister so they could become better people than I was.

So one day as I was job hunting, I found myself at 'Ezizweni' and lucky for me, they were looking for a receptionist. I didn't have any experience but they looked at my CV and since I had at least already obtained my matric certificate, so that was an advantage for me. They wanted someone with experience but I don't know what made them take a chance on me and I got hired. Since then I've been working there and I am planning on furthering my qualifications at least when Mtho has finished his matric."

I drink some water and take a breath as I relish on this moment...I feel like a weight has been lifted off of my shoulders.

"Well that is all I wanted to tell you and that if ever we came across these men anywhere, you know of my past. And if you ever get to love me...you love all of me." I say to him as he is way too quiet for my liking.

He keeps silent for a little while longer before he says, "I'm sorry you went through all that. I'm sorry you went through it alone and that you had no one to turn to."

He moves from where he's seated and comes to sit next to me embracing me in a well deserved hug. As I rest my head on his chest I feel myself getting emotional, all that I've gone through to get-by and to make ends meet.

I let out a shrilling cry as I think of how I could have contracted HIV or any other sexually transmitted diseases. I cry because I had no one to look out for me as I did for my siblings. I cry because I have held this inside for so long. I cry until I feel that I've cried enough as I pull away from his chest and wipe away my tears.

I look up into his eyes and all I see is love and warmth...not the pity or hatred that I had expected to see. He seems genuinely concerned about me and I know now that I made the right decision by telling him.

"Thank you for sharing your past with me and allowing yourself to be vulnerable around me. I really appreciate it and I want you to know that from this moment on, you have me to rely on. Let me help you carry this heavy burden around and let me love you without holding back. Let me give you my all for as long as I live."

I swear this melted my heart right here on the spot. I really love this guy and it's time I show him without holding back.

"I love you Nkanyezi..." I whisper loud enough so he can hear me.

"I love you too ZimZim...I love you too."

He kisses me and I lose myself in the kiss as I feel all kinds of emotions course through my body. The major feeling being contentment. I think I have found my soulmate and I'm not letting go for as long as I can.

I unexpectedly gasp as his kisses lower down to my neck... I guess this is going to be a long passionate night.

Wink wink

ZIYANDA

I'm in a great mood this morning and I'm even dancing along to 'Cough' by Kizz Daniel as it booms from the speakers. Last night was amazing and I didn't expect what I found when we arrived at Mnotho's place. He had a whole picnic set up in the garden and it was sight for sore eyes. I didn't even want to sit down because I just couldn't get myself to destroy such decor.

The blanket was covered in white rose petals, the pillows were black and yellow. Not to mention the food platter we had- salami; cheese; dark chocolate and loads of other stuff were there. uGuy went all out with this picnic...he even had different types of drinks made available for me. There was no way I would settle for juice or water, when there's booze available.

Ukuphuza kona ngiphuzile shame (I drank a lot). I'm in the kitchen right now trying to make something edible for this fine man of mine to have for breakfast this morning. I did say I'm not a great cook but I make a decent plate of breakfast. He deserves it to be honest, he made me feel like a princess and no other person has ever done that for me. It's not to be

questioned whether we had sex or not last night... there was no way that wouldn't have happened.

I last spoke to Zim yesterday when we got off at work, she left with a taxi. She looked a bit down, I wonder what was wrong. I should just give her a call and check on her.

"Mnge, zithini lapho? Uright yini? (Friend, what's up? Are you okay?)" I ask immediately when she answers her phone.

"Hi friend. Ngiright yazi wena unjani? (I'm well and how are you?)" She says.

"I'm okay hey. I am calling because I saw that you weren't 100 when you left yesterday. Is everything okay?" I ask as I dish up the eggs on a plate.

"No I'm okay friend thanks for asking. There's stuff I had to tell Nkanyezi and I was worried about how he'd take the news."

"And how was he after you told him?"

"Very supportive to be honest. I didn't think he'd take it so well and I'm just happy that he did. He even slept over but he left early because he had something important to do." She says

I'm just glad she's okay. "Oh okay friend I'm happy that all is well. So we'll talk properly when we meet up right?"

"Yeah sure thing mngani. Talk later." With that, we end the call. Okay now that breakfast is ready, I should go call this man of mine.

As I'm about to wake him up, he's already in the passage. I turn back as he follows me to the kitchen.

"Hii baby... you woke up early." He says as he gives me a kiss on my forehead and cheek.

"Hi Munch. Yeah I woke up pretty early today." I say as I kiss his cheek.

He sits down on the kitchen stool and I serve him his food.

"Thanks baby" He says.

"Pleasure. So I was thinking...how about we go on a weekend getaway for your birthday?" I ask him as I settle down next to him.

"Babe you do know that my birthday is next week right!? I don't think I can plan a trip that fast." He says. Does he really think I'd want him to plan his own birthday outing.

"No you don't have to do anything

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I have it all sorted. You just need to agree to going with me that's all."

He thinks about it for a while and when he smiles I know that Operation Go To... I still don't know where I'll take him. I guess we'll cross that bridge when we get there.

"Yes...I'm down for whatever." He says. I am happy that he has agreed and so we continue with talking.

After breakfast he leaves saying there are things he has to do. We kissed goodbye and off he went. So about yesterday, I honestly thought Mnotho was going to propose and I would have rejected the proposal either way. I mean I am really starting to warm to the idea of actually letting myself fall in love with him and so far he's ticked so many boxes.

He is heaven sent and I care about him a lot that is why I am planning this trip for us. He's been so supportive and patient...I sometimes feel like he'll switch up one day and finally realize that he deserves someone better than me. I think this will be a chance to show him that I care and trying to put in as much effort into this relationship as I can.

I am not an affectionate person and he knows that, and sometimes it seems as if the relationship is one-sided. I'm just glad that he gets it but I think it's time I did more. I want to increase our level of intimacy...for him to get to know more about me. I don't think I want to lose him and I need him to

know that. Maybe for me to get a step closer to even think of marrying him.

All these thoughts flood my mind as I settle down to binge-watch on 'How To Get Away With Murder'.

I'm a music lover for sure and it's one thing I CANNOT live without. I connect with it on a deeper level and to me it's a form of expression therefore I do not see myself without it. Right now I'm playing 'Imiqhele' by Zandie Khumalo, her voice is absolutely amazing and there's just a lot of soul and emotion in it. Since it is Sunday, it's only fair I try and praise God as much as I can so to compensate for my lack of going to church.

I've never really been a church person...I just feel like there's a lot of hate within the church itself so there's no way the Holy Spirit would be in a place like that. Women competing for the Priest's attention and whatnot, comparing their blessings, not to mention the gossiping and many other things that are not

supposed to be done at church. You can definitely miss me on that!

My mom knew that as well, that's why she never forced me to go to church. There was a time where I had decided to stop believing in God for some reasons I'll mention another time. I found my way back to Him though and I've been hopeful ever since.

Speaking of my mom, I last spoke to her Thursday night... I need to call her before she gets worried. Ever since I moved away, she worries about me a lot so I try to put her mind at ease whenever I can.

"Ma wami...unjani? (Mom...how are you?)" I ask as soon as she answers her phone.

"Nya nyami...Nya nyami se foot!! (Mocking tone)" Okay so she's pissed.

"Hawu ma!! Kwenze njani manje? (Mom!? What's wrong now?)" I ask knowing very well she's mad because I hadn't called.

"Don't ask me that. You know exactly what's wrong. I told you the last time we spoke that it would be great if you called regularly to let me know that you're okay. It's been days manje and I worry. Do you want to kill me Ziyanda!?" I don't know how we got to death so fast but I have to defuse the situation now.

"Nxese ma wami (I'm sorry mother) I promise it won't happen again...I love you." I sound like a baby right now but hey, anything for my mom to forgive me.

"Aii kodwa Ziyanda...It's okay as long as you promise it won't happen again. I'm well thanks and you sweetie?" And just like we've moved past it.

Mom and I talked for an hour I think...she was telling me about things that are happening around the neighborhood and we switched to talk about my work and Mnotho. I told her about him a while back and she loves him for me...her words not mine.

When the call ended I was complete. I thoroughly enjoyed that talk with her and now I can feel that I'm ready for the week ahead. I still hate working though. Sigh.

ZIYANDA

It's three days into the week now and I am unable to contain my excitement for the trip I have planned for this weekend. I am also under pressure as I have a marketing report I need to finish as soon as possible because it's nearly month-end. We all know things get a lot hectic during month-end.

Getting things done for Nkanyezi's company has been challenging really and after doing it for a while, he has finally trusted us enough to do a good job with his company's image. I'm currently busy finishing off the marketing analysis before I start on the date comparison table for metrics. I always try to pace myself when doing my work so that I can ensure there are no mistakes on the reports. One mistake could ruin the entire report and I don't want to see myself with a warning or being unemployed.

"Hii Ziyanda, how far are you with the report?" That would be Mark, my director.

"Oh hi Mark. I'd like to say I'm 65% done with it and I'm pretty sure I'll be done with it on Friday afternoon." I say.

"Okay thanks, I just needed to know exactly where you stand. Keep up the great work." He nods and all I can do is smile in response as he takes off.

There is nothing more satisfying than getting appreciated for the work you do and getting recognised by it. Yes, we work for ourselves but being noticed helps us do an even better job.

It's lunch and I'm going to spend it with Mnotho at some café not far from where I work. He's coming to pick me up so we leave together. Zim is not in at work today...she told me that she wasn't feeling well and that she had to go see a doctor. She didn't say much about what's wrong but she did mention that it could be fever. I'm just hoping it's nothing serious and that she gets better soon.

I pack up my stuff and go to the visitor's parking where MY boyfriend said he's at. And yes, I am putting emphasis on 'my' because people ought to know not to play anywhere near him. This is also another way to just always remind him that he's in a relationship...not that he needs to be, I'm just an insecure person when it comes to relationships.

I reach him at his car and quickly jump inside the car and place a chaste kiss on his lips.

"Hii baby..." He says with a content smile on his face. Yena muhle kodwa umntana bantu. (He is very good looking to be honest.)

"Hii lala. You doing good?" I ask.

"Yes I'm good and how are you? I missed you." He always says this so I'm not surprised at all when he says this.

I laugh and say, "Yeah well you always do lala. I'm good just a bit stressed about work but nothing I can't handle." I let out a deep sigh.

"Don't worry babe. It will work out and plus, you have this weekend to relax and unwind." Yeah that is true.

"Thanks lala...I can't wait for that trip." I smile looking over at him.

"You still haven't told me where we're going?" He says. Kanti guys, yini iconcept ye surprise? (But guys

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isn't the entire concept of this to be a surprise?)

"Don't worry lala...you'll see when get there." I say this as we walk into the café. He gets the message and accepts that there's nothing he can do to get me to speak.

We settle down after placing our order and enjoy the rest of our time together.

ZIMBINI

Yeah neh...it's true when they say that happiness doesn't last for long. I don't know if there is someone who has said that officially but ke ngisasho nami kuthi iqiniso lelo. (I still say that, that is the truth.) One minute life is great and everything seems to be going your way then the next, all that seems to perish into thin air.

I was so happy at the beginning of this week...I had a positive attitude towards life and my work, believe it or not. Then I started feeling sick out of nowhere and I thought maybe it will die out. That didn't become an option for me this morning though because I felt like I was going to die. The nausea and dizziness are the two factors that made me suspicious of what's really going on with me.

I actually am not suspecting, I have a hunch that I might be pregnant. I'm going to the doctor so I can confirm my suspicions and I'm hoping I'm wrong. It's a long shot but I'm hoping for the best but expecting the worst. This could really be a game changer for me and I don't know if I'm ready to deal with all that.

Yes there were times where we weren't careful but I did drink the morning after pill every time. This is making me anxious and the only way to know is by going to the doctor. Once the kids go to school, I'm left behind with my thoughts as I take a bath. I'm more afraid of what will be between Nkanyezi and I if this is true. Will things change?

I'm all dressed up and I leave the house heading to see what fate has in-store for me today. I only sent Nkanyezi a text telling him that I'm not feeling well and that I'll be going to see a professional. He's been trying to call since then but I just can't get myself to talk to him...I don't know why.

I'm waiting to be called in, I had already made an appointment for 10:00 and I'm fifteen minutes early. I'm so nervous right

now it's not even funny. I feel like vomiting right here right now.

"Ma'am, Dr Sibeko will see you now." The receptionist's voice pulls me out of my thoughts. I check my watch and it's ten already, I must have zoned out. I stand up and give her a slight nod and smile as I head to the Dr's office.

I enter and greet Dr Sibeko...she's such a beautiful young and successful woman. I wish I was like her.

"Hi Zimbini. How are you?" She answers.

"I'm good Doc. I'm here for a check up." She nods and does what's needed. I pee in a cup and she takes a pregnancy test so we can confirm whether or not, I'm of child. From our conversation, we both have identified the symptoms as those of pregnant woman so I know that I am.

"Congratulations Zimbini. You're pregnant." Dr Sibeko says.

Oh Lord!! This is not good news at all. What will become of Nyezi and I? Will we still continue with our relationship? It's way too early for us to be having kids though. Or I could just get an abortion...that is not a bad idea. Will he even take these news well?

All this is just too much for me!!

When it rains it pours indeed.

ZIYANDA

The day I've been waiting for has finally arrived. It's Friday and I'm super glad I get to go away with this wonderful man I call mine. I have finished the report and I have already handed it in to Mark. He took a look at everything and he was pleased with it so that settles my anxiety.

The least I can say about this week is that it had a bit of challenges. Wednesday afternoon, Zim called and asked if I could pass by her home after work. Of course I agreed because I could hear from her voice that she wasn't doing good at all. I had asked about her doctor's visit and all she said was that she'd tell me when I got there.

With that, I immediately told Mnotho to drop me off at her place after work. He didn't ask any questions but just did as I asked. I promise you, Mnotho has this "power" where he knows when to talk and when to just keep silent. This is one attribute that just adds on to his attractiveness.

From lunch, I had a hard time focusing on work because my friend needed me and I knew I had to be there for her. Once the clock read 17:00, I packed my items and left. Mnotho was already outside then and he didn't waste any time... he dropped me off at Zim's place and promised to call before I sleep.

When she opened the door for me, I knew something big was up because she looked like she had been crying for a while. With no questions asked I followed her to her room, greeting Thandi and Mtho who were in the lounge area. The bedroom door shut and she just threw herself on my chest and cried.

It was a heart piercing cry because the Zim I'm used to doesn't shed tears no matter how bad things might be. She's always the optimistic one between us two. Even when her aunt died 2 months back, she didn't shed a tear, which I understood because she was never there for her.

When she calmed down, she told me she was pregnant and all her fears that came with her pregnancy. I did not know how to comfort her because I have never been in her shoes and all I could do was listen to her vent and offer her the little piece of

advice I had for her. The conversation was fruitful to say the least and I'm hoping she'll do what's best for her.

I slept at her place and we talked right throughout the night. She slept peacefully and I left early the next morning. That is what happened and I've been checking on her ever since. She's coming back to work on Monday because the doctor had booked her off for the rest of the days...something about high Blood Pressure.

Mnotho and I just got to our destination, Cheetah Plains Private Game Reserve. It is situated in Mpumalanga, Sabi Sand to be exact. I promise this place is gorgeous...gorgeous as the price I had to pay for all this. There was no way I would have allowed Mnotho to contribute to this. This is my gift to him.

He's busy looking around the place and I can tell he's in awe just as I am. We have already settled into our assigned house, which we are sharing with two more couples. The house

accommodates up to 8 people so because all three couples came individually, we were placed in the same house.

We've met the people we're sharing with and I'm pleased to say they are decent beings. I'm also glad that all of our rooms are a bit far from each other and so we can get as freaky as we want. If you know what I mean...(wink wink).

"It's amazing baby." He says as he gives me a kiss.

"My pleasure lala." I say after pulling out from the kiss.

We're chilling out at the pool area and have decided that we'll do activities together tomorrow. I'm actually happy we share a house with these people and I'm hoping that we'll be able to build genuine friendships with them.

I spend the rest of the night ezandlani zomuntu wami. (in my man's arms.)

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NKANYEZI

I've been trying to reach Zimbini and she's been ignoring my calls for days now. I've finally decided to go see her today, whether she likes it or not. I've been patient with her for way too long and I need to know if I'm the reason for her despair.

I'm outside her home and I know she won't come out so I have no choice but to enter and knock. Mtho answers the door.

"Hi Mtho unjani?" I say to him.

"Hi Bhut' Nkanyezi...I'm well thanks and how are you? Come on in." He says.

"I'm good. Is your sister available?" I need to know before I lose my mind.

"Oh yes she is. You can go knock on her room." He says.

"Thanks Mtho. Hii baby girl." I greet Thandi as she is engrossed on the cartoons she's watching. She doesn't spare me a second, she just waves. Kids.

I head on to her room and knock on the door. "I'll be right out Mtho." Zim says from inside. So she is okay and she just doesn't want to talk to me. I take that as opportunity to get inside the room.

"I said I'll be right out..." She almost yells but when she turns around realises that it's me

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her words run short.

"Hi ZimZim...I can see you're still alive." I say.

She's speechless I can tell and I want to make her uncomfortable until she tells me what's really going on.

"Uh...hii Nyezi. Uh...what are you doing here?" And she's stuttering, something's definitely up.

"Well I've decided to come see you since you've been ignoring my calls and text messages for days now. I needed to see if you're okay and I guess you are. You practically just ghosted me." I say to her.

I've always been vocal about what I feel and I expect my partner to be the same way with me. It's only respectful that they do. I am hoping that tonight will be the last time I have to deal with something of this sort. This is my only problem with Zim, she is not able to communicate properly.

"Don't you think that maybe I didn't want to talk to you!?" She says. Imihlola yami bo!! (What the heck is this now!!).

"Okay firstly, there is no need for you to be rude right now. Secondly, I am here so that we can have a proper conversation as adults and maybe find a forward." I say in the most authoritative voice I can summon.

I'm not a violent person and I never was, but there are times when you just have to put your foot down. If not, people will think you're a play ground.

She sighs heavily and I can feel from where I'm standing that she is not okay. I haven't moved from the door, in case she wants to make a run for it and leave me here.

"Talk to me ZimZim...what's wrong?" I say in a gentle tone.

"I'm sorry I was rude to you and I'm sorry I haven't talked to you in days. I just needed to figure things out." She says. Okay...We're getting somewhere.

"Apology accepted. So why have you been ignoring me?"

She looks down avoiding my gaze, she clears her throat and says, " The reason I've been distant is because..." she sighs.

"Because?" I ask impatiently.

"It's because I'm pregnant. I went to the doctor on Wednesday and it was confirmed. I'm 3 weeks pregnant." She drops the bomb on me.

So this is what she's been keeping from me. But why would she do that? Does she think I'll run away from taking responsibility for my child? Or is the child even mine?

All these thoughts fill my mind as I'm looking at her sitting on the bed. This is all just confusing.

"So when were you planning on telling me this?" I ask her.

She sighs deeply and says, " I don't know really. I was still just trying to let it sink in. I don't know if I want to even keep the baby because this will strain me financially. I'm already responsible of taking care of my siblings."

I'm really disappointed that she'd think of aborting because of money problems when I, the father, will be able to provide for my child.

"You know you could have told me this and I would have assured you earlier that, that is not something to stress yourself about. I love you, and your siblings and I sure as hell love that child you're carrying. This is a relationship Zimbini. We're supposed to communicate and talk about whatever we're going through. Do you not trust me?" I ask her.

She quickly raises her head and says, "I do trust you believe me. I just didn't know how you'd react and I didn't want ruin our relationship. Admit that it's way too early in our relationship for us to be having a child, possibly."

"Yes it is early but we both knew if the chances of you getting pregnant when we were both having sex. We knew that when you didn't get any contraceptives and we only relied on condoms for protection. Come on Zimbini...I thought you knew me better than that." I say. I'm pissed at her to be honest.

"I know and I'm sorry baby forgive me please. I love you."

"I love you too and I'm hoping you'll keep this baby because I'm super excited to be a father. Will you please do me the honor of making me a dad?" I say to her.

She laughs so beautifully before she responds and says, "Yes...I'll do it baby. I can tell that this means a lot to you."

It really does...I've always wanted to be a father and now God has blessed me with the opportunity to be one.

I reach out to her on the bed and kiss her passionately. I love this woman and I need to do right by her. I'm just glad I didn't even tell her that I thought she was cheating on me. I'll never let such thoughts cross my mind ever again. This woman is my world to be honest.

ZIYANDA

It's six a.m. and this man of mine is still asleep. I don't blame him though, yesterday was fun. We went to sleep pretty late as we bonded with the other couples and we drank like there is no tomorrow. I get that he's tired but he has to wake up I have a lot of activities planned for us today. I know exactly what will wake him up right now.

I crawl further down the bed and peel off the fleece covering him. It's Summer so we slept naked because it's way too hot for blankets. Since he's bare as the day he was born, I take ahold of his dick. You'd swear it is huge when ploughs me with it but they do say it's not the size that matters, only the skills it has.

This man sleeps like a dead person and that's why when I put my warm mouth around the tip of his penis, he doesn't flinch or even move. I push my mouth further down his dick and that causes him to stir in his sleep. I then pull back as I continue

licking and sucking on his dick. This causes him to fully wake up as I feel him shudder beneath me.

"Baby what are you doing to me?" That comes out in a groggy voice, barely audible. I don't respond but continue with the task at hand.

"Mmmmmmm" I moan as my lips glide up and down his shaft. I swirl my lips on his sensitive tip and his hips buck in response. I know for sure he's about to explode.

And sure enough, within a blink of an eye, he shoots his load straight into my mouth and I take it all in like a big girl. I slowly take out his deflated shaft out of my mouth and wipe off the cum from the sides. I swear to you, this shit is disgusting but fucking erotic if you ask me.

"Morning Lala." I say to him.

He smiles sheepishly and says, "Good morning indeed. That was an amazing morning glory baby. Thank you."

"Happy birthday muntu wam'. Come on, wake up. We have activities we need to do today and I don't want us to miss out any." I say to him after giving him a kiss on the cheek, already on my way to the bathroom.

"I really can't wait baby."

We quickly take a shower and get dressed. We head on to the kitchen and make ourselves some cereal, we will have proper breakfast around eleven.

We then start of with our day activities. The first one is a cultural tour because it is nearby. I'm amazed at how diverse all our cultures are and it is a beautiful thing as I learn all about the different cultures. There were also dancers of different tribes and it was really such a fulfilling moment for me.

We had breakfast around eleven...nothing to make home about. Just some bread, viennas, tomatoe and some cheese. I'm limited with this because I don't eat things such as bacon

since I'm allergic to pork. I'm not a fan of wildlife but he is so I sucked it up and we went on a Game Drive as well.

The living space of this place embodies a calm and seductive perfection, as well as it's representation of African art. I love this place and maybe one day after a long time, I'll want to come back here and hopefully with Mnotho. He's been smiling from ear-to-ear since we left the house and I'm happy that he's finding this whole thing amazing.

It's late now and we're on our way back to the house as we've just come back from one of the Guided Walks. We went to take a quick shower because we have a group dinner reservation we need to get to with our "housemates".

Once we're both showered and ready, he wears a black slim-fitting Tuxedo. He looks great in it and it compliments his melanin skin tone. The gap between his teeth makes him way more attractive to be honest and his smile is to die for.

I

on the other hand, am wearing an elegant emerald evening dress that is long and flowy at the bottom but hugging on the top. It's plain and I just love the simplicity of it. We leave hand in hand, heading to the place where the dinner is taking place.

We get there a few minutes before the allocated time but everyone is there already. We greet everyone and take a seat. We are situated near the lake and the lights surrounding the area just bring about a beautiful scenery. The conversation around the table is flowing and the drinks as well.

Food is served and the night is going great with random kisses from Mnotho. He is such a PDA person and I know he can't control himself. I appreciate all his efforts though and I can't wait for us to get back to our room.

"Goodnight people" Mnotho and I say to the group when we enter the house. To be honest I becoming restless because my horniness took a spike when uBrothers was busy leaving wet kisses on the nape of my neck. His fingers also kept on brushing

over my thighs causing a tingling sensation that took control of my body.

Once the bedroom door shut, we were all over each other kissing. He pulled the dress off of my body and also took off his clothes as well. He moved us to the bed and dropped his head to my erect nipples and licked and nipped at each one.

The tingling in my pussy started to become an itch I wanted to scratch so bad as I have been waiting for this moment since the dinner began. He rewarded each nipple with several bites and rolled the tooth clenched nipple with his tongue. By now I had started to clench my legs as it was the only I could massage my pussy since it was throbbing and in need for attention.

He lifts his head up as I bite down on my lip and gaze into his eyes. He came up to kiss me and my mouth opened into his, allowing his tongue to roam my mouth. I moan softly as I wrap my arms around his neck. This feels good...amazing even.

He's kneeling on the bed and has my legs spread wide open. His hands move into my folds of wetness and he ran both index fingers up and around my clit.

"Oh my god." I groaned. The feelings coursing through my body were electric, tiny shocks rippled through me. He then brought his mouth to my mound and probed his tongue into it. This feels heavenly. The wiggling on my clit causing me to arch myself towards him.

I'm sick and tired of this foreplay and I just want him inside me now!

"Please...Mnotho" I let out a labored breath.

"Please what baby?" He says. He knows what I want and he's just teasing me now.

"Please fuck me lala...please give it all to me." Well there's no use being shy now.

"With pleasure my love." He said.

He grabbed a pillow and shoved it under my arse so he can penetrate me better. I brought my knees up to my sides so that I was completely open for him. Without hesitation he rammed his cock straight into my cunt causing me to gasp.

He started pumping his delicious cock into me as I grab onto the sheets. As he fucked me harder, he looked into my eyes as I looked back at him.

"Oh" I gasped "I'm going to come, don't stop, do it, do it there, don't change what you're doing. Pump me, fuck me harder, faster, fuck, fuck, fuck!"

He grasped my hips and fucked me harder and harder. We both reach our climax as he shot out his last load of cum into me. I could feel his semen shooting into the back of my pussy walls.

"Ooooooh fuuuuuuuck!!! Shit! Shit!" He grunts into my ear.

"Shit indeed!" I reply to him as he pulls out his limp dick. At this moment, I'm glad I went for that contraceptive injection. A mini-him would be growing inside me right now.

We are both exhausted as we flop down beside each other.

"Happy birthday lala." I say to him while giving him a kiss.

"Thanks my love. This has been the best birthday ever."

With that, we drift off to sleep, both in a state of euphoria. I hope this feeling never ends.

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ZIYANDA

Last day on the Reserve, and I am feeling super fresh and relaxed. I think Mnotho and I both needed this so we could bond. I could add on and say that our emotional intimacy took a spike this weekend. I got to know him on a deeper level and also know of all his likes and dislikes. I can say I am well on my way to falling in love with this guy.

We're leaving after breakfast and I must say I'm a little bummed that our time of being in a "bubble" has come to an end. Sitting here on this table with these amazing people we've come to know and take a liking to, I realize I don't want this to end. Both of our phones were on flight mode the entire weekend. We didn't want any disturbances but still had to take pictures to keep in our memories.

All kinds of food are lined up on this oak wood table that is huge but the texture and tone, are magnificently done. I'm

having a fruit salad and well, Mnotho is having all the works. This guy can eat for sure hey.

As I'm finishing the last bit of my salad, I feel his hand pull on the hem of dress. I choke on it violently as I cough and request for a glass of water.

"Are you okay my love?" He asks this with a sly smirk on his face. Darn you Mnotho!!

"Yes I'm okay. Just swallowed through the wrong pipe." I say as I calm down from all of that hypertension causing moment. He nods and continues with the conversation around the table.

I looked around the table, and no one seems to be paying attention to me and how fidgety I'm become as Mnotho continues with his torture under thia table. He started making circles with his fingers on my panty covered pussy and that light pressure is enough to send a fire of need through me. I could feel myself getting wetter under his touch.

"Lightly spread your legs for me baby." He whispers into my ear as he acts like he was just planting a kiss on my cheek.

He moves my panty to the side and brushes over my clit before sliding his finger in my wet pussy. I had to bite my lip to suppress any groan that might escape. I check around the table once more, and still no one is paying any attention to us. I'm just glad we're sitting at the corner of the table and not in the middle.

He withdrew his finger, found my clit and started making circles. This time I let out a shallow breath as I feel my orgasm build up. He then slipped his finger back into my slit and started moving it faster. I swear I am finding it hard to control myself because I am about to burst right now. He was driving me crazy.

I turn my head and whisper into his ear, "Mnotho, look at me." As he did I mouthed, "I'M CUMMING!!".

He started thrusting faster and I felt the first tingling sensation of pleasure begin in my toes, curling them tightly. I slightly bow

my head because I don't want anyone actually noticing what might be going on under this table. My eyes squeeze shut as I lead my hand to his wrist so I can grab on it as I feel this immense pleasure taking over me.

This makes it better because we're in front of people and I'm forced to not make a sound. All I could do was let out a heavy breath as I combust and clench his finger with my inner walls. It takes a few minutes for me to come down from my high and open my thighs for him to take his finger out. As he pulls away, he dips the finger that just pleased me in the yogurt he was eating and licks it off his finger.

That had to be the most erotic thing ever. I hope nobody notices how flushed I am. Man, that was amazing...I really needed it.

The noise dies down and as I look up, I see this gorgeous woman standing at the head of our table. She looks like the supervisor of this place, the attire she's wearing says so.

"Greetings Folks. My name is Nombulelo and I am the manager of this Reserve. I wanted to personally thank you for choosing to spend your time at our humble place. And if there are any complaints you'd like to address, I am here for it." She says as her eyes roam around the huge table and land on MY boyfriend and seem to stick on him for a long while.

I look over at Mnotho and he seems surprised to see her as well. Eh...Which one be dis one na!?(Uh...what is going on here!?) I need to ask this man before I go crazy.

The Nombulelo lady then says her goodbyes and saunters off somewhere around the place.

"Hey lala. You okay?" I ask him as he seems to be quiet.

"Uh yeah...yeah! Do you mind if we went to the room to talk a bit?" He asks.

"Oh okay sure. You can go and I'll follow you shortly." I say to him as I still need to Khethiwe's numbers, one of the ladies I've grown to like.

He nods and leaves. I wonder what's up with him.

MNOTHO

Okay so this day was going well before I saw Nombulelo. She's an ex of mine that I used to be deeply in love with. But all that ended when she left Gauteng without an explanation from her. Then from her I fell for that other one who broke my heart by lying about the baby she was carrying.

"Sawubona Sengwayo. (Hi Sengwayo.)" That would be the infamous Nombulelo saying as she came out from nowhere. Okay this girl is freaky.

I push her hand as she'd already placed it on my chest

"Hi Nombulelo. I see you're well." I try to act nonchalant about her presence.

What irks me is that she doesn't look like she regrets leaving me hanging back then. She was my girlfriend and I had big plans for us before she left me hanging.

"I see you're still handsome as ever" she licks her lips as she says this. Should I remind her that this is not professional.

"Awume kancane Nombulelo...ngicela kuthi uhlukane nami. Ngino muntu manje and angifuni ungimoshele lokho. (Wait a minute Nombulelo...please leave me alone. I have a girlfriend now and I don't want you to ruin that for me.) I say as I'm about to leave.

She looks a bit dumbfounded as I tell her this and nods her head. Her eyes settle on something behind me and before I could turn back and take a look, she jumps on me to give me a kiss on my lips. I'm shocked to say the least and after that she hurriedly walks off.

"Mnotho" I hear my girlfriend's voice say behind me as I turn to look at her. Her eyebrows furrowed and pouty lips, I can tell that she's mad.

"Oh baby...It's not what it looks like." It really isn't but will she be willing to listen?

"Oh yeah? So this is the room you were going to?" I look around and I'm still at the door of the house.

I sigh because I don't think she'll be willing to hear me out. "I know it looks bad but I can explain. Let's go to our room and I'll tell you all about it." She seems hesitant but eventually nods her head and we go to the room. Once inside, I settle on the bed and try to gather enough guts to tell her. I mean I did nothing wrong basically, so why am I nervous.

She settles on a chair nearby and says, "Okay I'm listening."

I narrate to her what happened but I can tell she's not believing me.

"But why did you hold on to her waist when she 'jumped' on you? Did you enjoy that kiss?"

"Babe that was a reflex action I swear...I didn't even notice that I did that." I say to her. She has to understand and believe me, I'd never hurt her like that.

She raises her voice and says, "This is why I don't let people in. Once you give people a chance, they take advantage of it and use you. I'm not going to be a part of whatever this is Mnotho!!" Okay so she's really mad.

"But my love...I'm telling you what happened nje. I would never hurt you like that, especially after you went out of your way to make this weekend the best ever." I say.

"Yeah right!! I don't care and I refuse to be a fool for 'love'. I don't want any part of this!" She seems determined.

"You're really overreacting Ziyanda. Just because you have abandonment issues, doesn't mean you have to be skeptical of every little thing!" I yell at her in frustration.

I realize as soon as that left my mouth, that I fucked up. She looks at me with tears glistening in her eyes and I wish I could take it back.

"Ziyanda...I'm so sorry...I...I shouldn't have said that" I try to reach out to her and hold her hands but she swats mine off of her.

"Mnotho I told you that in confidence. I opened up to you and this is how you repay me!? Masimbakho Mnotho!! Fuck you Mnotho! You stupid shit. You know how hard it was for me to even talk about my dad leaving my mom and I." I really shouldn't have said that, no matter how frustrated I got. I broke her trust.

"Baby....I'm sorry. Plsase...I'm sorry." I say to her as she grabs her luggage heading to the door.

"I want nothing from you, wena nja!! (... you dog.) Take me back to my place." With that she leaves the room and I'm left in a pit of regret.

I sigh as I grab my luggage and head to the parking. I wave goodbye to the housemates and I could tell they heard everything. I get to the car and she's already inside. I try talking to her but she gives me the silent treatment and so I turn on the radio as I drive off.

The next 4 hours are spent in silence as the radio is the only thing providing us with sound. I honestly regret ruining our trip like this. Yes, she might have overreacted but I had no right breaking her trust by throwing something she told me in confidence, right back to her face.

I pull up in front of her place and as I want to get a word out, she's already out the car. I also get out so to help her with her luggage, "Yanda please say something."

She looks up at me and after so many hours without even being spared a glance, I am happy for this little act.

What she says next leaves me totally flabbergasted. "I need a break Mnotho and I'm not sure I want to see you anytime soon." With that, she walks off with her luggage to her flat. I stay rooted on the spot for about 10 minutes before it registers that this might be the end for us.

Was she maybe breaking up with me for good!? Did I really fuck up our relationship so bad? I sigh and head on to the driver's seat with these questions occupying my mind.

Lord give me the strength because I really love this girl and I don't want to lose her. But maybe she does need some time apart. Maybe she'll get to deal with the issues she's so afraid to admit she has. I love her but I'll honor her request and give her space.

I get to my place and just change out of my clothes and throw myself on my bed. I drift off to a deep slumber with my beautiful Ziyanda in mind.

ZIMBINI

Haibo guys!! Don't let people fool you hey. Being in a relationship is amazing, I am not lying. Yes, there are time's when you just want to kill your partner and strangle them to death. But then, there are time's where all you feel is the love and passion for you.

It's been a week since Nkanyezi and I spoke, and I must say that all the love he's been showing me lately is sometimes overwhelming. He's been more affectionate since I told him that I'm pregnant and he also wants me to meet his parents. I am nervous about that and I just haven't even given myself the chance to think about it.

"Morning baby, I'm on my way...hope you're ready." A text from my one and only baby daddy pops up on my phone screen. Sigh. Did I mention that he now takes me to and from work everyday. I mean I do like being pampered like that but sometimes it just gets too much.

"Hii sweetie...yep. Almost done." I fire a text back.

He also drops Thandi and Mtho before we head on to my workplace. Although, Mtho prefers using taxi's most of the time. What I really love about Nkanyezi is that he makes a lot effort to be in my siblings' lives. He gets them whatever they want that I sometimes have to step in and tell him that it's enough. Honestly, my relationship with him wouldn't have even gotten this far if my siblings didn't approve of him. He has become some sort of father figure to them and that makes me happy.

I quickly zone out of my thoughts as I head to the living to make sure that the little minx has had her breakfast. I like the fact that I don't have to force or rush her to eat, she does that all on her own. I reach the living room and she's watching 'Teen Titans' on Cartoon Network and, like I had predicted, she's finished her bowl of cereal.

"Hey baby, come on and go get your school bag from the room. Uncle Nkanyezi is nearly here and we don't want to be late

right." I can see that she's not happy about this piece of information but keh, she has no choice but to do as I say.

She reluctantly drags her feet to her room and returns with the bag in hand a minute later. We check if she didn't leave anything behind and once that is clear, I take her lunchbox and some juice, and shove it inside. I hear a car pull up outside and I know for sure that it's Nkanyezi.

"Mthoko!! Buya phela sambe, sekafikile uNkanyezi. (Come let's go, Nkanyezi is here.) I yell out loud enough for him to hear me.

"Ngiyeza sisi! (I'm coming sis!) He yells back. And before I can do anything else

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there's knock on the door.

I open the door and there stands my handsome lover boy...well he is no boy but...ugh you get me! I step out of the door and close it so I can get a kiss before we leave.

"Hi my love." He says when I reach out to him for a hug.

"Hi boo." I pull out of the hug so to give him a quick kiss on his lips. He groans as he tries to deepen the kiss by running his tongue on my upper lip. The kiss is great but I have to pull off before these kids find us in such a position. I bite his lower lip, indicating that the kiss has come to an end.

"I missed you muntu wami" I chuckle because he says this all the time. I hope his family doesn't think I put some kind of love spell on him, that would be a drama on it's own.

I entertain his clinginess by simply saying, " I missed you too baby. Let me get the kids so we can leave or else we'll be late." Hen nods and heads back to the car as I fetch the two rascals. Once I've locked the house and the kids are already settled in the car, we drop off Thandi first then Mtho at his school. He has a morning class he has to attend and he can't afford to be a minute late.

This controlling man next to me thought it's best I get something to eat first before he drops me off at work. I think this is an excuse though...there's something he wants to say and he doesn't know how to say it. I'm pretty sure I won't like this one bit.

"Baby..." Oh oh...I knew it.

"Yes my love?" I reply to him.

"I think it would be best if we could...maybe...move in together?" My eyebrow raises in question. I mean I don't get this. When did he even think of this!?

"Oh!" Is all I can say to him.

"Yeah baby look...We can buy a bigger house so we can all move in together. You, Me, Mtho and Thandi. As well as our little ray of sunshine growing in your womb." Eh this guy is taking this very serious.

"Yeah I hear you. I'm not sure how the kids will take it so I have to hear what their thoughts are. I like the idea and I'm not saying no as yet...let me just hear if they'll be okay with it." I offer him a gentle smile.

He looks into my eyes and sends me a heart-warming smile. I swear every time he smiles, I get butterflies in my tummy. I plant a deep yet sensual kiss...just so he can feel that I love him and appreciate all his efforts. He pays for some muffins and off we go to work.

Nkanyezi just left and he promised to fetch me later, after work. As if he'd let that opportunity slip. I've tried telling him that it's not necessary for him to fetch me everyday but he says he wants to be a part of his child's life...every part of it. Dramatic if you ask me.

So about work... Sigh.

Things aren't that great because well Ziyanda and I aren't in a great space. Well let me say she's not in a great space. Since she broke up with Mnotho, she's been really distant. The second day after their break up she called and told me what went down.

Since she had taken a day-off for that Monday, I went to her place and the state I found her in was not great at all. She had red puffy eyes and her hair was a mess. I had never seen her be so vulnerable to anyone, I felt my heart tear apart as she weeped and told me of the events that led to their break up.

After that day, she barely showed any emotion but I could tell she wasn't okay. It's been a week and still nothing. Things have gotten bad to the point where she prefers working during lunch time. I am not going to stop trying to get through to her- she's my friend and she's seen me at my lowest. She's always there when I need her and it's time I showed her I feel the same way for her too.

Since lunch is now off the table for us, I leave something to eat for her on her desk. She always carries lunch but I do this so she can see that I still care for her and that I'm here if she wants to open up and let me. I always leave some snacks and today is no exception as I leave two muffins on her desk. And don't worry, they are covered.

So now back to the reception area to start off on my day. I see her walk into the building 30 minutes later and she still looks the same- emotionally drained, but beautiful nonetheless. I wave at her as she passes by to the elevator. She waves back and offers me a smile. I'm just glad I still get a greeting from her.

If she doesn't get better a few days from now, I'll be forced to go to her place and knock some sense into. I still love her and I think it's time for some tough love. I need to be pushy.

"Hi sir. How may I help you?" I ask a gentleman that just entered the building.

I'll get back to these thoughts after work...for now I shall do what I get paid to do.

MNOTHO

Sigh. I'm about to knock off at work and I just can't wait to get some rest. It's been hard getting any sleep since I fought with Yanda. I really regret saying what I said, and the more time passes by, I realize that I have broken any trust she had for me.

I miss her a lot and I've been giving her the space she asked for. I do send her a goodnight and a goodmorning text everyday since the altercation...just a little gesture so she knows I'm still here for.

Aaaaah...it's time for me to head on home now and I'm glad that I can. As I'm packing up my stuff, a call from Sabelo comes through.

"Sawbona Manzini" He says as I answer the phone.

I chuckle at his greeting because he only calls me using my clan name when he's mocking me, "Yeah Sabelo...unjani? (How are you?)"

"I'm good ndoda wena unjani? (...man and how are you?)"

"I'm holding up okay. So what do I owe this pleasure of getting a phone call from you?"

"Oh well you, my dear friend are getting a visit from your friends today. I, Qaphela, Sanele and Nkanyezi will be all up in your space today." He says.

I think that it's a good idea to have people around me. They all know about my 'separation' from Yanda and maybe they are just trying to find ways to be there for me.

"Okay...I'd like that. I just hope everyone will bring an edible item along because I haven't gone grocery shopping in a while."

"Yeah whatever man...I'll let the others know. See you later yeah?" He replies.

"Yeah, see you." I take the last of my belongings and head on to my car so I can prepare for these gentlemen.

The time reads half-past six and the guys have arrived. We're all chilling in the living room with some soft background music playing.

"So bro, how have you been holding up?" That would be Sanele, my brother. He's not much of a talker between us three. Three being I and Qaphela. Qaphela is the most outspoken between us that sometimes you'd just want to put some tape around his mouth. Okay I think I'm getting off topic now.

"I've been better...I'm just trying not to dwell on any negativity." I respond.

"Kodwa nawe bafo

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uhlulwa umfazi ngempela?(But bro, are you really going to be defeated by a woman?) Says the stupid Qaphela, who has no filter whatsoever.

"What do you mean Q?" I know what he means but I'm just entertaining him. Q is a very dominant being. He is a very stereotypical being that still believes a man should always take charge. I'm just glad he found a woman who doesn't mind him being the way that he is.

"I mean, you should go straight to her place...knock on her door and when she opens grab her by her neck and kiss the living daylights out of her. And then the rest is history. This nonsense of space doesn't work, next thing she'll move on with another man while you're still respecting her 'wishes' like a fool." Sigh.

In a sense, what he's saying makes sense but then I don't want to disrespect her and ruin any chances of us getting back together. I am just going to go with the flow and let things be.

'Ain't No Sunshine' by Bill Withers plays from the speakers...ugh coincidental much?? I think not!!

"I think you should respect her wishes for now. Let her get her mind in the right space. Remember that this is still fresh and maybe she's still mad. So just relax." Says Sabelo. I can only nod to that.

I trust Sabelo...and only because we make a lot of business decisions together that have proved to work and, he is much more open minded with this love business. His marriage is proof enough that the guy knows what he's talking about.

We continue conversing about a lot of different things and have also eaten some food ordered earlier on. I did say kuthi akuna lutho la kulendlu. (that there's nothing here inside this house.) The conversation then shifts focus to Nkanyezi...he is glowing and it shows that he's in a happy relationship. I'm happy for him to be honest.

"So do you think you're ready for such a big step? Especially because her siblings are also a part of the package deal?" Sanele asks Nkanyezi after he's told us that he's asked Zimbini to move in with him.

"To be honest, I've been ready for a while, exactly at three months into our relationship. I am sure that she's the one for me and I just love how she is also able to show that she loves me just as much. This pregnancy has just helped me speed up the process." He says with a wide smile on his face. Yeah he's definitely in it for the long run.

"I'm happy for you. So are the kids also okay with it?" Asks Qaphela, for once asking a relevant question.

"Well I'm not too sure about that. She's yet to ask them if it would be okay if we moved in together. They are great kids trust me and so far they haven't shown any dislike towards me. I'm just hoping they agree to it because it would suck if not." He replies.

"Why is that? Will she not move in with you if so?" Sanele fires at him again.

"Yeah dude. She really loves her siblings, they are her children and she'd do anything they want. Even if it meant sacrificing

her own happiness for it. That's one thing that makes me admire her even more. It means our kids will have a mother that always puts them first." He grins and chugs on his beer.

Well that is an amazing thing to hear. I'm sensing wedding bells from this guy soon. The conversation then shifts on to politics and I barely participate in that convo because I'm really not into politics. Soon enough the guys leave and Nkanyezi stays behind for a while.

"So have you heard or seen how she's doing?" I ask Nkanyezi without looking at him.

He sighs and says, "I think she's okay but Zim is also worried about her. She has totally distanced herself from Zim as well."

I sigh as well because this is really stressing.

"What do you think I should do?" I ask Nkanyezi.

"I think you should give her the needed space. Maybe she needs to work on herself for now and then things will be better. They do say that distance makes the heart grow fonder."

I guess that makes sense. We then finish up and then he leaves. Aaah...it was really great having my friends and brothers over. It helped me forget about my loneliness for a while.

A fruitful day it has been and now I'm off to get some much needed rest. Sigh.

3 months later

ZIYANDA

It's been three months and one week since I separated with Mnotho. It hasn't been easy and it's been worse since I had also detached myself from Zimbini. But at least, her and I fixed things two weeks after I had acted up.

"Mngani phela angeke ukhone ukuhlala wedwa ungana mngani ongakhuluma naye. (Friend you can't just isolate yourself and not have any friend to talk to.) You have to let me in now or else you won't get any better." Is what she said to me when she came around to my place one weekend.

I could tell that she had had enough of my shit and had decided that enough was enough. I'm grateful she did that though because ever since then, I've grown to appreciate her even more. Her persistence actually led me to opening up to her as to what really made me angry about what Mnotho said to me.

On the weekend of the getaway, I actually told him about my childhood and why I am used to being isolated. It is a bit of a

tragic story so that's why every time it is mentioned, it sets off my emotions time and time again.

When I was young, I think I was 8 years old at the time and my younger sister Zenande was 3 years old, she fell inside a pool and drowned. I remember that day like it was yesterday simply because I was with her when it happened. I blame myself all the time because I feel like I could have done something to save her.

My mom was around the house when it happened and she had left my sister and I in the living room to watch some cartoons. But my younger self forced my sister to go outside and play a little before mom could restrain us from going. Little did I know that, that was the day I'd lose my darling sister.

She was a beautiful girl...and contrast to me though, she was what we South Africans describe as a yellow bone(meaning she was just light skinned).

Beautiful set of teeth and a smile that lit up a room. Although we had the same pair of eyes.I loved her and I just can't stop thinking how her death could have been avoided if we just stayed put.

But then her death caused a rift between my parents. They started fighting regularly with dad blaming my mom for my sister's death. I couldn't even stop the fights even though I knew very well that it was I, who killed my sister. Things got worse to the point where dad decided to up and leave.

I was at school that day and when I came back home, my mother was in tears as she told me dad went on a work 'trip'. He had left with all his belongings and left behind only divorce papers for mom. And that I only found out about when I was in my teens. This made me resent myself and I could only see myself as a curse, isiqalekiso.

I told Mnotho that the reason I don't even allow myself to get to know someone better, let alone fall in love with them, is that I'm scared they might leave me too. Leaving me in a sense of, choosing to not be a part of me or by death. I didn't want to put myself in such a situation ever again. If my father and sister could leave my mom and I

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who was I to guarantee that such never happens again.

The reason I'm so mad at him is because I took him as my confidant. He had proven to be such an empathetic person and I thought he would be the most careful with what I share with him. What he did proved that with whatever we might go through he might turn around and use it back to me. I don't know if I can still trust him after this.

I'm currently at home visiting my mom for the festive season. You would think after months of not seeing me, she'd want to pamper me...but no, not my mom. She woke me up earlier today and said we had to wash the windows; sweep the yard and wash blankets. I mean I only got here a day ago...is all this necessary.

She says if I want to get married then I needed to start practicing. I don't know if I should burst her bubble and tell her that it's the 21st century and marriage is not something every woman wants. Sigh. She'd probably strangle me to death though.

It's later in the day, and we've done all of the household chores, bathed and cooked. We are now just relaxing watching TV together.

"So kuhamba njani kuwe no Mnotho? Awuka xoli namanje? (So how is it going between you and Mnotho? Have you nit forgiven him yet?)" My mom asks randomly, putting me in the hot seat.

"Cha make...uyazi kuthi ngifeel.a njani ngaye kwamanje. (No mom...you know how I feel about him for now.) I reply casually.

"But my child, you can't carry all that hate or that grudge in you. You need to let go so you can also find peace and more especially because this is someone you love." She says looking at me. Love? What the...?

"Make...I don't love..."

"Don't try to convince me what I want. I know what I'm saying and I know a person in love when I see one. You just have to let all that anger go because let's be honest, you're not really mad at Mnotho. You are mad at your father for leaving you. He left because he wanted to...it was never your fault my baby. You just need to let people in your life, live your life the right way with people who show you love." What a mouthful she's said.

After that she leaves me in my thoughts as she goes to her "friend"... I wonder what friend that is because last I checked, she didn't have any.

But what she said is right though. I had already expected Mnotho to leave me or do something wrong so I can have a reason to push him away. That thing with his ex was not enough for me to even be that dramatic. Yes, dramatic...I said it.

I had already set him up for failure before actually giving him an opportunity to love me fully and I to him. I need to let go of

all of this and learn to love him, wholeheartedly. I need to give him my all and not hold back. It's just that I'm so used to not letting anyone in so much that I have built these walls around my heart to protect myself from getting hurt.

I need to remind myself that Mnotho is not my dad and that I should not paint him with the same brush. Mnotho is Mnotho and besides our last encounter, he had been nothing but the best to me. First step to letting go is by actually doing something meaningful.

I grab my phone from the table and look at the message he sent me this morning.

'Hi my love. I hope you're well. I still love you so much and I can't wait for us to finally fix things.' It reads.

He has been sending messages since the encounter and this just goes to show that he's very patient with me and that he really does love me. The least I could do is try and meet him

half way so that we can fix things. I still have to address what happened though and how it made me feel.

I should also apologize for swearing at him, that was not ladylike...but who cares. The swearing I don't regret but then I'll do anything to get me vitamin D. Lol.

I send him a text that says, "Hi. I'm well and I hope you're doing good as well." Deep sigh.

I put the phone back on the table and rest back on the couch to finish off the movie I'm watching. I hope tomorrow is a better day than today.

NKANYEZI

"I want you so bad..." Zimbini whispers in my ear.

"Do you want me to give it to you?" I whisper back into her ear.

Without any further talk, my hand finds its way down to her pussy. I could already feel her juices running down her pussy like it was a mini squirt. I quickly drop down to my knees and feast on her amazing wet pussy. Throughout that entire morning session, our eyes were locked into each other.

As I suck on her clit, she throws her head back and grabs tightly on mine pulling me in to drink up more of her juices. I add a finger...then two and that seems to throw her in her frenzy.

"Mhhhhhm fuck babyyyy! Just like that." She moans as her breathing got deeper and longer.

"Don't stop baby!! Mhhmmm that's soooo good. I'm cumming honey. I'm also there." She adds on.

I can see that she's nearly there and with that I pull my tongue out from her haven and replace it with my dick. I thrust into her a couple of time's before she cums undone on my throbbing dick. I continue thrusting into her to reach my own climax and after her second orgasm, I pull out. With my dick limp and both of us sweaty, I rest down beside her.

"Hmmm good morning my love." I say turning to face her so I can see her 'freshly fucked' face.

She smiles and says, "It is a good morning indeed my love."

I give her deep kiss and pull out out from it. "Let's go take a shower baby" I say to her. She only nods in response.

After we have showered and gotten dressed, we head to kitchen to make food for the kids. Yes, I said the kids. Mthoko and Thandi agreed for us to move in together. Thandi was okay with it and well Mthoko had some reservations about it. He said he felt like we were rushing things and he didn't want his sister getting hurt.

I had a lengthy conversation with him and made him understand that I have nothing but pure intentions for his sister. It is all true and from then on, things went well. We bought a house that accomodates all of us and everyone has a room of their own. We moved in here two months ago and we're yet to throw a house warming.

I heard Zimbini saying that maybe we should have friends over for New Year's Eve. I haven't agreed but I'm pretty sure she has already started inviting people over and well who am I to say no. I've already taken her to meet my family and dare I say they all loved her. It could be hard not to love such an amazing person.

I think she's also able to blend in with peopke because of her work as a receptionist. She is used to different characters and she knows how to deal with each one. 'Deal'...that sounds like bad term but no, I just mean she knows how handle certain situations. But nonetheless, she was loved.

Her siblings also came along the second time when we went to my family a month ago, I think can confidently say they were welcomed with open arms. I'm glad that it went that way

though because if not, Zim wouldn't have thought twice to leave me. She cannot stand getting her siblings hurt or abused in any kind of way. And if she leaves, it would crush me to my soul.

Okay now back the activity at hand...she makes porridge for Thandi and some toasted bread with cheese

bacon and eggs for the rest of us. Surprisingly, my lady here doesn't get any morning sickness like most women do during pregnancy. I unfortunately, inherited all that for her, including the cravings. The only thing she really ever craves for is ice...just regular ice cubes.

The doctor told us that too much of the ice cubes is not good for her or the baby's health but I can't resist not giving her what she wants. She has figured that her tears are my weakness and that's why when she wants them, she uses her tears to keep me at bay. Other than that, her pregnancy is sailing pretty well and plus her sex drive has reached a higher peak...all she ever asks me for is sex and like a good baby daddy, I oblige.

"Thandi!!! Mthoko!!! Wozani ukudla sekulungile. (Come down, the food is ready.)" Zim yells out to the kids. I never thought

she was such a domesticated woman but since we've been living together, she's proved me otherwise.

She looks like a feminist that believes in 50-50 kind of treatment- and yes she is a feminist, I can see from the way Mthoko helps around the house that he was raised well. Although, her being a feminist doesn't stop her from doing most of the stuff around the house.

I tried telling her that it wasn't necessary and that we could hire a househelper but she said that it wasn't necessary since we all had hands. This meant that we were all able to help around the house and we could work together to keep the place clean. I did not even argue with her because then that would have led to WW3.

Both kids scurry into the kitchen, arguing about something I absolutely don't even know. They greet both Zim and I, then settle on the kitchen stools and we join them as well. We share breakfast over silly conversations and Thandi talking about her birthday which is exactly 6 months from now, next year. She is super excited to be turning 9 finally and she already has a

theme in mind for it. I'll have to take care of it beforehand since Zim would have given birth by then.

I really enjoy the setup of our family. I never that having a family of my own would be this amazing and fulfilling. I can't wait to officially ask Zim to marry me and so we can get married hopefully in the next 3 years. I love her and her siblings who have now become such a huge part of my life.

Today we decided to go to Gold Reef City just to relax and unwind, and also help Mtho take his mind off thinking about his matric results. I know he's a genius and both Zim and I are confident that he'll do great but I guess it's just natural for him to stress out.

I am yet to tell Zim that I'll be paying for Mtho's school fees when he starts at varsity, she already doesn't like the fact that he gets an allowance monthly. I know it will be hard for her to accept that because she feels like I'm trying to buy her love. That is definitely not true because I'm doing it for the love I have for her siblings.

One thing I've also noticed about her as well is that she loves spending my money. I give her an allowance every month and she's not shy to spend it. That makes me feel happy as a man because it shows that I'm able to do something for my woman that makes her happy.

I still have to talk to her about getting her to quit her job. No...It's not that I'm being controlling but I just really want her to be present in our baby's life once it is born. I am also willing to give her enough capital to start up her own business. This is one matter I know will cause a fight between us and that is why I'm planning on doing when we're in between the sheets. If you get what I mean.

I think it's safe to say that Zim and I are doing good in the family department. We have become parents to both kids and the one growing in her womb. I can't wait to spend the rest of my days with this woman.

Now back to the trip to Gold Reef City... we all hop in the car and get buckled up. We play music as we journey off to our destination.

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ZIYANDA

I'm standing here at the tuckshop looking at this rude old hag. I know it's wrong to even insult an elder or even think of insulting them but this woman is testing my patience. I think it's better that I only think of it and not say it out loud right?

But anyway, she has been talking non-stop telling me how old I'm getting and that wearing what I'm wearing (a short and a tight t-shirt), is me calling for rape and having slim chances of getting married. Bathong, motho wamodimo!!(Wow, man of God!!) Does this woman know that I have a PhD in 'Badmouthology"!?

How dare she even say things such as me wearing what I like, being me calling rape for myself. No one asks or wants to be raped and me wearing shorts does not mean I'm inviting perverted beings to use that as a way to have their way with me. That is just a wrong mentality and I hate people who have such a backward way of thinking.

And let's be honest, I'm too young to be worried about getting married and not every women wants that for themselves. This woman is lucky I'm still patient with her and have even given her this much time to share her thoughts with me. How I wish mom didn't teach me to respect and never defy elders. I long would have slapped those stupid words out of her mouth.

"Muntu omdala mina ngizele nje ukuzozi thengela isinkwa, angati kutsi nkinga yakho nami yini. (Elderly person the only reason I'm here is to buy bread, I don't even know what your problem with me is.)" I say to her old self.

"Haibo sesi...mina ngikhuza izindlela zakho zokuhamba. Bafana basile la ngaphandle nyalo wena mowu gcoka kanje, kuba ngathi uyabafuna. (Little girl, I'm only warning you of your ways. Boys are naughty out here and with what you wearing

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it will seem as if you are asking for their attention.) These boys will rape those black thighs of yours until kingdom come." She says. HAIBO!!

To be honest I don't even know what the fuss is about because the short is just above my knees, nothing wrong there. The only wrong person here would be the one who takes advantage of a woman who decided to wear what she saw best for herself.

I would have totally understood what she meant if she hadn't disrespected me and talked about me "asking" for rape. That's bullshit and I don't think I want to further continue with this conversation. So I keep quiet and head straight to the person selling and asked for bread. With the bread in my hands and it being paid for, I leave the shop and glance one last time at this old woman who is still standing at the door. I don't give her a chance to say anything as I quicken my pace heading home.

One thing I didn't miss here in Mpumalanga is that everyone thinks they have a right to talk or voice out anything that doesn't concern them to a non-partisan. Well not the entire MP but this area I grew up in specific is really shitty and everyone is involved in everyone's business.

I never liked it here and that's why I don't have any local friends. I did try to have one but that backfired real bad when I became a "threat" to her stupid relationship, she then decided

to hurt me in an unforgivable way. Her name was Tholakele as I had mentioned before and I thought she was genuine.

Tholakele and I started being friends after we were paired up for a school project. We really hit off and I thought maybe I had finally found a friend. We became close and we shared secrets with each other. I told her about my insecurities and my fears.

When rumors of me supposedly wanting to "steal" her boyfriend from her, she blabbed to everyone who was willing to listen that I was insecure of my body because of the shape of it. I was very fat when I was younger and that caused me to not even participate in any school sports or activities. My black inner thighs caused by the constant friction of my thighs rubbing together made me hate wearing skirts. I also had weirdly shaped teeth and I found it difficult to smile.

I was teased and laughed at for my entire school years. This is why I found it difficult to trust just anyone...because Thola had also betrayed me. I hated her for that for some time but then I

eventually got over it. I started working on my weight loss when I went to varsity and now I'm proud I went through that journey.

I'm proud because I did it for myself- not anyone else, but me. That is the real reason why anyone of us should try and change ourselves or lives. We shouldn't try to please others but please ourselves because only OUR opinions matter.

Now back to the present moment, I'm home and I tell mom of my encounter with that woman and she encourages me to not let her words put me down in any way. Sigh. I guess her words really did sting a bit.

I'm on a call with Mnotho and I just told him what that woman said to me. I didn't think it would affect me that much.

"My love...you shouldn't take such disrespect from people who add no value to your life to heart. You are beautiful just the way you are and no, wearing what you want doesn't mean you consent to being raped." He says in such a gentle and smooth voice that instantly calms me down.

I wipe my tears because my unruly tear ducts just couldn't control themselves. I hate shedding tears and now I wish I could remove these tear ducts myself.

"Thank you Mnotho. I know I guess I'm just hurt by it but yeah I'll be fine." I reply. Yes he's still going by 'Mnotho' for now...I haven't forgiven him yet so calling 'Lala' can wait.

"Yes you will be fine but remember, it is healthy for you to shed some tears every once in a while." He says.

"Yeah thanks once again hey." I sniff back and lie down on my bed.

He sighs and says, "You really don't sound okay...you know what?? I think I'm just going to come over since you're not okay." WHAT!? Is this guy crazy?

"Mnotho it's 23:30 you can't possibly be thinking of driving this late." I say to hopefully change his mind.

What if he gets in an accident then his family will blame me for it!? No thanks. They'll think maybe I added him to my funeral policy.

"I've already decided...I'm coming." He says.

Deep sigh. I know won't be able to change his mind once he has decided.

"Okay you can come...but only tomorrow morning. I don't want anything happening to you this time of the night. Okay?"

I hear him let out what seems like a long held breath. He probably thought I'd tell him I'm not ready to see him.

"Okay then. I'll come early tomorrow morning. For now you should get some sleep but before that, check WhatsApp immediately after our call. I sent you something." Okay so this is new.

"Yes I will do that. Good night Mnotho." I say to him already feeling drowsy.

"Goodnight baby. And remember...I love you." And just like that the phone call is done for.

I then do as he requested and checked my WhatsApp for whatever he sent.

Oh!!

He sent an audio. I download it and take my earphones so I can listen to it. "Enjoy the song my love. Remember to always remain true to yourself." A text from him says.

I reply with a blushing emoji. I play the track and man...this man is amazing. He sent me 'Bazokhuluma' by Kelly Khumalo ft Zakwe and Mthunzi.

It's true though...people will always have something to say so fuck those people and their opinions.

The song is great and has a profound message...I drift off to sleep with it on repeat.

ZIYANDA

It's true what they say about letting yourself open up to new possibilities and just taking each day as it comes. This is the reason why I've decided to finally formally introduce Mnotho to my mom. I'm taking this step to finally allow myself to love and to be loved.

I'm hoping this goes well because my mom's opinion about him means a lot to me. She's been team 'Mnotho' since I told her about our relationship but then she hadn't met him in person...so there's a chance that might change. I'm nervous as hell right now and mom can tell because she's been teasing me since I woke up.

She knows this means a whole lot to me and this is actually the first guy I've brought home and hopefully will be the last. The house is already sparkling clean and I promise, there isn't a spot I didn't clean. "Yeah Ziyanda...niyamangaza yazi. (...you are full of surprises you know.) You only clean this well when a man is coming over!?" She had said to me earlier on.

I didn't even respond to that because what would I have said, "Yes mom because I spend a lot of time in between the sheets with him."? No way would I have said that. Like I said, today she's out to embarrass me.

So it's now a few minutes past one o'clock and I'm getting resting. He's supposed to be here by now- he said he would be. 'I'm almost there my love.' That's the text he sent me thirty minutes ago. I can't even excuse him saying maybe he's lost...he's not because I had already sent him my location.

Okay so maybe I'm being a little dramatic but who can blame me!? I'm so nervous right now. "Calm down would you. He's probably stuck in traffic or something. You know how this place gets during festive season." Says mom who I think has had enough of me pacing up and down the living room.

I let out a deep sigh as I settle next to her on the couch. "Yeah I know. I am just getting restless because I want to get the introduction between the two of you over and done with." I say to her in all honesty.

"I hear you sesi but relax. Whatever happens, happens and it is okay. You can't control everything that goes on in your life. Come give me a hug." I turn my body around so I can hug her properly. It's weird just hugging her like this. I mean we all know that our African parents are not fans of display of affection so I get surprised by it.

Just as I pull out from the hug a text pops up on my phone. 'Hi babe. I'm outside...I hope this is the right house. Lol.' My mother laughs at how fast I stood up from the couch so I could head to the door.

"Ziyanda nizofela amadoda ngelinye ilanga! (Ziyanda you will die for men one day!) I just chuckle and head outside to look for MY man. Yes MINE.

His car is not parked outside my gate so I look up the street and still, his car is not there. I look down and there he is...parked 3 houses away. I wave at his car hoping he can see me and for him to reverse his car. He can't see me so I dial his number on my phone.

He picks up, "You're parked outside the wrong house." I say to him.

"I am?" He asks

"Yep...reverse your car and you'll spot me. I'm standing at the gate."

He indeed spots me and gets out of the car. He looks even more handsome than the last time I saw him. Is he working out now? "Hi Yanda..." He says in his sultry smooth voice. He really looks good and so I'm guessing he took this separation better than I did. While I was busy looking like a mess and being hurt over what he did, he was getting ripped and looking like fine wine??

I shake my head getting rid off these thoughts. "Trust Ziyanda. Trust." I chant in my head before I reply back to him.

"Hi Mnotho how are you?" I ask him since he's looking at me like I lost my mind.

"I'm well thanks but I really missed you. How are you? You look really beautiful." I'm wearing a pair of blue jeans and a white t-shirt, really there's nothing 'beautiful' about that but I have to thank him so not to seem rude.

"Thank you. I'm good. Uh...mom would like to meet you. Is that okay with you?"

"Yes...I'd like that very much but before that

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may I get a hug from you please?" He asks.

I look into his mesmerizing hazel brown eyes and contemplate on whether to give him one or not. I could spite him and decide not to but I really want to feel him against my skin after such a long time. I settle on the latter and nod my head to give him a go ahead.

He reaches out to me and pulls me into his arms. As soon as I'm pressed against him I take a moment to just inhale his musky scent that I've missed so much and to just relish in this feeling of warmth I'm getting from a mere hug.

When the hug is done, we make our way into the house but not before he's grabbed a few plastics from the boot. I tell him it wasn't necessary for him to bring all these items and his response was, "What kind of man would that make me? Waltzing into a person's home empty-handed." A bit dramatic if you ask me...he could have just bought a bouquet of flowers but hey, his choice.

Once the plastics have been placed in the kitchen, I drag Mnotho to the kitchen so he can greet my mother. Well here goes nothing.

I'm keeping my fingers crossed. "Ma, this is Mnotho. Mnotho this is my Mother, uMaMkhize." I say introducing them to each other.

Mnotho stretches out his hand to my mother, "Nice to meet you Khabazela. Ziyanda has told me a lot about you." He says to my mother who has now switched up and is giving Mnotho the stink eye.

Haibo Make, what's this now? Was she not team Mnotho not so long ago?

MNOTHO

I don't think I have ever been this nervous to meet someone. I acted nonchalantly in front of Ziyanda but I am absolutely scared of what might happen once she gets to know me and possibly not like me. I know how Yanda seeks for her mother's approval and her even giving me the opportunity to see her is one step forward to letting me into her heart.

The day she actually texted me back and said she is willing to fix things between us was the happiest moment of my life. I knew right then and there that I couldn't fuck it up. Knowing how Yanda is, I'm pretty sure she's still gonna give me hell about what I did. I don't really care much about getting confronted because I love her so much and I know that what I did was wrong.

I wonder if she told her mom what I did!? Is that the reason why she hasn't even responded to my greeting? She's giving me a real dirty look right now and I'm near-to shitting my pants. Okay maybe I'm exagarating but still, she's scary. I'm feeling hot

right now. Is it hot or mhlambe ngishiswa yizono (...maybe I'm getting burned for my sins.)

I clear my throat once more and say while retreating my hand, "Hi ma. I am Mnotho Zungu, Yanda's boyfriend."

To be honest, I feel betrayed because the person who brought me here is also silent and just looking at her mom. I promise if I had more time to prepare for this "Meet-and-Greet" I would have done a whole lot better.

What she says next just intensifies my fear. "Oh so you call her 'Yanda' but you still saw it fit to use my daughter's words against her? Uphile kahle wena mfana?(Are you well in your head boy?)" She is saying this in a calm tone so I don't know how mad she is on a scale of 1-10.

"Make..." Yanda tries to stop her before her mom lifts her hand to shut her up.

"Awuthule wena!! (You keep quiet!!)" She says.

Sigh. I'm in shit for real. "Talk boy!" That word boy is irritating but I have no choice but to endure whatever she throws at me.

"Uh...Ma. I'd like to apologize to both you and Ziyanda for...for uhm...for betraying her trust. It was very wrong of me to stoop that low and I acknowledge my mistake. It will never happen again and I can assure you of that. I love your daughter and I will never intentionally hurt her." I say to her.

It's silent for a while before she says, "Niyangingiza Mnotho kodwa niyakhona ukhluhluke abantwana babantu. (You are stuttering now Mnotho but you are able to hurt other people's children.) Hayii!!" She says this with a twinge of humor in her voice so I don't know whether to smile at that or not.

She then offers me a seat on the couch with a huge smile on her face and I can hear Ziyanda let out a breath beside me. I guess she was scared just as I was. I guess all is forgiven on the mother's side because once we settle down she tells me all about her "Sponkie's" childhood. Its a cute name if you ask me bit everytime she said it, Yanda would try and reprimand her.

Her mom really didn't care and she would just continue with the conversation as if she didn't hear her protest

this made me laugh a lot. We had lunch which was rice and beef stew sith some vegetables on the side. I enjoyed it so much so, I asked for seconds. I know for sure that MaMkhize is the one who made this food because well...my girlfriend is not such a great cook.

All in all, I had a great day with both women and it was really amazing getting to know more about Ziyanda than what's one the surface. "Come back to visit Gwabini, I enjoyed hosting you." That is what MaMkhize said before I left the house. I had a good time with her as well and she's really a kind and funny person.

Yanda and I are both in my car as I'm about to leave. She decided it would be best if she walked me out because sje wasn't ready to deal with her mom's never ending chatter.

"Thank you for inviting me over today. I had a great time." I say to her.

She rolls her eyes and says, "Yeah well with my mom's never ending stories, I doubt that it was great."

"It was and I loved it. So are you okay? After yesterday's encounter with that woman."

She looks okay though but I know better than to just insinuate she's fine.

"I'm good hey. The song you sent me actually helped me realize that there is no pleasing people. People will always do and say whatever they want no matter what you do."

I smile because that is exactly what she should understand about this thing called LIFE. Not everyone will like you or what you do, and it is okay. Never over compensate even where you don't benefit.

To shift onto something lighter I ask her if she's going to Nkanyezi and Zimbini's housewarming. She says yes and she asked if I could fetch a day before the event. I of course

agreed...I can never waste a chance to spend some time with her.

"Before you go back inside, can you give me a kiss." I say to her.

She nods just when I thought she'd tell me to fuck off. I really never know with Ziyanda and I guess that is what draws me to her.

We share a passionate kiss that leaves us both panting. Once we pull apart she leaves and enters the house and I reverse my car driving off. I am grateful for this housewarming because it's been a long time since I got to feel her warm and moist inner walls envelop my dick. Hearing her moan out my name and her fingers scratching my back. I'm getting hard just thinking about. I can't wait for the day I fetch her to get here already.

Two weeks later

ZIMBINI

I feel like I'm losing my mind. I've been up and down setting up for the housewarming today and I don't know how much more I can take. Nkanyezi tried pitching in but his ideas were shit and I had no choice but to do things myself.

He's been telling me that I shouldn't strain myself this much because of the "precious cargo" I'm carrying. If I listened to him then who would have set up this entire thing. Now that I can finally take a step back and look at the decorations I had set up, I'm proud of myself. I used grey and gold as my theme.

There are balloons at the entrance and a small banner with a 'Home Sweet Home' written on it and I've made a food station so people can serve themselves. I don't have time to be running around serving people. I check on things one more time before I head upstairs to take a shower. I can't believe this is me, talking about going upstairs that is.

I never thought I would live in a house with stairs... and all thanks to my darling boyfriend who made it possible for my siblings and I to be living like this. He honestly treats me like a queen and I have never felt this much love in my entire life. Well, my childhood home has been rented out. I did this for safety reasons in case he changes his mind in the future.

It's best to leave space for disappointment than to foolishly give another person your all. I am not saying Nkanyezi is going to turn on me but you know what they say, better safe than sorry. My siblings are also at their happiest and I've never felt more at peace than I am right now. Nkanyezi has truly changed my life for the better.

The rent money I get from the house, I deposit into a bank account I made for the kids in case something happens to me. I need to make sure they are always taken care of. Now enough about all of that, it's time I get ready for my party. The kids are all cooped up in a game room here in the house.

I swear my man went all out getting this house. Imagine a Game Room for what!? Back in the day, we used to play outside with sticks and stones and it was fun. We might have gotten

dirty a lot but at least our bodies got to release vitamin D from the heat of the sun.

This man of mine is supposed to be back already, I sent him to buy some meat for the braai because I could tell it wouldn't be enough for our guests. Now I regret it because it's been over an hour since he left. Angazi noma iya gujwa yini leyo nyama. (I don't know whether he is digging for that meat.)

I check on the kids one last time and these two are so preoccupied with what they are doing they don't even feel my presence. I can't wait for their friends to get here because wow! I let them be since I have no chores for them to do. Kuya setshenzwa la kule khaya akekho oncono kunomunye. (Everyone does their part in this house, no one is better than the other.)

The front door opens the same time as I get downstairs. And look who finally decided to come home!? Yes...the one and only Nkanyezi. I feel anger all of a sudden, why the fuck was he gone for this long!?

"Baby...sorry I took so long. People were going crazy at the mall and no shop was better." He says before I can ask anything.

"Mhmm." Is all I say in response.

I head to the kitchen and he follows with plastics in his hands. He places them on the counter and comes around the kitchen island to give me a peck on the cheek.

"Haibo sthandwa sami...sowung' kwatele yini manje? (My love...are you angry at me now?)" With the way he's holding my waist and pressing my body to his, the anger won't last long.

"No, but I don't like the fact that you didn't even send a text to inform me that you're held up. Anything could have happened to you." I know it seems like I'm whining but I really love this guy. I don't even want to think of what I would do if something bad happened to him.

This fool isn't taking me seriously because here he is with a smirk on his stupid handsome face that makes me melt all the time. "Oh my love. I'm sorry I didn't update about what was

happening. Will you forgive umuntu wakho sthandwa sam?
(...your boyfriend my love?)"

Sigh. It's when he calls me 'sthandwa sam' that I just lose self moral and give in to whatever he wants. "No...I don't forgive you. You have to try a little more better than that." I say looking into his eyes.

"Well how about we go upstairs so I can beg you properly?"
There is no need for him to repeat himself as I allow him to drag me upstairs. Since I found out that I'm pregnant, I'm constantly horny and I have become such a sex addict it's not even funny.

I get horny even at the most awkward places like the restaurant or at work. Even at the slightest touch, I am a wet mess.

Anyway

let me get what is due to me from this man. We lock the door as we enter the room and our lips immediately latch onto each other.

ZIYANDA

We arrived at Nkanyezi and Zimbini's house earlier on around half past two. The house is enormous and dare I say beautiful inside and out. It must have cost him a fortune to buy this place but I'm sure didn't even leave a dent in his pockets. The kitchen is black with a touch of gold. The island is made of marble and a built-in stove is situated not far from the fridge.

Zim already took me on a house tour and it's amazing to say the least. It has four bedrooms all with bathrooms, a game room, a living room and an office. The patio is beautiful as well and I get speechless having to even describe the house. I should just say that it is amazing and leave it at that.

Zim looked a bit flushed when we got here and when I asked her if she was sick she just said she's having heat flushes because of the baby. When we were alone she told that her baby daddy was screwing her thoroughly a few minutes before we came. "Mngani phela loya muntu uyi hashi ngiyakutshela.

(Friend that person is like a horse I'm telling you.)" Those are her exact words and I couldn't help but laugh at her craziness.

There are a few people here and I'm guessing they just wanted to keep this small and intimate. It's New Year's Eve so maybe some people went to vacations as well. Mnotho's brothers and friend, Sabelo, are here and they are good folks to be honest. They have spoken to me and I was scared at first but then they made opening up to them easy. Qaphela is my favorite and well Sanele doesn't talk much.

I am in the downstairs bathroom right now and I've just finished releasing myself. If I had held in that pee a minute longer my bladder would have burst. As I close the tap, the bathroom door opens and I'm about to yell at that person when I realize that it's Mnotho. Sigh.

He's been flirting all night and whispering dirty words in my ear that had me feeling hot and bothered. Besides all the drinks I've been having, he's partly to blame for why I've been rushing to the toilet this much.

"Ngingaku siza ngani Mnotho? (How may I help you Mnotho?)"
I ask letting out an exasperated sigh.

"Honey...I've missed you so much. Can you please forgive me? I have missed you so much these past few months." He says getting dangerously close to me.

He smells good, like Old Spice. I've always loved his scent...a man must smell good.

I'm pretty sure he just wants to get between my thighs...I want that too but I have to play a little hard-to-get. "Mnotho we haven't spoken about what went down and I think we should talk things through first." I say to him but it's already too late.

He's breathing down my neck and planting kisses behind my ear. It is a weird spot but it's my sensitive spot and he knows. I gasp as I feel his hands grab tightly onto my waist.

"Mno...Mnotho." I stutter as I wrap my hands around his neck.

"Forgive me baby. Forgive me and let me in please." He says and with that I am lost in his spell.

Yes...I am weak! I am weak to his touch but you would be as well if you felt his skin brush on yours like he's doing to me.

I don't reply to his plea but instead grab his face and kiss the hell out of him. "FUCK me Mnotho." He pulls back and smiles at that.

We share a deep and sensual kiss before his hand moves to my throat and holds it a bit tight. He lowers his head and kisses the nape of my neck making sure to leave hickies. Bloody bastard!! Now everyone will know we got up to no good in the bathroom.

In a swift move, he turns me around to face the mirror and we stare into each other's eyes. "Watch me as I fuck you my love." He whispers into my ear.

I'm glad I wore a dress today because it is easy access for him to enter my palace. Lol. In no time, the dress is rolled up onto my hips and my panty has been shifted to the side. He places his finger on my entrance and I hear him let out a shallow breath as he feels how drenched I am for him already. His words alone make me wet.

He fingered me for a while before I couldn't take it anymore and I told him to quit foreplay and just skip straight to the deed. I feel the tip of his dick on my entrance and I can't help but let out a little squeel as my pussy walls clench on it. It feels so good to have him inside me again. "Fuuuck baby I missed you!?" He says. Yeah he missed my vagina that's all but I won't ruin the moment I just need him to scratch my itch.

Once he's in, he moves in and out of me in a slow pace. Need I remind him that we might get caught and that he needs to hurry. He seems to see the frown on my face as he picks up the pace. His cock moves in and out of me and I can't help the tears that form in my eyes. I really missed this.

He holds on to both my hips and moves in a fast pace. Each stroke stronger than the one before. "Yes, yes just like that." I pant as I feel my orgasm approach. This felt so good and I just didn't want this moment to end but it has to so I squeeze my pelvic muscles around his shaft and he groans.

His face curls up as if in pain; mouth open, lips curled open and his nose scrunched up, moaning. I can tell he's close and our eyes lock in the mirror as his finger rubs on my clit faster. The sounds of my wet pussy and our skins clapping together pushes me to the edge.

My orgasm hits me so bad as I shut my eyes and feel my toes curl, as I burst into a feeling of immense pleasure. "Baby I'm coming." Is what he says to me as his own orgasm grabs ahold of him. He pulls out his now flacid dick and plants wet kisses on my neck. We are both panting as we try and recover from this steamy session.

He turns me around and gives me a passionate kiss. "I love you baby...always." His words as he quickly cleans up and leaves me to freshen up. Wow!!! What a way to end the year am I right!?

ZIYANDA

We are 13 days into January and I must say that it has been an amazing one. Being surrounded by such amazing friends and people made it all worth it. The year ended of great between Mnotho and I, so much that I decided to come to his house after the countdown. I have been staying with him since then. We shared a special moment in that bathroom and I just wanted more and more of these "special" moments.

My mom and I have spoken everyday since the year started and not once have I mentioned to her about the many days I've spent in my boyfriend's place. If I so much as uttered his place to her, she'd freak out and go on and on about the disadvantages of 'vat-in-sit'. I don't know why they make such a big deal out of this because it's not as if the male would be taking advantage of me. If we both give consent to the situation then nothing is wrong with us just living together with no plans of getting married.

It's not wrong to seek marriage from your partner if you've been living together for a long time but people should

understand that some of us are not interested in marriage. We also shouldn't feel bad for wanting what we want just because of the society's expectations of lovers living under one roof. Nonsense I tell you.

Now back to what I was saying, me and Mr Lover Man here have been together since the first day of the month. He is honestly not a bad roommate because I've noticed that he is such a neat freak. I can live with someone like that simply because I share the exact same sentiments about cleanliness.

He sometimes gets a tad bit too much. For example, after using the sink, he doesn't want to see even a drop of water in it. If he sees it, he goes ballistic and throws a huge tantrum. Mind you this is the same guy that leaves the seat up in the toilet when he's done. That act alone grates my tits for real but then I also do stuff to annoy him.

I enjoy teasing him by chewing and popping my bubblegum very loud. He hates it so much he even hid my bubblegums since he noticed that it's my go-to whenever we have a disagreement. Either way, we make good roommates and it's sad I have to leave tomorrow.

Today is Saturday and the last day of "cohabiting" with my boyfriend. I enjoyed it while it lasted and I hope we get to do this some other time. We now have to go back to reality and get back to work. I did not miss work at all, not even one bit.

If I could, I would marry a very rich man who would just order me to be a housewife and I would gladly take the offer. The fact that I went to school to obtain a degree means nothing to me if I could simply get a chance to just laze around at home and do nothing but care about my looks and house chores.

This contrasts my previous statement of not getting married but come on...who wouldn't want to get married into wealth. It would be foolish of me not to even think of it. Sigh. A woman can only dream of such.

We are both cooped up on the couch because Mnotho suddenly decided to become a big baby and does not want to let me leave. Apparently he'll miss my terrible singing and he's gotten so used to it he fell in love with it. Men can be such big babies sometimes, especially when their "bro's" aren't around to see them.

He is a clingy person in nature and him being like this right now doesn't surprise me. He's expressed to me that his love language is Physical touch. This means he likes kissing, hugging and just touching any part of my body when he has the chance. I've come to accept that this is who he is and he won't change.

"What is your love language my love?" Is what he asked me after he told me about his. Of course since I'm not gifted in the 'Love' department, I just said sharing songs that I love and enjoy. He nodded and since then he's been sending me songs every now and then. I wanted to say that receiving gifts is my true love language but I guess that ship has sailed now.

I think we've grown a lot in these past few days as individuals and as a couple. Having to talk about what made us argue is one of the toughest conversations we had. Of course I cried as I expressed my fear to him about whether or not he'll repeat what he did. He also mentioned that he didn't like how I cussed at him especially with people not far from where we were.

We apologized to each other and promised to try and not hurt each other...well intentionally that is. Yes the conversation was draining but once it was done

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I felt like a weight had been lifted off my shoulders. It's true that holding a grudge weighs a person down but then again, this is life and sometimes we can't control how we feel.

It's evening now and we decided to order-in. Nothing beats the deliciousness that fast food provides us with. It might not be healthy but my body can disagree with that. We had a great day, watching a marathon of 'Brooklyn Nine-Nine' episodes on Netflix.

Mnotho is not really a fan of comedy and therefore had never given the show a chance to just watch it. I practically had to force him to watch it with me today and not to brag but, I am truly the best. I say this because he has been laughing non-stop since it began and has sung my praises more than once. I didn't even do much but he still showed me love for it.

I think it's time I accepted the reality of me being in love with him. I haven't told him as of yet but I should because I can confidently admit that I am. He is the first person I have ever fallen for...this is because no has ever persued me for this long and kept up with the type of person I am.

My previous partners, both male and female, couldn't stomach my mood swings. It pissed me off as well that I just couldn't control my emotions sometimes. Now I finally found someone who is there for me when things are good and bad, if this is not love then I don't know what is. I'm willing to take this chance and give him a piece of me because he has proven to be worth it.

Once dinner is over and we've washed the dishes we were using, I change what we watching and plug in my USB in the sound system. Yes, I always carry it with me everywhere I go. I select 'So into you' by Tamia and turn up the volume. It's an oldie but a goodie and I'm hoping he listens to the message in the song. I love him and what better way to let him know other than using my love language.

'I think you're truly something special

Just what my dreams are really made of

Let's stay together you and me boy

There's no one like you around

Oh, baby

I really like what you've done to me

I can't really explain it, I'm so into you'

I sing along to the song as it plays and he looks into my eyes as if for confirmation as I repeat the 'so into you' part. Once it finally registers in his head he pulls me into his arms and gives me a deep meaningful kiss that leaves me in a bit of a daze as he pulls away. "Say it to me baby..." he whispers into my ear.

I know what he wants to hear and why should I hold back now that I told him I love him through a song. "I love you Mnotho...so so much." I say to him as I look deep into his eyes.

He smiles foolishly and says, "I love you too babe."

I guess it's a good thing I know my love language and I was able to use it. I guess they come in handy in time's of need, do you know yours?

ZIMBINI

I am shocked at how the universe works. Never did I imagine that I would be pregnant a few months after getting out of a long-term relationship. I really thought that what Njabulo and I had, would last and that maybe when God permits, we would get married.

I should have known that, that was just wishful thinking. I really thought what we shared was love but I don't know what I expected when he showed me his true colors a year into our relationship. When we started dating, he was almost too perfect and even though he didn't have a stable job, he used to hustle and made things happen. That made me happy no lie...that he tried to make things happen for me.

He was just one of those township guys who knew how to sweep a girl off her feet and I guess I fell for his charms. Everything was lovely and since I fall in love easily, I shared a lot with him right from the beginning. From my childhood to the things I did to survive. This gave him

something to talk about when he was upset about whatever that pissed him off.

He has never hit me because honestly, I would have left him long ago if that were the case, I have siblings to take care of. He did have a sharp tongue though. I suffered from a lot of verbal abuse and no day was better because to him I was just a 'whore'. This felt like a blow in my stomach every time he mentioned it and in turn, I started losing confidence in myself.

He'd say things like, "No man will ever love a bitch like you!" "Your pussy doesn't grip anymore you bitch" "You are damaged goods and no one will ever love someone like you." Believe it or not those words broke my entire being because I started to believe him.

There was no way I wouldn't have not believed him because he reminded me of my "worthlessness" every single day. Words have the power to build or destroy someone and that was the case with me. I know some people would ask themselves why not just leave the person?

If it were that easy then I long would have left that dumb fucker. The words though...they stuck like gum under a shoe. I was convinced that he would be my 'ride or die' since no one can ever love someone like me. That all changed though the day Ziyanda came into my life and advised me and told me that I deserve better.

I'll forever appreciate our friendship because if it were not for her words, I'd still be stuck in an unhappy 4 years long relationship. Come to think of it, I'm grateful that all my prevention ethics worked well and that I never not even once, got to carry Njabulo's seed.

No, I don't hate him but I'm just glad I don't have a toxic person like him fathering my child. I know better now, and I know I deserve all the good things life has to offer me. This is one thing I want to instill into my siblings and children's minds.

Yes I said children...I still want more kids after this. Maybe a total of four would be enough for me. Now back to the point I was trying to make, I want these kids to love themselves enough to walk away from toxic relationships. Not just romantic

relationships, but friendships or family that is not treating you good as well.

With good people around you, you get to blossom and become what you were destined to be. I am living a life that God had planned for me and I could not be happier. I am grateful for my blessings and with whatever that may happen in life, I will make sure all these kids are put first. Even before the man I love wholeheartedly

Nkanyezi.

The kids, Nkanyezi and I are sitting in the living room watching a movie titled, 'Sing 2'. I promise this is a great movie if you have kids around. It's an animated movie about animals living together and making music. I don't even want to lie, I'm enjoying it a lot.

Mthoko helped me cook today's supper. He is in a great mood a lot lately and that is all because he passes with distinctions. I am really proud of him to be honest, not even I attained such outstanding results. He did all this while still helping out with Thandi and I could not be a happier sibling.

He's been excited about starting varsity since he got his results. He has settled on going to the University of Pretoria to study Agricultural Sciences. Of course I was not happy about this idea because I'm not comfortable with him being so far from me. I tried changing his mind on several occasions but he's not budging.

Nkanyezi stepped in and convinced me that in as much as I'm afraid of letting him go, I need to do it for his sake. Yes I'm playing the role of being a parent to him and that role also requires one to let the child spread their wings and learn to be independent. I cried when I finally realized that Mtho is grown now and he would soon be graduating and having his own family.

I was sad because now I knew that Mtho wouldn't need me as much if not at all. Yes it sucks but I have no choice but to let

him be his own person and see the world for what it truly is. I cannot protect him his entire life and he's yet to find out through this thing called life. My man has helped reduce my stress by offering to pay for his tertiary fees and that brought more tears in my eyes.

I promise I'm not a cry baby but these hormones be doing the most to me for real. The movie we're watching comes to an end and since we have already had dinner, we decide to go to sleep. Its late already so why not and little Ms Chatter Box over here, has fallen asleep. Now my man has to carry her upstairs...ya kumnandi ukuba uThandi.(...yeah it's nice being Thandi right now.)

Mtho enters his room after we've said goodnight to each other then we tuck in Thandi in bed as well. Next stop is our room where I'm hoping for a little action before I sleep. Don't look at me like that...it's not me that craves for sex this much but this little minx I'm carrying is the one that makes me like this. Oh did I mention I'm carrying a girl? Well there it is.

Once our bedroom door closes, I change into my sleepwear and it doesn't cover much since I suffer from hot flashes. I can't wait to give birth already. I jump into bed as this man of mine, goes around the room changing into his sleepwear as well and also brushing his teeth. Ey I really don't have to be brushing my teeth this late at night.

Once he gets into bed and snuggles closer to me, I let out moan. I need this man inside me NOW!! "Baby can you please just put the head inside." And what do you know, this man laughs in response.

I don't know maybe I shared a joke unaware? Anyway he sees that I'm serious and decides to push his cock in me without moving. I try to move hips but he holds me in place restricting me of any movement.

"Baaaaby...please....please move." I say to him and I can feel him smile as he responds with, "Relax my love. All in due time." Sigh I can't even see his face since he is holding me from behind.

I keep silent for a few minutes and he says, " Baby I was thinking you should quite your job for the remainder of your pregnancy." I'm about to respond and tell him shit when he starts moving in and out of me.

I gasp and grit my teeth as the feeling is amazing. "Are you...are you crazy Nkanyezi?" I say letting out a shaky breath. This feels great I swear. He keeps a slow pace just moving his dick in and out of my pussy.

"No my love. But think of thae baby...she will need a lot of attention and you can't give her that when you're also working." Does this man not know of maternity leave?

He adds on to say, " And don't tell me of maternity leave. Someone needs to take care of the baby full time and it should be one of her parents."

I would argue with him and ask him why doesn't he quit his job but then again, he's the CEO and he makes more money than

me. But what about what I want? Will I just be a housegirlfriend for the rest of my life?

He senses this and says, "Once the baby is old enough I'll help you start up your own company...whatever it is that you want. Just say yes my love." He says in a husky tone and I know he's about to reach his climax just like I am.

"Oookay..." I clear my throat and add onto say, "Okay I'll do it baby. For the baby. Just fuck me harder." Its seems like a touched a nerve because his speed increases.

"With pleasure my love. Thank you for nit arguing about this." He says that as if I had a choice. I just need this orgasm so I can sleep. He thrusts a few more times with his right hand rubbing on my clit.

This sends me to the edge as my orgasm ripples through me, making my toes curl and my hands clench on the bed sheet. I guess this also sends Nyezi to the edge as he shoots his load into my womb. This is exactly how he got me pregnant honestly because wow!?

With both of us breathing heavily, he fetches a towel so he wipes us both clean. With that we embrace each other as I can feel sleep slowly creeping in. I feel all sticky and sweaty, but that doesn't matter now...I'm sleeping.

"I love you babe." I say to Nyezi as I peck his chin.

"I love you too my love. More than anything in this world." He says giving me a forehead kiss. This makes me blush all the time...the forehead kisses that is. There's just something about these kisses that makes you feel appreciated man.

Whoosah!! Now I can sleep.

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ZIYANDA

Work is not exciting as I expected it to be. We have been busy going over strategies on how to come up with a suitable phrase for a certain company that is looking to expand its business. I'm not really good when it comes to thinking about slogans and logos for companies. I prefer doing a lot of paper work instead.

Since we opened a few weeks back, things have been a little chaotic because there's a client that is coming in today. Apparently he's looking for something vibrant and different, and he's hoping that this company has what he's looking for.

Mark is super excited about this and he can't even hide it. It's funny to see because he looks like a kid in a candy store and is unable to settle on what he wants. He's had a couple of my colleagues pitch ideas on how to tackle this upcoming project. I've never seen him this nervous since I started working here. I'm starting to think this person is a big deal.

The boardroom has been thoroughly cleaned, courtesy of Mark himself. Food platters were ordered and drinks I barely even know, are here in our presence. No man...this is too much for just a mere client. We'll just have to wait and see...we're all gathered in the boardroom waiting for his majesty.

While I wait, how about I let you in on the events of this past few weeks. It was amazing to say the least, telling Mnotho how I feel that is. He got too emotional about that moment if you ask me...imagine if I were to fall pregnant for him. He's been dropping hints about babies by watching baby videos or talking about them when we see them in public.

I don't want to burst his bubble but that will not be happening any time soon. I have a 3 year implant that makes sure no unexpected pregnancies occur. One thing I'm glad we did was get tested for any diseases before we got intimate. Sometimes we forget to use condoms and that is a major risk on it's own.

Our level of chemistry has reached a new high since that fateful Saturday night. He's been more vocal about his feelings more than ever before and I'm glad that he is. I know what he feels

and thinks about certain situations rather than just assuming how he feels.

My mother also invited us to come over this Easter holiday. I don't think it's wise that my mom is getting so attached to Mnotho but then, I can never tell 'Thee' MaMkhize what to do and feel. She has her own mindset and I don't agree with the things she does sometimes, but she knows what's best for her.

I am yet to meet his parents though and I am feeling pretty nervous. He's told me that his father is a real darling but his mother on the other hand, is something else. This scares me because he is a real Mama's boy and that on it's own doesn't sit well with me.

This guy is too old to be babied and now mommy will be included in all of oyr decisions making. I'm not exaggerating, I've seen the show

'In Love With A Mama's Boy' on TLC and all I can say is that these mothers go overboard. I hope it's not extreme though because I tend to reply shit when I feel like I'm being disrespected or pushed around.

His parents have been inviting us over for dinner but I've been postponing because of you know who. Mnotho says he is getting tired of "lying" to his parents but I don't see it as lying when I coincidentally get diarrhoea three weeks in a row. It happens okay!?

Welk now that I've told you about my relationship and that it's seemingly going well, I can just relax. Lunch has now become a boring part of my job. Zim has finally resigned and let me just say, some women are lucky out there. Finding a man who is willing to go above and beyond for you is truly a blessing.

Zim always had the "tea" about everyone's business here in the company. I used to laugh at some of her over-exaggerated stories and she'd respond by saying, "I'm telling you friend." I'd act as if I believe knowing very well that it's just gossip. I guess I can say it comes with the joys of being a receptionist.

All that is over now and my friend is about to be a businesswoman. Now this is the life she ordered. I can't wait to see her thrive and I can assure you, she is going to make a great mother. She's already proven that with her siblings so I am sure she'll nail this.

The meeting has begun and Mark is informing us about the new client. We are dealing with a top dog here who has inherited companies from his family. If I wasn't already hitched I would definitely bag this gent for myself. He's running a few minutes late and honestly, I am not a fan of people who can't keep time. Punctuality is the key to success people!?

"As I was saying, this deal can change this company for good. And I'm hoping everyone will bring their A-game..." he stops talking as the door opens.

In unison, we all turn our heads to the door to see the awaited client. An Indian lady with glasses on, wearing a two-piece walks in first...I'm guessing she is the boss' PA. The man of the hour follows behind...take note of my sarcasm.

Yeah it's true that when it rains it pours. My love life is going great and now God sends one of his temptations. I never thought I'd have to see this guy again...yes you guessed it right, it's my one-night stand Mnqobi.

He smirks immediately when he enters and his face settles on mine. I didn't expect this because as far as I know, we were expecting a Mr Smith. Little did I know that it would be a man who I hadn't thought about since that night.

At this point, I would settle with getting into a minor car crash than staring at this fool that just can't stop smiling. Ugh...why me Lord!?

"Good afternoon folks." He says in that hypnotic voice that made me drop my panties for him that one time. He keeps on smiling like a fool he is. I look around the table and almost every women is taken by this guy. They all respond to his greeting as he settles at the head of the table.

Oh oh....Mnotho is not going to be happy about this. I never told him that I had a one-night stand before we dated. But who would blame me...I didn't think I need to explain myself to any man about my doings before we were even together. Now I'm forced to tell him because that guy is now a client.

I repeat Lord...why me!? Sigh. This is not going to end well.

ZIYANDA

The meeting went well to say the least. My colleague, Ethan, pitched this amazing idea on what Mngqobi's company should have as a slogan. Throughout the course of the meeting, I found out that my one-night stand was actually adopted by a family of Caucasians.

They didn't share much about his adoption but they did it so we could understand what they want to do. By 'they', I am referring to the team of creatives. They want to capitalize on the importance of family in their brand and thus including it in their slogan. This is to assure people that whatever is done, the company will put their interests first no matter the situation.

As I mentioned, the guy's family has multiple businesses but the one we pitched for is the insurance company. It covers vehicles, houses, etc and also includes life insurance policies. I'm still shocked at how rich this Smith family must be. I could say that it was a blessing for Mngqobi to be adopted by a family of such wealth but we just don't know what happens behind closed doors.

The meeting felt like it lasted a lifetime and I could not wait to just be out of there. I tried by all means necessary to never look in his direction, and I could feel his eyes pierce through my skin whenever I wasn't looking. Though, I was forced to look at him when they referred to him- if I didn't it would have been really weird as everybody else did so.

I'm really not excited about this project at all if it means I have to see this man every now and then. No, I am not interested in him at all but I have a feeling he'll pose as a threat to my relationship. I'm just glad that it's knock off time now and I can't wait to get home. As per usual, Mnotho will be coming to fetch me but he's running a little late today. He did send a text telling me that he'll be here soon and I can't wait.

I'm in the waiting area in the lobby, playing a CrossWord puzzle on my phone. Almost everyone has left to their homes and those that are left upstairs that are working late. It could never be me hey...when I need to get home, I have to and no work

will hinder me from it. I hear someone clear their throat and as I look up

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I see that it is non-other than Mnqobi.

Sigh.

I wonder what he wants from me. I go back to solving my puzzle before he decides to speak up. "Hi Nosipho. Long time no see."

I don't understand...were we friends for him to say that!? I'm lost really. "Uh Mnqobi...how can I help you?" I say not even giving him a glance.

"Well...I thought I should greet you and find out how you're doing. But I can see that all is well with you." Can't he catch a hint I'm not interested in talking to him. I finally decide to put my phone in my bag and stand up to talk to this man.

Now that I'm finally on his level, well almost, I get to see that he is a good looking man. And yes, I'm allowed to look even though I can't touch. I guess I do have an eye for good looking men. One thing that irritates me about this guy is that he is such a narcissist.

From the few minutes I spent with him, he did not stop talking about himself or his accomplishments. That to me is a spineless man who has nothing concrete to stand on besides his money. I can never deal with such and that's why I am not even fazed by all the wealth I just discovered he has.

"Listen Mngqobi...what you and I did, ended that night and it didn't suddenly make us friends. You and I don't know each other and that's that. Clear!?" I say to him as we are a few feet apart.

He chuckles and gets closer and says, "Oh but we do know each other...Nosipho or should I say Ziyanda!?" Oh lord!! I wonder who the heck told him my real name. This guy is pissing me off now and why is he all up in my space.

"You better move away from me if you don't want to get kicked in the balls Mngqobi!?" I say between gritted teeth. I wish I could punch him in his face right this second.

He lowers his head and whispers into my ear, "I will make you mine Ziyanda." I feel my skin crawl as he says that...it's not what he said that makes me scared but the tone in which he said it.

I'm about to respond when I hear my boyfriend's voice say, "Hi babe...what's happening here?" I can hear from his tone that he's not happy about this at all.

This fool in front of me pulls away with a smirk on his face. "Uh...baby....I...I..." I can't even find the words to explain what he just walked into and why the hell am I stuttering!?

"Hi, I'm Mngqobi a new client of hers." I can tell that he's being very condescending right now. I'm happy when my man doesn't even dignify this man with a response but pulls his hand out to

me. I quickly shuffle to him as we exit the building. "Goodbye Zee." Yells out this stupid fool we're leaving inside the building.

What was he doing in the building at this time anyway!? We go to the car without a word said between us and this is making me nervous because my boyfriend is never silent for this long. Sometimes I have to ask him to shut up because he tends to get lost in conversations but right now? I'd kill for him to say something.

I hope he doesn't think I was cheating on him in anyway. I know he has a history of cheating women but I am not like his ex girlfriends and I hope he gets to realise that. We get in the car and buckle up still with no words shared between us.

"Baby... what you saw back there..." I try to say. But he responds and says, "It was nothing I get it." Eh no he doesn't get it because why else would he be taking me back to my place.

Yes it's my place because I pay for it and I live there but I thought we were spending time together today. "Baby? Can we

talk please?" I say to him...I've never begged a man to listen to me but here I am doing it to Mnotho.

"I don't want to talk right now Ziyanda...maybe some other time." He says. He's using my birth name? Yeah he's definitely angry.

I let out a deep sigh as we continue with our journey. I think he is being dramatic right now but I can't exactly voice that out now that I'm in the "wrong".

We reach outside my place and I unbuckle my seatbelt. I turn trying to give him a kiss but he moves away and that act on its own breaks my heart. Kanti yini, sengiya nuka manje? (What is it now, do I stink?)

"I'll see you tomorrow morning Ziyanda." He says with a stern voice.

"Okay bye Mnotho." Two can play that game. He didn't even give me a chance to explain myself. Honestly if he wants to act

like this, then so be it. I thought we were both adults but him throwing a tantrum is proving to be otherwise right now.

I get out of the car and head inside the unit to my flat. Once I'm inside the gate, he drives off. Never did I think this is how my day would be ending when I woke up this morning. Yeah...this thing called life!?!? Kak I tell you.

ZIMBINI

Being a housegirlfriend, has been nothing short of amazing. The only time I get bored is when I'm left with nothing to do. When the kids have gone to school and when the boyfriend has gone to work, I struggle finding activities to do.

When I get bored to the point of no return, I google about pregnancy and how it varies between women. Some of the things I discovered there are horrifying and now I understand why doctor's don't recommend women to believe everything they read online.

I'm 6 months and three weeks pregnant and I honestly can't wait to give birth already. I've been eating ice cubes like crazy and that is because it is the only thing I'm craving for. My gynecologist advised me to stop eating it or maybe try and reduce the amount I consume, but it really is hard to quit once you're in deep.

I am currently doing some ironing. Yes...this is what my life has come to now. A certified wife who has not even been paid dowry for. The time is around eleven a.m and I still have to pack the clothes in my wardrobe. I am a neat freak yes, but when it comes to packing my clothes!?! That department is wack shame...I can't even take care of it.

I am missing my friend, Yanda...this life is the kind of life she'd be enjoying. I love my friend but she's a real lazy bone and if it were up to her, she'd have helpers all around the house. She would just be sitting on the couch binge-watching on a series.

I'm a domesticated person by nature...well I don't know if it's by nature or what, but I used to help out around the house a lot growing up. This stuck on me as I got used to waking up early in the morning so I can get things done quickly. This is why I make sure to make breakfast and lunch boxes for everyone before they leave.

I don't want to brag or anything but...I really am wife material. Let me just get back to work before I start acting like a narcissist.

The kids just got back from school. Well Mthoko got here about an hour or two hours ago...and Thandi just got dropped by her transport a few minutes ago. She's telling me about her day at school and man...this child can talk for days I tell you!!

"She also said that I have a head shaped like a pear." She's talking about her friend Kate who, apparently said that her head is pear-shaped. I say apparently because I know my little sister, she is a drama queen and I don't think that's what Kate said exactly. I never know how to deal with these conversations...because how do I respond to such!?

"Oh baby...how can Kate say such to you!? Are you guys not friends?" I ask knowing very well that she's making a big deal out of nothing. This pregnancy has made me unable to control my feelings, I have a real short temper and it's unfortunate that Thandi has been on the receiving end for most of it.

I am trying to make it up to her as much as I can and I've planned an outing for us this weekend. I don't want her or Mtho to ever feel neglected in any way when or before the baby gets here. They are still my babies after all but they should never hear me say that. She goes on telling me about how she didn't enjoy her day and that she wishes Kate was in a different class than her.

We head downstairs to prepare food for dinner and a few minutes later, Nkanyezi joins us. "Hi baby, and hello Ms Thandi." He says after we share a brief kiss. He calls her miss because like I said before...she is a drama queen.

I really love how both Mthoko and Thandi have gotten used to having Nyezi around. I thought it would be a struggle having to adjust living with someone else besides the three of us.

They have made him a father figure in their lives and he has also in return, been treating them like his own. I never thought that they would get to have such a person in their lives and I'm glad that they do now.

Once the food is ready, we head to the dining room to set up the table with Mtho's help. My brother keeps to himself most of the time and when he was younger I used to worry a lot about him. I thought that maybe he was being bullied or something, and only when I sat down with him one day and asked him did I realize that it's just his persona.

He hasn't changed much since then and I've come to accept that he is the way he is. Although he has started talking a lot since we moved in with Nyezi. I'm guessing it's because he's not outnumbered anymore and he has someone to talk to about soccer and whatever. Or the fact that they both have similarities.

I never had any troubles with him and he's always been a good boy. I don't even know if he's dating or not, he has never told me about a partner in his life or any crushes that he may have had or still has. I didn't exactly allow him to be a kid because I always asked him to help out with Thandi...maybe a little too much.

Maybe that has hindered him from doing what kids his age do. I'll have to talk to him when we get some time alone so I can let him know that it's okay for him to do what his mates do. But of course he'll have to be responsible about whatever he chooses to do. Going to a party is not a bad idea and he should be free enough to inform me he wants to go out.

Since dinner is ready

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we settle around table and wait for Nkanyezi to come down and join us. He went to take a shower a while back and he should be done by now. As I attempt to go search for him, he comes down the stairs, wearing a pair of sweatpants and a muscle top.

He looks so handsome my goodness, gracious!! He knows how those sweatpants tempt me. I think I need some prayers because the way I love this guy is starting to get unhealthy. If he breaks up with me, I doubt I'd be the same again. I'm just glad I have a medical aid to make sure I nurse my heart properly when the time comes. As social media would say, "Batlao hurda!"

He takes a seat and we bless our food before digging in. I didn't make anything fancy, just macaroni and mince. A person who wants pap' will have to cook it themselves because it is definitely not going to be me. We all talk about how our day has been and bla bla bla...

Mtho and Nkanyezi offer to wash the dishes and I don't complain. It only seems fair that they do the washing of dishes since Thandi and I cooked. Well I did all the cooking and she kept me busy by talking. That doesn't matter because the point is, she was there with me.

Once the boys are done we decide to go and sleep. It's already late and little Ms here has fallen asleep on the couch. We all agree and Nyezi picks up Thandi to take her to her room. I'm sure it's nice being carried like a princess, I swear this girl is living the life.

I follow behind him as he goes to her room and thereafter, he tucks her in. On the way to our room, we pass by Mtho's room and he has already closed the door. So all we do is shout goodnight to him and then leave after his response. One thing I don't do, is to not respect someone's privacy, whether it's a

child or an adult. Everyone here knows that and it's a policy we have all adapted to.

We enter our room and change into our pyjamas. I get into bed and wait for Nkanyezi to finish up in the bathroom. My mind wanders off as I think about how far I've come. I would be drinking right now and I'm craving for some red wine a lot.

It's unfortunate that I can't have any. When I drank, I used to make sure I drink to get drunk. I mean why else would I have an alcoholic beverage if not to get drunk. Mtho used to check up on me always when he knew I'd be out getting drunk. I'm not proud of how sloshed I'd get but hey...I really love me some booze.

Nkanyezi comes back and cuddles up closer to me.

"Baby..." he says. I wonder what he wants now.

"Hmm?" I mumble as I feel sleepy.

"Marry me please sthandwa sam?(...my love?)"

I chuckle thinking that maybe he's just being his crazy self.

"Lala muntu wam...sowu khuluma izinto ezingekho manje.
(Sleep my love...you're starting to speak gibberish now.)"

"My love, I'm serious. Marry me please?" He asks and now I realize that he's actually being serious. I turn to face him and I can see the seriousness on his face. Wow!! Just when I was asking God to help me not get hurt, the man of my dreams asks me to marry him. Lord, you are truly amazing and full of surprises.

"Yes...I'll marry you." I say with a smile on my face. He pulls me closer and kisses the daylights out of me.

"Thank you baby." He says letting out a sigh. Wait...was he scared I'd say no!? Yeah no ways would that happen and

miss the chance of being a Mrs. But shouldn't I be wearing an engagement ring right now?

"Goodnight my love." He says before I can ask him. With the tone of his voice, I can tell he's exhausted. Okay I'll save this question for tomorrow and let him rest for now. We snuggle closer to each other as I feel sleep take over my body.

"Night...my love." I say to him as I let out an exasperated sigh.

Being in love is really a great feeling...even though we sometimes get hurt but I'm willing to risk it for Nyezi. I guess I'm getting married hey!?

MNOTHO

Everybody has flaws and I, for one, am not immune to them. I am able to admit and point out my imperfections because I am after all, only human. How I handled the situation with Ziyanda is by far the most childish thing I can admit to have done.

I could have handled the situation differently but I had remove myself from it as soon as I could. I have serious anger issues that I developed when I got hurt from my first serious relationship. It got bad to the point where I would just lash out on anyone in sight.

It was only verbal at first, I mean the lashing out. Then it got physical once when Sabelo came over to talk to me. I was still having a depression episode at that point and had shut everyone out. So he came that day to try and talk to me and I don't know at what point he said something that pissed me off. I jumped on him and just started throwing blow after blow at

him, it was gruesome scene and I still wonder how he was able to forgive me after that.

I went to a therapist after that whole incident as my family and friends suggested. I didn't want to at first but after a lot of convincing and emotional blackmail from my mom, I went. It seemed to be working for a while until I had a huge outburst at work with one of my employees.

I knew at that point that I had to try a different approach and when I told my therapist about this, he suggested boxing. It helped out a lot and I've been using it as my coping mechanism since then. I get to release all the tension, anxiety and stress I had inside me all this time.

Whenever I feel like a situation is getting too much for me, I head to the gym. This has been working very well for me and that's what I felt I needed when I found Yanda in that suspicious position with that man. I have never told her this and I think that's my fault.

I should have told her I still have anger issues and that when I get in that state, I need to blow off some steam. Well that "steam blowing" turned into a 4 mire days situation. I asked her if we could talk about this properly on Friday and today is that day. Being nervous cannot begin to describe how I felt today.

I am nervous about how today will pan out. I am scared that I'll find out she doesn't want me anymore and that she has found comfort in the hands of another man. That's what happened with my last two serious relationships and I don't know if I can stand such heartbreak again.

I have to face facts...that guy is maybe 5% better looking than me. I know I should try and keep my feelings in check but I can't after all the betrayal I've been accustomed to. I really hope it is not what it looks like.

I've just picked up Ziyanda from work

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there's so much tension between us. Ever since that encounter, I continued fetching her from work but we haven't been talking or being affectionate as we usually are. We just greet each other and say goodbye when we've arrived at the destination.

I don't like this at all but my paranoia still has the best of me. She's sitting next to me but it feels like she's far from me. No kisses or hugs for so many days...I feel like I'm drowning. I can't help but blame my trust issues...it wouldn't have been this way if only I trusted her. I'm starting to wonder if our relationship is really based on love because how else is it going to work without me trusting her.

I don't know if she'll see me the same way or have any trust in me if my thoughts are wrong. I love Yanda and I definitely don't want to lose her to anything. I'm hoping we'll be able to solve this today and just get it over and done with. We have arrived at my place and I drive my car into the garage so I can park it properly.

With no words exchanged between us, we head inside the house. She turns on the house lights and discards her blazer on the sofa. She looked really beautiful today...she was wearing a little black dress with a red blazer on, and a pair of short boots. She looked really hot and if we were on great terms, I would have her bent over the couch and taking it from behind.

We have more important matters to deal with right now and I just want us to be okay again. She settles down on the couch and lets out a deep breath. She looks tired and I'm pretty sure this matter has been taking a huge strain on her. I did not mean to upset or stress her, but I really can't help it when it comes to our relationship.

I take a seat next to her as she puts her feet on top of my thighs. I can't get myself to remove them because, besides all of this shit we've been experiencing, she's my girlfriend and I love. After a few minutes of just sitting she tells me what really happened that day.

I feel really bad for being dramatic about a situation that could have been dealt with there and then. She explained how she Mnqobi was a one night stand and that he promised he'll make her "his". That to me feels like a threat and I have no choice but ask Qaphela to get some of his men to look out for anything suspicious.

Q is a CEO for a security company that he started years ago. I'm proud of what he's created for himself and now I finally get to ask for assistance from him. He's good at what he does and many of his clients can attest to that.

Not to say that I think Mnqobi would go to extreme measures to be with Yanda but it's better to be safe than sorry. One should always take notice of such comments because it could really be a threat. I love my girlfriend and I don't want anything bad happening to her.

We're now lying on my bed after a very passionate session of love making. It was the only way to make sure she forgives me immediately. She is about to snooze off and it's only fair I express how much I love and appreciate her before she goes to LalaLand.

"My love??" I say to her.

"Yes baby..?" She replies.

"I'm really sorry for how I acted about this situation. I promise to try and do better from now on. I love you and only you, okay!?"

She lets out a deep sigh and says, " Yeah baby...I forgive you. I love you too and I hope things will get better from now on." I can tell she seems a little bit hesitant as she says this...maybe she still has her doubts about me. But that's okay because I promise to prove to her that I can do and be better.

"Night stufuza sami(...my plumped woman.)"

She chuckles and says, "Night sthandwa. (...love.)"

Yeah...now I can rest!

ZIYANDA

Exhausted doesn't begin to describe how I feel right now. Work has been hectic and I barely get time to just relax and think. Things have got to a point where we take our PC's home with us so we can try and finish some of the tasks we've been having.

Mark is always breathing down our necks now and we've been redoing some of the things over and over. He finds the smallest details to just derail our progress because he wants everything to be perfect. Apparently this project from Mngqobi's company could put our name on the map.

He said that he doesn't want anything to put Mngqobi off when we get to do our presentation and how we plan on making sure we get more clients for his insurance company. And also, if this presentation is a success and we get to sign Mngqobi's company as our own, we have a great chance getting to sign his other family companies as well.

I can tell that Mark is taking this very seriously and I think maybe he was promised a higher paying position if all goes well with this deal. Too bad assumptions don't work and since I don't have any friends here to gossip about with this, I'll keep my thoughts to myself.

We are all just putting more effort into making this work. I think I speak for all of my colleagues when I say that, we are drained and just need a break. I'm hoping that once all this is done, we can maybe get a day off to recuperate. We have one more week to finalise this pitch and we're all just hoping for the best.

So about Mngqobi, I last saw him when Mnotho found me with him. It's been three weeks since that happened and I'm really grateful I haven't seen him since. I know I have to be professional when I see him, because I know for sure he'll want to come here himself and not send any executives.

I still haven't gotten over what he said though...it really scared me. I now feel like I have become paranoid and that I am always being watched. I haven't told Mnotho about how I feel because then he'd be overbearing and always want to be around me.

I really love how much he cares but sometimes he can get a little bit too much. So I guess this is something I have to keep to myself for now. This has made me more observant though and whenever I walk I make sure to take in my surroundings. Yes, I walk from time-to-time when I have to take a taxi home.

Of course my boyfriend was not happy when I decided to use taxi's again every now and then but, I had to remind him that I don't have a car of my own. I said that because it's true and I don't want to get used to something that is not mine and I have no idea of how long it will last.

Relationship problems are something I am yet to get used to. That disagreement between us is something I hope we don't have to go through again. He is a sentimental person but I don't think I'd change him for anyone else...well for now at least.

Sigh.

I should just get back to my job. I wish I had a rich father who was present in my life and then I'd get to spend all my days at home. I'd sip on some wine or maybe champagne, depending on the mood for that day. Well those are just dreams...and it's time I stop day-dreaming at work.

It's after work and I just got back to my place....with Mnotho of course. Like I said, he wants to be by my side most of the time. I don't want to seem rude but it's getting a little suffocating. I don't know how to tell him this without sounding offensive. I know this is a bit of a contrast to my statement from earlier on but

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I can't help but feel this way.

I want to plan Zim's baby shower properly and I don't think I can do it with him here. I want to make it special for her since this is her first child and also because she always puts others first and herself last. She deserves everything great and I'm happy that Nkanyezi decided to do right by her and put a ring on it.

She told me he proposed while they were in bed and till date, he hasn't bought a ring. Their engagement party is coming up soon and well let's just say, a little birdie told me that he'll give her a ring at the party. Yeah Mnotho can't keep secrets and he told me this immediately when he got back from a night-out with the gents.

I think I'll do the baby shower two weeks after the engagement party. I don't want these events clashing and I want her to be able to celebrate both without feeling too tired or stressed. I still have to compile a guest list and that is going to be a bit challenging because she doesn't have that much friends.

Now back to my "home invasion"... he's still watching soccer in the living room and drinking beer. One thing I like about him

though, is that he's able to keep his distance when he realizes that I need some space. I still don't enjoy that he's this near though but I think he gets it.

I'm looking for baby shower ideas on the internet and there are so many, I don't even know which one to settle on. I think I'll know which one is better once I finalise the number of people who'll be attending. Though, there is this one that caught my attention and I just keep on thinking how cute it will look once I get it set up.

It is a pie bar where there are different flavours of pies placed on some sort of a stand. The idea is amazing really and it's something I want there. But the whole aim of this event is so that the mother enjoys herself and that it is something she'd want at her event. Since I have to think out of the box, I'll have to get into Zim's mind and think...What Would Zim Want?

Sigh. This is stressing me out and maybe I should put it aside for now and get back to it after this work "crisis" I'm in. I don't know why I'm putting so much stress on myself when I could be getting some rest. I close all the tabs I had opened in the browser and switch off the PC.

I go to the living room to spend "quality" time with my lover. It's not so much of quality time because well...we are always together except when we are working. One day when the time is right, I will tell him how I feel but for now I'll enjoy being with him. Every time I think about doing it though, I chicken out because when we were at his place he treated me good.

He went above and beyond to make my stay comfortable and to my liking. I feel like a selfish person and I am conflicted between doing what's right for him or myself. I think this is all because I've never been in such a situation.

I know how to love, that I do know how to really well. The trouble starts when I have to believe that someone else can love me just as much. I am struggling to truly believe that he loves me as much as he says he does. Not only has he said it, but he's proven time and again that he really means what he says with his actions.

I don't know what more I want from him because I don't think there's anything more he can do to show me that. Maybe I need to see a therapist to deal with my abandonment issues. I don't think I want to push him away from me and I'm afraid I won't get someone else who'll be patient with me as he has been.

I really need to deal with my issues so that I don't lose people I've grown to love and respect. It's time I face my fears and try and work on myself to be better.

"Hey baby." I say to you know who as I reach where he's seated. We share a short kiss as I settle comfortably beside him.

"Hii my love. I missed you so much." He says and I roll my eyes at that statement. This missing me business is yet to bore me but I guess these are things I can talk to my therapist about.

"Missed you too. So what are we watching?"

"Manifest. It's really interesting and this is only the second episode of the first season. You'll be able to catch on if you pay attention.." He says.

I smile and nod my head, I slump down on his shoulder as I get comfortable. This has to work, it's my last attempt to be a better person for this big-headed man of mine.

A few minutes watching this and I agree that it is interesting. Maybe I'll make this a thing...for us to have things we will watch together. I guess I'll watch one more episode before retiring to sleep.

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ZIYANDA

"And that is how we as the Ezizweni marketing department will be able to help your company grow." Adrian my colleague, says as he closes off on the presentation.

We are all very anxious right now as we look over at Mngqobi and his team. We have worked very hard to make sure this deal gets finalised. All the research and sleepless nights have all been for this moment. This moment that could either break or make this company as a whole.

We are all on the edge right now. People are biting on their nails, tapping their feet repeatedly or either sweating profusely. Anything that shows signs of nervousness is visible in this room. It doesn't help how long the man who has us by the neck, is taking forever to respond.

Mnqobi finally decides to say something as he clears his throat. "I love it! It has so much potential and authenticity that many people will be able to relate to it. This will show our clients that we have their best interests at heart. It's a deal Mark and team."

The energy in the room is great as we hear a sigh of relief from each end. Everybody was scared shitless but now I can confidently say we are all thrilled. But no one is as thrilled as Mark is right now. Oh damn right he should be!! Not after all that pressure he put us under. I think we can take this as a test because it showed us flames.

Both Mark and Mnqobi stand up to shake hands before our client exits the room. Mark then turns to face us after shutting the door with a wide goofy smile on his face. I still suspect that he's getting a promotion for all of this, but I guess I'll just have to wait and see.

"Wow people!! Thank you all for playing your roles to the T. As much as I have been a pain in the butt to all of you, I'm glad you

pushed through. And now we can celebrate as we are going to be ranking with the wealthy folks." He says.

We all chuckle and Adrian asks, "So can we have drinks now boss?" We laugh again because well, Adrian is the office clown and he's right. We really do need a drink or two after this.

"Yeah of course Adrian, you can all have drinks. You guys deserve it! And once again guys great work, keep it up." He says with a smile and exits the boardroom leaving us to talk about the stress of work in it's entirety.

I decide to stay back for a while and mingle with the colleagues. I don't have any friends here but it's okay to just be social with everybody. It is crucial that we have a helathy work-relationship for the progress of our work. Two glasses of champagne later, I decide to head back to my work station to gather my stuff.

Mark already gave us the go-ahead to knockoff early because we've earned it and of course we need the rest. Too bad for me, I don't have the privilege to rest today as it is Zim and

Nkanyezi's engagement party. They finally settled on a day and it has been a long while coming.

I just sent a text to inform Mnotho not to pick me up from work as I'll be taking a taxi back home. He responds asking if he should fetch me but I assure him that I'll be taking a taxi back home. He is such a sweetheart and I can't wait to see him later on tonight. I send him a heart emoji as I log off and head to the taxi rank.

"Bye Refilwe." I say to the lady who has taken over as a receptionist since Zim left. She's really nice but I'm not looking for anymore friends from work.

So about Mngqobi...well I'm glad he didn't pay any attention to me during the meeting. This means that he's accepted that we can never be a thing. It would have made working on his project very disturbing and I would obviously have been unproductive.

I love my job and in as much as I complain about it a lot, it is what I chose to do. I wouldn't want to lose it because of silly disagreements with a client. Having to look for a job in SA is a real challenge and even securing an interview is a mission on it's own. I'm not looking to go through that entire process again after being blessed with a job.

Once at the rank, I get inside the taxi and settle inside as I wait for it to fill up with passengers. I am planning on letting loose this evening. It's been a while since I've seen my friend and it will be fun to catch up and unwind.

We got to the venue three hours ago and it really looks beautiful. It's a mansion that is located in Midrand and dare I say

it is to die for! I had to take a moment of silence before we even entered inside because the place is just elegant.

In the driveway, there is a fountain in the centre of the yard. And since it was evening, there were lights that lit up inside and never had I seen such beauty in real life. At that moment I was happy I took the time to get ready and look pretty. I had no idea we were attending at such a place of high standards.

Since the theme was more of a cocktail kind of event, I had a dress ordered online after we got an invitation. It got delivered earlier this week and I hadn't had the time to fit it on. I didn't know how I'd look once I put it on and that was my biggest fear. All the fear left my body when I put it on right before Mnotho came to fetch me. He gasped a little when he saw me with it on.

It is a little purple dress, that is just above my knees. It's made of a silk material but it has a long sleeve on one side of the dress which is made of feathers. The other side is completely sleeveless but the fabric makes it look unique. This design is really out of my comfort zone but I'm glad I went for it. I had a couple of heads turning when I got here and that to me is a compliment on it's own.

Nkanyezi's friends are here as well as Mnotho's brothers. They all brought dates and it seems like they are awfully wonderful women. They were all very welcoming and such beautiful people I can't fault them in any way...the dates that is. Zim and I are currently on the patio, talking about what's been going on in our lives since we hadn't had a proper conversation in a while.

"So how's engaged life going friend? Do you feel any different than you were before?" I ask her with a wide smile on my face. I can't help but admire her relationship with Nkanyezi. Their love is authentic and genuine.

"Lutho yazi mngani, kusa fana nje. (No difference at all you know friend, its still the same.) He has been acting a lot more like a husband though, I don't even know how to explain it but yeah. And I'm more excited about this ring on my finger." She says looking mesmerized by the 24-carat diamond ring on her finger.

Oh yes...did I mention that her man gave her the engagement ring tonight as I had already "thought" he would.

"It is such a gorgeous ring mngani (...friend). I'm sure it cost a fortune, a queen sized ring for a real queen." She lets out one of her ugly laughs after hearing what I said. Her laugh is so contagious I find myself laughing as well.

We continue chatting a little more before she starts complaining about being tired. Carrying another human inside you is really no joke, you get to feel what they feel and that to me is scary. I can tell she needs to get to bed so we journey of in search of her future husband and my darling boyfriend.

Most guests have left as we enter the huge living room. Wow is all I can say to the person who thought of the design and the detailing of this place. It is exceptionally wonderful. "Babe I'm tired...I want to sleep now." Zim says to her lover.

I don't get to hear the rest of their conversation as snuggle up to my man. "You okay sweetie?" Mnotho asks.

"Yeah I'm fine lala. Can we go now?" I ask him. He looks around checking if it would be proper for us to leave. After his

"scanning" he turns his head back to me and nods. He takes my hand into his as we say our goodbyes to everyone else who was left.

One thing I like about adult events is that people understand each other. We understand that we all need our rest because we have things to do. The lovely couple has also decided to leave and said would follow after us. Did I mention that we've exchanged contact details with the gents' dates!? Yeah we did and we created a group chat on WhatsApp.

I think maybe I'll invite them over for the baby shower. Well, I still have to create a private group chat for that one because this is a surprise for the expecting lady.

We have arrived outside the gate of my unit and I've already informed Mnotho that I want to spend the night alone today. I honestly need some proper rest and he gets that I've been working hard these past few weeks and I need to have a proper sleep.

"Bye lala, I love you." I say to him as I give him a short kiss.

"Bye baby. I'll see you tomorrow then, okay? Take care of yourself okay?" He says. What else would I do really!? Throw myself off the stairs?

"Okay lala, I will. Goodnight then."

He nods reluctantly as I exit the car and head up the stairs. He is too clingy this one...he must just relax. Getting up the stairs is a mission and a half as my fell like they are about to give up on me any minute. I unlock the flat and enter inside making sure the door and security gate is locked.

Sigh.

I should have left the lights turned on before I left because Wow! I turn my flashlight as I search for the switch for the living room. Aaaah there!! Found it. I turn around to head to my

room but stop in my tracks as I'm startled by a voice coming from the couch.

"Hii Ziyanda. Happy to see me?" I drop my phone and clutch on the ground as my heartbeat races. What the fuck does this psycho want?

"Mnqobi?" I ask

And how the fuck did he even get inside my flat!?

ZIMBINI

"Yes!! Right there baby..." I moaned in Nkanyezi's ear as I feel my orgasm approach. We're in the garage, still inside the car but having sex in backseat. I'm glad this is an SUV otherwise this would have been super uncomfortable.

I just couldn't wait any longer I needed to feel him inside me. I also didn't want us to wake the kids up by making unnecessary noise. I hired a babysitter for today because I didn't want Mthoko to be disturbed since he had an assignment to finish. He's already started at varsity and Nyezi found him a small flat for him to live in.

I wanted him to look for student accommodation but I can never get in the way of what they decide...by they I mean Mtho and Nyezi. He always comes to visit us on Fridays to spend the weekend and he leaves late Sunday afternoon. I tried complaining about the expense of all that but then who am I to have a say!?

"Ooooooh yeah baby...I'm cumming!" Nyezi groans as his grip tightens around my hips.

"Me too my love...me too." I say and right on cue, we climax at the same time. My toes curl as I try to muffle my moans by screaming into the car seat.

He lets out a loud groan as well as he shoots the last of his load inside me, pulling out his now flaccid dick. I really have become wild and untamed, not that I'm not liking it though. These stolen moments of intimacy are the bomb and I enjoy it so does he.

He places a wet kiss on my shoulder and says, "That was amazing my love." I just nod as I'm feeling speechless and parched. I think I can get a quick shower before I sleep because I'm feeling really tired. We exit the car and head inside the house.

The entire house lights are off and we are forced to navigate our way around the house using flashlights. We start off in the kitchen so I can get something to drink before we head upstairs to go get some rest. I check on Thandi and she's sound asleep, well I can't just open Mtho's room to check on him. Privacy remember? I trust that he's okay and I have no need to distrust him.

The young lady who babysat Thandi, Ntombi, is probably in the guest room. I had already informed her to sleep over if we don't make it back on time for her to go back home. I had the guest room cleaned by Mtho yesterday. I've become super lazy now that I'm closer to giving birth.

I just sit about and order people around, I'm glad that they are able to tolerate my acts. My tummy is not even that big, I think it's because it's my first baby...I don't know. Although it differs from woman to woman, I found out that during the first pregnancy, the tummy doesn't get huge for most women.

Both Nyezi and I jump into the shower together so we can make it real quick. I really need some rest, today has been fun

and exhausting. Planning this party was great and maybe I'll get to plan my own wedding. Everything went great and I'm glad we got to spend time with the people who mean a lot to us.

Stepping out of the shower, we dry our bodies and wear our sleepwear. Nyezi wraps his arms around me as we both drift off to sleep. Today was a really good day.

Its Saturday morning, and I've made breakfast for the entire family. Some eggs, toast, viennas and tomatoes for everybody else while I settle for cereal. It's what I enjoy eating a lot, and in the evenings as well.

"Sit down Thandi, otherwise we are not going to be playing any games today." I say to her as she's busy running around the kitchen. Does she understand how dangerous how that act alone is?

She rolls her eyes at me but I choose to ignore it because I'm not in the mood to be screaming this morning. I'm about to call everyone else when Mtho and Nkanyezi descend from upstairs. They are really two peas in a pod, it's hard separating them when we're all at home.

"Hi sisi unjani? (...sis how are you?)" He says as he gives me a kiss on the cheek.

"I'm good Mtho how are you? Do you mind calling Ntombi to tell her that breakfast is ready?" I say in response.

"I'm good and of course...let me go get her." The guest room is right down the passage which is a bit further from the kitchen.

A few minutes later, they emerge from the passage both looking a little flustered. I wonder their deal is.

"Morning Ntombi, I hope you slept well?" I ask with the most gentle smile I can offer her since I'm always moody. She's a

really beautiful young lady and I'm happy I chose her to look after the little miss, she asked if we can always get Ntombi to baby sit her because she was great. Apparently she played with her and also sang along to the cartoons she was watching. That to me is a great win because I will need her when the time comes.

"Morning ma'am...sir. Hello Thandi! I slept well thanks and thank you for this job." She says.

"Oh man it's nothing sweet. Take a seat and join us for breakfast, Mtho will drop you off at home once you're done." I say to her as I dish up for my little sister and this grown baby I call my man.

"No there's no need to drop me off. I can take a taxi back home, it's..." she tries to say but Nyezi pitches in.

"Mtho will take you home, Ntombi. Don't rush or anything

he doesn't mind right Mtho?" He says to both young adults in a stern tone that leaves no room for discussion. They both agree and I just smile because this is one side of him I find attractive.

We all have breakfast with chats here and there but most of them from Thandi talking about the girls she's in "competition" with at school. I barely pay attention to that conversation because most of these complaints are directed to Nyezi, as if he has any solutions to them.

After breakfast, I transfer the fees for looking after Thandi to Ntombi. I added a little extra to thank her for being such a wonderful baby sitter and dealing with my sister's tantrums, I know for sure those took place because I know how her mind works. She wants things done her way all the time and if not, she uses her set of skills used to manipulate the other person.

The youngsters take off and only Thandi, Nyezi and I left behind. We decide to play tea party with the little girl as we

wait for Mtho to come back. Throughout breakfast, I noticed how they exchanged looks and I definitely felt a spark between those two. They looked like they shared a very intimate moment and I'm hoping they didn't get up to any funny business in the presence of Thandi.

I don't know how I'd feel if they really were into each other...Ntombi is slightly older than Mtho and I don't know if that'd be good for them both. But in the same breath, I don't think I have a right to feel some type of way about Mtho's love life. What he chooses to do in his life is his responsibility and I can only advise him if necessary.

"Babe...did you notice anything weird vibe between Mtho and Ntombi?" I ask Nyezi as Thandi wraps a scarf around his neck and applies lipstick on his juicy lips. I can't help but chuckle at how ridiculous he looks, then again he'd do anything Thandi asked him to.

"No sthandwa sam, phuma nje ezindabeni zabantwana. (No my love, stay out of the children's business.) What they choose to do and feel is none of our business unless they choose to involve us themselves." He says with a tone that clearly states that this conversation is over before it even began.

Sigh.

You can never get anything out of this man. I'm pretty sure he knows something, I can just tell. They came down the stairs laughing and that can only mean they were talking about something. So is it just me who isn't going to be told anything?

I nod and resume back to the game at hand. One way or another, I shall find out what is really going on.

It's now late at night, 20:36 to be exact. When Mtho came back we resumed with our initial plans of having a game day. We played charades, 30 seconds, Dominos and the works. I can positively say that we all had fun. My assumptions have been

cleared though, my little brother came back a little overly excited.

This can only mean that he and ntombo (girl) are now an item or are headed towards being one. I didn't ask him any questions though because well, I was already told kuthi angingene lapho (...that I shouldn't meddle.)

We just had supper and are watching a Marvel movie titled, 'Avengers: Endgame'. I'm a huge Marvel fan so when the opportunity of choosing a movie presented itself, I couldn't help myself. Thandi and her spokesperson were against the movie because miss wanted a princess movie. While my brother and I wanted to watch what I picked.

The only way we were able to settle on what movie to watch was with a game of rock; paper; scissors. That settled it and now everyone is enjoying a movie that I chose. Notice the emphasis on 'I' okay...(wink wink).

We're half way through the movie when Nyezi's phone rings. Since I'm sitting with him on the couch, I glance at the phone and I notice that it's Mnotho calling. I wonder why he'd be calling this late. Shouldn't he be spending time with my girl?

"Yeah bafo? (brother)" Nyezi says as he answers. I try not to pry and focus back on the movie. I can't hear what Mnotho is saying but I feel Nyezi's body tense up. I turn to look at him and he's got a scowl look on his face.

"Let me ask her...bamba kancane.(hold on)"

He removes the phone from his ear and asks, "Did you speak to Ziyanda today?" Uh why would he ask me that?

"No...I last spoke to her at the party. What is it? Is something wrong?" He doesn't answer but goes back to his call and tells Mnotho what I said. They talk a while longer without giving anything away then he finally ends the call.

"What was that about?" I ask seeing that he's not going to say a word. I look around the room and both children have vanished. They probably went to sleep feeling tired from the day's events.

I set my eyes back on Nyezi and raise my eyebrow in suspense.

He then says, "That was Mnotho..." Uh I'm pretty sure that was obvious. I don't say a word as I want him to finish his statement.

"Apparently he's been trying to call Ziyanda the entire day and to no avail. He then decided to go to her place and when he knocked repeatedly with no response, he called the police. They arrived and searched the flat and they didn't find her so they are looking at a case of being kidnapped." He finishes off letting out a long held breath.

I heard what he said but I would have felt if something bad had happened to her, right!?

Tears cascade down my face as I ask him, "Do the police have any leads?"

"No. Mnotho sounds so defeated but he's asked his brother Qaphela for some help since he owns a security company. Hopefully he will be of better help than the police."

I throw myself into my man's arms as I cry about my missing friend. All I can do is pray for her safety and goodwill. I really can't lose my friend...not like this. Not when we still have things to do and places to visit. She'll come back safe...she has to.

Maybe if I called and checked on her last night or early this morning, I would have a clue of what happened to her. Maybe I could have helped!

"I hope you're safe my friend." I whisper as Nyezi tucks me into bed. My heart feels so heavy.

Deep sigh!!

43

ZIYANDA

"Mnqobi what are you doing here?" I ask not far from the door I just locked.

"Why don't you take a seat huh my love?" He says with a creepy grin.

I try running to the door for an escape but his voice puts my feet to a halt, "I wouldn't do that if I were you, well not with this gun in my hand." I turn back to look at him and he indeed has a gun in his hand. I can still make a run for it but I don't think I'll make it.

I don't know the level of craziness of this guy because he got into my place undetected. Who is to say he won't pull that trigger to stop me from leaving. I reluctantly drag my feet to the couch opposite him.

He looks like a real lunatic right now, in complete contrast to how he looked earlier during our meeting. How can a person look this different in a short space of time. I'm scared shitless right now but I have to know what he wants. He didn't look the slightest interested in me today so how is it he's here now.

"Surprised to see me my love?" He moves to edge of the couch with the gun not leaving his hand. There goes that term again, my love? Since when did I become his love?

"What's happening Mnqobi? Ufunani kimi?(What do you want from me?)" I say starting to feel a bit more irritated than scared.

"Let's go for a walk so I can tell you all about it, shall we?" He stands up and requests I get on my feet as well.

We're headed to the door when I ask him if maybe I can take some of my things before we go since he said I won't be coming back soon. He replied and said, "Oh you won't be needing anything from here. Everything is taken care off, let's go!"

Out the door we go with a gun pointed on my back. No one would suspect a thing seeing that he looks like a good guy who is taking me out on a date. Bab' Madiba, the security guard, is giving me funny looks. Probably thinking that the only reason didn't come in today is because I wanted to bring in my other sneaky link.

Oh Lord!! I hate Mngqobi so much...he's not just about to kill me but is also destroying my 'good girl' reputation as well. If I get a chance, I'm going to kick him in his balls, I swear!?

That was five days ago when Mngqobi took me from my place of comfort by force. I don't know where he brought me because immediately when we entered his car, he took out a syringe and injected whatever drug it was to make me sleep. I have no idea how we got here of we made any stops along the way...I'm not even sure if we're still in the same province.

By the time I came to, I found myself in this huge bed that was comfortable to say the least. Oh who am I kidding!? It had Egyptian cotton sheets and pillows you could tell were stuffed with feathers. Some high quality shit if you ask me.

I don't know if I should be grateful for how he's treating me right now or what. He doesn't have me chained up somewhere in a basement or dodgy place instead, he brought me to a very beautiful and sophisticated house. It is located deep in the woods, well that's what he told me.

The house is sealed though, the windows are bulletproof and I've tried breaking them but none of it worked. Not to mention the doors being super hard to even break. I assume they are made of steel because never have I ever seen a door being this resistant. I wouldn't put it past him though, he's proven to have loose screws.

He said even if I tried running, I won't get far because he's got motion sensors all around. So this means he'll be able to detect

any movement from me at any given moment. I would have enjoyed being in a place like this if only it was my choice to come here. Now that it's against my free will it sucks the fun right out of it.

When I woke up days ago, he sat me down and told me how he was able to get to me. I shed a tear or two when he made me realise that I haven't really appreciated the lengths Mnotho has gone to for my well-being. I think it's because I didn't know about his acts...yeah let's just go with that.

"I knew that foolish man of yours would get some kind of protection for you when he found us that day. A day after there was a person who was always on watch, looking after you. That made me delay my plans because I could not risk anyone seeing that I was also following you." He lets out a dry, evil chuckle before he catches his breath and continues.

"Then a week ago he finally told his brother to take the "bodyguard" off the post and that everything seems fine now. But little did he know that I had planned to attack when he let's

his guard down. Yesterday was the perfect time to attack because I knew you had an event to get to and that you'd come back to your flat. Little did I know that you'd come back with your stupid boyfriend. I had already thought of ending his life but I guess God was on his side. I'm glad I found you though."

When he finished narrating, it left me in my feelings. I was sad that I got kidnapped but glad that no one else got hurt in the process. That was the last time I spoke to Mngqobi because he then left to give me time to process and accept my "new" life. He said there's no way he'd let me go now that he has me.

I thought maybe I'd have more to "process" it all but he's here today and there's no way out for me. Since I'm always locked inside the house, I have no way to go out for some fresh air. He's busy making lunch in the kitchen with music playing. The house is always clean because I have nothing else to keep me busy but doing chores.

Me being here for so long means that there's a high possibility of getting fired from work. I prayed so hard for that job and in a blink of an eye I must have lost it. I just find my hatred for this guy growing more and more each day. Why is it so hard for him to get it through his thick head, that angimufuni!? (...I don't want him!?)

He makes his way to where I'm seated with two plates of food in his hand. I'd play hard-to-get and not eat his food but the truth is, I'm hungry and I'm pretty sure he won't kill me just yet. He needs me alive because he "loves" and he'd do anything for me. Well that part is true considering I'm now somewhere in the forest.

'I don't know what to do

To do with your kiss on my neck

I don't know what feels true

But this feels right so stay a sec

Yeah, you feel right so stay a sec

And let me crawl inside your veins

I'll build a wall, give you a ball and chain

It's not like me to be so mean

You're all I wanted

Just let me hold you like a hostage'

'Hostage' by Billie Eilish plays and I don't know if he planned it to play next or what. Coincident? I think not!! He's basically telling me that he wants to keep me like this forever. I don't want this to be a permanent thing but how do I even escape his wrath.

He's seated on the couch eating without a care in the world. I don't know if he understands the magnitude of what he's done...fucking asshole!! I continue eating as well not commenting on the song choice. I regret ever having him as my one-night stand.

That's why some people discourage sleeping with people you met once. But I don't that's the problem, the problem starts when the other person doesn't understand that you don't want to pursue anything further with them.

I blame my amazing vagina...that's the only plausible reason why he'd be acting like this. I finish off eating and take my plate to the sink, still with no word shared. I'll wash this dish later, hopefully when this man has left. As I turn around, I find him standing right behind me. The fuck!?

When did he get here? And how the hell didn't I hear him move so close? Nothing he does should surprise me anymore but I just can't help it. He's a really creepy guy.

"So when are we getting married Ziyanda?" He asks with a coy smile plastered on his stupid good looking face. I know shouldn't be complimenting him at this moment but it's true, he does look good.

"Married? Uyahlanya wena nja. Hamba uyo shada unyoko slima! (You are crazy you dog. Go and marry your mom fool!)" I did say I can insult a person for days and in this case, this psycho deserves it.

He laughs and says, "Oh but that's not what you'll be saying in a few minutes. You really thought I would just make you lunch and not add a little something to spice up our sex life?"

What the hell is he talking about? What sex life because I won't be sleeping with him...never!! "What are you talking about?", I ask suddenly feeling hot.

"I added Flibanserin also known as, Addyi into your food. You'll be all over me in a few and you won't be able to control yourself. It's a Viagra- kind of drug that will have you offering yourself to me on a silver platter."

My breathing pattern increases as I feel my palms sweat. I rush going to my room as I feel myself getting horny. "No amount of masturbating will help you Yanda!! You need the real deal to help you get the edge off!" He laughs and yells as I hurry out of the kitchen to my room.

Oh no! This cannot be happening to me right. How will Mnotho take this? How could I be this foolish to eat his bloody food

without being suspicious!? I get inside the room and shut the door making sure to lock.

I strip off my clothes as I feel hot flashes take over my entire being. What do I do now? Maybe getting a cold shower will help me cool off?

MNOTHO

Death. I'm not sure how it is to be dead and not be in control of anything happening in the world anymore. Does anyone even know how it feels? One thing I can say though, is that I feel like it. I feel like death because I've been having sleepless nights since I found out my girl is missing.

I haven't gone to work since her disappearance. I wouldn't be able to get any work done as she is all I can think about. She occupies every piece of my mind and it drives me crazy that she's out of my reach and sight.

Every time I close my eyes in hope of getting some rest, I get nightmares that make me jolt awake from sleep instantly. I always see her in bad state - bleeding and crying. I don't know if she's being fed or not, or whether she's getting raped. This is eating me inside because I regret not being more persistent with her about spending the night at her place.

I feel so guilty for even removing the security team that Q had organised for her. I'm so stupid and I can't stop blaming myself. I deserve all this exhaustion I feel and aching body. Lord knows Yanda might be experiencing something worse and I can't do anything to help.

The moment that made it real for me was when I went to Mpumalanga to fetch her mother. I had to inform her about her missing daughter and I didn't want her to be alone when I told her such news. Elders are triggered by small issues so I could only imagine how she'd handle these kind of news.

I fetched a day after I found out the kidnapping because I needed to make sure that I tried looking for her before telling her mom. I took her mom to my parent's place because I needed someone who will be able to comfort. Someone who will be able to sympathise with her and boy am I glad I did that.

I've never heard someone cry this much honestly. I understood her fears because not only is she losing her child, but her only

living child. This probably brought back all the horrible memories of how she lost her other child. She's been staying at my parent's place because I didn't want her being alone and end up having suicidal thoughts.

Unfortunately since our justice system is so flawed, there hasn't been any other leads since one of the unit's security guard described her leaving with some man. The man's description turned out to be Mngqobi and well, he was asked whether he's seen where Yanda is or not.

The bloody fool made up some story about how he dropped her back here after they came back from the "club". I tried telling the police that there is no way that is true and that this man is lying. All they said was that since there isn't enough evidence to say he kidnapped her, they couldn't charge him.

I really wanted to wipe that smug look off of his face. He annoys the crap out of me and nothing being done about this, made me feel like he's won. I turned to my brother and asked

him for help on finding my woman. He of course, jumped to occasion without further questions.

I hate that I took this punk Mngqobi for a snob because the information that came back said otherwise. Apparently he has a mental illness known as Dissociative Identity Disorder (DID). It is commonly known as multiple personality disorder and it all started before he got adopted by the Smith's.

Back in the orphanage he was at, they used to abuse him emotionally. He'd be called names and was sworn at every single day. He then sought comfort from soccer which proved to be a non working variable as he still felt the pain of the sharp words thrown at him.

When he turned 12 years old, the Smith's came along and adopted him and two other kids from the orphanage. They were good people and it showed because he got everything he asked for. They didn't care that he had a different skin colour than theirs but they loved him and the others, like their own.

He had his first mental breakdown at thirteen, where a fight broke out at school with a boy that disrespected him in front of his class. The other boy was badly bruised and had to be taken for surgery. This was his trigger and he was then taken to a therapist that diagnosed him with DID.

Finding all this information was really scary because this was a guy who held my girl captive. And since we found out all this information through illegal dealings, I had to do more research on my own. I asked Q to help me get one of his siblings numbers.

The two that got adopted with him, were out of reach as they had moved out of the country. His brother, Tony, the Smith's only biological child is the only sibling I was able to reach. I told him that I wanted to talk about Mnqobi and he requested we meet in person.

The tone of his voice when we spoke on the phone has me scared of what he has to say to me. I might have underestimated this jerk and now there's a possibility I might lose Yanda forever.

Already seated at the meet up place of his choice

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'Coffee Pup', a cafe at a secluded area in town. He said it's never busy so it makes the perfect spot to meet at and chat without interruptions. As I scan my eyes around the room, I agree that this is a perfect spot. Coffee places usually get full to the max but with this one, it has room to breathe.

I see a tall Caucasian man looking around from the entrance and I'm able to spot that it's Tony. I stand and wave at him, he shuffles to me and we shake hands before taking a seat. "Hi, you must be Mnotho?"

"Yes, yes I am. How are you Tony?" I say trying to speed up the process. My girlfriend's life is in danger I have no time to waste.

"I'm good and I can tell you're not. What has Mnotho done now?" Now? Does this mean he's a troublesome being always?

I'm about to tell him but a waitress interrupts us asking what we'd like to order. I settle for cappuccino and Tony gets an Espresso.

He clears his throat and says, "Well, Mnotho has a mental illness known as DID. He has had it for as long as I can remember. We thought that after his first episode, we maybe could salvage the situation."

The waitress comes back and drops off our orders and after thanking her she takes off.

"The personality he unleashed at school was Rex, well that's what he said it was. That one is always out seeking for blood so that is the one we're most afraid of. Then there is Thando,

apparently that one believes in love and becomes very clingy to a person who shows any interest in him. The third one is Sithembiso. That one is the obsessed one, doesn't like sharing and would go to any length to have what he desires." He takes a sip of his drink as he takes a moment to breath.

What a mouthful and I am scared to even ask what he's seen all those personalities done. "Does he have any other personalities besides the three?" I ask him.

"No...not any that we know of. We only discovered three and none of them is better than the other. Well except maybe, Thando. He doesn't hurt anyone, just gets clingy. Why do you need to know so much about Mngqobi?"

"My brothers and I believe that he's holding my girlfriend captive somewhere since he was the last to be seen with her. He left with her five days ago and we haven't seen her since then." I say with my voice starting to crack. I really love Yanda and the thought of not having her in my arms again is getting to me.

"Oh my God!!? That's bad...really bad! If Mngqobi has your girl then you have to find her as soon as possible. There's no telling what he might do to her to prove that he loves her, or so he thinks. Do you have any idea where he might be?"

I let out a deep sigh as I feel myself lose all hope. "No I don't. The police couldn't find anything tangible to investigate him. I was hoping that maybe you'd have an idea of where he might be?"

He looks in thought for a while until something clicks and he says, "I think I do. Our parents bought him a house somewhere on the outskirts of Magaliesburg. He's always been the favorite child and I always warned our parents that spoiling him would ruin him even further. I'll send you the location via WhatsApp."

This is a breakthrough. We can check this place out. "Thank you so much Tony!!? I don't know how else I can repay. I needed this spark of hope."

"No problem man. I hope you get your girl." We say our goodbyes and I rush out the café to my car in hopes that my brothers and I will make it to the place in time.

I'm coming for you baby, hold on a little longer Yanda!

ZIYANDA

"You look gorgeous my friend. That dress was definitely made for you." I say to Zim. She came to get her last dress fitting and might I add that it is more than beautiful, it accentuates every curve of her body.

Since she gave birth to her baby boy, Simphiwe, she gained a bit of weight. All the weight gain went to all the right parts of her body because wow!! She looks banging and not even a trace of once being pregnant.

I always thought she looked pretty with a slim body but she looks even better. Her body is almost that of Serena Williams so best believe I'm not exaggerating. Mnotho even thought I was bisexual since I couldn't shut my mouth about complimenting her every chance I got.

I've been with a female or two in my lifetime but I don't know if that qualifies me as a bisexual. Or does it? Anyway, my boyfriend doesn't need to know about that right. What he doesn't know won't kill him.

"Thank you friend. So I guess no adjustments are needed hey." Her lips stretch into a smile as she admires her dress looking into the huge mirror. It's a mermaid dress that has crystals on the upper body of the dress and a single strap that goes over her right shoulder. The bottom part is more of a silk-like material that reaches just above her ankles.

She said she won't be wearing a veil since she already has a child with her husband. Nonsense if you ask me but it's her wishes and I can't discourage her at all. After one last look at her dress she goes to the dressing room to take it off. I came along with her because she asked me to and well she thought we could use this moment to bond and catch up.

One of the ladies who works here at the boutique asks if I could use another flute of champagne and I kindly decline as I feel I've had enough of it. I'm a beer and wine kind of girl so I never get used to having any other drink besides those. Well, I do make an exception when it comes to gin and that's that.

My friend's out of the changing room in less than fifteen minutes and she heads on to the counter to make final payments of the dress. Thereafter, we're on the move to a restaurant to have some late lunch. We left the dress at the shop and they'll have it delivered to the venue a day before the wedding.

The wedding is in two weeks by the way and I'm super excited about it. Zim chose me to be her maid-of-honor and you don't want to know how happy I was she even thought of me after how I acted after the kidnapping.

We settle down at a booth in the corner to order some food. I'm famished and I probably would've fainted if we didn't have

something to eat any time soon. A waitress comes up to our booth a minute after being seated, her name is Nosipho. Well that's what her name tag says.

"Good afternoon ladies, what would you like to order today?" The menus were already on the table when we got here so I quickly flip through it and settle for nothing much, just a simple plate.

"Hi Nosipho, I'll have a steak and chicken combo. With chips on the side and a Greek salad. As well as a chocolate milkshake." I say to her with a smile. When I'm hungry I get super cranky or extremely nice. I guess today's mood is the latter.

"And I'll have some Chicken Alfredo with a green salad. For a drink, I'll have a passion fruit and lemonade please." Nosipho takes down our orders with a smile and no judgmental face in sight. I like this girl.

"Your order's coming right up!" With that she leaves and heads to the kitchen, I'm assuming.

"So how have you been holding up?" Zim asks after I've tried to avoid this question the entire day. I hate pity and I try by all means not to be put in such situations.

With a slight wave I answer, "Ugh I've been doing good man." I say trying to end this topic.

She nods her head with a bit of reluctance. I know for sure she doesn't believe me but I just want to relax for now and not talk about any negative thing. "Okay. But you know you can talk to me about anything and everything right?", she says.

Sigh.

She's been like this since I came back. Maybe because I haven't told anyone about what happened back there. It's nothing deep really so I prefer not to talk about it with my friends. Of course my therapist is an exception because well, it's her job to make me feel better.

"Yes." And just like that

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the topic changes talking about her new born baby. Apparently baby Simphiwe is a darling to say the least, and he hardly cries. That's great because not many babies are like that. That's what I heard from the internet.

Our order comes and I don't spare a second as I dive straight into eating my plate. We finish lunch with laughs here and there and my boyfriend fetches me after that. He's my personal chauffeur now and he wouldn't have it any other way.

We just got back home and I've already taken a shower and changed into comfortable clothing. Nothing fancy, just some sweatpants and a vest. Mnotho dropped me off then went back

to work. He promised to come back early so we can cuddle and maybe get to do some dirty dancing.

Sigh.

It's been six months since Mnotho and his brothers found me in Mngobi's house. The events of that day don't really stir my emotions in any way. My friends and family are worried though, that maybe I'm holding back some emotions.

I know I should feel a lot more sad or scared, but I don't. I'm not happy that I got kidnapped but at least he took me to a beautiful and sanitary place. I think I'd be more traumatized if it were unhygienic.

The brothers found me in my state of bliss as I was still high from that Flibanserin Mngobi gave me. I was a mess and I only opened the door for Mnotho as I didn't want anyone else seeing me in such a state. I had to help myself since I really need some sort of release.

And well, since Mnotho is the one who entered the room, I asked him for some assistance since my fingers helped in no way. He quickly shut the door and helped me while his brothers took care of Mnqobi.

Once he had taken care of my itch and we were on the road, he explained to me that Mnqobi has a mental illness. He told me what Mnqobi's brother said and what happened in his past. After he told me all that, I honestly couldn't find it in me to blame him.

No one has control over such an illness and therefore, blaming him would have been useless. I put it past me there and then, and maybe that's why my folks don't understand my behavior. I am okay and I wish they get to realize that sooner.

I did shut people off for the first two months I came back. I guess I was still coming to terms with the fact that I had just gotten kidnapped. It's not something I had planned but it's more of a reflex I guess. Like when you get your finger burned, your mind registers that as harmful and quickly removes the finger from "danger".

I am attending therapy twice a week though and it's helping me a lot. I've been able to come to terms with my sister's passing and every other thing I haven't been able to voice out. I highly recommend therapy guys, it's good to offload whenever you can.

So here I am months later still trying to get my life back together. I've quit my job because my mom and boyfriend thought it'd be best if I stay at home for a while. So yes, I quit my job and since I have my savings, I've been able to maintain my upkeep.

I moved in with Mnotho and my mom approved of it so you can say I'm married now. We've been cohabiting very well and with my sessions, I'm able to deal with my mood swings. It hasn't been easy but I'm trying and that's what matters.

I'm content with where I'm at currently and I wouldn't change it for the world. I've learnt to live Mnotho wholeheartedly and it's just an amazing feeling to be honest. I love my man to be honest and my feelings have intensified since the ordeal that took place.

I sink deep into my couch as I allow sleep to take over even though I have a movie playing. It will have to wait because I need my beauty sleep.

Off I go to LalaLand!!

NKANYEZI

My eyes flutter open and shut close quickly because of the sun's penetrating through the open curtains. I move my hands around the bed in search of my soon-to-be wife and to my surprise, she is nowhere in sight. Ugh...I really thought we'd get to cuddle for a while.

The kids are not here, my mom took them for the weekend so we can spend some time alone before we finally get to say 'I Do'. The wedding is in 3 weeks so we decided to spend time alone now. I think we needed it so we can get to reconnect before the big day. Although, it's not that hard spending time with my love.

Zim and I gel really well and there's never a boring moment. That's what I love about her the most, she's always full of surprises and I'm always in for a treat. I love me a confident woman and I'm glad that hasn't changed now that she's given birth. Her body is now one of my greatest addictions.

Then there is my sweet boy, Simphiwe. He is not a fussy child, cries only when he's hungry or needs a diaper change. Other than that, he's an angel. I think he gets it from me as well because mom told me that I wasn't problematic at all when I was his age. Maybe it's a generational thing, who knows. I love my son and I'd kill for him that's for sure.

I snap out of my thoughts as I head to the bathroom to freshen up before I go to search for my darling fiancée. I'm done in less than thirty minutes and I'm downstairs in a blink of an eye. And there she is by the stove, humming to a song that's in her head. But wait, I think I know this song.

She likes making me listen to songs I'd never even give a chance if I were alone. Now that I can place it, I think the song is titled 'Ocean eyes', I'm not sure about the artist though. I think maybe Billie Ocean or is it Frank Ocean...ugh I don't know but it's something along those lines.

Since she has her back turned from the door, I move towards her and squeeze her tightly into a bear hug. I can feel her body tense up but soon relaxes as she registers that it's just me.

"Morning my love. Why'd you leave me in bed all on my own?" I ask placing wet kisses on her shoulders and neck.

She laughs sweetly as she turns around placing her hands around my neck and says, "Morning baby. We have to eat and there's only one way for that to happen am I right or am I right!?"

Well I can't really argue with that fact so instead of a reply, I lean down to give her a kiss. I hate admitting this but her kisses really make me feel giddy inside. I refuse to be part of the stereotypical male hierarchy that doesn't want to admit their true feelings because it will make them look "weak". I love my woman and it's only fair I show her instead of leaving her to assume whether I do or don't.

We pull away from the kiss as it leaves us both breathless and panting for more. Last night was amazing and we got a chance to be freaky since all the kids were away. I have only word to describe it and that is...EPIC!! It's true that being with the one you love cannot compare to any other feeling.

Once breakfast is done

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Zim goes up to our to take a quick bath before we began with our day. We have super fun activities planned out for us and I'm hoping we both get to enjoy every moment together.

The things I'm looking forward to doing the most though are, River Rafting at Parys and Ice Skating at the Northgate Ice rink. I'm pretty sure it's going to give us both such an adrenaline rush and also be a challenge as well. None of us have experience in what we'll be doing so I guess we have to pray we don't break any bones.

My woman is done in an hour-and-a-half, so we buckle up and journey off to our destinations.

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One week left before my wedding day and I am super nervous about it. I'm not doubtful of the choice I'm about to take but I guess it's normal to get wedding jitters just before the big day.

I am thankful for having thoughtful friends though who have planned and executed a well thought out bachelor party. We're at some fancy restaurant where we'd just had dinner and now we're chilling in a much more private area. We're all smoking cigars and although it is my first time having one, I should add that it's not bad.

It definitely isn't a delight but it is not horrible either.

Conversations are flowing around as we're now on our third

bottle of scotch. Before you judge us, just know that there's six of us here. Six being my regular friends, Mnotho; Qaphela; Siyanda; Sabelo; myself and lastly, my brother Zibulo.

He flew in from Cape Town to spend the entire week with me. I really appreciate this gesture because it shows that he cares. My siblings and I are not a close bunch but when we show up for each other, we show off. And that's how I feel about his presence tonight. I feel super lucky that despite his busy nature, he made an effort to be here with me.

Different topics have been mentioned since the night started from politics to business and now family. We are all content with our lives right now and I can tell from the energy in the room. It is amazing how being with somebody can change everything you thought you knew.

Some people come into our lives to teach us a lesson and others come to better them instead. That is what Zim has done

for me. She's made me believe in love and give myself to her without having her ask me to.

I think that's what love is supposed to be like. When you are sure of your love for somebody, you give yourself to the them. Mind, body and soul. You do anything just to ensure that they're happy. Well, that's what I think it is as it happened naturally for Zim and I.

As I come to realisation about this, all my fears about standing in front of a crowd of people to confess my love to Zim, disappear. I love her and I'm sure I want to spend the rest of my life with her. No matter how scared I get, I am positive this is what I want for my future.

I take out my phone and send her a text that reads, "I can't wait to marry you muntu wam' (my love)".

I wait a few minutes for her reply and it's a long shot since they're probably getting wasted with her group of friends. She's

also having her bachelorette party going on at a "secret" location.

After what feels like forever my phone buzzes and it's a text from her. I smile as soon as I read it. 'I can't wait to be yours baby!'.

Sigh.

Now I can enjoy the rest of my night. I shove my phone into my pocket and listen to the conversation being had.

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ZIMBINI

So today is my wedding day and I'm feeling all kinds of emotions. Nervous; excited; scared; etc...you name it and I feel it! I can't wait to be Nkanyezi's wife and it's been a while coming since we both fell in love not long after knowing each other.

I have mentioned this before- that I thought what Njabulo and I had was love. Well it felt like it at the time and I was positive that no one else will "love" me like he did. But then Nyezi showed up and proved to me that there is a love without any toxicity. I'm just glad we met after I had broken up with Njabulo, otherwise that would have been a tricky situation.

Nobody is perfect, that I know but when a person tries to be a better version of themselves for you it pushes you to do the exact same thing...to try and be a better person. That is exactly what Nyezi does to me, makes me want to be and do better. He

loves me for me and I don't have to pretend to be something I'm not when I'm with him.

The greatest love he's ever shown me is by loving my siblings as his own. Nothing had prepared me for the bond he'd share with Mtho, they are like Will Smith and Martin Lawrence in 'Bad Boys'. It is wonderful to see them together.

Not to mention how Thandi has him wrapped around her finger. Whatever she asks from him, she gets and I hope this doesn't come back to bite him in the end. I haven't intervened in the spoiling department because my little sister hasn't given me enough reason to.

She becomes a brat sometimes but nothing I can't handle. My point is, I'm certain that I want to spend the rest of my life with Nkanyezi. He is IT for me and I'm content with the little family we have and I'm hoping God blesses us with two more children.

I love being a mom and even though it comes with challenges, I'm grateful I'm not doing it on my own. It was hard raising Mtho and Thandi by myself and I don't want to go through all that again. I get to have someone to share the stress with making it a bit easier.

Simphiwe is an angel and he makes motherhood slightly easier for me. He only cries when he's hungry or needs a diaper change, other than that he's a quiet baby. Sometimes I get scared thinking that maybe something is wrong with him but the doctor has assured me that he's healthy as a horse.

Sigh.

As I'm looking at myself in the mirror, my mind drifts off to thoughts of my mother. She would have been so proud and happy to see me looking so beautiful on my wedding day. She was the queen of compliments and always dished them out. There were times I looked like a wreck but she'd still tell me I'm wonderful.

My mother believed beauty was not how a person looked but how a person carried themselves and treated others. That was a teaching she always emphasized on and till this day, I carry it with me. In as much as Nyezi has a great body and looks handsome, I wouldn't have pursued anything further had he been an asshole.

After all, the beauty is in the eyes of the beholder. I get so insecure sometimes and I wonder what will happen if Nyezi ever gets tired of me. I never want that to happen but there is this voice in the back of my head

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that keeps on telling me I am not on his level and that he deserves.

I try to shut it out most of the time but then again, I'm only human and that it's normal to feel such a way. His love often snaps me out of it and I'm reminded that he chose me knowing how I was and stuck around regardless.

"Oh friend, look at you!! You are so beautiful." Yanda gushes as she enters the room I'm in.

I smile in response and say a simple 'Thank you'.

"So listen friend... mom is outside and she'd like to say a few words to you before you walk down the alter.", she says. Since the engagement party, I've been in contact with the guys' spouses and we have become friends since then.

I asked all of them to be my bridesmaids and of course with Yanda, being my maid-of-honor. They are an amazing bunch and I'm happy I get to share with them this life-changing moment in my life.

"Oh of course friend. There's no need to even announce that." She nods with a smile on her face and exits the room to fetch her mom.

When Yanda was found and brought back, I got to meet her mother for the first time and since then, she's treated me like her own. I can safely say I take her as my mother now and she's been so present in my life as well. She has been helping me with Phiwe and giving me advice on how to tackle certain situations.

I didn't know I needed a parent figure in my life until her. The feeling is overwhelming sometimes...knowing that I have someone to count on besides my friends and that that person is an elder. My life is full of love and warmth that I wish everyone gets to experience what I'm experiencing.

"Honey, you look so gorgeous.", MaMkhize says as she enters the room giving me a kiss on the cheek. Well I'm happy now that I didn't apply that much make-up.

"Ngiyabonga make. (Thank you mom.)", I say. That's what Yanda calls her and it has stuck on me ever since.

She continues giving me compliments for a few while before she says, "Well I wanted to pray for you before the event starts."

I feel tears roll down my eyes because this means a lot to me. I never thought this day would come and now here it is and I have a lot of people who support me. She prays and asks for all things great then she leaves me to finish up.

All my uncles who have distanced themselves are Catholic and don't believe in any religious customs. That's why I'm set to marry without having iLobolo (Dowry) being paid for me. This was challenging because Nyezi wanted to pay it but then who would have handled those negotiations?

I like it this way though because it gives me room to leave whenever I feel unwanted and unappreciated. Not that I'm saying it will be that way but I am happy I have a choice in all of this.

Everything is done and all that's left is for me to marry the love of my life. I take a deep breath as I realise that this is 'Thee' day and I'll be a Mrs at the end of today.

My friends rush in and pull me to the matrimonial venue. So this it, time to say I do! Now Nkanyezi becomes my husband and not just my lover. Or is it soulamte?

My thinking is cut off by the doors of the chapel being opened.

ZIYANDA

There's silence as Zim walks down the alter and everybody is looking at her. The only sound heard is 'A Thousand Years' by Christina Perri playing in the background. It is such a beautiful song that goes well with what these lovebirds share.

You can see how much they love each other by the look in their eyes. They look at each other with such admiration and adoration. Their love is pure and everyone here is blessed to having to witness such a union.

"Welcome loved ones. We are gathered here today to join Zimbini and Nkanyezi in holy matrimony.", the pastor starts off.

My mind wanders off to thoughts of Mnotho and I. I've known him for a while but we have already been through a lot together. Not to mention that he's seen me at my lowest and at

my greatest as well. Through everything he's been there for me and not once has he been hesitant on doing something for me.

He has his flaws that's for sure but then again, who doesn't right? I am willing to stick by him until the time comes where the relationship becomes unbearable for us both. But for now I'm willing to wait it out because I truly have fallen in love with him.

"...you may now kiss the bride." That statement snaps me out of my thoughts. Nkanyezi and Zim are in each other's arms as their lips touch. The kiss lasts over a minute as people cheer for them and it brings them out of their bubble.

As the wedding party, we all left with the bride and groom and the family, to take some pictures. They picked a place a bit further for the pictures, I don't get why but then again this is not my day. I look over at Zim and her husband, yes she is a wife now, and they look so happy together.

I wonder if Mnotho and I will ever get to this point...of marriage that is. He has been hinting about it for a while now but I am not ready for such a big commitment. Yes I love him and all but am I ready to take a big step that is so life changing?

I did tell him how I feel though and he has been very understanding as always. How can I not fall in love with him more when he proves to me on a daily that he's in it for the long haul.

Sigh.

I hope one day I get to be as good of a partner to him as he is to me. Therapy has helped me be more vocal about my feelings and I think that is what has slightly strengthened my relationship. I am grateful to God for giving me such an understanding and loving partner.

We're all at the reception now and speeches have been made. The guests have also had something to eat and now it is a joyous occasion for everyone. I, on the other hand, have not had a decent meal since I woke and my body can feel it.

I am tired and my stomach hasn't stopped grumbling since I started walking up and down. I am the maid-of-honor after all and my duties require me to always be sharp and alert. I feel arms wrap around me and I gasp a little but soon relax as I bask in HIS scent.

"My love...you've been working all day why don't you relax a little.", he says dropping feathery kisses on my shoulders.

"Hmmm baby stop." I moan slightly as I feel my body getting all worked up. We haven't had sex for a week because of the wedding preparations and my body can feel that it's been deprived of something good.

"Stop what my love?", he nibbles on my earlobe. He knows that's my weak spot and if I don't stop him now, I'll regret it.

"Uh uh baby not now." I release myself from his warm embrace, already missing his body heat.

I turn around and face him and he has this undeniably huge smirk on his face. He enjoys tormenting me and he knows how I get just from his touch alone. Hands in his pocket, he leans over and whispers in my ear

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"I can't wait to rip off that dress from your body tonight."

A sharp intake of breath as I feel my nether regions getting drenched, "Mno...", and he's gone just like that.

I swear this man will land me on a hospital bed some day, maybe we'll get featured on that show on TLC, 'Sex Sent Me To

The ER'. That would be epic and I'm just glad he doesn't have a fetish for toes or any other weird one's I don't know about.

I on the other hand have been hinting for us to try a little of BDSM because it is something I've always been interested in. Nothing hectic just a little whip lash here and there using a flogger, and maybe some cuffs. Anything to help keep our sex life great and exciting.

He hasn't shut down the idea so I'm keeping my fingers crossed. I'll have to do a little convincing somehow.(wink wink)

A tap on my shoulder startles me and when I turn around it's none other than the bride herself, my friend. "Hi baby...what's up?" I say to her.

She smiles ever so brightly and says, "I wanted to thank you for helping me with today. You made sure my wedding was a beautiful success and I couldn't ask for anything more."

Her voice is breaking and I can tell she's about to cry so I quickly intervene and say, "Oh my friend. I'd do anything for you and you don't have to thank me at all."

She shakes her head and pulls me in an unexpected hug, "Thank you and I love you, sister." A tear rolls down my cheek as she says this.

She's never called me that and now that she has, it has awoken certain feelings. Feelings of warmth and gratitude, I'm grateful for her friendship. "I love you too. Okay enough with the tears now, go on and enjoy the rest of your night with your husband.", I say removing her arms around me and pushing her back towards the dancefloor. She laughs but says nothing else as she nods.

She knows I can get super emotional at times and that time is now. I finish off with making sure that everything is going as planned. I sit and eat a plate of chicken and rice. I need something solid and easy to digest because I'm about to do a very exhausting activity.

Twenty minutes later I'm done and already on my feet. Now!? Where is that man of mine? He promised to rip off this dress off of me and I plan on seeing him through it.

MNOTHO

LOVE! Love is a wonderful feeling and I am happy to have witnessed such a beautiful union between Nkanyezi and Zimbini as they became a Mkhwanazi family. What they share was almost palpable when we were with them and I can only wish that what they have lasts a lifetime.

My girlfriend and I on the other hand, have been super close to the point where leaving her side has become such a drag. When we left the wedding venue as the day had come to an end, I could not wait to get home with her. Now that also took a while because both our mom's were with us and we had to drop them off first.

I kid you not when I say my mom can talk for days but then again, MaMkhize was right up there on the pedestal with her. Both Yanda and I were on the suffering end of their endless conversations and complaints. Apparently, they are tired of

seeing people their age gushing over grandchildren when they don't have any.

We tried explaining to them that when the time comes and God has blessed us with children, they'll have what they are looking for. What they don't know is that we are still tackling Yanda's fear of abandonment. It is still a bit of a sensitive topic to have so we try not to mention a lot to the parents.

But once we had dropped them off at MaMkhize's house, in Midrand, we got to hit it off. MaMkhize moved here after Yanda moved in with me and it was only fair that we got her a house suitable for her. She didn't want it at first because she felt like she'd be taking advantage of her "son-in-law".

It took a lot of convincing until she agreed to it. Well MaZungu didn't want to be with dad that night since he didn't want to come to the wedding. A bit dramatic if you ask me but then, she's my mom and I side with her. That's why we dropped her off with Yanda's mom just for peace of mind, for my dad of course. It would have been an unpleasant night.

When we got back to our place, we were both exhausted but settled for just one round. We then retired to bed and drifted off to sleep cuddled in each other's arms.

It's been a week since then and the couple is in the Bahamas for their honeymoon. We called them a day ago and they sounded like they were having the time of their lives. I personally didn't want us to disturb their time together but once my girlfriend decides on something, I cannot tell her otherwise.

I love spending time with my girl and that's why I have been working from home most of the time. The only time I go to the office is when I have a client to meet up with or if my team has something they are struggling with. It really is not a hassle working from home, infact I love it because it gives me time to focus on other things in my life.

The first being my relationship of course and secondly, other business ideas I have of my own. I am planning on buying a farm where I'll have mostly livestock to deal with. It has always been a dream of mine to own something that can be passed on from generation to generation. If all goes well and I get to teach my kids how to handle money, they'll be set for life because they'll know how to spend money.

I already have the business plan drawn up and all I need now is to do my research on any land available. I have saved up enough money to help me start off on this particular business and I'm excited to see what the future holds for me as I embark on this journey. Of course I'll miss owning a company with my friend because where ever I lacked, he compensated for it. But I think it's time I stood on my own.

"Hi baby.", Yanda snaps me out of my thoughts as she sits on my lap and in a straddle position. I can't help but admire my woman.

She has grown to be an affectionate person and to be honest, she can get a bit clingy as well. Of course I can't mention that to her because she will strangle me to death.

I smile at her cute self and say, "Hello my love...how may I help you?"

"You can help me by being of service to me.", she says placing her hand on my crotch while giving me a wet, sultry kiss.

Oh oh...I know what she wants. I love how she's able to take charge when she wants and is able to voice out what she feels and wants. I cannot get another woman more perfect for me because she is all I need.

I pull away from the kiss and say

"Okay my love, your wish is my command."

She giggles as I push away from my desk and pick her up in my arms as I take her to our room. I would have her bent over my

couch but that is too risky because my could knock on our door any minute. I'm telling you, that woman has no chill whatsoever. I still love her nonetheless.

We've both stripped off our clothes and Yanda is laying on the bed with me between her thighs.

"Oh yes...yes baby just like that. Uh huh...right there!", she lets out a loud moan as I lap and suck on her juices. I can never miss a chance to muff her, I love her natural scent...it's arousing.

I keep licking and sucking on her slit before I feel her body tense up and convulse into a body trembling orgasm. "Hmmm, oh yeah!", she lets out in a high pitched voice. I wait her for orgasm to subside as she keeps on twitching and turning which takes her a few minutes.

She let's out an exasperated breath as she comes down from her high and I take that moment to give her a kiss. "I love you baby.", I say to her.

She smiles with her eyes closed and says, "I love you too lala." I take that as a go ahead as I give her one last kiss, placing the head of my dick on her entrance.

Her body is very responsive to my touch and that's why as I rub my dick on her warm pussy making her wetter than she was. She shudders under my touch and let's out whimpers as I push myself into her sweet haven. I can never get enough of her.

"Baaaby you feel so good.", I let out a guttural moan as I sink deeper into her. Her flesh enveloping me in warmth and slickness. Her pussy walls gripping my shaft tighter, making me want to combust any minute now.

Sometimes I bust quickly because I can't handle her deliciousness but then make up for it in other ways. I quicken my thrusts as I feel myself about to bust and rub her clit just as fast so we can both reach a place of ecstasy at once.

"Ooooooh....hmmmm!!", she moans out loud as she reaches her orgasm. One...two..three more thrusts later I spill my seed inside her.

"Wow baby, that was great!", I say getting off her and fetch a towel to wipe her clean. I can tell she's tired and she's about to sleep but I still have work to do.

I freshen up and place a kiss on her forehead as I let her rest. She has a smile on her face and that means she's thoroughly satisfied. I go out the room and close the door.

As soon as I settle back on my desk, I let out a deep sigh. That was a great exercise but I wonder if she'll forgive me when she finds out what I have done.

When she got back from being kidnapped, I took her to the doctor to get checked because she was drugged. The drugs found in her system disturbed her IUD and had she left it inside, she'd have hormonal imbalance. The doctor recommended we take it out and that she uses, contraceptive pills.

She has been using those since then and we are not using any condoms because we trust each other. I broke that trust when I swapped her contraceptive pills with vitamins. I really want to have a child with her and since she's been attending therapy, she's been more welcoming to the idea of having kids.

I think she might be pregnant now and that would explain her high sex drive and appetite. I want to have a family with her and grow old with her as well. She'd hate me if she found out about this and that's why I'm not planning on telling her anything, well not any time soon that is.

Sigh.

I'll let her find out on her own so that I don't put any pressure on her. This is by far the worst thing to do to her and I know I'm being selfish, but I can't help it.

I hope she forgives me for this. I get back to work with this feeling of guilt eating me up.

ZIMBINI

The honeymoon was AMAZING! That's how I can describe it in simple terms. I never thought I'd get to go to such beautiful places with the love of my life that is. We went to 'Paradise Island, Maldives' and the place was nothing short of beautiful.

We had a chance to do so many adrenaline pumping activities and never have I seen Nkanyezi so excited. He would get so excited when we had to go out that I sometimes had to tell him to just calm down. "Sorry baby, I can't help it.", he'd always say with a smile on his face.

It made me happy, seeing him happy that is. I count my blessings every day for being given such a wonderful, thoughtful man. He always puts other people's feelings before his own and that's just a rare quality to find in someone nowadays, so I never take it for granted.

We could have stayed longer but I just wasn't feeling it anymore, I wanted to see my babies. And by babies, I mean

Thandi and Mtho as well but then they'd both throw a fit if they heard me say that. I'm just glad we went and came back safe, that is all that matters.

"Letha la umzukulu wami Zimbini. (Bring my grandchild here Zimbini.)" , Nkanyezi's mom says with her arms already spread open. I go on to her and give her the baby because I really don't mind Simphiwe being showered with so much love and attention.

When we landed, we went straight to our place just to spend one more day together. The children were with their grandparents so we had nothing to worry about because we knew they were in safe hands. I am yet to address the issue of them being way too spoilt, Thandi's starting to act like it and I need to put her in line before it goes any further.

I must say that when I first met MaMkhwanazi, I had my reservations on what kind of parent she was. Nyezi had already told me that she is an amazing person and that I had nothing to worry about but I just couldn't help.

It has always been my siblings and I so having let people in proved to be a bit of a struggle and let's just say, the way she speaks doesn't help at all. Her tone is very harsh so everything she says sounds rude but it is quite the opposite. I've seen her around the kids and I'd be lying if I said she treats them badly or, favors the other over another.

In fact, she teaches all her grandchildren to be kind and humble in any situation. I respect her for that and now I know where Nyezi learnt to be the kind gentleman he is today. Then his father is not a man of many words, he speaks when spoken to or if there's an issue he want to address. Other than that, he just minds his own business.

"Please make your father and I some tea. I'm really thirsty.", my mother-in-law says in a low tone before I leave the room. In the corner of my eye, I can see her husband attempt an eye-roll but it's a huge fail from where I'm standing.

"Okay ma.", I say as I quickly rush out of the living room before I get caught laughing. Ma is really dramatic so I know she'd make a big deal out of nothing wanting to know what I'm laughing at.

Once I've served the tea

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I go to my room to take a nap before I have to fetch Thandi later. She's at school and it has become a struggle now when she has to go to school. She throws a tantrum and I've asked her if anything is wrong but she says nothing is.

I went to the school to ask her teaches if maybe they had noticed any strange behavior and none of them had. They say she's still the same old Thandi and nothing has changed. For a while there I was scared thinking that maybe there are learners bullying her but only to find out that she's just being her dramatic self.

Sigh.

I should rest for now before my little champion starts getting restless and starts crying for my attention. It can get a little too much sometimes but I'm glad I have parents that help me with him. Yes, Yanda's mom has now become my mom as well and

of course, Nyezi's parents prefer if I refer to them as 'Mom and Dad'.

I fetched Thandi from school earlier and she was super excited to see her grandparents here. That's what they said she should refer to them as and I could tell that my little sister was at her happiest that moment. Over the months, she's grown closer to them and likes visiting them any chance she gets.

My guess is that she misses Mtho and him being a bit far away, makes the situation worse. She likes getting the attention and what better way than to get it from her Gogo (Grandma) and Mkhulu (Grandpa).

Now speaking of Mtho, he and Ntombi have officially stepped forward and told us that they are an item. I was happy for them both because I can tell that they are very much in love and that they care for each other. To me that is all that matters, them being in love and respecting one another.

It's true that love drives you crazy because immediately after that announcement, he told me he'd be transferring from UP to UJ the following year. I asked him why and all he said was, "I want to be closer to my family, that's all."

Pssh!! As if! I know that he's doing it for his lover but I didn't say anything to him about it because it makes me happy to have him back home. I still worry about him and since he's far, I make sure to call him everyday. He hates the calls because it's ruining his "street cred" or whatever.

But I don't care as long as I know he's safe. I think he secretly enjoys me worrying over him though, I just don't think he'd say it to me. He is an adult and I have to constantly remind myself that when I get "too much" as Nyezi says.

He says I should trust that I did a good job raising him and allow him to make his own mistakes. That is true and I have taken a little step back to be his own person without any meddling. It's just hard you know...being a parent is all about stressing over your kids and well, I make no exception when it comes to that.

"Hi baby.", Nyezi says giving me a kiss on the cheek. I was so lost in my thoughts I didn't hear him enter or greet the family in the lounge.

I turn around so I can hug him properly and give him a kiss. He's really tall so this forces me to stand on my tippy toes and share a quick kiss with him. No kiss is greater than a kiss on the lips, that's for sure.

"Hi my love. How was work?", I ask as I go back to handling my pots.

"It was okay just tiring. I wish I could spend all my time here at home with you."

I laugh at his craziness because we both know he wouldn't survive being at home and doing nothing. He believes that him being present at work makes a huge difference from his employees to the decisions being taken.

"Oh my love, you know that's not true. You'd go crazy if that were to happen.", I say back to him. He smiles at me and tells me that he's going upstairs to freshen up. I let him be as I finish up cooking as well. I made papa, chicken and wors and, some chakalaka as well.

I don't normally go all out but my in-laws are here and I have to impress them in some way. I don't want them telling other relatives that I'm not taking care of their son. As if that son doesn't have hands to prepare food for himself. Of course I can't say that now can I?

Sigh.

I'm starting my business as soon as Simphiwe turns two years old. I've decided on a catering company because I do have a thing with planning events. I want to bring joy to others as much as I was happy on my wedding day.

Thirty minutes later, I'm done preparing supper and the table has already been set. I call out to the family and we settle down saying a prayer before digging in. The conversation is flowing and everyone is in a great mood.

As I look around the table, I feel happy and content. I couldn't ask for more than I have now and I'm grateful for this new found family I am now a part of. I am also grateful for the new friendships I've made and I honestly cannot change my life and choices for anything else. I am who I am, because of the choices I made and what I've been through.

I've learnt not to judge a person based on the first encounter. I did that with Nkanyezi and I almost regretted it but I'm glad I gave him a shot.

I hope for greater things going forward.

Epilogue

ZIYANDA

"Buhle get here now!?", I say to this little rascal running around the room.

Sigh. I promise you, parenthood is not for the faint-hearted.

I'm about to shout at her again when she quietly comes to where I'm standing with her teddy bear in hand. This is one of the things I can say I like about my baby girl...she knows when to throw in the towel and do exactly what her momma says.

I love my little angel and I wouldn't change her for a thing. She gets naughty sometimes and because she's a daddy's little girl, she gets away with most things. I am of course, the strict parent and daddy being the "fun" parent.

When I found out I was pregnant, I had a tough time coming to terms with the fact that I would now be responsible for a whole human being. This sent me to a very dark place in my life

because I knew I was not ready for such a lifetime commitment.

I did see some changes in my body in the first two months and I refused to believe it was pregnancy. I blamed it on being happy and the princess treatment...little did I know I was carrying a princess. I went to the doctor alone just to check what was wrong and I was shocked of my findings.

I had to tell Mnotho as the father of the child, which I did only a few days after the doctor's visit. I had to wrap my head around the whole concept of my life about to change. I was confused on how it happened because I had been on the pill for a while but then the doctor told me that these things happen.

Of course the baby daddy was happy about these news and I couldn't take that away from him. I wanted to abort but seeing him like that changed my mind instantly, even though I was not happy at all. Time flew by and the nine months had ended, and I gave birth to my beautiful girl, Nobuhle Thandolwethu Zungu.

Sigh.

Thinking about this part of my life makes me cringe because of how I got when she was born. The night I gave birth, Mnotho had told me how he switched my contraceptives for vitamins. I popped off on him and shouted at him for a long time because he really broke the trust I had for him.

In my mess of crying and throwing a tantrum, my water broke and I found myself in the ER. No... I didn't feel love when I held her in my arms for the first time. All I felt was hatred- hatred because this little human would be changing my life for good.

I hated the idea of being responsible for this person for the next eighteen years or more. This led to me not giving my baby girl the love she deserved from the person who brought her into this world for months. I was diagnosed with PTSD which explained why I felt so much anger towards Buhle.

She stayed with her father and grandparents for those few months while I sorted out my life. I attended therapy and tried

to see her at least once a week. And her father? I had broken up with him since I didn't feel I could trust him anymore.

He stayed back at the house and I went to live with my mom. The nerve he had to "confess" when I was so far into my pregnancy said a lot about him as a person. Apparently, he couldn't take the guilt anymore and he needed to offload.

I hated him more than anything at that point in time. And I knew I wouldn't be able to live with him again so I called it quits. Every time when I visited the baby, I always requested that he wasn't present. I couldn't stand his smell so much as his presence.

When my therapy sessions got better and I felt ready to be with Buhle, I took her and we lived with my mom. The father begged me to come back and live with him but I declined every time. I still loved him though, despite his betrayal.

This went on for about a year and a half, with us only communicating when it was about Thando. I could tell that this weighed heavily on Mnotho as he lost a lot of body weight in that time apart. It killed me seeing him like that but he had to learn that what he did is unforgivable.

That did not kill his spirit though, instead it fuelled it. He kept on sending gifts and flowers constantly that I had to tell him he was doing too much. That sounded like crazy talk to him because he went on a rampage after that, buying more gifts.

I, on the other hand didn't miss a chance to rub it in his face on how wrong he was. So there I was on my WhatsApp status, posting quotes that talked about betrayal and break-ups. And I made sure I posted about those things everyday except when posting pictures and videos of my child.

Cat Burns became my friend, as she was the queen of heartbreak songs or depression. I knew he would search the songs and I wanted him to listen to the messages the lyrics possessed. 'Go' and 'It's Over' were two the songs I posted on my status.

He'd always reply and say stupid stuff like, "It can't be over Yanda. I still love you." And like the grudge holder I am, I never replied. It didn't concern co-parenting so there was no need for an answer.

But to cut the story short

I forgave him and we now live together again, with our child. I'm happy to have given him another chance because after that he's proven to be a great husband and father. Yes...I said husband.

I married him not long after we got back together. I guess you can say he has me under his spell, or is dickmitised? Either way,

I am his for sure. So here we are married and parents to our 4 year old.

Since he pulled that stunt, I told him I didn't want a huge wedding celebration though. And I told him I'd only marry him if we just went to Home Affairs and signed. That is exactly what happened with our loved one's as witnesses.

Sometimes its best things are kept simple and there's no need for a big wedding when we both love each other. Now that that's done, Buhle and I head downstairs to hubby. We're headed to Zim and Nyezi's place as they are hosting a braai.

We arrived at their home a an hour ago and everything has been going well since then. The kids are in the playroom having a bit of fun. I am loving the atmosphere here, everything is just chilled.

Simphiwe is very protective of Thando and you can just tell that's how it will be even when they grow up. I can already tell that this might turn into a relationship if God permits. Their dads will not be happy about this because according to them, they are siblings. Which is crap if you ask me.

As per usual, the men are outside braaing and us ladies, in the kitchen preparing salads and cooking pap'. That is the tradition, pap' and chakalaka are a must when having a braai.

"So friend how are you and Mnotho doing?", Zim asks as she grates the carrots.

"Everything is going well friend. We have our up's and down's but it's nothing we can't deal with.", I say waving my hand around.

She smiles and we continue chatting with the other women. Time flies by until it's time for us to dish up and have lunch. We all settle in the back yard as the table and chairs have been placed properly.

We say a prayer and dig in. I have Thando on my lap and she's very restless, crying and not wanting to eat. I've exhausted all my options because I know she's not sick and her diaper is clean so I don't know what her problem is.

"Bring her here baby. I'll take care of her while you eat.", Mnotho says. I don't disagree as I hand the child over to him.

The conversation is flowing and disturbed by the security guard. "There's someone here to see you ma'am.", he says.

It takes a while for that statement to register in my mind because how else would that person know where I am. I'm just a visitor here and that can only mean that person was following me.

Mnotho gives me a questioning look as silence emits from the table. "I don't know who it is but I promise I'll be back soon if it's someone I don't know.", I say to him just before he says something.

I can tell he wants to say more but because there are people around he settles for, "Okay. Hurry then and be safe."

I nod and leave with the guard. When we reach outside the gate, I'm startled by who I find there. It has been years since I saw this man, I wonder what he's doing here. He still looks amazing though but of course, underneath that handsomeness is trouble.

He smiles that charming smile of his and says, "Ziyanda. Mind if we talked?"

I honestly thought he was dead because I never saw him since that day. But then again, this is not a novel and my husband is not a secret gangster or something. I guess I have to live with that reality now...which sucks.

I'm too gobsmacked to say anything constructive and the only words that escape through my mouth are, "Mnqobi!?".

Oh hell...Mnotho is going to get mad seeing him here!!

.....**The End**.....

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