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BLOOD MONEY

PROLOGUE

A short cut in life has never been an option. Spilling of blood for surviving has never been an option. No matter how rocky your life can get never turn to annihilate, never turn to annulling. Every output has its consequences. Money has always been the route all evil; the love of money is the route of all suffering. When you see money you just get blinded by those flashy deals forgetting your morals and where you come from.

I'm married to a man who's a well-known business man at first he loved and very kind dished me with all sorts of expensive gifts. I left a man who truly loved me just because of his poor background. I regret leaving the love of my life, i regret marrying this man whom i thought had good intentions about me but clearly i was wrong. I try by all means to worship the ground he walks on but there's no happiness my life is shallow. How do i survive from this, how do i escape this marriage.

Having a husband who wakes up every night wearing black unsettles me, the secret room has always got me on the edge. We live in the same house but I'm forbidden to enter some of the rooms.

I'm slowly losing myself in this marriage, I try to stay strong for my babies in heaven but I fail. How do I survive after each miscarriage I have, how does one stay with a monster, how does one stay unhappy for so many years. Six years of being married and I have suffered three miscarriages. I'm not allowed to work, have friends, talk to strangers

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go to church or let alone pray in the house. I'm twenty eight years of age and I only have matric under my name.

"Nomandla don't leave this house until I come back with my business partner's, cook something"

I just nodded my head like an empty shell it is. I obey by his rules I don't want to find myself being tortured of not being a good wife. I watch him as he drives out of the yard I sighed

opening and closing all cardboards looking for something to prepare for dinner with his business associates.

I'm not allowed to have any visitors even my own family. People admire my life style not knowing what happens behind closed doors. I'm only allowed to visit my family once a month but we visit his family every weekend.

Whenever i try to tell my father regarding the hardship i face in this life and marriage he simply says :- emshadweni kuyabekezwelwa. I've been suffering for far too long i can't take any of the pain anymore.

For how long will i hold up? For how long will i keep my sanity going? For how long will i try to put myself together? For how long will i take more of this man i call my husband. Ow how i wish I'm married to Scebi the man of my dreams.

If i have to do cooking i have to make sure that i go all out, everything in this house looks spotless now what's left to be done is to wait for these sacry men. I'm done cooking and I'll just go sit in my bedroom and go through my wedding photo's.

I use to be very beautiful and i had that killer smile with a slim healthy body. I stare at the picture's thinking about the honeymoon phase of our marriage. At first it was blissful full of love and presents. Things changed after my first miscarriage.

"What are you doing" his annoying voice saddles me as i see him leaning against the door frame with his arms and legs crossed. I didn't hear him come back.

"I'm just admiring my wedding day. I wish i could rewind this day" lies, lies, lies. I just lied through my gritted teeth. I'm thinking of how much of a monster you have become, I'm thinking about the hate i have for you. Thinking about my runaway escape.

"You looked beautiful" he says as he was still leaning on the door frame. He looks pissed and i know why.

"Forgive my ugly tears, i appreciate everything you do for me and my family". I lie again trying to put a smile an his scary face and i see his facial expression change a bit.

"Fix yourself up my business partner's are here and wear something decent" he says as he was still standing in the same position. With that said he walked out. We never have a serious conversation with this man he bores me to the core. How i wish Scebi was the one I'm married to.

I put my album away and wear a decent clothing as he instructed. Just a simple yellow summer dress above my knee showing off imicondo yami with sandals will do. I go downstairs finding these men laughing and having an expensive bottle of whiskey, i wonder how they down that bitter taste.

"Sanibona" i greet them with my head bowed down showing some respect with a huge fake smile plastered on my face fiddling with my finger tips.

"You may go the the kitchen I'll find you there" my husband says with his commanding voice. My thin legs hurried me to the kitchen and i start wiping the plates, putting everything in order on the table so they could dish for themselves.

"After serving us stay in the kitchen and don't dare move until they go. Do you understand me" his commanding voice says and i nodd in fear playing with my fingers. He turns back and walks away, i didn't realise that i was holding my breath all this while.

I hear cutlery making noise and laughter none stop. I ended up dishing for myself too even though i wasn't hungry. I wiped my plate clean who was i fooling cause i was dead hungry.

"Thank you somuch for the lovely food nkosazana" a scary man says infront of me and i did not hear him enter the kitchen.

"Kubonga mina" as i said with a low tone not wanting to get into trouble.

"Are you oky" this man asks with a concern voice. Can't he just go already and let me be. Ofcause I'm not oky as i screamed to my inner self. I see my husband making his way to us and he snuggles his hand around my waist kissing the tip of my nose.

"Everything oky in here" my husband asks with his voice making me shiver as he asks his business partner with a straight face.

"I was just complimenting your wife's food, she must teach Zanele my girlfriend some day or even better share tips her" this man is way too comfortable for my liking when is he leaving already.

"My wife is not a teacher. Find someone who knows there way in the kitchen not those slay queen you get from the clubs" my husbands voice is filled with somuch anger and i just know that shit is about to go down later on.

"I'll take my leave" the man says as he walks away.

"You don't listern MaHlophe" oky his really angry if he calls me by his surname but i didn't do anything wrong.

"Cha baba his the one who came into the kitchen and found me here sitting quitely and he started complimenting my food"

why am i even explaining my self to this man. Once his angry nothing will cool him down until he beats the shit out of me. He let's go of my waist roughly and goes back to the other's.

"Shit" as i mumble to myslef. If only i was married to Scebi i wouldn't be this miserable.

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My name is Nomandla Hophe married to Vincent Hlophe one of the selfish, abusing man I've ever met.

1

BLOOD MONEY

NOMANDLA HLOPHE

I'm still standing in the kitchen like a lost puppy that has no intentions of moving. I fear this man I'm married to with everything in me, at times i say to myself his no human but a monster in a human form. His business partner's were now gone and I'm left to clean after their mess and they sure eat like piglets.

As I'm washing the dishes I'm busy thinking of ways that will make this man not wrestle me up tonight. Maybe if i make him release all the steam in me maybe he will cool down. I tidy up with my shakey hands until i was satisfied. I slowly go to our room like a tortoise that's trying to reach it's destination. I find

him naked sleeping on the bed faced up with his carrot in sight. Maybe if i tickle that torso he will forget everything. His eye's were closed with veins popping on his head.

I slowly gather myself walking towards him like a robot that has missing wires praying he doesn't wake up and beat the lights out pf me.

I finally got hold of his match stick and just shoved it in my mouth and i feel him tensed up. I don't even know what I'm doing, i feel his body relaxes a bit.

I started going up and down, even if i shove it all in I'm not gagging and it sucks completely. This man right here doesn't have a dick but a penis or shall i say a dicklet that only lasts for two minutes.

"Ow yes" as he groans atleast I'm doing it right and his hard. I feel like I'm sucking a lollipop. What kind of a man that has a size of a baby's dick. He has never satisfied me in bed, no matter how hard i try to think of paradise i just fail dismally and end up faking moans.

"Natasha give it to me babe" i just paused, is he moaning another woman's name while he is being sucked by me? He opens his eye's and notices that I'm looking at him.

"Who's Natasha" i asked him not that i care but some respect will do.

"No one important, excuse me i need to shower" he stands up and he walks to the bathroom butt naked.

My eye's follow his naked body and i ask myself what on earth was wrong with me leaving a man like Scebi for this dog. Vincent is short, chubby, has a pot belly and has a very small dick that doesn't even know it's job. When i think of the sexual encounters i had with Scebi i feel alive and he has nothing compared to this chicken.

VINCENT HLOPHE

I love my wife more than anything but i just fail to love her, i don't mean to loose my temper on her. I just get this black cloud that covers my eye's and i just loose it completely. I don't even know what happens. I fear that someday she will leave me for a better man that will treat her right and respect her. When it comes to the miscarriages i fear alot, what if she finds out?

Natasha is some woman i fuck wherever I'm not in my right senses. I regret having her in my life she's just too much for me and way too fake.

I used to love this life style until my wife lost our first baby and she had suffered more in my hands. It upsets me to know that one day she will be fedup of me and find someone younger

than me. I'm still standing in the cold shower letting the cold water drip down my body shamefully. I just called my wife by another woman's name.

I need to release this anger inside me and Natasha will be a good releaser. I go back to the room and i find her ironing my clothes.

"Wear this" she gave me my clothes to wear and i take them and try to observe her face but it was emotionless.

"I will be back" as he said she just said oky without even looking at him.

I don't know what happend but i just saw black next thing i know I'm pinning her against the wall strangling her full of rage.

"You don't answer your husband in that manner. You must look at me when you talk to me MaHlophe" i let go of her as she was still trying to catch her breath rubbing her neck i got more angrier and started punching her senselessly making sure i leave her bruised.

I punched her continuously taking out all the anger.

"Vi...Vincent plea...please stop" she begged him to stop but he didn't.

He dragged her by her hair while she was kicking and screaming. He banged her head harshly against the wall and she fell down.

"You talk to me when I'm talking do you understand me" he ask her but she doesn't respond he slightly kicked her but still no response. Panick kicked in noticing what he had done.

"What did i do, what did i did to you MaHlophe" i kept asking myself, shaking her vigorously but she doesn't respond. What do i do now i thought to myself.

If i call Larry my friend he will sure have me arrested, he almost did it the last time. I think of someone who might help me but no one comes in mind except for Larry. I maned up and called him.

"Larry can you come to my house i need your help urgently. It's a matter of life and death" i dropped the call without waiting for his response, if he doesn't come now I'm a dead walking man.

An hour later i hear him drive through the drive way and i was still glued on the same spot with my bodies wife still on the floor, blood has dried out and I'm also bloody.

"Vincent" i hear Larry shouting from the kitchen. I stand up as bloody as i am and i make my way to him.

"What the hell man, did you kill someone" Larry asked with a shocked facial expression on his face looking at my bloody hands.

"Yes, no just help me" as i tell him not too sure whether Nomandla is is still alive or dead.

"How can I help you when I don't know what's going on..... wait a minute don't tell me you beat up your wife again" Larry was more concerned about the situation.

"I.....I..... shit" I'm even stammering because of fear. "Please follow me she's in the bedroom" he waited no more as he passed me standing there like a jumbstack rotten potato.

"You lucky bastard she's still alive just unconscious. But she needs to go to the hospital" is Larry kidding me right now what will I even say to her parents.

"I can't man you know the hospital follows protocols, what then?" I ask him seriously stressed.

"So you prefer if she dies" Larry asked him with a serious tone.

"I don't wanna go to jail!" I tell him and he looks supermagondoviously mad.

"Everytime you beat her up this happens, what do you want Vincent?" That question is deep and i never thought about it.

"Larry come on dude" do i even know what i want.

"She will leave one day. This is not the way to treat someone you claim to love. If you don't love her than divorce her and stop abusing someone's child like this. Some of us have kid's and families to look after. I won't be running after your shit all the time. Pull yourself together and fix you're life. You're damn fourty two but behave like an eighteen year. This is the last time I'm doing this shit for you" he picked Nomandla from the floor placed her on the bed and started cleaning her wounds.

"I promise to change" Vincent says in a shaky voice. Larry just glared at him thinking of how much of a monster he has become towards his wife. Who does this to another human being, i would never lay my hands on my wife no matter how much she wronged me.

"Done give her time to rest and make sure she takes her meds"
he picked his kit and walked out of the room without looking
back as he drove straight home.

"Nomandla I'm sorry" Vincent says with his low tone looking at
his wounded wife.

2

BLOOD MONEY

NOMANDLA HLOPHE

My whole body is in pain stitches, my throat hurts to a point were i can't down anything. Why does my life has to be this miserable. This happens all the time being beaten yesturday and get an apology the following day, it pains to be treated like a worthless dog who doesn't even know there worth.

"Mkami is there anything you need before i go" he asked waiting for a response, his been quite a gentle man for the past six days.

"No" she shifted uncomfortably on the bed.

"I'll be back later, call me if you need anything" he tells her kissing her forehead and she watched her characteristic of the devil husband as he walked out.

What do i do with my own life at the moment, i need to find myself in this marriage before i loose the little strenght i have in me.

VINCENT HLOPHE

I didn't mean to hurt her, i didn't mean to hit her like that i seriously don't know what came over me. After leaving her at home i decided to drive pass Natasha's flat. I pay for this flat, i buy her food and clothes. I wouldn't say I'm in a relationship with her but she looks way better than my wife even though she's too fake.

"Natasha" he called her out. He kept scanning around the house and found her sitting on the floor cutting picture's on a newspaper article.

"i didn't think you would come today" she said as she continued cutting the paper.

"Just wanted to check up on you guy's" as he touched her big belly.

"I'm getting tired of this hide and sick when will you tell that barren wife of yours about us" she said full of annoyance.

"Soon my love" as he answered not liking the direction of the topic.

"Hope you haven't forgotten about us going home this weekend and my family is expecting us" she said with a proud smile.

"Yea sure" that's all he managed to say. How can he go away and leave his wounded wife at home he asked himself.

"I need money, i just saw a brand new iphone" that's all she knows spending money recklessly.

"How much do you need?" he asked shifting his gaze at her.

"R23000 will do" she said without care. He kept quite a bit and glared at her. His wife has never asked him this amount of money not even R5000. Now who the hell does she think she is.

"I will be back" he just walked out without saying a goodbye not wanting her to ask alot of questions.

He passed by the flower shop and purchased a bunch of red roses and chocolates. What a husband he is not even knowing what kind of chocolate his wife prefer.

When he got home he found her sitting comfortably on the couch watching a movie with swollen eye's not even sure if she could she.

"I bought you these" placing the flowers and chocolates on the table with his heart pounding.

"Thank you" she said softly and that's all she could say at the moment. Her throat is too sore for her voice to come out.

"I'll take these to the kitchen" he picked up the bunch of roses and placed his phone on the table and went to the kitchen.

His phone was vibrating non stop, as swollen as her eye's were she managed to steal a glance to see who's calling and to her

suprise it was Natasha. She picked up the phone gently pressed the answer key and placed the phone on her ear and kept quite listening her voice runting and screaming.

"How dare you Vincent. How dare you leave me just like that knowing that I'm pregnant with your child and i have needs. I told you i need R23000 upfront now to but that iphone. If you thinking on bailing out on me this weekend trust me I'll tell that useless barren wife of yours that I'm carrying your seed. Do the right thing"

She heard too much of this already she dropped the call. She pressed her swollen eye's trying to prevent the tears from coming out. She place the phone back on the table and sat there with a broken heart.

"Your flowers are in the vase" he came and sat beside her.

"Hmmmmm oky" as she avoided anymore words coming out of his mouth.

"I'll be leaving this weekend on a business trip

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will you be able to manage all alone" he asked as guilt struck him over with his eye's wondering around avoiding eye contact.

"Ok" she managed to say out of her angry heart.

"I'll go make you some soup I'm sure you must be hungry" he offered.

She sat there and thought about her life, her happiness, it's time to do what makes her happy, it's time to do what she's good at. Maybe if she havent met this man she would be far in life who knows maybe living her dream like Somizi. She thought of the day she meet him.

FLASHBACK

"Nkosazane emhlophe" a man called her as she was still pushing her trolley.

"Can i help you" she asked full of attitude.

"I'm sorry but I'm just captured by you're beauty. Ngabe bakubiza bani?" As he asked with a flashing smile showing off his teeth.

"Nomandla Nkosi" she responded without looking at him.

"I'm Vincent Hlophe. Imagine how perfectly my surname will suit you it will also compliment the colour of your skin" he ran his hands on her arms seductively.

"I'm flattered" she said as her cheeks flushed in red.

"Sengibona nje usemagcekeni akababa" he continued to draw her towards him.

"Stop it you're so funny" blushing looking down as she feels taken by this man.

"Give me you're numbers so we could talk, have lunch sometime. I'd love to see you again Ntombemhlophe" giving her his phone for her to punch her numbers in. He took out his wallet and handed her a few thousands.

No man has ever given her this amount of money beside that R200 note given by Scebi that's if his job paid well.

Day's went by and they continued to talk over the phone more frequently, having dinner nights and lunch together. She did things that she wasn't able to do with her man. She received expensive gifts and she never ran out of cash. Her love grew for this man and saw a future with him and decided to end things with Scebi.

"Tell me what i did wrong so that i can fix it" Scebi says with a broken heart.

"You don't get it do you, you don't have money Scebi you can't take care of me. I need a man like Vincent that will spend fortunes on me and treat me like a queen" she said with a lot of attitude flapping her eyelashes.

"Is it that so, all of this happening is because i cannot maintain your new life style?" He asked as he scanned her from head to toe.

"Yes just don't come see me anymore and besides you not worth my energy" shr at her neatly done manicured coffin nails.

"Ok Nomandla, i see your mind has been made up. Good luck in your gold mine" he walked away leaving her in disbelief.

END OF FLASHBACK

When i think of how i ended things with Scebi i become numb. This is the punishment I'm getting for breaking a man's heart that loved me dearly. How i wish i could rewind my life, if my life was a movie i would certainly delete some of the unwanted moments, painful memories. My life is like a shit whole toilet full of worms.

3

BLOOD MONEY

VINCENT HLOPHE

I look at my mother's picture with tears streaming down my face. For every other person it has been easy, but not to my mother. How will i sleep at night, i tried reasoning with them but their minds were made up. My life is a mess and i don't like the person i have become. How will i sleep at night knowing I'm the one who..... dammit i don't even want to think about it. My mother is my pillar of strenght i will never recover from this. Bathi indoda ayikhali but deep down im torn apart. We make

decisions without thinking and se face consequences in the end.

NOMANDLA HLOPHE

Vincent has been distant lately not that i care but it gives me time to myself. I'm not fully oky but my eyes are a bit better. I still have pains and the beating marks that are far from fading. I'm packing his clothes with somuch joy that his finally leaving with his skank. I'm thinking of my runaway escape. I've been

cleaning my personal stuff and i stumbled across my diary that i used to write short stories on. It was pretty dusty with spider web and the colour has turned auburn.

I took my time reading them just to get my minds off things. I did drama in school and i was good in it. I wanted to pursue my dreams but the devil made sure that i don't overcome my dreams. Maybe writting again will make me sain, maybe it will bring me peace. I've always wanted to become a writer but i have always been scared to come out. What if people judge my work? What if i dissapoint my reader's? What if they don't enjoy my work? I just want to wirte something far from my miserable life.

I look at Vincent who's been sitting at the passage by the steps in the same position for almost two hour's, i wonder what's bothering him.

"I'm done packing, you can take your suitcase to the car" i tell him. I walk past him without waiting for any response. I look at

him with the corner of my eye's and i see him stand up in slow motion making his way to the bedroom. This is not Matrix as i say to myself.

I walk down the stairs thinking about my escape plan the next thing i know a huge force pushed me down the steps. I slipped down rollong and bouncing down the steps painfully landing on my back. I look up the steps and i see a shadow disappearing to one of the bedrooms. What is that thing.

My body feels hot and in excruciating pain, my vision is blurry because of tears. I touch my forehead and felt a big deep open cut. I scan the rest of my body.

"No,no,no God no" i scream looking at my looking at my twisted right leg facing backwards.

"Ay maan Nomandla, you can be a nuisance sometimes. W....."
he stops on his tracks when he sees my body knotted like a hexagon.

"P...please help I'm in pain, it hurts" i sobb anguishly.

"What happened" he asked with a dumb facial expression.

"How did you know what never mind I'll take you to the hospital" he ran to his room to to fetch the car keys.

"God please save my life" she prayed to herself sucking in all the pain. Vincent picked her up gently making sure that he doesn't touch the broken leg.

The drive to the hospital felt very long

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i fill hot and cold at the same time. I'm shivering, dizzy, sick. I feel thick liquid dripping down my face. My t-shirt was bloody red which was now making me more dizzy.

"Don't close your eye's stay with me" Vincent says from afar, i felt his voice fading away bit by bit i had no strenght in me anymore until i gave up.

VINCENT HLOPHE

She has been staying at that house for full six years and not even once did this happen. Did she miss a step? What exactly happend to her? What do i tell her parents? What if they see all those bruises? At some point I'll have to tell him that their daughter has been injured. I'm in a fucked up situation.

I've been sitting on these benches for hours with no feedback. My phone has been beeping non stop and i just know that it's that useless Natasha.

"WHAT!" Picking up my phone harshly. I'm in no mood for some chitty chats with her.

"Is this the way to answer your phone when i call you" she asked in a angry tone.

"If you're calling me for nonsense than I'm drooping this call" he snorts telling her with his noise flared.

"Don't talk to me like I'm sort of that barren wife of yours. Now listen and listen carefully i need your ass right this minute before i....." he cut her short.

"Before what huh. My wife needs me now more than ever" he dropped the call and sighed in frustration.

He had no choice but to inform her family and her mother wasn't pleased at all she was broken and their are on their way. What if they want to see her? How will i explain her bruised face? Hurting her was never my intention.

Three hours later the doctor comes out of the surgery room looking all drained and tired. As the doctor was about to speak i see her parents running towards us.

"What happend" MaNkosi asked as she looked terrified.

"The doctor was about to explain" i tell her and i shifted my focus on the doctor.

"Well the sugery went well. She had a fractured bone which was terriblely broken, she will never walk the same again cause some of her tissues were badly separated. She will be able to walk using her toes balancing her steps. The scar on the forehead has been patched up even though it was too deep, good thing it did not cause brain damage. But I'm concerned her whole body is bruised, it's like she's being abused or something" the doctor says looking straight at Vincent in the eye's.

"So my daughter was not lieing" MaNkosi says as she highlights the doctor's statement in her head.

"When will we see her" her father asked trying to dismiss the topic.

"If ever my daughter dies baba, my only child her blood will be in your hands" MaNkosi tells him with a broken heart making his heart skip a bit.

"You can follow me but she's still asleep" the doctor tells them. They all followed the doctor with calculated steps filled with afraidness.

"Oh my God" MaNkosi cried seeing her daughter in that state. It shows that her daughter is being abused daily judging from those dark deep bruises. "I'm sure this is what you wanted when you told my daughter, my only daughter to stay in her marriage no matter what happens. I will never forgive you for this" she says with a cracky voice and he saw pain in her eye's.

"What happened mkhwenyana" baba asked Vincent trying to avoid his wife's threatening and pain.

"She fell down the steps" Vincent says without looking at them.

"How did she fall? Did someone push her or did you push her?" MaNkosi asked, looking at Vincent with so much vengeance.

"I...I wasn't in sight when she fell" he felt suffocated with these questions. These old people must watch 1000 ways to die and cut me some slack, his inner self said.

"She will be fine, son, don't feel bad, it wasn't your fault after all" baba said, tapping on his shoulders.

"My daughter must make an irrevocable commitment to pray, God will intervene" MaNkosi says, making Vincent shift uncomfortably.

This is all a mess, how will he come out of this? How will he sort this issue out? He thought of his mother, guilt-stricken in making him swallow a dry, painful lump. There's no turning back from this situation.

4

BLOOD

NOMANDLA HLOPHE

It hurts to know that i have permanent painful scars from my marriage. I want to get out but something keeps pulling me back. If i leave where will i go, I'm not welcomed back home. I've tried reasoning with my father but he shuts me put saying i should stick by my husband no matter what. What kind of a father do i have? Is it money that's making him this blind that my happiness don't matter to him? My cries and pains don't matter to him?

I'm silently crying on this hospital bed thinking of my life, i last saw the devil two days ago.

"Ever since you're admitted you trying to tell me that you're husband has not even once checked up on you" my mother asks with much hurt.

"No and honestly speaking I'm tired mah i don't wanna go back to that house I've suffered alot in the hands on that man" i tell my mother with so much pain.

"Awuyeke ukutefa, your husband is a very busy man. Maybe if you gave him a child you wouldn't be in this position. You want to leave you're husbands house right, ungezi kwami i don't need you" my father says without care.

"The day i die i hope you will find happiness, i didn't know you hate me this much" i tell him, I'm sick and tired of this old man siding with Vincent all the time.

"You seize to be my daughter. You are such a failure and an embarrassment, I'm even ashamed to proudly say you my daughter. This man has been feeding us not even once you heard him complain. Fix yourself and give your husband a child

he will stop treating you like trash that you are" with that said he stormed out of my ward leaving me in tears.

"I think that's enough now i need my patient to rest" the doctor says.

"I will see you tomorrow" MaNkosi say as she walked out with a heavy heart.

I sometimes wonder if is Nkosi my real father or what. Not even once he has supported me. He always had to compare me with other people. From now onwards i don't have a father, i have washed my hamds off him.

"Don't think too much into this, just focus on your recovery and you shall be oky. Don't let negative people distract you" the doctor tells her.

"Sometimes i wish i could die you know, i hate the man I'm married to. I regret the mistake i made, i regret the day i met

him, i regret saying i do, i regret leaving the man that loved me to the moon for this monster" she sobbs.

"Everything in life happens for a reason sisi. If that man was yours in the first place God will make a way for you guys to find one another in each other's arms" he advised her. "What i need you to do is to heal first, block all the negative energy and go find your happiness. Here there's my card call me anytime whenever you need help" the doctor walked out leaving her looking at the business card.

VINCENT HLOPHE

What a waste of time and breath. Natasha and her mother are cut from the same cloth, they are a useless bunch that has no brain. The only reason I'm still with her is because she's carrying my child. All my credit cards have been wiped clean.

"I don't know how you run out of cash embarrassing me like that in front of my family. You're rich with you're richness you can feed the whole nation. Infact i need to monitor all your bank cards from now onwards. It's obvious that you're useless barren wife cannot control you" Natasha says shouting at him in front of her family.

"So you're married?" Natasha's father asked out of curiosity.

"Yebo" Vincent answered looking down in shame.

"Worry not father his divorcing soon and we getting married" Natasha squealed in excitement.

"Count me out, what are you doing breaking someone's home?
Let me tell you something you don't know

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tears of a crying woman are very dangerous hope you won't get burnt in the cross fire. I won't consider you as my son in-law and i would appreciate it if you leave my premises right this minute. What kind of a man are you galavanting in the streets while you have a wife waiting and warming the bed for you. You are embarrassing us married men who love their family dearly" Natasha's father said with a serious tone making Vincent's ego bruised

Her father was right I'm sitting here with my sidechick instead of being with my wife who is in a hospital bed. I don't even know how she's doing. Right now I'm with a bunch of pre-school adults kids spending money like they've won a jackpot.

I need to go back to my wife, what has gotten into me, my mother will be highly disappointed in me she's very fond of MaHlophe but i just keep messing things up.

After what Natasha's father said i think it's about time i make things right i hope I'm not too late. I'd rather be poor than living a miserable life like this. I look at this family and i knew just right then that i don't belong here, this is not me, not the kind of life I've imagined.

My mother's situation worsens things up, i can't put my family through that pain. My life is hard as a roc, how do i untangle myself from this. I'm beginning to hate money. When ever i think of my mother i feel my heart crack. I made a wrong choice in life, whenever i think of the choices i made my blood shivers in shock.

NOMANDLA HLOPHE

I've been admitted for two full weeks now and there's no sign of Vincent. It's sort of peaceful and it brings out that joy in my heart. My leg still hurts but walking is a struggle. I use crutches in the time being but when it gets worse I use a wheelchair. I'm in the toilet looking at this scar on my forehead that's going to be my everyday reminder, a scar that will always remind me of how much I suffered in my marriage. It's time for my medication as I drag my feet back to my bed and I hear a familiar laugh making my heart skip a bit.

I think I'm dreaming, maybe I'm seeing his twin but he doesn't have one, maybe I'm still stuck up in my own world. Did I crash my head that bad that now I'm beginning to see unseeable things. No it can't be, I think I'm having a panic attack, I can't seem to control my breathings. I try to balance myself with these walls but I still feel like falling. The roof is spinning, it's getting darker and darker next thing I know I landed on the floor.

"I told you this was not a good idea, she's still recovering and wena you setting her back" the doctor tells the visitor.

"I didn't mean to, i didn't know it will be this bad" the man says looking at her helpless body full of bruises.

"Help me get her on the bed before someone comes in" they picked her up and place her gently on the hospital bed. "She's going to be fine, I'll just have to monitor her very closely" as he checked her Bp.

"Keep me posted my heart breaks seeing her like this" the man says looking at her with a torn heart " i still love you with all those scars and you still look beautiful like the first time i met you" he smiled kissing her cracked dry lips and he walked out of the hospital.

5

BLOOD MONEY

VINCENT HLOPHE

These past two weeks have been a drag in my life. Natasha and her mother forcefully moved into my house, Nomandla's belongings were tossed out of the bedroom and stashed to the storage. I haven't eaten a decent meal for days, my house looks like a dust bin with piles of dishes in every corner. I've not set my eye's on my wife for about a month now, i don't even know how she's doing i haven't checked up on her.

"When are gou marrying my daughter since you divorcing she's caring your Precious gift there" Natasha's mother asked.

"I'm not ready for another marriage" i tell her.

"You cannot use my daughter like that and toss her aside like some used piece of toilet paper full of shit" she hisses angrily.

"Maybe she is" he says standing up leaving them with their mouths wide open, he decided to go out for a walk. Thinking about the decision he must make before midnight.

NOMANDLA HLOPHE

Shit i was dreaming, why does God have to punish me this much. The dream felt real, he said he still love me with all these scars. If only dreams were reality.

"You awake miss fainter" the doctor says checking her Bp.

"I'm awake from a dream I've been longing for the past six year's" she says with a smile on her face.

"I assume it's a good dream judging from that smile, i want to hear all about it" the doctor says as he sat down on the chair that was beside the bed.

"Well it's about a man I've always loved. I last saw him the day i broke his heart. I was in the bathroom and when i came back i found you talking to him, he was right here in this room. He said he still loves me with all these scars and i still look beautiful like the first time we met. I felt his warm mint breath, his lips were so cold. The dream felt so real. I miss him dearly, Scebi was a man amongst men and i ruined him, i ruined a chance to

be loved, i ruined my own happiness for what for the love of money that comes with heartache" she says taking a breath.

"You were not dreaming

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my brother was here" he says looking straight to her eye's.

"WHAT!" she asked in shock scanning the room.

"You heard it right Scebi Bloss was hear to see you" he says and there was a moment of silence.

"So i wasn't dreaming" she said in a low voice with tears prinkling out of her eyes.

"No" he answered her smiling. "Look i don't want to say much but what i know is he never stopped loving the same way you never stopped loving him. Remember when i said if yourl were meant to be you will find yourselves in each other's arms again" he tells her.

"Ow my God" she covered her mouth with her hands in total shock and burst into tears.

"I don't have all the answers, i suggest you wait for him. Once his available he'll come see you" he made his way out. Leaving her sinking on the hospital bed in total disbelief.

SCEBI BLOSS

It's funny how someone breaks your heart and you still love them regardless. My life has been rocky after Nomandla's breakup, everything was a mess till now my life is still a mess. I got married three year's ago to a total she devil. I was taken away by her beauty not knowing what i was getting myslef into. Our relationship was blissful from the start but things changed when we got married. I have deep scars that are unforgettable. Atleast i gained two beautiful daughter's in my marriage.

Bianca was a sweet young woman when i first met her, she had respect for me. She reminded me so much of Nomandla i could say i was trying to replace her and i failed dismally. After seeing her today brought all those memories. The feelings i tried so hard to bury are back within a blink of an eye.

"So tell me uzokwenzenjn, it's pretty obvious if you're still with this girl you will end up dieing and leave me in this world. Who will help take care of your younger siblings. I know life is not the walk in the park but think about us. Leave her before it's too late" his mother says.

My mother is my best friend that i share everything with. The abuse I've endured in this marriage is enough and it has effected her alot. I lost my left eye after Bianca stabbed me, i have deep burnt marks from my abdomen where she poured me with hot water, while i was still sleeping. I can't fight her back, i once did and she promised to kill my kids and i can't afford to lose them they are my everything.

"I'm planning to but i just want to do something that will leave her paralyzed permanently" he said with full of hate.

"Don't do something you will regret son. So what happend after seeing Nomandla" his mother asked.

"She fainted, she was probably shocked. I'm just giving her time to recover" he said thinking about the good old times.

"You still love her don't you" woman with aloth of questions.

"With everything in me and this time i will fight with everything I've got"

"What ever decision you make I'll support you. I just want to see you happy again" she continued stirring the pots.

He sighed and thought about his life, he hasn't made it in life. What if she rejects him again. His just a mechanic guy who earns R13.000 every month. Will she ever settle for less, he thought. It's time to put there love into the test. His life is filled with colours of sadness.

VINCENT HLOPHE

I'm running out of cash and my Oracle needs a sacrifice. It's either my mother or my unborn child.

I've been longing for a child for years now and this is the opportunity for me to be a father. I robbed Nomandla a chance to be a mother just because of my selflessness. I sacrificed my three babies from Nomandla and two from my previous marriage. No one knows I was once married.

Here I am in my dark room Oracle glaring at the mirror looking at Natasha's big belly and the reflection of my peaceful sleeping mother. I had a knife on my right hand, just one stab on the mirror it will be the end of that person.

"It's either one of them or you sacrifice your own life" the master said with his voice echoing in the room.

"Shebba" he bowed down in respect as he held the knife hard that was shaped as a snake. He lifted it up and stabbed at the

mirror countless times. His heart pounding when he noticed that the person has died.

"Shebba will have a feast tonight" the master laughed an evil laugh.

Vincent dropped down on his knees and drank blood from the calabash making his veins pump with blood.

"Hope killing her was worth it" he said wiping his mouth full of blood.

"By tomorrow you will be swimming in money. Continue shedding blood and you will never run out of money" the master disappeared.

Every night he sleeps with a corpse to gain power and respect. Every after 3 months he gets fresh meat, the time he sleeps with them he sucks their organs which makes him more wealthy. Once expired it will be thrown in the dark forest.

He thought of a perfect candidate that has fresh meat. He went straight into Natasha's mother's bedroom. He opened the door and found sleeping half naked. He took off his clothes and got onto the bed opening her legs wide open as he shoved himself inside of her without warning and started moving in and out of her.

#06

NOMANDLA HLOPHE

It hurts to know i might not see him again, i keep checking thinking he would walk in through that door but nothing and I've lost hope.

I've been discharged and I'm going back to my hell hole house. I so wish to go somewhere else but i don't have anywhere to go after my own father disowned me.

I wonder who's expensive car is this parked on the drive way. This right here is not my house, it looks filthy, smelly with flies flying around.

"Vincent" i shout out for his name and a heavily pregnant woman appears with her hands on her waist.

"What do you want in my house" Natasha asked with somuch attitude filled in her.

"Last time i checked this was my house" i raised my voice at her. My house looses like a dumpster.

"Not anymore, by the way your filthy belongings are in the storage" with that said she went back to her room.

"I don't believe this" MaNkosi says feeling defeated.

They sat down waited for Vincent and he has some explaining to do. He has some neverve disrespecting her like that.

"Ow you are here, you finally decided to wake up from the dead" Vincent says making his way in. "What do you want Nomandla?" he asked.

"So this is how things are Vincent" Nomandla asked feeling torn and heart broken.

"I believe my wife has spoken to you. I don't want to stress her as you can see she's pregnant" he opened his backpack, took out an envelope and threw it at her face "please sign those are divorce paper's and besides our marriage expired a long time ago".

"Are you sure that this is what you want?" MaNkosi asked him wanting to be sure.

"Yes, now sign those damn paper's but remember this you came with nothing in this marriage and you will leave with nothing" handing her the pen to sign.

"It's oky i will sign i won't even fight you. I actually thank you, God has finay heard my cries. I long wished to leave you're abusive dickhead and you've just made things pretty easy for me. And wena Natasha you don't know what you've getting yourself into. I stayed and thank God i came out alive, hope you will also make it out alive. It may seem rosey in the beginning but hell will brake loose don't say i didn't warn you, enjoy it while it last. And wena Vincent you're the biggest regret i will always regret for the rest of my life. Where do i sign?" She held the pen firmly and started signing her initials each page. "Thank you for giving me my freedom back, thank you for not killing me, thank you for saving me for the next man that will love me with all of my scars that you made". She looked at them one last time as they shyed away in embarrassment, she held onto her mother's hand and they walked out.

"Did you take everything from the storage" her mother asked as they were packing the rest of the remainings.

"Yes" she answered filled with mixed emotions.

"Are you oky?" MaNkosi's heart is dropping bit by bit seeing her daughter this miserable.

"Thank you for being her with me it truly means alot" she said looking outside the window.

"Do you have any plan? Let's go home" hoping she would agree.

"I don't want go see your husband. I don't have a father remember" she laughed at her line of statement.

"Then uzoyaphi Nomandla"? You basically have nothing on you at this point" MaNkosi protested begging her heart that she agrees to go home.

"I know" she pulled out a business card from her breasts, borrowed her mother's phone and she made a call registering her details.

"Mphakamseni Foundation really Nomandla. That place is for homeless people and wena you're not homeless" her mother sounding defeated.

"Even if it was a shack mother i would have gladly accepted it, choosers can't be beggars right".

"If you say so my daughter". She glared at her and saw that her mind has been made up.

"To new life, new beginnings" she said as she breathed outloud. The engine roared as it was bought to life and they drove off leaving trails of dust behind.

The drive was silent until a song played on the radio and it touched my heart emotionally. I never got a chance to mourn for my babies. Till today i don't know what was the cause of my miscarriages. I listened to this song and it had a deep message like it was directed to me somehow. It made me feel weak, it made me wonder how would i have looked with that huge stomach. It made me think about cravings, made me think

about their first cries, their first steps, their first word, first day in school. How does it feel being called mama. This song written here is opening old wounds, wounds I thought I've healed from.

I fought for you

The hardest

it made me the strongest

So tell me your secret

I just can't stand you leaving

But heaven couldn't wait for you

No, heaven couldn't wait for you

Heaven couldn't wait for you

No, heaven couldn't wait for you

So go on go home

We laughed at the darkness

We stood on the ceilings

You showed me love was all you needed

Heaven couldn't wait for you

Heaven couldn't wait for you

Oh, heaven couldn't wait for you

No, heaven couldn't wait for you, you, you, you, you, you.

I never got the chance to hold them, i never got the chance to experience labour pains. This pain I'm feeling now is more than the pain I've ever endured in my life. I'm sinking into a deep dark hole.

"Cry all you want my daughter, don't bottle the pain inside"
mother said trying to calm the situation down.

"It hurts ma, i never got the chance to hold my kids, three miscarriages and not even one gets to live. Why me mama, why me" she sobbed painfully making her mother park at the side of the road giving her all the attention.

"You one strong brave woman I've ever met, you've survived through all those obstacles, you smiled through pain. Everything happens for a reason, someday God will here your cries and your life will be sprinkled with brightness as a snow white. I know your kids are looking upon you, one day you will get to experience being fat and ugly. God will bless you and the day he blesses you will be the day he wipes those ugly tears you have" they laughed and drove off.

VINCENT HLOPHE

I received a call from my father informing me that my mother is no more, as if i don't know. I had to fake the shock, you know when they say fake it till you make it. My father is devastated and hurt.

"You need to be strong for us, we still need you" i tell him not that i care.

"You wouldn't understand, but one day you would" his father said as he walked away leaving him standing there like a chicken that has been striked by lightning.

Vincent has never had a relationship with his father. He was always a rebellious child who was always greedy for power and money. Hr huffed as he looked at his father walk away.

He thought his mother's death would affect him but with that big fat balance in his credit cards his way too happy to share his tears.

"You don't seem bothered of our mother's death" his sister says as she stands right next to him.

"Men don't show there weakness" he lied through his teeth clenching his jaws.

"I will miss her" she says with a painful tone "it won't be the same again" he felt the urge to roll his eye's but thought against it.

"Impilo izokumangaza" his sister looked at him with questionable eye's. Why does Vincent seem to be happy about their mother's death.

The yard was already full of people to pay respect to the family. They family have lost one of the loveable strongest person they've ever came across. Their family will not be the same again there will always be a missing piece. She was a phenomenal woman who glued her family through good and bad times.

VINCENT HLOPHE

Week went by pretty fast and my mother was laid to rest, but something strange happened. Her coffin was dripping blood in all corners and she was standing on top of the coffin with blood on her hands, her heart hanging out of her mouth with three little kids surrounding her. I felt my skin crawl like I'm about to lose my mind.

After the burial I drove straight to my house finding Natasha and her mother watching a movie. I just walked passed them without greeting and went straight to my Dark Room Oracle. I needed Shebba's consultation right this minute.

The room was red which was unusual, I knelt down in front of the skeleton Buddha which has skeleton human heads.

"Shebba, Queen of The Great Bahamas your son has arrived" the secret door opened and the Ghost Shebba appeared.

"Your mother would be your downfall Vincent" Shebba said as she sat down on the high gigantic chair. Her aura ghost demands respect. As much as she's a ghost she still looked beautiful with the see through flawlessly skin.

"But you recommend that she comes with great price" still kneeling down looking at the human skulls.

"We have to perform a ritual so her soul could be trapped. As long as her soul is trapped you will be safe" she stood up and glared at him "we will need a blood of a new born baby. Make a plan before tonight i will be back to perform" she disappeared through the walls leaving her black ashes behind.

Vincent sat down rubbing his head in frustration "where will i get a new born baby, I'm fucked up".

Later that afternoon Vincent was sitting quietly along with the member's of his cult to perform the ritual. Natasha was put into deep sleep with human skulls surrounding her and she layed there with her hands on her side. Vincent took it upon him to sacrifice yet again with his unborn child. Shebba the goddess of the cult sprinkled blood on Natasha's lower abdomen to prepare for the arrival of the sacrifice.

Natasha's stomach was slit open and the baby was taken out of her stomach. It was a premature baby with pinkish soft wrinkled skin. The baby boy was placed on top of on top of Shebba's ashes while Natasha was being stiched up and was tossed aside like a useless dog.

"Shall we begin? Shebba asked as she sliced into the captive's torso while it made those tiny cries piercing through their ear

drums and removed his small still beating heart. With his tiny heart it will feed the God's of the Great Bahamas and ensure the continued existed of the world.

The tiny body was caried into another ritual space, where they layed it face-up. Armed with year's of practice, obsidian blades sharper than today's surgical steel. She than made an incision in the thin space between two vertebrae in the neck expertly decapitating the body. She began to defy and cut away the skin. Since the baby was tiny and soft it was hard to cut all the necessary parts.

They than curved larged holes in both sides of his tiny skull into a thick wooden post that held other skulls.

Eventually after months or years in the sun and rain the skull will began to fall into pieces. Shebba normally removes it to so it can be fashioned into a mask placed in for offering. These skulls were seeds that would ensure the continued existence of humanity. A tiny heart was sliced into seven pieces for them to have it raw.

"The eye of the God's have accepted the great sacrifice. The Great Bahamas of the Oracle will be houred" silence filled the room as they bowed dpwn their heads in respect chewing the bitterness of the baby's heart.

"An angry spirit is lurking around disturbing our peace" Shebba declared as Vincent's mother's spirit appeared in the room dripping blood.

"Vincent it's not too late to correct your wrongs my son. Change your ways before i do something that will send you straight to the dungeon" his mother's was beyond unsettled as she cried blood.

"Her soul needs to be captured before she destroys us" King Luke protested and he stood up.

Vincent kept quite not knowing what to do, all he ever wanted was fame and money. All these sacrifices come with great achievements to him. He doesn't regret sacrificing his own mother and unborn babies. It felt good and wrong at the same time. Now what's left is to trap his mother's angry spirit.

When a person dies their soul doesn't ascend to the after life automatically. The soul builds a connection with it's body while alive and remains attached to the body in death through natural decomposition, the soul gradually loses it's connection to the mortal realm. Vincent's mother was an angry spirit that has been unable to ascend properly and remain trapped on mortal realm. These spirits are a constant pain and seek to take out their agony and misery on the living by lulling them.

"To capture a soul, there must be atleast one empty soul gem in inventory that is large enough to hold the soul if not it must be shrunk" Vincent said while scanning his eye's around the room.

"We always come prepared" Shibba's voice filling the room. She picked up the spear and she threw it right at the spirit and immediately blew white powder making the spirit to shrink into the size of an egg.

"That was easy" Vincent exclaimed in excitement.

"Easy water's" Shibba added as she picked her up, sealed her mouth with ashes and threw her inside of the bottle closing it and placed it inbetween the skulls.

"Mamba needs to feed. It's been long since he had new flesh" the king darted looking at Vincent with shallow eye's.

"New flesh he shall receive" Vincent added.

"Release him from the chains so he could have his satisfaction".

Snakes are used to aquire riches. If Mamba is well fed with the right muti on it, it would make your life and business go from one to hundred. He was set free as he hissed, he went out of the room headed to the living room finding Natasha's mother asleep on the couch. It snailed inbetween her legs making her jump in fear and froze when she saw a huge snake turn into an

old man. She became wet instantly from sweat and blacked out instantly.

He caressed his snakey hands on her thighs and hissed looking at her virginia. It reaped her clothes leaving her naked, jerked his machine which was four times bigger than humans. He positioned himself and entered her cookie as it teared up apart to the anus area. The warmth in her made Mamba take longer than usual until she bleed uncontrollably. He released his eggs in her as he went back into his snake form crawling back to The Dark Oracle Room.

"My work here is done" said Shebba as she disappeared into the walls and the other's followed.

"What a hectic sacrifice" Vincent said in excitement. He looked at his mother's spirit shaking his head. "You made a jackpot" with a smile plastered on his face. What's left to do is cook up a lie to Natasha when she wakes up. Maybe having a family was not for him, this is his life. He picked up Natasha's helpless body and placed her on the bed as he slept next to her.

NOMANDLA HLOPHE

Mphakamseni Foundation is really a place to rewind making you forget the traumer experience you've endured. Ever since I came here I've been at peace. I can now smile without fearing anything. I now have friends with a beautiful lady named Nomkhosi. Their family is one large happy one, their support system is out of this world.

I heard that Vincent's mother is no, to be honest i was heart broken. That woman welcomed me and loved me like her own. Not even once she became a monster inlwaw. The dreams I keep on having about her are very disturbing. She looks trapped where ever she is. It's probably just a dream that means nothing.

I'm glad to say I've been expressing my emotions on writing and I've found a hobby in it. I never knew that writing can make you feel this lighter, it's some sort of therapy.

I see Khosi making her way inside my bedroom with her stomach leading the way. These women pop babies like machines especially Zelo. I almost fainted when I heard she has twelve kids and another crew of sextuplets on the way which means they will have eighteen "you are here, I've been looking for you all over" she sat down making herself comfortable exhaling outloud "i hate pregnancy" she says.

When i got to learn about Khosi's life history it touched me. I thought my life was a total mess. I thought I was the only one who had problems bigger than life itself. Being raped continuously is a traumatic experience and i don't wish it even on my enemy. Her albinosim complements her beauty.

"I was just finishing this chapter" i tell her looking at her glowing skin.

"How's it going"? she asked pulling the diary from my hand and flipped through the pages.

"Only one last chapter left and I'm done" I'm so excited.

"You pretty good, you should have your personal blog on facebook or create an account on visionary writings and gain yourself followers. Who knows maybe someone will be interested in publishing it for you. Why not showcase your craft of art to the world" she added.

"I will definatly do that" we stayed for hours creating a profile for my blog. Now i need to start typing and share my experience. Later on her husband fetched her.

I looked at Khosi as she went out of the building with her husband and two adorable kids. Maybe my life would have been like this if i didn't turn my back on Scebi. No use crying over spilt milk, I just got to pick the pieces of my life and focus on the future. It's high time i look for a job i can't rely on other people for ever. Being in this Foundation is just temporary until i get back on my feet.

VINCENT HLOPHE

My house is full of money

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I'm swimming in money. Ngindoda enemali eningi. My life is shining bright like a diamond. After the sacrifice Natasha woke up to an empty stomach and i had to cook up a cookable lie.

"Babe when you feel asleep you went into a deep coma, i just got terrified and i had to rush you to the hospital.

Unfortunately I was late maybe if i saw ealier that something is wrong all of this wouldn't have happend. The doctor's said i could also loose you if they don't remove the baby inside of you. The baby had to be removed cause it was already dead and i asked them to cremenent him" stupid her believed me.

Her mother has been a walking zombie in this house and it's starting to annoy me. She should just suck it all in and besides she's benefiting from this money also. They wanted a luxurious life and I'm giving them one and I can't be blamed for their misery and tears. Their tears don't shake me one bit.

"I think we should take my mother to the hospital to one of thee expensive one's, she has been bleeding for day's now. She's too old to be bleeding" Natasha said as she held her abdomen fliching in pain.

"Oh ok" that's all i managed to say cause honestly I don't care.

AT THE HOSPITAL

"What's taking them so long" Natasha asked I'm also tired of waiting.

"Finally here's the doctor hope he has good news" sounding annoyed, cause he has to pay for the bills.

"Thank you for you're patience. We had a hard time diagnosing the problem until we managed to spot it. Uterine is a rare but serious childbirth complication that could occur during vaginal birth. It causes the mother's uterus to tear so the baby slips to her abdomen. This can cause severe bleeding in the mother and can suffocate the baby" the doctor tells them not to sure whether to continue or not.

"So you are trying to tell me that my mother is pregnant, but how? When?" she gasped not believing the news. "My parent's haven't been intimate for about a year now. This is just confusing" and indeed she was confused.

The doctor cleared his throat preparing to deliver more devastating news "not only that. It looks like she also had a vaginal tear. It can be caused by damage during sex or putting foreign objects into the vagina. The treatment depends on how severe her tear is and at this point she has deep tears. These are more like to cause severe pains and heavy bleedings and must be fixed with immediate surgery.

"Ow my God what does this mean" trying by all means not to cry.

"It means whatever she used or who ever she was intimate with was very huge, definitely not a human size" the doctor responded.

"What's next?" She asked looking terrified.

"Surgery will commence and taking care of the bleeding" as he went through the patient's file. "She has to avoid sex for a couple of month's to save her baby. That will be all excuse me" with that said the doctor left to attend to other patient's.

"I don't know what to say I'm just lost and dumbfounded. If she's pregnant who's the father of the baby cause I'm certainly sure that it's not my father's" she's way to confused forgetting she's in pain.

"Let's go home I'm tired" Vincent says as they walked out of the hospital and drove straight home. The house looks clean. Vincent decided to hire a house help that will clean during the week.

Vincent was more worried about Mamba at this point. If Natasha's mother is pregnant that means he is the father or Mamba is. Mamba was having pleasurable moments with Gabby Natasha's mother every single night. He now hardly turns back to his snake form. What concerns him is will Mamba bring in more money if he give Gabby his full attention. He doesn't want him lacking and talking to him will clear the air.

"Mamba you do know that you belong to me not to Gabby. I don't want you losing focus just because of that old woman's vagina" Vincent blurted in anger making Mamba hiss as he looked at him with his green eyes.

"If Mamba is perfectly fed you have nothing to worry about, pity he will sleep with an empty stomach today. Satisfy my needs till she comes back. Hope my son will not be affected by all this" looking at his reflection in the mirror of a half human half snake.

"For a moment I thought I'm responsible" he breathes out loud holding his chest.

"I was marking my territory" he hissed.

"You can have Natasha till Gabby comes back, don't plant your eggs in her" Vincent said as he walked out of The Dark Oracle Room making Mamba smile.

#09

SCEBI BLOSS

Bianca has stripped all of my strength. There was a time when I lost all hope and ready to give up but Nomandla's face flashed through my mind. I've been locked up in this house for days without food, I've been gulping water to keep myself going. I regret the day I met her but I don't regret having those two beautiful kids. I'm not a violent person but today I'm putting a

stop to this. ENOUGH IS ENOUGH! I'm sitting comfortably on the chair waiting for her, I don't want to kill her but I want her to have the same experience she put me through.

I hear her drive in and I just knew that I'm about to make her life a living hell.

"Ncimezi" that's what she calls me after she stabbed me in the eye. The results of staying in an abusive marriage.

"HMMMM" my heart was pumping with so much rage.

"Tell that witch mother of yours to stop brainwashing my kids. I won't tolerate her nonsense".

Scebi has had enough of this woman. He stood up and walked towards her and strangled the living day out of her.

"Now listen and listen carefully, no one calls my mother a witch. No one disrespects my mother like that. Do you understand me!"

"Yo....you hu....hurting me, i can't breath" she said trying to gasp for air.

"You made me to be this kind of a man, you love them ruthless don't you, I will show you ruthless. You see all the pain you caused me you are about to experience it. We should start with this pretty face of yours" he caressed his fingers on her face.

"W...what do you mean" she asked out of fear.

"What happened to my eye? What's the cause of these burnt marks? What happened to my front teeth, cause right now i have artificial false" he asked and she remained quite.

Scebi wanted so much to kill her right this instant but than again he remembered that he wants to make her life a livig hell. He wants to make sure that she feels the same pain he felt. He wants to make sure that he leaves unforgettable scars. Scars that will be a constant reminder and he though of a perfect plan.

He let go of her making her trip and fall. He headed straight to the kitchen to boil water with the kettle and waited patiently for the water to boil. He carried the kettle gently and went to the bedroom finding her standing looking outside the window.

"Bianca" he called out for her name, she turned around and hot flushes landed on her face.

"Ahhhhh" she screamed in agony "Scebi help me" she kept jumping up and down rubbing her painful face.

"That's you're first medicine hunny" he smirked looking at her as she ran around the room in circles like a dog looking a place to sit.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry" her voice was faint and the pain was excruciating.

"Look at yourself in the mirror you look hella sexy" he laughed as he looked at her. "I want you to sign here and if you don't i

will continue making you're life a living hell" he threw the divorce paper's on her burning face making her eye's widen in shock.

"I'll change and be a better woman please don't leave me" the pain she was feeling was intense getting stronger and stronger.

"Since you don't want to sign it's time for part two. You're eye will be perfect don't you think? He came close to her making her shiver in pain. She's has never seen Scebi this mad, maybe she indeed pushed him to the limit taking advantage of his kindness she thought to herself. The thought of having one eye and a burnt face made her heart pound. She quickly grabbed the paper's and pen and signed without reading, her life was more important than this. "That wasn't hard now wasn't it?

He packed all of his belongings and went out of the house leaving Bianca in pain as she kept scratching herself making the situation worse by making her skin peel off.

"I got to find the woman that belongs to my heart" he said to himself driving to his brother's house with a smile on his face not believing his finally a free man.

VINCENT HLOPHE

I slept in the guest room knowing Mamba will be occupying himself with Natasha. She was fast asleep when i left her i don't know why i lied to myself that i loved Natasha. Her flashy life style and fake face annoys me to the core. There's this huge void in my life and that space belonged to Nomandla.

She was the only woman who stayed for the shit man like me, she endured all the pain and sometimes get beatings for nothing. Maybe having her back in my life will make me a better man.

I can hear movements and moans and i can tell Mamba is at it. Some find it creepy to have a snake inside my house, a snake that could talk, a snake that can change into a human form. What else can I say money comes first.

In Natasha's bedroom

She was fast asleep cause of the overdose of painkillers she took. Her abdomen was in so much pain and she wanted to ease the pain so she could fall asleep. Mamba was right beside her as he sniffed and smelt blood of menstruation. If he sleep with her while she's on her periods everything will crumble down. Since his sex drive was high he decided to connect with her through a wet dream. He layed his snakey body next to he and started to connect with her.

Mamba was on top of Natasha kissing her roughly which surprisingly turned her on. Everything in Mamba was triple the size of a human. His huge hands went down to Natasha's nubi and he started massaging it roughly. Foreplay is not for him, but he was trying to pleasure himself through the wet dream.

He did the circulation using his hands around the vagina hole making it slippery and moist. He later inserted his finger which was the size of a normal dick, he couldn't bare the fire he was feeling it was making his sex drive even more higher.

His snakey machine was hard as a rock. He positioned himself and inserted himself through the slippery paved way and it was a struggle. He groaned and hissed and started moving in and out of her. She was way too tight for him, her vagina walls were not making it easier for him as they flung open and accommodated his machine.

"Ssssss" Mamba hissed looking at her with those snakey eye's. Natasha was feeling a feeling she has never felt before, she never knew that men could have this size of a dick as big as his. Funny enough she doesn't know this man on top of her bit here she is with her legs wide open. His green eyes were turning her on and she found herself lost in his eye's. The more they stare at each other the more her clit throbbbs.

"Do me like you've never fucked anyone before" she said in her panting soft voice.

Mamba's power arosed as he started pumping her from the top. He pulled her legs up and placed them on his shoulders and started going faster as he was instructed.

"Ssss" he was starting to loose himself and couldn't control himself inside of her. Their bodies pumping each other making clappy sounds.

"Fuck ow yes" Natasha screamed in pleasure grabbing the sheets and scratching his saily slippery skin. Pains mixed with pleasure, she felt her uterus shift from the inside and she flinched in pain.

The feeling was no longer exciting, it was no longer cloud nine 36 degrees Celsius. What she feels now is pain. She reached for her vagina and touched her swollen flaps.

"St...stop" she exclaimed but Mamba was out of this world. He felt the urge to go faster, he pumped her harder making the bed make that squeaky rocky sound. He continued fucking her roughly with so much energy making the bed collide on the floor. He felt the power to go on as Natasha was pleading for him to stop.

"Shit" Mamba cried, hearing the sound of her vagina making that prrr prrr sound means his giving her good. That sound of slippery wetness making that vaginal slapping sounds. He stopped and flipped her over entering her from the behind and started humping her messlesly.

"Ouch ow fuck" she cried in pain with her flat ass high up. The swollen pinky flesh was all out for Mamaba to see. He looked at it spanking her ass opening it wide open. The more he pumped the more her vagina makes queefing farting sounds. He hiss and released his juices of eggs on her buut. He slowly shrinked and went back to The Dark Oracle Room.

#10

SCEBI BLOSS

"What did you do Mandla" Scebi asked his brother feeling defeated.

"I tampered with her brakes. I couldn't handle the threats. Calm down we did a clean job. To be honest she was starting to become a fly that's not needed. She put you through alot and she got to pay the price. Wena nje leave your life and forget that she ever existed, she was never yours from the get go. You know where you're heart belongs, now go out there and look

for the woman that owns you're heart" his brother answered him feeling unbothered.

"Hope this won't come back to bite us. I have kids to take care of and a woman to hunt"

"She's at Mphampha what what Foundation" Mandla answered searching for a beer in the cabinet.

"How did you know? You know what don't even answer me."
He wasted no time as he rushed out of the house driving his cheap van like a manic to the Foundation with his heart beating on 260.

NOMANDLA HLOPHE

I was sitting on my bed when I was told I have a visitor. At first I thought maybe it was Vincent, he has come to make my life a living hell. My heart is on my throat and I can't take this suspense any longer. I made my way down the hall way. I stopped on my tracks when I saw a familiar body structure, I guess he heard my footsteps. He turned around and flashed that handsomest smile, opened his arms embracing me. I jumped for the opportunity and threw myself in his arms. He still smells the same, his gone a bit taller not forgetting that minty breath of his. I buried my head on his chest and he still knows my favourite hug.

"Skat" that voice still takes my breathe away making my toes to twerl.

"Fix" my voice betrayed me. He still remembers the name he uses to tease me with.

"How are you? He asked with that soothing voice as he cupped my face queezing it and kissing my forehead.

"So far so good. I've been doing exceptionally well for the past few months". I answered him, I have been doing well and I'm so proud of myself.

"You've gained" he noticed her as he scanned her body from head to toe biting his lower lip.

"You still look good too. Take off you're glasses i want to see you're china eye's," she tried to take off his glasses but he held her hand gently. "What's wrong," feeling dissapointed.

"We have alot of catching up to do woman. How about we go to our favourite spot," he asked her as she slowly nodded like a five year old.

They drove in comfortable silence heading to their favorite spot. The park was a very quite place with the sounds of the birds chipping and flying around and that refreshing air. They walked in total silence looking at the leaves on the branches swaying left and right. They sat down on the bench and they both exhaled outloud.

"So how have you been," Scebi asked as his eye's were fixed on the trees.

"Hell," she muttered making Scebi chuck.

"Seems like our lives have been hell," he turned to looke at her giving her his full attention.

"Tell me about you fairytale hell and I will share mines afterwards," he said smiling.

Maybe opening up to him will close that painful gap of my life

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hurting wounds. "After I broke your heart, my life crumbled down. I thought money was everything. I thought money will bring me nothing but happiness. The love of money made me have three miscarriages. I have scars that will always be a constant reminder of the choices I made back then. A reminder that will always remind me that I chose money over love. If there's a button to delete certain events in my life, I would certainly delete my fake marriage. What I did was inhuman and there's no amount of sorries that will fix the heartache I caused you. I became a punching bag and I will forever hate myself cause I'm the one who made the wrong decisions. Scebi I'm sorry please forgive me. This is the mistake I will never forget and it taught me that money is not everything. It's true when they say the love of money is the root of all evil." By the time she finished talking she was a crying mess.

Regret and shame washed over her and felt at ease that she had taken out the burden from her chest. She has spoken out her heart to the person who means the world to her.

"In life we learn to appreciate what's in front of our eyes. You hurted me pretty bad no lies, but I recovered from that trauma. I later met someone else, at first things were rosey and sweet. Things took a u-turn when we got married. I also have scars that will always remind me that I didn't fight for us. Scars that will remind me that I wasn't a man enough to fight for our love, to fight the man that took you away from me. I have two beautiful daughters which I don't regret having and I'm sorry about the babies you lost. I believe that one day God will hear your cries and be a mother." He took off his glasses and looked at her making her gasp in shock. "You see this is the results of my marriage." He took off his artificial teeth, "this is another scar that will never heal. Losing my front teeth is no child's play." He stood up and showed her his abdomen, "my wounds are too deep and they will never heal".

He sat down putting his sunglasses back on and fixed his teeth, "I'm still the old poor Scebi who works at Toyota as a mechanical engineer who earns R13000 per month. I don't drive a luxurious car nor have a double story fancy house."

"So where's your wife" she asked feeling a bit disappointed.

"She's dead" he answered her truthfully making Nomandla frown.

"Huh" in confusion.

"We killed her. After boiling hot water on her face, she was threatening me and i had to do something. I couldn't go to jail il have kids to take care of" he answered.

"Where are the kids? She asked out of concern.

"They leave with my mother at the moment until I figure something out. I want to give them the best life" he stated.

Nomandla couldn't believe that Scebi killed his wife, the Scebi she knows wouldn't even hurt a fly. He was probably tired and had enough of her. "So, wow I don't even know what to say. But what I know is my heart never stopped loving you. Those scars mean nothing to me. Behind those scars there's a wonderful man who's very loving and caring. I made a mistake I will forever regret. You are all that I need" she still had hope.

"I still love you" he blurted out "and i never stopped loving you either. No more heartbreaks, no more tears and the love of money."

"No more I've learnt my lesson" she said with a proud smile on her face.

"Bare in mind that I have kids so I come as a package and my kids will need a mother figger. Not that I'm rushing you into anything. I'm letting you know so you have an open mind what you getting yourself into" he stole a glance at her.

"Id love to meet them one day, but first we need to work on ourselves first before we bring the kids into our equation" she said.

"I'm gald you're mind still works" pinching her cheeks playfully. "Let's take you back before it gets late and I have to go check on the girls" they stood up and drove off.

I'm glad Scebi finally reached out to me. Maybe mothering his kids will bring closure to my heart. This is where my happiness lies. I need to pray that God opens my eye's and make me a better person for myself and the kids. I miss my mother, atleast I get to see her from time to time. That woman means alot to me and I love her with everything in me.

#11

SCEBI BLOSS

"So you and Nomandla are official back together?" Mandla asked with a silly grin on his face.

"Yeap" Scebi exhaled outloud thinking about the deep conversation he had with Nomandla. "What if she finds

someone who has money?" This situation is really eating him up.

"Didn't you have this conversation with her?" Mandla asked.

"We did and we went pretty deep about it" he answered him.

"Than you have nothing to worry about. Just focus on the future and forget about everything. Not entirely everything, you know what I mean" Mandla mumbled making Scebi to laugh a bit.

He looked at Mandla who was making twelve slices of bread and thought of the sacrifices he made for his family. Mandla is the youngest but the toughest of them all. He always had his siblings backs no matter what. His that type of guy that will say 'Don't worry I got you mtasekhaya.' His always there no matter what's at stake. He always chose us over everything.

"Thank you, thank you for looking out for us when we are on our weakest. You're the youngest but act the oldest" Scebiso thanks his brother who keeps on surprising them.

"We are one, I know you would have done the same for me even though you're a sissy" Mandla teased him.

NOMANDLA HLOPHE

After Scebi dropped me off at Mphakamseni Foundation my heart was jolly and filled with somuch happiness. When was the last time I smiled like this because of someone who makes my heart beat. Honestly money is not happiness, money is not everything, money doesn't move mountains for you. I will hold on to this moment with my both hands and I will never let it slip no matter what. I want to be a better person for myself, a better person for him and a better person for his kids. My phone disturbs my thoughts that were buried deep in the ocean.

"Skati" this name will forever be mine I guess.

I blushed looking at my toes jumping up and down "hy." Shit my voice is having hiccups.

"Are you sleeping already you seem to be out of breathe" he asked.

"No, I just miss you" I quickly covered my mouth with my hand noticing what my rotten mouth just said.

"Miss me already? This is so embarrassing, why is he asking me? Maybe his just doubling checking.

"No, yeas argh I miss you" God dammit when was the last time I felt this way?

"Will see you tomorrow skati."

They continued to talk over the phone having the time of their lives. Who would have though that these two broken souls will mend each other.

VINCENT HLOPHE

Natasha has been sleeping for full two fucken day's and she's starting to smell like a rotten fish. I'm a man I also have needs, she can't be satisfying Mamba only I also need service. Maybe I should just bring Nomandla back. I look at her fake face as she slowly got off the bed with wobbly legs.

"Finally the queen decided to wake up from the dead with a bed full of you're stincking menstruation. What kind of a woman who sleeps for two whole fucken day's without bathing let alone waking up." I believe somehow Mamba is the cause of the exhaustion.

"WHAT!no waysI can't..... I mean.... Hell no" no way Vincent is lieing.

"Look at your phone

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check for the time and date."

"No way it can't be, but how? What happened? Ay no I'm confused." Honestly i don't know what's wrong with me.

"Go take a shower you have flies wandering around you and make sure you clean my bed thoroughly and get rid of those sheets." With that said he walked out leaving Natasha lost in trail.

She tried to move but her legs got stuck when she felt discomfort on her vaginal area. How did this happen? How did she manage to sleep for so many hours without waking up knowing fully that she's on her monthly cycle. She pulled the bloody stained sheets off the bed and shoved them in the plastic bin. She smelt horribly more like rotten meat. So this means the pad she had in her was useful for two fucken day's. She dragged herself to the bathroom and stripped naked and looked at her pad and noticed some green dried blood stains on it.

"This is fucken unbelievable. Could this be the effect of the painkillers that I overdosed that made me sleep that much? Something is definatly off." I'm thinking to myself.

She sat down on the toilet sit releasing her urine but it was impossible, the pain was too much.

"Ouch fuck, what happend to me." Holding on tight to the toilet seat. The burning sensation was too much. She wiped herself using the toilet paper and noticed yellowish discharge. She took a small mirror and peeped underneath looking at her vigena. Her vigena was swollen and looked pretty big.

"Ow my God, what is that? Her nofi was unrecognisable. She filled the bathtub with warm water, poured her showeing gel and soaked her aching body.

She closed her eye's and memories came back like a flash ligh camera.

"Ow my God, this can't be. Did I just sleep with someone I don't even know?"

She tried so hard to remember the event's but her mind was blank. If she slept for two days that means she was dreaming. She was having a wet dream and yet it felt so real and so good. She shook her head in disbelief not believing she had this weird dream that made her feel this swollen.

In the dark room Oracle.

Vincent was staring at the mirror with no emotions. He was looking at Nomandla who was busy with her diary writing with all sorts of smiles. A smile crept on his face not believing that she has turned out to be this beautiful and has gained some weight. Her light skin made her look even more beautiful.

"You are mine and mine alone." He said looking at her.

On the other side Nomandla felt uneasy like someone is watching her. Something in her told her to pray and connect her soul with God. She gathered down on her knees and began to pray making Vincent's mirror burn into ashes.

"You don't listern do you" Shebba's voice sattles him making him stand up.

"My Queen." He bowed down his head.

"Why did you let Mamba have sexual encounters with someone who is bloody? Do you know the implications you've put us through? The dangers you've just put us through. All this could disappear within a blink of an eye." Shebba was beyond angry.

"I apologize my Queen. What do I do to ease the Bahamas?"

"A blood of a virgin is needed and you only have seven market day's to deliver what is required or else you will run mad in the streets of Durban." She disappeared leaving him disoriented.

"Dammit Mamba" he banged the table furiously. Where will I get a bloody virgin within seven day's. How will I fucken know that she's a virgin. Fuck I'm doomed I don't have anyone in mind at this point. I should just find a high school girl.

Nomandla is also stressing me, when did she become a fucken warrior prayer woman. I need my expensive whiskey that I bought in London.

He went out banging the door, walked pass his room and heard moans. He went in, only to find Natasha in the bathroom. He looked at her and noticed that someone was giving it to her, she even has her eye's closed. But who could it be cause Mamba is chained in the Dark Room, there's no one else in this house. He felt a precense of a ghost but failed to identity who it was. He sighed and went out of the room.

"So Natasha is now being fucked by ghosts in doggy style position." He said to himself as he gulped down the whiskey leaving traces of bitterness in his mouth.

#12

NOMANDLA HLOPHE

I've been having this unsettling feeling and it's weighing me down. I decided to go to church maybe my heart will beat normally cause lately it has been pretty squashed.

The church is packed, when was the last time I attended a church? When was the last time I connected with my saviour? Vincent made me a prisoner you would swear he was a devil worshiper. I stole a glimpse, looking at my mother and I just saw happiness in her.

"You should come here more often." MaNkosi said as she smiled brushing my hand. I didn't know that being in church would make my mother this happy.

"I intend to" I tell her. Honestly speaking I love it here and it makes my heart jump with joy. I scan my eye's around the room and notice that people were focused on the pastor. Some of them even had tears rolling down their checks, some of them were deep in prayers. I closed my eye's and listen to the pastors prayers.

"God of Heavens Armies, we are living in challenging times when the enemy has convinced the people of this world that he does not exist and that you are a hash God. Many people are rebelling against you because they do not understand who you are. God help the lost should to know your Son, Jesus so that they can start worshipping you in truth. Indwell your Holly Spirit in them. God, remove the evil influences from their lives that are blocking Jesus as their Lord and Saviour. In Jesus name I believe and pray Amen."

Church service was great but I'm a bit alarmed that the man of God is requesting for my presence. I hope he's not one of those pastors who sleep with young girls, at least my mother will be with me.

"MaNkosi I'm so happy to see your face here today. I have to thank the God that you got out of that marriage alive." The Pastor says making Nomandla a bit confused. Only two people know about her failed marriage.

"How did you know? She asked him.

"I'm a very spiritual person my daughter. That man was never yours to begin with. All those miscarriages you faced were caused by that man you call a husband".

"Huh, Wh....what! How's that even possible? She asked not knowing whether to believe the pastor or not, or maybe he's one of those fake pastors.

"Don't cut me while I'm still talking let me finish so you could understand better. So as I was saying Vincent belongs to a cult. One of the most powerful obaraca, so many tried to destroy The Great Bahamas but they were killed for their queens sacrifice. I believe you've noticed that there were some rooms that you were restricted from entering. You were forbidden to go to church let alone pray in that house. You saw shadows but you never took note of it because you were not connected to God. Your babies were a part of a sacrifice, his mother was also part of the sacrifice including the baby that he had with his mistress. His mother's soul is trapped in a bottle and muted, I saw that she does visit you in you're dreams but don't say anything. She wants to be free, she needs help for her soul to be released. Natasha and her mother are unfortunate cause the devil has had there claws in them and there's no way out. That house is full ghosts and snakes. You are very lucky."

"WHAT!

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so he is a ritualist. My own daughter got married with blood money." MaNkosi wailed outloud not believing what's been said.

"I'm shocked with all this revelation, I'm out of words. How can Vincent do this to me? How can he take one that meant a lot to me. I will never forgive him for this, I hate him with passion. What kind of a monster is he?" Nomandla asked feeling empty and defeated.

"All those unsettling feelings you've been having, like you being watched. It was him watching you through his dark room mirror. You prayed and his morror burnt to ashes." Pastor says.

"Ow my God, what did I get myself into. What do I do now, this is just too much for me."

"Fasting and praying for seven day's. His planning on taking you back but you got to save yourself by praying and being deep. Believe in God and trust in him." The pastor looked at her and already knows her fate including the man she's inlove with along with the kid's.

After church Namandla and her mother decided to go home for a Sunday meal. The only reason Nomandla agreed to come along is because her father is not at home. The meal was scrumptious and out of this world, and sure MaNkosi is a great cook.

"I better get going before you're husband finds me here and skin me alive. That man hates me and you can see it in his eye's and I sometimes wonder if is he my real father." Nomandla stated, she never knew why her father's hates her this much.

"You're father has changed and I don't know what I'm doing wrong. Sometimes I feel like leaving him and go find my happiness. Maybe there is someone out there for me." MaNkosi says feeling down. Maybe having a man that will appreciate her and love her will bring happiness.

"Imagine me having a step father that would be so wired. Rather be single and be happy than having a man that will not appreciate you for all the sacrifices you've made for him."

MaNkosi picked her eye's up and noticed BabNkosi standing leaning against the wall with a pipe of tobacco in his mouth. They stared at each other for a second.

"That's my que to leave, stay well and I love you mum." She kissed her mother and walked past her father without greeting him and rushed out.

"You thinking of leaving me." BabNkosi asked looking directly in her wife's eyes.

She sighed looking right back at him, she paused and thought for a moment. "Yes I'm no longer happy, this marriage has turned out to be yours alone. Only your happiness matters, what about my own happiness?"

"How come you never told me that you're no longer happy with me." His voice was crancky and a bit hurt. He never though in a million years that his wife could leave him without thinking twice.

"Cause you never cared. It has always been about you. You know we discovered something today. Vincent is a ritualist. All those children my baby lost, Vincent is the source of the calamities my daughter has been facing. Vincent used her unborn babies for rituals. Did you know you were chowing blood money? You busy telling my daughter to stay in that marriage cause you were benefiting with the blood of my grandchildren. Did you know that you child is a divorcee and she lives in a shelter while she has a home?

"What mkami, so my daughter has been living with a man who kills to have a source of income. What have I done MaNkosi." For the first time in thirty years a hardcore man like Nkosi sheds a tear.

"She looked at her husband not believing her eyes. Is he crying cause she doesn't have time to be nursing an old man like him. "Yes you're daughter was almost sacrificed for rituals, blood money that you have been enjoying." With that said she walked out of the kitchen and left him standing there like a lost puppy. Is it too late to have a relationship with his daughter?

#13

VINCENT HLOPHE

Today we fetched Natasha's mother from the hospital and she requested to go back to her husband's house and I couldn't be more happier for the sake of Mamba.

"My prodigal family has arrived, why did you have to come back?" Her husband BabXimbs asked sitting under the tree drinking Amahewu.

"Father please mother is not well, she wants to come back home." Natasha says in a soft tone.

"Why? Are you guys tired of swimming in money? Where's your baby?" He asked too many questions at once.

"I had a miscarriage, I lost my baby. My son didn't make it." She wiped her tears.

BabXimba looked at her but something was a bit off. "So where's the baby's body? Since you're not married the baby was suppose to be buried at your father's house."

"Vincent had our son cremated, I didn't even get the chance to see him." It only hit her now that she lost her son.

"Hmmm, so where the ashes?" He asked them and there was a moment of silence. "I'm very old but I know when I see trouble. I thought I informed you Vincent that you are not welcomed in my house. Awusho where's your wife?"

"We are divorced" Vincent answered.

"Hmmm, what happened to you're mother Natasha. Ever since she arrived she's been sitting there like a statue?"

BabXimba could sense something was not right.

"That's the reason we are here, even the doctors don't seem to know what's wrong with her. But they confirmed her pregnant."

"I can see that" he laughed and shaked his head. "Did I not tell you not to leave this house. What did I tell you when you decided to pack up and leave?" BabXimba asked.

"That we must not come back when things go South" she said.

"Good. When you were abusing that innocent girl calling her barren because of the loss of her babies. Who's barren now? You and you're mother have practically handed yourselves on a silver platter into the lions dean. What ever happens count me

out. I warned you but you didn't listen. You thought money was going to make your world go around, shame I feel pity for you. Take your mother out of my sight and send her to the man that made her pregnant. Remember my words, remember my warnings. You went into deep and there's no coming out. I will save every little cent to make sure that you two are buried in a dignified way." He stood up and went to the house leaving them tongue tied.

"Let's go I'm tired, take your mother to the car." Vincent says. BabXimba is the least of his worries, he's still on a mission to find a virgin and he only has two days left. If only he still had his mirror he would have spotted the girl by now.

NOMANDLA HLOPHE

I've been fasting and praying. The time I was deep in prayer, I felt something leaving my body, it's like I was possessed or something, I felt myself getting cold like something was attached to me. Vincent destroyed me but he didn't succeed into completely destroying me. I've been trying so hard to recover from all of this, everything was too much to take in.

Scebi and I have gotten pretty close in these couple of months. After informing what pastor said that really got him triggered and he wanted to go confront Vincent but I stopped him. I don't want him fighting my battles I will let God play his role

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the judgement day is coming for him.

Ever since we fixed our relationship, everything has been going pretty fast. I spend a lot of time with the kids even though they are a lot of work. I look at these three walking around the store and this sight makes me complete.

"What?" Scebi asked kissing my shoulder. My turn on kisses and he has a terrible taste in woman clothing.

"Your choice in woman's clothing is a total murder." "

"So you mean I don't know woman's clothing." Scebi asked.

"Daddy I don't like this dress it makes me look like a granny." Lucia talks a lot for a four-year-old. I sometimes think she's way too matured for her age and it scares me.

"This one will look good on you." I gave a dress with a Princess Sophia print.

"No I just want a plain white dress with glitters." This child is tiring.

"I think we should go pay Lwenkosi is restless." She looks very tired and hungry too. Lwenkosi is a saint, they are just so adorable. Bianca lost out on an opportunity to be a mother something I've always been longing for. These kids are still young, Lwenkosi is only eleven months old and Lucia is four years.

"I'm never shopping ever again with you ladies. You have degraded me in a unidentified way." Scebi complaining.

"So we are degrading you brother Scebi, hehe I didn't see this one coming." She laughed out loud attracting eyes packing their plastics in a van.

"This is cosy a family reunion." Vincent voice filled with somuch anger holding Natasha's hand who had makeon up for the whole nation.

"What do you want Vincent?" Nomandla asked him feeling annoyed. All the memories came flooding back."I believe who hangs around me is non of you're business, you left me for her

right?" Pointing at Natasha who was chewing gum like a mad woman. "Before I forget I know exactly what happened to my kids and your mother. Goodluck swimming in blood money. I thank God for coming out of that hell hole still alive. One day you will be exposed and I just hope you will pay for all those innocent souls you've took."

"H...how did you know." His eyes were on the verge of falling out not believing his ears.

"I know everything papa but still kept my mouth shut, I was your punching bag after all remember. I want you to stay away from me, with the blood of Jesus I burn you alive. Cancel that of your plan, I will never go back to you even if you're the last man on earth. I'm happy where I am and I got a chance to be a mother something that you took away from me, for what exactly money and fame.

"Let's go baby, no need to waste your energy on useless people." Scebii says grabbing her hand.

"What is this woman saying.? What is she talking about.? For a moment Natasha thought about Nomandla's words and they are still stuck in her head.

"Nothing important." Vincent says clenching his jaws.

"Stay they hell away from me and my family. There won't be a next time and trust me I mean every word, I won't be lenient next time if you try this shit. Excuse me." Nomandla stared at him for a few minutes and her eye's spoke with so much hate.

Vincent was lost seeing this fire in Nomandla. Not even once she had tried to fight him whilst they were still together. He wondered where did she get the odesity to tell him straight in the face to fuck off just like that. A man she once freared today she doesn't give a damn about him. How the hell did she manage to get back with that useless man who can't even buy a decent car for himself. This is not over not by a long shot. She is mine and mine alone. If I can't have her than no one can. He watched them as they drove off playing happy family.

"Shit she knows, Shebba must do something." He roared, he never expected this one bit. How the hell did she find out?

"I'm still lost, what was she talking about Vincent. I demand an explanation!" Natasha asked with an irritating voice making him become more angry. Vincent's hand landed on her cheek.

"Shut the fuck up, I hate you Natasha you ruined my marriage with the woman I loved dearly." He barked. She held her painful cheek. This man right here is not Vincent the man she fell in love with, but a monster himself.

"What the hell is wrong with you." Natasha screamed walking away from him.

#14

VINCENT HLOPHE

Nomandla pushed me to the edge, I'm beyond angry. I took out all my frustrations on Natasha. She got to witness the ruthless man, she got to feel how I used to treat Nomandla.

I can't afford to slack now. I've been following this girl for the past two days. Today is the day I do my magic trick on her.

"Hy you look really beautiful. What's you're name." I had to pretend so that I could work my charms on her.

"Zane is my name."

"Can I take you home if you do not mind?" I asked her. I see, I still have tricks up my sleeves.

"No thank you. I'm fine sir, but I have to rush home before my mother comes back." She answered me looking down.

"You see I'm saving you truoble. Allow me to take you home and you will arrive earlier than mummy. Come on babe girl I don't bite."

At first she was reluctant and ended up getting in the car and she directed him.

"So tell me do you have a boyfriend sugar plum? Have you ever had sex before?" I seriously want to know before I put my plan in motion.

"Erm no none of the above." Her baby face made her look way too innocent.

"How old are you?" I'm just keep the time pass by.

"Fifteen." Perfect candidate for my perfect plan.

"You're grown look at those breasts." I licked my lips making her feel a bit scared.

"That's not the way home sir, you took a wrong turn." I could see her getting more terrified.

I drove as fast as I could and parked my car in the drive way. I took out my gun and pointed her with it.

"Get out of my car, if you scream I'll kill you." I looked at her nodding her head with tears streaming down her cheeks. She got out of the car and stood aside playing with her fingers.

"Follow me." It felt good to be in control. I felt like a real man. I still have the gun in my hands, and the little girl was terrified.

"Please don't kill me." She begged for her life sobbing painfully.

He pulled her hand roughly and dragged her to the darkroom. She gasped looking at the biggest snake in front of her. Her knees got weaker and weaker. The room was spinning making her to fall down on the floor.

"Sleep little girl and you shall sleep forever. All shall be well." I said with a huge smile on my face, and blew white substance on her face to make her fall into deep sleep.

Later that evening The Great Bahamas were kneeling down in the oracle room. The ritual has began, black candles were surrounding the girls body. It's time for a prayer session to call upon The Great Bahamas to rise and become stronger. The prayer began.

"Our creator who art in hell

Sacred is thy internal name

Bringer of daily indulgences

Thy infernal kingdom awaits

Our will on earth as it is in hell

Lead us to God head and deliver us from ignorance

For thyne is the true empire

The power and the glorious

HAIL SATAN!!"

The clouds turned black making it thunder. They stood up and each one of them took the black candle and they threw it deep into the dark hole.

They all followed each other into the man's cave where Mamba was chained, wearing black robes with red hats. They lit three red candles which have been placed in a triangle between the black candles and sprinkled a little bit of salt.

Human sacrifice, the offering of the life of a virgin to a deity. The occurrence of human sacrifice can be related as a sacred life force. A virgin is the most valuable material for a sacrifice, offered in the attempt of expiation.

Mamba was released from the chains and he slowly crawled to where Zane was layed. Her legs were wide open for Mamba to have a feast on her.

"A great sacrifice for the Great Oracle." Shebba cheered smiling looking at Zane.

"Sssss" Mamba hissed as he shoved his head and his entire body inside of her vagina making her scream outloud as the excruciating pain stricked. He sucked all of her intestines leaving nothing inside of her. He came out of her looking all bloody and scarier. Zane who was on the floor and had no strenght left. She tried fighting them but it was too much for her. She cried until she lost hope. Her spirit slowly detached from her helpless body.

They picked her helpless body up and placed it inside a coffin.

"Every night for seven day's

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you will sleep with her corpse after that you will dispose her body by the river so she could be found and buried." The king tells Vincent.

The clouds outside were getting darker and darker. Heavy rain with wind formed making the windows break and shatter everyting. The wind was destroying everything inside the oracle room.

"Something is wrong." Shebba said scanning around the room that has been destroyed by wind. "This was not suppose to happen."

"What's going on." Vincent asked, the situation was spinning out of control.

"We used the wrong body for the ritual. The girl, that girl is a prayer warrior where ever she is she's deep in prayer." The king closed his eyes and saw a group of people praying inside the church. He cursed and opened his eyes. "Shit this is the Pastors daughter. How come we didn't pick this one up." The king was beyond angry.

The clouds were very, very dark outside with thunder rumbling destroying everything. No cars, no people on the roads. All cellphone's lost networks, all televisions and radio stations lost signals. Everyone was at home scared to death. To them it felt like the world is coming to an end. Every homestead was deep in prayer.

"The body has disappeared, how's that even possible. I smell war, the battle is yet to begin. Prepare yourselves." Shebba said as she disappeared through the walls.

"Vincent! Vincent! Vincent! You've cost us with your stupidity. I can't track her fucken body." The king's anger was making things worse.

Vincent sat down and thought deep about this situation. How did things go wrong? He was supposed to pick it up that she was the wrong candidate for this ritual. Where to from here?

In Natasha's room.

Seven little dwarfs with long beards and scary faces were taking turns in doing a sexual intercourse with Natasha. She was tired up on the bed and she could not move. All her father's warnings came back. It then clicked, Nomandla once said she knows what happened to her kids and his mother. This is the blood money that she was talking about, so this means her son did not die, but was killed by his own father just for money. She

has been sleeping with the unknown creatures funny enough she obeys.

When she thinks about her father's words she feels her world crushing and crumbling down. She thought of her pregnant mother who has become a walking zombie under her noise.

She looked at the dirty dwarfs doing the dance of rejoicement. Her lower part of her body is numb, it has no feelings what so ever.

"Obhaku" the dwarfs said as they formed a circle and vanished out of the room.

She felt a very warm precense on top of her and she just knew right that minute that the unseenable ghost has come to penetrate her, this has become her daily routine. She hardly sees Vincent. She tried to escape but ended up being tied onto the bed like a prisoner by Vincent. She feels the ghost graunting in pleasure on top of her and she had her eyes closed. Right now she wishes nothing but death, she can't deal with this pain any longer.

#15

AT THE CHURCH.

"All done." Zane said who was smiling at looking at her father who was holding a bible.

"It's about time we delt with this deity, young people are dying. It was a good thing to send you and distraught their plans." Waking my daughters spirit from the dead was the hardest thing I ever had to do. I had to make her look like an actual human. "You now need to go rest my child." I tell my daughter.

"I would like to see The Bahamas go down, the day they killed me still haunts me till today."

Zane's death took everyone by surprise. She was only three year's old when she was knocked down by a car and her heart was dugged out. The person behind the starring wheel was Vincent. The Pastor buried his daughter with a heart full of rage and anger. Ever since then he took it upon himself to avenge for his daughters death and destroy everything that belongs to Vincent. He swore upon his late grandmother's grave that he will not stop, and he will do whatever it takes. It took him fifteen years to bring his dead daughter back to life. For fifteen years his been praying that the candle doesn't blow up. Zane has been drinking green thick liquid called Liquid Of Life to stay alive and look like a full human being. She doesn't eat nor sleep, she's a ghost after all, she has been living in the mystical forest.

It's a fasionation with life that's at the roof of our fascination of death. Do they live on, in the some sort of metaphysical way? Do they experiance anything comparable to what we call 'consciousness'? Death is a man made term after all.

The candle is burning out and the end is near.

"Rest my daughter, it's been a long journey and for those fifteen years were full of anger and hate. I will take it from there and deal with them once and for all. If I die I will die knowing that I have avenged my daughters death. The angel of death has come to collect what belongs to them." I'm a father who loves his dead daughter whole heartedly.

"Let her avenge her own death. Her spirit will not rest. She will keep roaming around, later on become an angry spirit that will destroy every person who is leaving in the land of the living. I am the angel of life and I have spoken."

"That's all I need." Zane added.

"They will strike anytime from now, prepare yourselves." The angel of life said as she flew.

NATASHA XIMBA

Here I am standing looking outside the window staring at the burnt tress, cracked roads and destroyed homes. The road is very empty and the world looks very scary with that orange sky. Vincent finally untied me but was still a prisoner inside this house. The beatings have gone from bad to worse. We've been living like this for weeks and I have nothing left in me.

I'm sadly looking at my mother who's groaning in pain and sweating. Her stomach is way too big for someone who is eighteen weeks and that's literally four months. I've tried contacting my dad but his response was :-It's the love of money

that got you into that situation. Tell Vincent to bring back you're corpse once you're dead including that good for nothing mother of yours.

I felt my heart begin reaped apart into pieces. I'm lost for words and I don't see myself getting out of this.

My vagina has been giving me problems lately. Every inside red wall meat is all hanging out and leaking. I felt the yellow sticking water gush down my legs and i just knew that my pad was full. I shamefully walk to the bathroom, pulled my panties down and got the shock of my life. The pad I was wearing had small worms crawling on it.

"Ow my God, What is this." I placed my hand on my sagging vagina and came out with worms full in my hand.

"I'm rotten." I don't know how to feel at this point. The love of money is the route of all evil. The love of money is the route of suffering. If only i had listened to my father I wouldn't be here. Imagine sleeping with the unknown different creatures day and night. I wiped my painful vagina with baby wipes, just to get rid of that bad odour

changed the pad and washed my smelly hands and slowly went back to where my mother was. I found her pushing really hard

and to my surprise the head was already out. Who gives birth when they still four months pregnant?

"Mum what the hell are you doing?" Maybe she's trying to have an abortion.

"He....help me." I saw pain in her eye's, she was pale and very weak. As I'm still lost in the trails of her weakness. A hissing sound brought me back to life.

"Jesus God of Nazareth, what the hell is this." I'm spooked looking at a terrifying creature. A half snake, half human.

"Who's the father of this....." i don't even know what to call it.

"K...kill it." My mother says with a shakey crancky voice.

"You want me to kill you're baby?" Is she mad or what.

"It's not a baby, i...It's a demon." This woman is really testing me.

"How do I kill this thing?" I'm standing on top of the bed far away from them. I'm no killer, I have my own problems and these worms are giving me no rest, as they creeping out of me.

"Listen N...Natasha, if you do not kill this thing it will kill us first."

I waisted no time, I ran to the bathroom remembering that there's a sjambok behind the door that had blood stains on it. I'm trembling in fear, if I don't kill this thing mow it will definatly kill us. As afraid as I am I had the courage to bash it's head messlesly. All the anger came back, all the horror I've been facing came back. I looked at it and breathe out of relief knowing now it's dead. I slid down on the floor and cryed out all the pain, I killed a snake human which happens to be my mother's son or daughter.

I look at my mother who had her eye's wide open without blinking, and her mouth was slightly opened with green flies dripping out of her mouth. I just knew right that moment that my mother is no more.

What have we gotten ourselves into. Why was I blinded by money? Why did I not listen to my father? Why did I make mockery of Nomandla's situation? I get hold of my phone, I need to apologise to the people I've wronged. I typed my father a message with a weeping heart. I hate myself and I hate the life I chose. Before I make any drastic decisions I need to apologise to Nomandla for my shitty behavior. I know my fate, and I know there's no coming out of this.

"Ow father please forgive me. If only I took you're elderly advice we wouldn't be in this position. I practically threw myself in this pit hole. My heart is broken as I'm writing this message. I hope God himself will accept me with my sins. Vincent will never see heaven and I will never forgive him even in the next life. Mother is no more and she gave birth to a human snake. I'm shattered and broken. Know that I love you and you will forever be in my heart. Take care of yourself. I know I wasn't the best daughter but you were the best father any child could ever wish for."

#16

NOMANDLA HLOPHE

I looked at my phone reading the message over and over again. Is she going to take her own life? What do I do at this point? Do I go save her? But she did state she doesn't want to be saved. I forgive her and I accept her apology. I felt it, she wrote it from the bottom of her heart.

"Let her be Skati this damage control is beyond you. Did you read carefully? I doubt my person. Wena nje pray harder than

before. I know she brought pain into you're life, but don't put yourself in danger for her cause I know she wouldn't risk her life for you. I lost you once I can't afford to loose you again. Think about the kids, if anything happens I won't be able to forgive myself. If anything happens to you, what will i say to the kids? They just found you." Scebi is clearly guilt tripping me, I do want to help her but I gotta think about my kids.

"You are right, whatever decision I take now might affect the kids in the later stage and I wouldn't want that. These kids keep me on my toes." These kids are a full time job.

"Just focus on you're book that we are about to publish, and keep on making those headlines. You're book is doing wonders and you seem to be making a huge profit out of it." Scebi loves my work and he enjoys reading my book.

"Who would have thought that one day I'd be a famous author." God indeed work in mysterious ways.

"I'm proud of you my love, you did great for yourself." I see it in his eye's that his happy for me.

"Thank you for bringing me back to life." Scebi still loves me with all of scars and flaws. He forced me to move out at Mphakamseni Foundation to be closer to him. We live in an eight room house which by the way is very homely. Vincent had a double story house and an outside building, but that house was always cold no matter how hard I tried to make it warm. We managed to buy a bigger car for our family. This is my life, my happiness and to proudly announce that I'm two weeks pregnant. Scebi has been real fussy over me. I sometimes think his the one who's pregnant because of the way his been acting lately. What else can I say I'm blessed.

When it comes to my father we have worked on our issues and to say we doing better than expected amazes me. First time in life I got to feel the father's love, the love I've been longing for, for a very long time. I shared my pain with him and he had a mini heart attack which landed him in hospital. He now regrets everything. Amd I decided to let bygones be bygones.

He accepted Scebi as his own and they have a wonderful bond unlike Vincent. Vincent was good in dishing out his blood

money but there was no love because my father was blinded by money.

It's funny how my parents have worked things out, to think that he almost lost the love of his life in a split of a second because of his greediness. I wouldn't have thought that my life will be this peaceful. I'm smiling looking at my family playing, how I so love these people.

"Mama, mama." That's my precious Lwenkosi pulling my dress forcing me to pick her up.

"I'm still cooking, go sit with daddy." I shouldn't have said that, it's like I was totally killing her. She cried out so loud but her face was dry with no tears.

"You and your father are the same. You do know how to emotionally blackmail me. When will I finish cooking?" The love I have for the Bloss family is spontaneously amazing, they bring out the best in me. Love is everything, but money is not everything. With these big three heads on my side I will forever be happy.

NATASHA XIMBA

I got hold of the kitchen knife, with my mother's corpse still upstairs. I want to end this misery once and for all

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I can't stand this pain any longer. It felt good cutting my wrists. The pain was unbearable but I was enjoying it deep down. I felt joy looking at the blood oozing out of my open wrists. I went deeper and deeper until I felt my hands getting numb.

I drag my body to where my mother's corpse were, if I die, I want to die next to my mother. I notice that the human snake is no longer in sight. Where the hell did it vanish to? Fuck! That bloody snake is the least of my worries.

I pressed my head onto my mother's chest, I didn't care about the flies but I want to be at peace right next to her. My vision is becoming blurry, my eyes were getting tired. I saw a light shinning brightly into the room and a small boy crawled towards my direction. For a moment I was convinced that it's my son, he looked somuch like Vincent. I felt his soft cold hands on my forehead with his mouth dripping salavia. I felt this electronic connection and I knew it's my son.

"My son, Mngobi is your name." I hear him giggle playing with my messy hair. If this is a dream I don't want to wake up.

"Come my child, the pains and sorrows have come to an end." That's my mother's voice echoing. She looked beautiful in that white dress.

I felt my body being split out into two. My strenght was dropping bit by bit, my chest is painful and I'm struggling to breathe. I gave in as I felt my body getting weaker by the minute. It felt like life was being sucked out of my rotten body, I felt myself taking my last breathe and that was the end of me. I died ontop if my mother and that was my wish.

I'm looking at my disgusting body with worms dripping down my legs. So this is where my soul was trapped? I picked up my son and follwed my mother who was standing by the shinning light. This is the end of me, this is the end of my life, this is not how I imagined my life. Something told me to go the room that's always locked. A cry of a woman was disturbing me. I handed my mother Mnqobi.

"Wait for me, I will be back." I went to the room tried opening the door but my hand just went right through it.

"I'm dead what was I even thinking." I'm laughing at myself in disbelief. I walked through the door which I find very creepy. I follow the traces of the womans cry and I found myself in this scariest room.

"Wow Vincent, let me shut up." I'm talking to myself not believing this view in front of my eyes. I was living with a true definition of a monster.

I spotted a small bottle in between human skulls. When I took a good look it there was a bloody woman inside who was sitting down hugging her knees, rocking herself back and fourth.

"P...please get me out of here." She crying and begging. How do I even do that. How did she even get into this bottle.

"How did you get in the first place? And how do I take you out?" I had to ask cause im clueless.

"Vincent trapped my soul." She tells me making my spirit shiver. How wicked csn Vincent be?

Here's the issue with souls, if they tied it creates traumer and hell in. Vincent's mother is in hell and she would like to be set free. Demons can use negative soul ties to transfer spirits from one person to another.

"Ow mt God." I'm still shocked.

"Pray my daughter." I hear a voice echo in the room. "Time is not on you're side. The gates are being closed. Pray and set her free." I look around and saw nothing. This shit is scary.

I close my eye's and for the first time in twenty-four year's I pray.

"Lord Jesus I pray that you open the great door to this lost soul and stand against many advasaries of the gospel. Lord I also pray that you open the doors that would allow us to speak the Gospel of Jesus Christ to them. As we were sent to you , I pray that you Open Vincent eye's from darkness to light and from power of Satan unto God. So that he must recieve forgiveness of sins and the inheritance which is sanctified by the faith that is in you Lord Jesus, Amen."

I felt my spirit being uplifted, the room started to shake making the windows brake. A huge snake was burning making it hard to untangle itself from the chaines. The skulls and voodoos melted to ashes.

Everyting was dropping dead in this room.

I saw a bright light and it was Vincent's mother. So he trapped his mother's soul for this. I freed her I didn't even know I could pray. Her spirit grew into a human size and she became brighter.

"Thank You." She said, I felt overwhelmed and suprised. I guess it's now time to go home and rest and be with my son. We followed the light with all smiles. This is it, I'm never looking back. If I was still alive I would say I'm starting a new chapter in life. Since I'm dead I'll say I'm going to a safe place to watch over my beloved father.

3 MONTHS LATER

#17

3 MONTHS LATER

VINCENT HLOPHE

Everything I've worked hard for is demolishing, I have no money, no car, just an empty house with no furniture. I curse the day I met Natasha, that bitch freed my mother's spirit and everything vanished, my money turned into ashes. I didn't even attend her funeral cause she fucked up my life. Nomandla seemes to forget were she's coming from. She's busy making a name for herself and that's bruising my ego. No one dare to double cross me and lives to tell a tale. If she wants to live I will need her by my side. If I can't have her no one will. I failed her and she showed me she was never weak.

Everything is going west, the death of Mamba and his son is making my business crumble down, every investor is pulling off left, right and center. My dick doesn't get an erection anymore. When last have I gotten hard, I'm just feelingless. I've consulted every medical doctor until I ran out of money, but still it doesn't stand up. Shebba gave me podwer to boost my appetite, but nothing and I'm getting frustrated day by day.

We've been praying and shedding alot of blood but nothing is happening, my fucken life is on standby, my life has no direction. We have been in this Entabeni place for full three fucken months. We believe by destroying that church we will regain our power, we will regain our richness. The person who has a hand in our predicament is that good for nothing pastor. With him out of the picture we will rise again.

"It's been long over due, tonight we are stricking. We are stronger than before." Shebba said, what will I be without money and power?

AT THE CHURCH

The Pastor and Zane were deep in prayers, they knew that the time has come.

"They are near, I can smell them." Zane said looking at her father who had holy water in his hand.

"Lord be with us." The Pastor said as he silently prayed thinking of beloved wife.

The door burst opened in full force with somuch wind and dust.

"Well, well, well, what do we have here? Shebba said with her ghost spirit standing in the middle of the room.

They came preparad, for the past three months they have been doing ritual after ritual becoming more stronger.

"I wouldn't be here if I were you." Zane said sitting down on the benches looking at The Bahamas who were in all black.

"I see, seven against two, are you that weak that you decided to bring you're whole diety into the house of God." Pastor looking at them, his skin was crwaling in fear and anxiety is starting to kick in.

People who represent the cult do not enter the house of God. In order for them to mingle with such people they have to embodied a ritual ceremony. These rituals will include a prayer sacrifice and votive offerings. Cult leaders are usually psychopaths with a desire for power and that's Vincent.

Demons are their angels, you join and dictate yourself for money and their is no turning back. Evidence is pretty clear that human sacrifice and the winter solstice go hand in hand. Their cave is very big, deep and very dark with no glimpse of light. With their shallow eye's their eyesight is very much clear. Every night little girls were being used for the prayer sessions they would drink human blood and eat human flesh raw.

Demons and angels cannot be in one room.

"We came prepared, three months drinking blood is no child's play." Shebba roared with so much anger in her voice.

"Don't underestimate me little girl, I'm stronger this time." Vincent added with a smirk on his face.

The Pastor began to pray protecting himself from the devil. "In holy name of Jesus Christ, I break and dislodge all the curses, snares, spells, hexes, traps, ties, spiritual influence and evil wishes. I cast the spell and break the black magic used in the name of the Lord. I....."

"You know praying won't save you this time around. I Shebba could utter a word Jesus without burning." She smiled standing still. "I didn't mean to cut your prayer you may proceed."

"My guardian angels, don't allow the devil to control my thoughts. I choose you to guide me throughout." The pastor had a smile on his face.

The room started to shake making all windows open. The guardian angels flew inside making Shebba gasp in shock.

"That's impossible! I trapped them!" She scream outloud making everyone to cover their ears.

The Pastor continued to pray, "no weapon formed against me shall prosper. I am more than a conqueror, I will walk in the fullness of God's blessings, I will win at this." The Pastor went deeper with the prayer making The Bahamas ears burn of smoke.

They formed a fireball protecting themselves from the prayers, they formed a circle and held each other's hands saying their Blood Money prayer in one.

"Our father Satanist

Father you're in the hells

Grand and majestic is you're name

Thy kindom come to us
They will be done with each of us
And of earth as in the hells
Give us the opportunity to serve you
Give us energy and hatred
To evelope and grow in you're name
Give us strength to destroy our enemies
Do not let us fall into weakness or doubt
Relieve us from all goodness and mercy to subdue our enemies
In you're name days will be victory satan."

Usually when evil spirit attack the place, there are visible signs that happen in such places. The bible describes the devil as a "lion ready to devour us," and demons attack in multifarious and ingenious ways.

Zane got hold of the bucked that had holy water in it mixed with holy ash and salt. She picked it up slowly and splashed the fire ball with holy water and it immediately melted.

"You shouldn't have done that." Shebba said out of anger with her eye's becoming bloody red. She formed her ashes to a small ball and threw it right at the Pastor's chest and it threw him across the room making him land painfully on the ground breaking his rib cage.

"Sanctbecetur nomen tuum

From botton to top, right to left

Lucifer who is the salvation of men

I abandon myself wholly to the power

And I put myself in you're hands

Acknowledging no other God

MASTER HELL ME!". She screamed a sharp tone making the galsses to brake. The ground cracked open and the scary creature popped out of the ground.

Pastor was still out, everything happening now is left in Zane the ghost and the two guardian angels.

The demons began to call upon the Queen lilly.

"Bail Lilly the black rose, Goddess of hell list and blessed art Satan's offspring and let the demonic gain their power." Red fireball were begin thrown right at them making them loose strength. The fight was too much and they were outnumbered. One guardian angel fell down making her wings tear up and lost it's life. With them destroying the red balls from attacking them was tiring.

"S...satan, demons, evil spirits, get out of this home, get out of his property! This house belongs to the almighty himself. Whatever you are holding unto as a leverage is here by destroyed. NOW LEAVE.! The guardian of life prayed with somuch authority. The room shinned bright and all of the cult member's froze with their ashes disappearing into thin air.

"We did." Zane said loosing her balance. Finally she defeated the diety that took her life in the early age, her candle was blowing out and this time around she will rest in peace. "My time is up." With that said she fell on the ground and faded

away into brightness bit by bit. Vincent was rolling on the floor burning in the house of God.

A WEEK LATER

The Pastor was recovering well from the trauma, no more blood shed, no more innocent people being killed. Finally at the end "kufeziwe".

With Vincent running around like a mad person was enough punishment for him.

Nomandla was out with her family, they were driving on a highway when suddenly a black mist filled the car making Scebi lose control. He steered the steering wheel trying to balance on

the road. He went for the brakes but they jammed. The car fell off the bridge and it rolled down along the cliff repeatedly with the tiny screams in the car and caught fire with his family inside.

.....**The End**.....

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