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## **Prologue**

“Sobonana kwelinye ilizwe,

Kuyabanda ekhaya awukho

Ndinxamele ubona uncumo lwakho

Sihleli siphela sisqhazolo.”

My sister's angelic voice sang as they lowered my mother's coffin to the grave. MaXulu. The woman who single handily raised me and my siblings after our father passed so suddenly. She was the best mother any child could ever ask for. I never thought I would be saying goodbye to her so soon. My sister sang so beautifully and so fearlessly. Unlike me, she wasn't emotional and she wasn't the type that showed her emotions in public. She was the type to break things in private when angry or sad.

My arm was wrapped around my little brother's shoulder who was sobbing loudly. My own tears were heavy on my eyes but I refused to free them. People were watching. Waiting to see my reaction. Waiting to see my emotions. They may have said words of comfort during the week but I knew they didn't sympathize with us. It was all for show. People do anything just to be viewed as sympathetic and kind. They always use occasions like these to make themselves seem or look like saints.

Ashes to ashes. Dust to dust. Throwing the soil inside her grave made it all seem real. I was trying so hard to keep it together. I sniffed and looked at my sister. But one look from her was enough to make me wipe away my almost falling tears. She was 3 years younger than me but she was braver and very stubborn. My mother used to say she was exactly like her growing up. If I wasn't mourning the death of my superwoman, maybe I would have time to talk about how good of a man my father was when he was still alive. But not good enough because after his death, his family chased us out like we were nothing.

"Come. Let's go." My aunt, Tumelo, said as she helped me up. I didn't even realize that everything was done and people were now heading back home. That is all they cared about nowadays.

Walking back to my childhood home, I was stopped by a few of my neighbours and people whom I considered friends. All they cared about were pictures. I didn't even pay attention to them. I walked inside the house to find people going up and down causing chaos.

"I need to go cool off." My sister said walking in to our mother's bedroom. I decided to just be by myself and give myself some time to breathe. I nodded looking at her. "We will be fine." She said with a small smile before heading out.

We wouldn't be fine. But I didn't wanna burst her bubble. I heard my aunts saying something about selling this house and kicking us out. I didn't understand why they were this cruel. My mother wasn't even buried when I heard them making plans of taking over what belonged to her. I did a diploma in Consumer Sciences and even graduated but my mother's health is what that stopped me from going to work in a different town and started taking care of her.

Loud laughter made me nearly jump up. These people didn't care about what MaXulu's children were going through. Her being six feet under meant it was over and all was well with

them. Their 5 seconds of sympathy was over and it was time for them to go back to their true selves. Their sheep skin was slowly coming off. It was hard to ignore all of this. Entertaining this charade meant I didn't have to think about where my siblings and I were going to go when our uncles chased us out.

"Cuz we are preparing for the after tears. You are joining us, right?" a cousin of mine said barging into my room. I was super confused. Like my mother died. She really died. She was not coming back. I was still finding it hard to accept her death and here was someone who wanted me to celebrate or drink over her death. Was she for real? I just shook my head and faced the other way. "Your loss then but I will definitely save a pack for you. You need it." She walked out closing the door behind her. I curled my body in the centre of the bed and just sobbed. I allowed myself to cry away all the pain inside my heart. I knew one session of crying wouldn't be enough but I had to release some of the pain inside. Walls were closing in on me and I was suffocating. I didn't know who to turn to or who to talk to. Everyone was fake and untrustworthy.

Maybe mom was going to come through for us in her grave and make sure that we don't get chased out of this house and end up in the streets, exposed to the rough street life. In times like

these I wished I had an older sibling who just could take away all the responsibility that was on my shoulders. It was too much and it was weighing down on me before we even had to move out.

She was my hero. She was a very happy person and nothing could bring her down. Even on her last days

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she never shed tears in front of us. She was always happy, smiling and making sure that we were also happy. She would cry in private when she thought nobody was looking. I admired that. I admired her strength and her entire attitude. She was just perfect and the kindest person I have ever met.

...

I tightly held my sister's hand as our aunt pushed us away from the lounge where they had all gathered. I didn't get the chance to listen to what they were speaking about, but I knew that whatever it was, it wasn't in the best interests of my siblings and I.

"Hambo bheka uAndile (Go and check on Andile)." I told my sister with my hands rooted on her shoulders. She gave me a nod then ran off to find our brother who had disappeared immediately after we finished eating. Her face said a lot. You could see that she was holding back on telling everyone where to get off. I only asked her to behave because we were still mourning. I wanted my mother to be respected even in her death. Although our relatives didn't share the same sentiments.

A ping of guilt attacked my heart when I saw my mother's beautiful face on the wall of the house she left us-- but with our greedy aunts, there's no way this house could belong to us alone. Her. I didn't say my final goodbyes to her in peace or wholeheartedly because I didn't wanna seem vulnerable to all those vultures. I wanted to hold her hand--the hand that had wrinkled with age, the hard work she had done to provide for her children them. Those hands held stories.

I had kept myself wrapped up in her blankets as I cried like nobody could hear, pouring out my heart the way I could never seem to do when she was alive. Then I laughed at the petty anger I held against my queen--how I blamed her for the fact that I was stuck working as a bartender with a shitty pay--I was

a graduate for crying out loud, meant to be umpheki oqavile, an chef as most put it--but because mom became too sick to work, I had to abandon my quest to finding my real job to settling for worse then I deserved.

"Athi ngibheke ukuthi what is there to keep in this house before we sell it." my mother's younger sister screamed from the lounge area.

Sell the house? How could they do that?

My mother's body hasn't even began to decompose and already people are claiming inheritance that never belonged to them.

Where do they think we'll live after they sell our home? Why am I even asking because I know they don't care about us. They never cared when Mom was alive and won't care now. They'd very much feed us to the wolves if that meant they'd gain.

Why are relatives so evil?



“Sisi what are these people talking about?” my little sister came back dragging Andile by his hand. I looked at them both and shook my head. How was I going to take care of these two souls with a salary that couldn’t even maintain one person?

“Keep quiet and keep your head down nana. Don’t say anything to anyone. Whatever they say, we will abide and listen to them because they are our elders. Our mother taught us that we should always respect our elders. We aren’t about to forsake her teachings now.” I said and she just gave me a scowl of disapproval.

“It’s good that you have accepted your fate. We are only giving you this week to find a place to stay. My real estate agent friend has already said this house is going to sell very soon. Start packing darlings. It’s nothing personal.” Aunt Tumelo said while standing at the door frame staring at us with a big smile. She seemed so happy and enthusiastic for someone who just lost a sister. They all seemed really happy and relieved as if they were the ones taking care of mom while she was sick.

“You are crazy. We are going nowhere. This is our mother’s house. You can’t chase us out like that. Aren’t you ashamed of

yourself? We are not leaving this house. Over our dead bodies.” She couldn’t keep quiet for even a second. How did MaXulu do a mistake of giving birth to a younger more fiesty version of herself? I looked at her and shook my head. She just looked at me and moved her eyes to Aunt Tumelo.

“The decision has been made kid. There is nothing you can do about it. You can stand there and whine like a bitch. There will be no changes still. You are old enough to fend for yourselves. Your stupid mother didn’t even leave a will. Did she think she was immortal? Poor gullible Fezile. And you took after her.” she pointed at me. She then gave us a smirk and walked away.

“We will figure things out together. As a family.” I told my siblings who looked like they had no hope. But we weren’t different because I also didn’t believe that things will be better. MaXulu left us. We had nowhere to go. What were we going to do?

1

“Come Goldie, we don’t have all day.” Fiona says shaking me.  
“Where did that imagination of yours take you again?” I chuckle and stand up.

Most times when I drift off, my mind always takes me to the events that followed after my mother’s death. First being kicked out of her house, wandering the streets of Newcastle with no roof to hide under or no food to eat. After failing to report for duty a week after my mother’s funeral because of the dilemma my siblings and I were faced with, I went back to work only to find out that I had been replaced. My manager said he had tried to contact me but I didn’t answer his calls or reply to his texts. My phone is something I traded in a pawn shop because I wanted to buy some food and blankets for my siblings and me.

“Dude I know you always drift off to that dark place but we don’t have much time. We gotta go. You have to buy new clothes for Nomnotho and uniform for Andile, and maybe get a few sexy numbers for yourself.” She wiggles her eyebrows and I just laugh.

Well the job we did last night and this morning earned us a lot of money. Over the course of years, I tried to make means end. It was really hard but we made it out of Newcastle to the City of Gold. I made sure my siblings were enrolled at public schools. I went from door to door looking for piece jobs. I did people's laundry and cooked for others. Some girl said I should come do laundry for her and her friends at varsity. That led to me getting more customers. But it wasn't enough to maintain three people. That's when I met Fiona.

"Let me quickly grab my stuff and we can go. We don't want Nomnotho lashing out on me." I say and Fiona laughs. She knows just how much of a temper my little sister has. She is like a ticking time bomb. We collect everything that belongs to us and head out.

"Look at us, coming out of the Palace of the Lost City. Who knew?" Fiona indicates playfully and I giggle. Our Uber comes to a halt in front of us and we quickly climb in.

"Well I have to get home first, change and then go to the mall with Nomnotho. Also I need to deposit some of this money into my bank account." I say looking at Fiona.

“I am going to treat myself to a spa day. I deserve it. Who knew that gangbangs from three giants would tire me this much?” she says loudly and I just laugh at her while indicating with my head that we are not alone in the car. The free spirited white girl gets the hint but decides not to take it. “I mean even you driver, I am sure you have dreamed of having a gangbang with your friends, right?”

“Yoh, no chomie. That’s enough.” She laughs and then starts singing along to the song playing on the radio. She looks so carefree. You’d argue that she is the same girl I met on the streets of Jo’burg central selling her body just to make sure she went to bed with a full stomach.

‘Hey new girl. What’s up? You looking for a job?’ this white girl said looking at me from head to toe with a frown plastered on her face. I shrugged.

‘Something like that.’ I answered while trying to stand still. It was very cold but she was wearing a mini dress, with thigh high boots and a crop jacket.

‘How desperate are you?’ she asked.

‘Very.’ She chuckled.

‘Meet me on the following street later tonight. At exactly 7pm. You come a minute late and the offer will be off the table.’ I gave her a weak smile as I promised to come back.

I didn’t know who I was going to leave my siblings with. I mean our neighbourhood wasn’t a safe place to leave two minor children unattended at night but I was doing this for them, for us. They would have to understand. And at exactly 6:50pm, I was on the street I was told to wait at. Fiona. Her skirt was barely there and her heels so long. From then on we had been inseparable.

The Uber comes to a stop just outside my home. I settle half of the fare and then say goodbye to Fiona. As I slip out of the car, she wiggles her brows at me giving me a suggestive naughty smile as she points at the driver with her head. A soft laughter escapes my mouth as I catch onto her innuendo and my heart immediately feels sorry for all the inappropriate things she’d subject the poor driver to. I wouldn’t be surprised if she called one day to tell me that she had been arrested for sexual assault. She would deserve it, honest to God.

I watch as the Uber disappear into the corner before I rush inside the house and as I get inside. My favourite red throw is spread untidily on the sofa and from seeing the PS2 plugged in, I can tell that Andile spent the entire night playing his games until he dozed off. I've told him to not pull an all-nighter on a school night. This is what happens when the adult of the house spends all her nights giving up to strangers and has to leave the house to two teenagers.

They are going to sort this mess out. I am not getting involved. Walking to my room, I place my bag in the bed as I go to take a nice long hot shower. I then get dressed in normal jeans and a t-shirt.

I look at my heels, contemplating whether or not to wear them. It's seems rather too much to wear then to an outing to the mall

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but I have gotten so used to having them on, that I feel weird without them. I eventually decide to go for the flops Nomnotho got for me--the only softy thing she has ever done for me--she would've probably given me a look had I opted for the heels.

I grab my bag and take out the wad of cash I had received from partaking in illicit rendezvous. I am still very suspicious about how those men just had that amount of money lying around. You can't possibly have 90k cash lying around, but when I raised my concerns. Fiona told that they were some hot shot cooperate gurus and being paid in cash saved us from the hassle of having banks questioning us about our professions.

Once I hide some of the money in my wardrobe and pack the amount I need into my bag. I take my keys, lock up, then journey to the taxi ranks. I really need a car and I can afford a cheap second hand in good condition. I just need to get a licence first.

A few minutes later, I walk into the coffee shop Nomnotho works at, and before I can ask for her, she walks out with an angry look on her face--kodwa when has she never had an angry look on her face? It's like her permanent expression, her signature look.

"Great day at work." I giggle.



"You know I hate the job. Having to repeatedly have interactions isn't thrill, especially when some of them are bitchy," she grumbles. Her face morphing into an even angrier expression.

I chuckle. "I don't understand how you don't like people. You seem to like Andile and I, we are also people just so you know"

"You're family. I kinda have to like you"

I gasp dramatically, pretending to be offended. "You are such a fake sibling"

She rolls her eyes, but I don't miss the brief smile that shows up. But it falls off quickly as we turn a corner and reach the taxi rank. "Let's get what we need and go home."

xxx

Nomnotho has wandered off somewhere in the store. She was so eager to go home, but as soon as I mentioned clothes

shopping, then woman forgot her hate for human beings. I guess her love for money and pampering outweighs her hate for humans.

My phone buzzes and it is a text from Fiona.

'Found a stripping gig at a secluded club. Only the elite go there, might score ourselves some very generous ballers'

I can hear her over excited tone through the text. She probably squealed too.

"Come and pay," she order.

I look up and see the magnitude of clothes hanging over her arms. This girl is trying to kill me.

"Don't look at me like that. You didn't really give me a budget and that was your mistake," I roll my eyes as I take out a few notes from the stack of cash which was in my bag. She gasps and I give her that 'shut up' look. I could deposit my money in a bank but I don't want to answer unnecessary questions of how I get paid randomly by different people. And I also don't wanna be taxed. So carrying cash is the way to go. Even though it is risky.

After that daylight robbery from my sister, we walk to a book shop where we purchase her first year textbooks. Sure she was going to get a book allowance from NSFAS, but I do what I do for my siblings to live a comfortable and happy life. So I wanted her to do something she wants with that money and she said something about wanting to get a driver's licence since I had already bought a laptop and a tablet for her. Our next stop is the supermarket where we buy loads of groceries probably to last us for a month and our last stop is a restaurant where we get takeaways and then request an Uber home.

2

The man tied beneath me cries as the blade slides against his bare neck. His breathing is deep as his eyes bulge. He doesn't know whether to be in fear of the knife potential slicing into his airways, or to be aroused by the thrill he got from the whole act. But as I press the knife hard against him, drawing a bot of blood, he groaned, settling on the latter. He tugs against the handcuff as he fights to press his naked and hard manhood against my core, yearning for me to consume him.

Seeing him come apart under me like this, really makes me question if this is the same business mogul who was rumoured to be ruthless. I guess some people also get tired of being control all the time.

"Scream for your Mistress, Toy," I order, the knife that is in my hand now replaced with a whip. And like the obedient pet he was, he screams loud enough for everyone passing by to hear. Oh how I relished in this unrestricted submission. The power to bring the most powerful men to their knees really is amazing.

My hand curls around his throat as my ass brushes against his hard and swollen dick, the friction causing the cum to rush to

his tip. But he holds it back, not wanting to receive the punishment I'd awkward him should he disobey me. "Does my toy want to come?" I tease, my hand striking him and pushing him to the edge.

He nods. "Yes Mistress," he breathes. I smile at him, as a way of granting his plea. He didn't need to be told for a second time as his seed shoots through, messing up my thigh.

xxx

I was tired from my rendezvous with Mr Ndlovu, but I can't bail on Fiona--the woman would rain hell on me if I refused to come along with her. She is so ecstatic as she sits besides me in the uber, chatting my ear off. I am not all excited about going to the strip club, main reason being that I have no idea how to dance. I was born with two left feet, my waist being my only flexible body part, all because of my years of fucking different men. But Fiona assured me that dancing wouldn't be a problem. "Your pretty face and your massive bunda will take away their focus from your horrible dancing," she had said to me when I raised the issue. I didn't have a clap back to her jab because she was the first white girl I've come across who could actually dance.

When we walk into the establishment

the smell of sweat and ass hits me first. The place is packed as various girls occupy the mini stages. Each stage had a group of men surrounding it. Some making it rain on the topless girl, while keep reaching out trying to grasp on their boobs.

Different buff guys in black pants and black t-shirt circle around the space, searching for any customer who would even think to harassing the girls. The place is unsanitary, but the protection provided slightly puts me at ease.

"Lets go make some money, biaatch," Fiona sings, circling her arm around my neck as she pushes through the thirst trappers and the horny men. This should be fun.

We get to the backroom and get aquatinted with the queenpin of the place and she gives us a run down of the place. We push our things into the locker we are given to share and she tells us that the splitting of money was 60%-40% before she sends for one of the guards to accompany us to the booths we are going to be using.

Hold onto the pole. Move your hips from side to side. Drop on your knees and crawl around the small stage. That's the instructions Fiona gave me. I just added some spice by twerking a bit and doing a tease by squeezing my boobs from time to time. This new lingerie they gave us barely covers private parts. The thong is lacy and the fabric that is covering the pussy is a bit thick but the fabric covering the boobs is very thin and a see through. My gold mask is in tact. It's very compulsory when I am at work. I am not ashamed of what I do, but I rather my identity remains a mystery or a secret. The booth I have been stationed to is not like the ones at the front with thirsty lustful men. This is a private room and the men here aren't standing next to the stage making it rain. They are just seated on their chairs watching the show unfolds.

I see one standing up and coming to place a stack of cash in box in front of the stage. I didn't even see it there. The rest follows mirroring his actions. I wonder how much is this, but it will definitely not exceed the half a million Mr. Ndlovu gave me. Famous men would do anything to not have their sexual fantasies publicized, including tripling the amount initially agreed upon. With the kind of cash I carry, Imma need a bodyguard soon.

“R50000 for you to take off the bra.” One man from the crowd says. I chuckle and continue dancing. 50k is nothing compared to the money I have.

The queenpin appears behind me. I turn to her and smile.

“That’s it from Goldie for tonight gentlemen. Please proceed to the lounge for beverages.” She says in a professional voice.”

“A hundred thousand for her to continue dancing for 10 more minutes.” Another man from the crowd.

“The money they request with all goes to you undivided. So it's your choice whether to keep on dancing or not. But your time is up.” The queenpin says.

“I will keep on dancing for 10 minutes only.” She smiles a bit and goes to take the money box. She then heads out leaving me to do my thing.

Havanna ohh nana

Half of my heart is in

Havanna ohh nana

He took me back to east Atlanta

Oh nana



The song fuels me to give some extra swinging on the pole. More twerking. More teasing. By the time the 10 minutes is over, my heart is beating too fast and I am trying to breathe naturally. All the men come forward and place tons of money on the second box. One winks at me as he drops a shiny card on the box. They all vacate the room, leaving me and the money. I sigh, taking the box and head backstage. Placing the money on the dressing table, I take the shiny card and read what's written on it.

NATHANIEL BROWN

SWINGERS CLUB

SANDTON

What the hell?

xxx

“You and your friend have brought us so much money today. This is actually the first time we reach over half a million in just an hour. I don’t know if you can maybe consider being our resident dancers for the private booths.” The queenpin says with that professional smile but something in her tone makes

this seem like we don't have a choice but to take the offer.

Fiona comes is fixing her jacket. The queenpin also tells her the offer she has just made to me. Fiona clears her throat looking at me.

"We will have to discuss this into details with my friend and then get back to you. We are usually very busy and fully booked every night but we will talk."

"Okay then. Safe journey." She hands us both bags full of money. "It's all in there." She quickly says when we give her the look. "We wouldn't rob you while we still want to work with you."

"I guess this is goodbye for now." I say and walk away. Fiona follows me. I have already requested an Uber. We find it waiting the moment we step outside the club. We climb in and it drives off. We know never to talk about money in an Uber because the driver might become too greedy and decide to rob us.

"I got a card, silver card." She starts off looking me while taking the card out of her bag. I also take mine out and show it to her. "What are we going to do?"

“Why do you seem undecided about this?” Fiona is not one to be sceptical when an opportunity to make more money present itself. In fact, she would be talking nonstop about it with so much excitement. She shrugs, sighing and looks ahead.

“We have never done this before.”

“And we have never stripped before but look at us now.”

“I need to sleep on it. Anyways we are going to your house, right?”

“Yes. Driver can you please pass by Nandos? We will add on your fee.”

“No problem.” He responds.

Arriving at home, we find Nomnotho busy with laundry while Andile is polishing his shoes. He immediately stops what he is doing and comes to engulf me in a hug. With my tight work schedule, we hardly see each other.

“How are you big boy?”

“I am fine sis. Hello sis Fiona.” He goes to hug her. He is the most positive person in this household. Nomnotho is hard-core and I am just an empty hole. “You brought us food?”

“Yes, now take out the plates and tell Nomnotho to dish up for everyone.” He nods as he takes the paper bags.

Fiona and I head to my room to take a quick shower. Getting dressed in nightwear, we rush back to the lounge and find Nomnotho placing the plates on the coffee table. Andile says grace and we start eating.

3

'Oh how I dread family get-togethers. Never mind the fact that I'm not a big fan of how my relatives treats my mother, I also don't like being around them because their energy is always off and they always has to be some big fight by the end of the day--putting more stress on mom. I wish I could avoid them altogether, but unfortunately I could never be able to get out of them--not even when I was writing my final matric exams, and I was a struggling learner. Regardless, I tried to hide behind work this time around, but the woman who gave birth to me raged war at my pathetic excuse, which was why I was walking into my mother's yard with a plastic from Jwayelani, carrying apples and two packets of chips--which I bought with the last money I had--I could come to my mother's yard empty handed after all, that would stir up a lot of gossip from her cousins. It was 2pm and I was ridiculously late, but it wasn't all intentional. It takes me two taxi rides to get here, and today the taxi's weren't really co-operating.

Some of the family members were buzzing around the house, my uncles--all four of them--were seated on beer cases under the tree that sat at one corner of the yard. You could tell from the shouting that they were already drunk and two bottles away from engaging in a fist fight--as per usual. I quickly ran

past the kids, careful not to let them see me, because if they did they'd ask me for money I didn't have. Unfortunately, amidst running from the children, I fell into another trap, one I couldn't avoid. My aunts who were sitting in the lounge, all turned their attention to me. Looks of judgement could be seen from some of them and I was just looking around, searching for Nomnotho to come save me, but she was no where in sight. She was probably locked up in her room--because unlike me, her stubborn attitude allowed her to have her way. She didn't like our family as much as I do and she has the luxury of not pretending.

"No wonder you aren't married, buka nje ingubo imfishane kanjani,"mom older sister, Aunt Nomathemba commented, her nose flared up. She was the biggest nay sayer of the family. I remember how she would always tell mom to pull me out of school whenever I came back with poor results, taking about me not needing any education to get married.

Her sisters followed suit, commenting on the way I was dressed and how disrespectful I was for being late.

"Angazi nje ukuthi why your mother agreed to let you stay so far from home. Uyolanda isisu nje kuphela,bese ubolela emzini kaSisi," Beatrice commented, Aunt Nomathemba's partner.

I was about to defend myself, when my self appointed saviour spoke, "I wouldn't worry about isisu esiyofika noAzania ngoba your daughter baqudelana ngok'khulelwa. Busy playing 'who can have the most kids'. Worse obaba abahlukile bonke (from different fathers)." She wasn't even looking at them,her gaze glued to her phone as she stood I'm the passage.

"Yey madoda,yadelela nansi ingane. Nomnotho uc...."

"Azania iskhathini lesi?!" Aunt Nomathemba was cut off by my mother's screaming as she appeared in the passage near Nomnotho

drying her hands on the apron I had gifted to her two months ago. "Sekwafika emini manje?"

"Mama,I told you ukuthi I had to work futhi amatekisi were a nightmare," I explained, hooking my arm around her shoulder

and giving her a kiss on the cheek. I heard the sound of someone's tongue clicking coming from the aunties.

"Go dish up ke. Siza uSis'wakho Nomnotho, (Help your sister, Nomnotho)" mom ordered.

Nomnotho frowned, but the 'say something and I'll kill you ' look from mom stopped her from even thinking about refusing. I laughed, following after my younger sister.'

..

It's her death anniversary today. I always cancel all my plans just to have a nice dinner with my siblings. We sit around the table and talk about all the good things we remember about her. Last year we even went to her grave. It broke my heart seeing it so deserted and disoriented. We cleaned it and left afterwards before anyone could spot us and cause a scene. I have always wanted to have both their tombstones installed but where will I host the unveiling ceremony when we are not welcomed at our own home?

"Morning sisi. I have a soccer match today at 2. Please come."  
Andile says peeping it at the door.



“Okay, I will come bafo.” He frowns and walks in.

“You will really come?” he is shocked.

“Yes. I will.”

“Wow. Okay.” He smiles.

“NOT THAT I WAS INVITED, BUT I HAVE A 2:30 CLASS SO I WON'T COME!” Nomnotho shouts from the passage and I just laugh. My sister is very dramatic. I wish to see the man who will choose her as a wife because wow.

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“I am so excited that you're here to support me.” Andile says as we enter the soccer field.

He plays soccer but with his asthma, he is compelled to play a less straining position. So he is the goalkeeper at his school. I have never, for once, come to watch him play. Not because I don't want to. sometimes I am just too tired to go out. My job is draining, physically and mentally, so that's why I hardly do anything with my siblings. Fiona said she will join me but I don't think she is coming because I told her to be here at 1:30 pm and it's already 2:45pm. Andile is a really great goalie. Not a single ball has passed him and it's now halftime. He goes to his

team mates for a few minutes and then run to where I am seated.

“Why didn’t you tell me you were this talented? I would've tried something to put you on some popular team.” I have slept with almost everyone from celebrities, to team managers, so I would've made something happen. He laughs and sits down on the grass before me.

“I am just happy that you finally get to see me play. And is that pride I am hearing from your voice?” I chuckle. This young man though. I hand him cold bottled water from my small cooler bag and energy bag. “Did you Google this?” he says as he starts munching on the bar.

“I know what athletes eat you dummy.” He snorts. He looks so much like father but he has mother's eyes and big forehead.

“I need to go back. Love you sis.” He kisses my cheek and runs back to his team mates leaving me with a crazy smile plastered on my face.

“He is really a good boy and a great player.” A man says as he takes the seat next to me. Ow it's the coach. I don't know why

he is talking to me. He looks at me. "I have never seen him this excited and playing with so much energy. Your presence is responsible for that. Why don't you always come to his important games?"

"Don't take this personal, but you don't get to question my parenting skills. I try to provide for anything he asks for and I work a very hard job. Andile knows that. That's why he never demands that I come to his games or throw tantrums when I don't. Now coach, I think they are calling you." He looks at me, shakes his head and walks away.

Mom would say "stupid man" round about now. She didn't tolerate judgemental or rude people. She was so much like Nomnotho. Outspoken, unfiltered but loved her family very much. My father would always joke by calling her 'my radio wife'. She hated that name but I would always catch her smiling a little when father uttered it. When Nomnotho started talking, dad said 'here is another version of radio wife'. I didn't understand what he meant by that but as I grew older, I understood him well. Whenever mom and Nomnotho would argue, which happened a lot, he would say 'lets give them space.' And we would go outside the house and chill under the mango tree. He would sing for me with his horrible voice and I

would laugh nonstop. I miss them so much and I know if they were still alive, I wouldn't be trading my body just to live to see another day.

“Sorry I am late.” Nomnotho says sitting next to me and I laugh. I really wasn't expecting her. I thought after her classes, she would go straight home. “You see how good he is?” she has been to most of his games.

“Yeah he is really good. So hypothetically speaking, what's more important between starting a business, building a house and buying a car at the moment for our family?” she looks at me and looks ahead.

“The business and the house. A car is not that important to us but it is to you because you always travel at ungodly hours and it's not safe for a woman out there to travel, at any hour really.” I nod and look ahead.

“Is there anything you are short of at the moment?” she smiles and shakes her head.

“You are doing to the most to provide for us and we really appreciate all your hard work. We just wish that we can get to

spend more time with you. We miss you so much sisi.” I look down. “I am not saying this to make you feel bad but we only have a proper dinner when we are remembering our parents' deaths. Other than that, we hardly get together.” I sigh.

“You can organize a family getaway that will correspond with you and Andile's school holidays. We can go anywhere you want, even Miami. That can be the start of us spending more time together.”

“Are you serious?”

“Like a heart attack.”

“OMG thank you Azania.” She hugs me tight and I don't hug her back. “Okay thank you sis Azania.” I chuckle and hug her back.

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“This is so delicious.” Andile compliments as we are eating dinner. I hardly cook but I am a mean cook. I can even be a chef if I want to.

“It's really good. But you don't reach my level.” Nomnotho says cockily and I laugh. She does cook but normal food nje.

“You just couldn't wait to talk 2nd radio wife.” Andile says imitating dad's voice and we laugh. That’s what dad usually said when Nomnotho would just jump in with a comment while we were eating.

“Don’t call my daughter a radio wife Macingwane.” Nomnotho says in mom's voice and we laugh once more. Mom was always quick to come to Nomnotho's defence even though they always bickered every chance they got. “I miss them so much and I miss all the meaningless arguments I would have with mom. Sometimes I would just say something so I can get a reaction from her and it always worked.” She smiles as she wipes a falling tear.

“We are okay now. They are watching over us and they are proud of the people you have become. They always wanted you to be great citizens and real your true potential. Look at you Nomnotho, you are at a varsity studying to be a politician while you Andile, you are going to be the next big thing. I am also so proud of you.” Nomnotho sniffs and wipes her tears.

“And you are about to start your own business. That’s huge and a really big achievement. We are also proud of you sisi.” I smile. I don’t usually cry. Life has taught me that tears never get you anywhere, so I always save them for depressed days.

4

I smooth down the black mermaid cut dress that was picked out of the other three dresses that are in the running to be worn tonight. I don't know what is going on in this building, but with how fancy the invitation is, dressing formally seems like the safest choice. Fiona squeals besides me, her brunette hair tied into a messy bun, with a few strands hanging loosely on the side of her face. In order to prevent her from wearing an inappropriately short dress--as per her usual choice--she is wearing an avocado coloured thin strapped dress with a thigh high slit. I smile at her, then take her hand, making our way to the entrance.

Just as we are about to reach the door, one of the men in black that are swarming at the front of the building rush to block the entrance. "Members only," he growls. He looks very scary. I would never even dream about dating this one because I don't think I would be able to tame him.

I quickly fish for the invite in my clutch bag and shove it into his hand. He nods and I smile with triumph. I walk on, but realise that there is no one besides me anymore. I turn around and saw Fiona with her hand brushing up the security's arm, a

lustful glint in her eyes. "I don't usually chase after man, but for you, I'll definitely jog a little"

I pull her away before she could harass the poor man any longer--and she doesn't really appreciate it--but she need to behave for once.

As soon as we walk into the dimly lit room, I can tell that we are in the presence of people who are way above our league--around the elites of society. They are all split into groups of two or three or more, each holding a glass of their desired drink. Their posture communicate elegance and confidence. The huge space is lit up by crystal chandeliers, hung in different levels on the high ceilings. As my eyes rack over the bar that is blending in the background at one side of the space and the turquoise walls that is a background for the expertly crafted explicit paintings, I notice a cage further away from the entrance of the place, with people surrounding it.

"This place looks fancy. We might bag some rich men for sure," Fiona mused, but I am too drawn to the cage that grasps some of the guests' attention.



I walk closer to it, with Fiona following closely behind me. When I set my eyes on it, I realise what has everyone so interested. Inside the cage, a nude female is bent over, her hands bound behind her back and her legs forced apart by a spreader bar. A man who seem foreign, probably of Italian origin--considering his olive skin and his voluminous dark curly hair--stands over the woman with a whip at hand, unlike the woman, he is fully clothed in a suit, with his blazer missing and his dress shirt pulled out of his pants.

"This is fucked up. I can't be home," Fiona cries and tries to tug me away with her, but I don't budge, feeling my attention pull me solely to the scene in front of me. My body starts tingling and as the man strikes the woman's back, I feel a rush in my stomach as my lady parts moisten.

As I am preparing to get closer to the action, someone taps my shoulder and I turn around

noticing who it is immediately--it's the guy who gave me the invite at the strip club. But Fiona is nowhere in sight--I guess she left.

"Yes?" I question, ignoring the strained moan that is coming from the girl in the cage.

The man in front of me smiles, handing me a glass of white wine. I thank him with a tight lipped smile. "Glad you could make it. I'm Nathaniel Brown and I have a great opportunity for you."

I look at him, knowing that this opportunity is unholy--he did find me at a strip club. I nod, indicating that he should go on. He takes my hand, leading me away from the people. I place the glass of wine on the first surface I come across. Soon, Nathaniel opens a door and in the room is a dark man, wearing a white dress shirt with his sleeves rolled up and the top buttons popped open, giving me a peak of the tattoos hidden by his clothing. As he looks at the man holding my hand, irritation settles on his face. "This better be good," he mutters, frustrated.

Nathaniel doesn't say anything as the man stands up and walks to a cupboard, taking out a bottle of whiskey and two glasses. There's three of us here, why don't I have a glass? With the liquor poured and a single ice cube dropped into the liquid, he

takes one glass and walks to stand in front of me, handing it to me. "You seem like a woman who can handle hard liquor well."

When I accept the drink, he sits back down and takes a sip of his whiskey, without offering Nathaniel any--rude.

"I assume you didn't barge into my office just to stare at me, Brown." I frown, looking at this man.

"Mr. Brown, are you, by any chance allergic to the liquor this man is serving or you are just being disregarded like that?" I ask my eyes moving between both these man. The one whom I don't know his name raises his eyebrows and leans back on the chair.

"What do we have here? A fidgeting little mouse?" he smirks. Did this douche just call me a mouse? I turn to Mr. Brown.

"Why exactly am I here?"

"Sir, this is Goldie, the famous Goldie." Nathaniel says with a slight smile. I turn to look at the stranger man. The smirk is gone, replaced by something that can be identified as a pissed off expression. Why? Did I maybe refuse him entry to my vagina once upon a time?

“Why the hell would you bring me a fuckin prostitute Brown? Do you think we are running some shitty brothel here? This is no place for a person like her. She might have cleaned up nice and all that, but truth remains, she is nothing but a whore who opens her legs for every Tom, Dick and Harry out there. This place is for couples and singles who want to explore their sexual fantasies and she is neither. She might be one of the most expensive whore in Mzansi but that’s all she is. A whore. Now get her out of my sight.” I feel myself getting angry by the second. I am not ashamed of what I do. My siblings never go short of anything because I always provide for them. This man right here has no fuckin right to talk to me this way. He has no right to belittle me like this. Out of anger, I splash the drink I am carrying on his face. “You bitch!” he is still in shock. His noses are flaring.

“Fuck you and I don’t need this.” I turn to Nathaniel. “I don’t know what you were hoping to achieve but it's never going to happen because I am never coming back here.” I press my purse hard against my stomach and then walk out of this stupid office.

I am furious. Very furious. This man doesn’t know. He thinks just because he owns some sex club he can just talk to me however he wants or walk all over me? Working in the streets

of Joburg has taught me so many things, including growing a thick skin. So I never allow anyone to disrespect me, even when I know I need the money they are offering me. Walking down the passage, I quickly come to a halt. There are large windows which show what's happening inside the rooms on each side of the corridor. One particular room seems to interest me. I walk a bit closer and look at what's happening. 5 couples are having a creampie and this looks interesting. I am more drawn to the man fucking the woman with her stomach and boobs pressed against the wall. Sounds are not heard but the movements are loud enough to make you wet. The man turns his head and our eyes lock. He winks at me and continues giving the woman hard quick strokes. The office door opens and I quickly rush down the stairs. Arriving at the bar, I frown when I see Fiona standing next to that scary security guy. I thought she had left.

“Ow there you are.” She says as she spots me. “I thought you had joined in on that scary act.” I chuckle.

“I am not interested in Nathaniel's proposal. We can leave now.” She retrieves a red lipstick from her purse and writes her number on the man's crispy white shirt.

“Call me.” She bites her lip and then heads out. I quickly follow her. This girl has some guts. I could never ruin a man's shirt like that. What if he has a crazy girlfriend or even a wife? Fiona is such a risk taker.

5

I am torn between these five dresses before me which I have been shopping everyday for this entire week because I had been planning on going back to the swingers club. On the first day, I told myself that I am never going back there. But then I found myself at a boutique with a white backless Bodycon dress on my arm and matching heels. I had convinced myself, walking out of that boutique, that I will go back to the club that same evening. But somehow I chickened out on the last minute. That's how I ended up with five new dresses. I have been doing that all week. Going against my better judgement and deciding that I will go to the club, purchasing an outfit and then chickening out on the last minute. I make it the outfit's mistake. I go on blaming them whereas I am the problem. I am the one who is undecided. Fiona made it clear that she is not going back there. It's not her type of thing. But she gave me her blessing to go back because she saw that I was 'taken'. Her words, not mine.

The clock strikes 6 pm. Today I am doing this. I am not going to chicken out. If I chicken out today, then I am never going back to that club. I take a quick warm shower and do my make up. I go for a glam look with a bit of a silver eye shadow to make me pop and stand out. I then decide on the draped collar backless

high split metallic halter dress which leaves little to imagination. I pair it with metallic pattern stiletto heeled strappy sandals. I put on a leather trench coat on top, take my bag and head out.

“Don't wait up.” I say to Nomnotho who is cooking at the kitchen.

“Be safe.” She says with a weak smile. She knows what I did but she never questions me. But she is always worried about my safety. When I am not coming back, I always notify her so that she doesn't worry too much.

Getting outside, my Uber is already waiting for me. I really should but a car. Even if it's a second hand polo. Ubers are really expensive but some are safer. I slide at the back and the driver starts the car. I am battling with my inner self here. Am I doing the right thing? Am I going to like the outcome of this all? What if I am going to regret this? I get tempted a few times to ask the driver to turn the car around but my inner bad bitch wins. When we get to the club, I pay for my ride and climb out of the car. I do some breathing exercises and then head to the door. There is another guard at the entrance.

“Members only.” I roll my eyes and hand him the invite I got from Nathaniel. “This has expired.” I frown.

“Don’t worry mate. She is with me.” A man says behind me. His hand is already on my back. I tense a bit. I don't even know this guy, but if it means I am going to be let in here, then I don’t mind playing along.

“Alright then, enjoy.” The guard says, stepping out of the way. The man gently pushes me forward. Once we are inside the club. I turn to look at him. I never forget a face. It's that guy who winked at me while shagging another woman last time I was here. He is looking down at me with a smirk.

“You look more sexy up close.” He says licking his lips.

“Well you ain't seen nothing yet.” I take off my coat and hand it to the butler. The man in front of me seems to be in awe. That’s what I was hoping for. I turn and make my way to the bar. I am giving him time to admire my back.

"A scotch on the rocks," I tap a R50 note on top of the table and the bartender looks at me with an arched brow, but he takes the note when the man who helped me get inside comes up beside me. I guess the staff doesn't take kindly to new faces.



"Scotch is a really heavy drink sweetheart," he drawls, his hand never leaving my bare back.

"I take it you didn't help me get in just to monitor what type of alcohol I like." He chuckles, his hand leaving me as our drinks are placed on the table--when did he even order? I take a gulp my drink and leaned forward, giving him a glimpse of my cleavage.

"Giovanni," he introduces himself.

"Amari." I hold out my hand, withholding my real name--I'm not about to give a strange man my real name.

He stares intensely on my lips, my red lipstick keeping his attention trained on them. I smile before I speak, "Why do you keep looking at my lips Mr Giovanni?" I am amused, playing with my bottom lip.

"Do you have the slightest clue of what I want to do with that mouth of yours?" he breathes.

I shrug, feigning ignorance. "I might have an idea."

He strikes his hand against my neck and I move closer waiting to feel his lips on mine, but it never comes. "We aren't allowed to do anything out here."

"What kind of a sex club has rules?" I grunt.

A soft rumble come from him. "Its the prestigious kind. Don priorities class and the members would rather not pay a bucket load of money for a place that resembles a whore house."

Next thing I know, we are in the familiar hallway and we inside one of the rooms. He throws me on the bed and gets on top of me, grinding his erection against me. "Shit!" Our clothes are off within moments, the condom wrap is ripped open. I slide it on him and a loud scream comes from when he shoves his entire length into me.

"Oh my God Gio." I scream, throwing my head back.

"You like that don't you?" He rasps, as I buck my hips against him. With a moan from me he thrusts faster, my breasts and stomach plastered against his chest, fucking me harder and making me repeatedly choke out his name. My grip on the sheets tightens as I am ushered to my release. God!

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As I slide down his dick, I'm consumed by bliss. He pulls me closer, making me hold onto the bars of the headboard. I look him in the eyes as I start twisting my waist, rocking back and forth as his gaze flares up and his lips close around the nipple of my left breast.

"Shit! Keep going," he mumble, his mouth still stuffed with my nipple. His grip on my hip tightens as he turns his head to the side, pulling me up and down his hard dick. I cry out, riding him close to the edge. I love every moment of it. Giovanni groans as I slowly go up then slamming my ass back onto him--my juices spilling onto my thighs.

"Shiiit," I cry out, connecting my eyes with his as he circled his dick inside me, nudging me closer to the edge. With a shudder, I feel him fill the condom to the tip, just as I come undone, my body limping on top of him. He pushes me onto the bed and stands up, getting rid of the condom.

"That was amazing," I breath out.

He chuckles. "That's my speciality mi amore."

I roll off the bed and frantically wear my clothes. He is laying on the bed naked, his manhood semi hard against his stomach, looking at me as I fix myself up. It is actually the first time I've ever left the room after sex without money in my hand. You can see that he still wants more but I doubt he is going to ask for it. He looks like a man with pride.

I rush outside without any other exchange with the guy and sigh, leaning my head against the closed door. That was insane.

"Your reputation really does precede you, Miss Goldie." A voice says. I look up to meet the eyes of that man--the rude one who didn't offer Nathaniel a drink the other day. His hands are in his pocket and he is standing in front of a one way window. Was he watching us?

6

"Join me, for a drink." The man says as he walks back to his office. Clearing my throat and gaining composure, I follow him to his office. I don't know if he wants to insult me again or what. But I am just following him, stupid me.

"And then? Amari? Where are you going?" Gio's voice makes both of us stop and turn to look at him. He looks at me and then his eyes go to the man next to me. "Don, this one is mine man. Don't do me like that." Don scoffs.

"She is with me now. So you can forget about her being yours."

"I pay a lot of money to get inside here, so I get everything I want. Plus she was let in because of me. So you have no right to claim her as yours." I am confused by this conversation but from what I can grasp from it is that Gio is not just a member here, seems like him and Don know each other personally. But I don't like the words 'claim' or 'yours' being thrown around carelessly and being associated with my name.

"Are we having an argument right now, Gio?" Don asks with his eyebrows raised. I don't know him that well but I know how to spot a frustrated person. Gio scoffs looking at me.

"No, sir."

"Good then." Don takes my hand and pulls me to his office.

"There is a shower through that door. You can freshen up if you like." I am not even offended by this because I feel so sticky and smell of sex. Usually when meeting up with clients, which mostly happens in hotels or apartments, I shower afterwards before going back home.

"Thank you."

I first take off my dress with heels and place it on his desk. I then walk to the shower knowing fully well that he is watching me. The bathroom is really big and beautiful. There is a shower, a toilet and a sink. His bath essentials are lined on the shower rack mounted on the inside of the shower. After admiring the bathroom for a few more seconds, I get inside the shower and let the hot water fall on me, careful not to wet my face and hair. I shower, taking my time to wash my pussy. When I am done, I step out and wrap the big towel around my body. It

reaches just below my butt. I dry my body and then walk back to the office.

"How is it that your hair and make-up is still intact?" he asks. He is sitting on the couch not far from the door, holding a glass of whiskey in his hand. I chuckle and drop the towel on the floor. I then put on my dress. Coming to the club, I wasn't wearing a bra because the dress goes against it and I can't put back on my panty because it's wet. After putting on my dress, I also put on my heels and walk to long mirror which is at the corner of the office. I look pretty and I feel fresh, which is a great combination.

"So, your name is Don?" I ask turning to him. I take the glass with brown liquor in it, sit on top of his desk and drink it. He shrugs.

"It depends."

"On what?"

"On who's asking. But most people call me Don. My real name is Mfihlo Donatus Mthombeni. So Don is short for Donatus." He looks at and his eyes travel up and down my body. "Who is Nomnotho and Andile? Your sisters?" I frown.

"Where the fuck did you get my siblings' names?" he chuckles.

"Chill, I didn't stalk you. In case you have forgotten, you tattooed their names on your lower arms." I roll my eyes.

"Nomnotho is my sister and Andile is my brother and he is the last born. You? Do you have any siblings?"

"Yes. I do have 3. So why prostitution?"

"Before I answer any of your questions, I want you to apologize to Me." he frowns. "Don't give me that face and don't act like you didn't insult me the last time I was here. You called me a whore amongst many other names. If I had a heart, I would've said you made me feel worthless but I don't. But I am a lady and you gotta humble yourself before me before I allow you some time or whatever." He snarls and moves his eyes to focus on his liquor. "I am waiting."

I look at him through the whiskey glass with an expectation expression. He looks up at me, trying to challenge my order, but I am not going to back down. I am going to get an apology one way or the other.

After a while of silent staring



he finally speaks up. "I'm sorry." The apology seem hard to deliver, but it is clearly genuine and I appreciate it.

A smile dances on my lips. "Let's just say, life always dealt me a hard hand. And for someone who wasn't exactly school smart, I ventured into a world where my kind of smarts were appreciated." I answer his previous question.

He nods, processing the information I have given.

"But it isn't a forever thing, right?"

"Obviously." -Me.

"I would like to take you out to dinner tomorrow night," he states.

I look at him with my eyebrow arched. Didn't the man call me a prostitution? Why would he want to be seen out in public with a prostitute? None of my other customers--even the ones who were my regulars--ever wanted to meet up in public.

I chuckle. "You don't have to wine and dine me. All you have to do is show me the money then I'm yours for the night. Or maybe even two nights," I drawl, sliding my finger across his cheek.

He smiles again. "I prefer to wine and dine you."

I shrug, pulling away from him and downing the remainder of my alcohol. "Who am I to say no to food?"

"Let's get you home. You must be tired from your...activities," he remarks. And from the underlying tone in his voice, I can tell he is referring to Giovanni and he sounds a bit bitter. Odd.

Why? Only God knows.

"I am tired." I stretch my arms with a sexual sounding moan for emphasis, then jump off the table...

We leave the building through another entrance, maybe a private door of his. When we get to the road, a black Mercedes G-class is parked there. Mfihlo opens the back passenger's door for me and I smile at his chivalry. I guess it isn't dead after all.

Just as I am about to get into the car, Mfihlo holds onto my wrist. I turn to look at him, smiling as his hands clung onto my waist and his gaze falls to my lips. I lick my lips and close my

eyes, awaiting what is clearly to come. But his lips don't come, instead his voice calls out.

"I want to kiss you." His voice have decreased its volume and my eyes snap open, a smile plays on my lips. "Aren't you the perfect gentleman?" Usually my clients just kissed me. The money they gave me was usually consent enough.

A simple, "okay" slipped past my lips. And he doesn't miss a single moment before his lips latch onto mine, moving roughly against my own as I struggle to keep up with his urgent pace. But my failure to keep must've been noticed to him, because he slows down, allowing us the opportunity to move in sync. My hands roughly pull on his dress shirt--probably wrinkling it--while his fingers get tangled in my weave. Thank God for install weave because if it wasn't that kind of weave, mine would've been off by the first pull--revealing amagoda agugile--from how hard this man was pulling at it--not that I am complaining, actually enjoying his roughness. As I start rubbing my throbbing core against his growing erection, he pulls away.

"I'll see you tomorrow." With a peck on my lips, I am sent on my way. I don't usually masturbate while fantasizing about men but tonight I was definitely going to pleasure myself and Don's face is the one that is going to send me off.

“Don’t tell me you are undecided on what to wear tonight. I don’t even know why we’re here because you have plenty of new dresses in your closet. You have money to waste babes.” Fiona says as I try on the third dress in this boutique. She has an appointment with a car dealership in 30 minutes and she has been anxious since we got here. I roll my eyes and look at my reflection in the mirror.

“This is the dress. We can grab heels and a bag and then we can go our way.”

“Finally.” She groans and picks up her bag. I laugh and head back to the changing room. Getting back on my short jumpsuit and sandals, I hang the last dress and we go pay for it. “Can we just go to Aldo, buy black heels and purse and then leave?”

“Chomie why are you this anxious? Relax. Even if you get there 5 minutes before closing time, they will tend to you because they are desperate for your money.” She huffs as she pulls me to Aldo. I have never seen her like this before.

When we get to Aldo, we find what I am looking for very quick. I then throw in a matching jewelry set and we go pick up our pizzas then take an Uber to the car dealership. Fiona finally

relaxes as we settle across the sales manager who is the one assisting her. It's an attractive male but Fiona hasn't thrown even a single flirty remark at him. Eventually she lets out a smile after signing on the dotted line.

"You can follow me this way." The sales manager stands up and heads out. We follow him. Fiona whistles making the manager turn to her with a frown.

"No biggie manager, I am just loving the view of your behind. God was very generous to you." she licks her lips and I broke into laughter. Took her long enough. The manager comes to a halt in front of a white 2012 Volkswagen Golf VI 1.4 TSI Auto Cabrio which has a pink ribbon on top of it.

"Here you go Miss Brewer. Thank you so much for trusting Bryanston Executive Cars with your first automobile." He hands her the keys and she screams hugging me before she snatches the keys from the manager.

Another sales consultant comes with a goodies hamper and hands it to the manager who hands it to Fiona. They take a few pictures and Fiona is finally given a chance to fuss over her new car. I take a video of her while she twerks for her new car. She is over the money and I am so happy to see her like this. Not

every day we are given the luxury to just be happy and free, so this day deserves to go down in history as one of our happiest days. She places the hamper and climbs in the driver seat. I follow her settling on the passenger seat. She starts the car, waves at the sales manager and then drives it out of the dealership.

“Now we are going to buy you a car.” She says as I put on some music. I laugh and shake my head.

“Maybe next month.”

“Or next week.” she challenges.

“I want us to get home safe. There is something I wanna discuss with you. But maybe tomorrow when I have come back from this date.”

“I can’t believe you are going on an actual date. I haven’t seen this Don dude but I am hoping for the best. And if he dares hurt you, I will burn down his unholy club, hunt him down and then end his miserable life.”

“I know you will.” She smiles.

“Tell all my haters ‘I’m on my way up, nothing can stop me, I’m on my way up.’”

“You have haters? Who are they?”

“All those fake bitches on social always saying ‘Gosh I love your bag babes’, ‘it’s the Zanzibar for me child’, ‘sbwl le soft life’. Those bitches are fake as fuck.” I laugh and she also laughs.

Arriving at home, she first shows her car to Nomnotho and Andile who are genuinely happy for her. Nomnotho even takes it on a spin with Andile. They come back and Fiona leaves after spending an hour with us. I have three hours before my date

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so I use that time to do some research on a business venture. I have enough capital to start a successful business, buy a car and a house or extend our current home but I am going to prioritize the business for now and maybe buy a car next month.

I research on what can be more cheap, renting out a place in town and buying a food truck. The food truck option is better because it brings in more money and you don’t have to worry about paying rent every month. All you have to do is make sure the truck has enough fuel, is serviced and renew its disk from time to time. I set up appointments with 3 food truck sellers

just to view them because not all is as it seems on pictures and some people might scam me.

There is so much information from all my research. Some of it is just causing me a migraine. But I am not going to give up. I am going to work hard to be a role model to my siblings and be the big sister that they deserve. After all that, I am going to claim back our home so that we also have a home to go home to during holidays. But first things first, I need to purchase that food truck and then talk to some restaurant owners and food truck owners about the advantages and disadvantages of the food business. A knock disturbs me and I turn around to see Nomnotho at the door.

“Are you staying for supper sisi?” she asks.

“No but I think I am going to be back before 9. I am only going out for dinner.” She nods. “Are you currently busy with anything?” she shakes her head. “Please find me all the necessary paperwork needed when one needs to start a food truck business. Like the licenses, permits, certificates and all those official documents.” She smiles.

“Okay. So you want to start a food business?”



“Stop being nosy and do the research for me.” she laughs and nods.

“Consider it done sisi. Have fun on your date.” She winks and closes the door. I smile shaking my head.

She is not a playful person in nature, but I love this side of her. In fact I love every side of her, even the snappy, irritable and violent side because all those sides make up the real Nomnotho. Closing my notepad and laptop, I head to the bathroom to take a long hot shower which rids of all the tension and tiredness in my body. When I am done, I sit on the vanity and take my time applying my make-up. After I am satisfied with my look, I get dressed in my new knee length red satin dress with a slit on the side that reveals half of my thigh and nude stiletto heels. Putting everything on my nude purse, I do some twirling in front of the mirror. I look so hot right now. I do a quick video of my outfit and send it to Fiona who sends lots of emojis showing how much she approves.

I head downstairs and my siblings also dish out compliments. Nomnotho takes a few pictures of me with my phone and posts it on her WhatsApp. She only posts her, Andile and me and also dark memes and sometimes Fiona when she woke up on the

right side of the bed. A car hoots outside and Andile opens the door to check it out.

“It’s a black Mercedes G-Class sisi.” He announces still standing at the door.

“That’s my cue.” I smile making my way to the door. He leads me to the gate and closes it after me. The driver from yesterday quickly climbs off the car and comes to open the back door.

“You look beautiful Miss Azania.” He says and I smile. I slide inside the car and he drives off.

8

The cold winter night breeze licks my bare skin as soon as I step out of the black Mercedes-Benz. The driver closes the door behind me, as I make my way to Don who walks towards me with a smile, his hands resting inside his pockets. He looks so really good, dressed in a three piece black suit, clearly custom made, and like every time, his last top buttons are popped open--maybe that's his signature style.

"You look breathtaking," he comments and kisses my cheek.

I smile, melting into him as he pulls me into his tight embrace.

"If you don't let go right now, I swear you are going to squeeze the breath out of me," I giggle, as he releases me, giving me the chance to take in a really deep breath. "Well, I'm ready to eat." He nods.

His hand goes down to my back and he ushers me through the glass doors that protects the building from the cold breeze of the night. The ridiculously bright lights blinds my vision, that I find myself squinting my eyes. I marvel at how unaffected Don

is by them--maybes he's used to being here. Or maybe my eyes are just being dramatic seeing as they are used to a dark or dimly lit environment of the hotels my clients usually invite me to.

"What is this place?" I ask. I expected him to take me to some fancy restaurant, but we have been walking up the plethora of stairs for more than two minutes now and there is no sign anything that resembles a restaurant.

"It's a place I was going to use for my club, but the space was too small so it's basically been lying around." he explains, his fingers dancing against my waist. The close contact is beyond tantalizing, I am even shocked that I am not pooling at the moment.

"Why don't you just sell?"

"The view is just too perfect to let go of." The elevator doors open, leading into a room that has a circular table just besides the ceiling to floor window, drapped in a white cloth. Two

wooden black chairs sit with the table and a bottle of whiskey is on top of it and the glasses next to the bottle.

I look up at him with a knowing smile. "I see we didn't go for any wine."

"None of us likes it, so why put our taste buds through hell?"

My smile grows wider, appreciating the fact that unlike other men, he didn't force wine down my throat at any point in time just because he believed that hard liquor is more suited for men and wine is more a girly type drink. He just showed me that he isn't sexist.

The seat is pulled open for me and I sit down with a smile, my head traveling with him as he circles to sit on his chair. He pours the liquor into both our glasses and we fall into silence, our eyes moving all over each other. I don't know if he can feel it or if my body is just doing what it had learned to do every time I was out in town with an affluent man, which made me wonder if our night would end with my screaming his name-- not that I would mind.

"Do you want us to eat our dinner and let me ease into it, or do you want me to get straight to the point?" He blurts.

My eyebrows rise and my shoulders straighten. What point does he plan to get to? Maybe he planned this whole dinner just so he could get into my pants. But he knows about my profession, throwing money at me would get him what he wants. But he did say he wants to wine and dine me, so I shouldn't overthink it.

"Get to the point," I state, gulping the remainder of my liquor.

He refills my glass then speaks up, "There's a camera at the meeting hall back at the club and I was going through them, when I saw something. I don't even know how my eyes stuck on you specifically, since they were a shit load of people in that same area, but regardless of that I did see you. I saw you staring at Giovanni and Janet in the cage, you were so fixated on the scene. I saw some woman trying to tug you away, but you couldn't even care enough to give her your attention, because it was already stolen. Seeing that made me...it made me curious"

I blink up at him. "What is the purpose of this information?"

"Like I said, it made me curious. Have you been familiarized with what you saw beforehand?" -Don.

Should I tell him? Usually people are viewed as insane for being interested in BDSM, maybe he'll think the same thing. Just because a BDSM scene took place at his club

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doesn't mean he understands the practice--he could've allowed it to happen at his club just because of the money he gets from the members. Customers always have to be satisfied anyway.

"I know what BDSM is," I admit, not caring about the judgement he might harbour.

"Have you practiced it?"

"Only mildly. I'm not always exposed to clients who are willing to partake in the act."

He nods, taking in all the information. "What do you identify as?"

"I'm a switch." A smile etches on his lips. My brows rise again. "Why are you so interested?"

"Well Azania. I am a dominant and I would like for you to be my submissive--exclusively," he states.

I laugh. This man really has to be shitting me. Why would I even agree to that? "You basically want me to be your girlfriend just without the romance that comes with it," I state once again. "I am not going to be your submissive Mfihlo, especially not when you want to be exclusive. My livelihood requires me to let every man who's willing to pay the right price stick his penis into me. How am I going to support my siblings when I become exclusive with you?"



He grimaces at the vivid image I have painted.

"I understand that. That's why I am willing to pay you," he blurts.

My rapidly rising chest immediately flattens and I hold my breath, looking at him with wide eyes. He is willing to pay me? If it's the right price, then it would be enough to quit the prostitution all together. I'd be able to get a house. I'd be able to get a car--and even finally get my business off the ground. Don's money could really set me up and I'm sure I wouldn't be his submissive forever. Letting one man--who'd get to know you--sleep with you for money is better than the whole of South Africa sleeping with you for a few rands.

"A million rands," I rush.

A million rands? That sounds unreasonably high. But this man will be tying me up and whipping me--never mind the fact that I will definitely enjoy it--the price was fair.

"Done."

"That was easy," I state, genuinely surprised.

"That's because I really want this." -Don.

My eyebrows crease. "Why?"

He shrugged, taking another sip of his whiskey. "Like I said Azania, you intrigue me."

"So, is that what happens? You just ask a girl to be your sub just because they intrigue you?"

"No. I'm not a man that is easily intrigued, which goes to say that you really are something," he explains.

I nod. "But they have been others?"

"Yes, they have been others before. Four others to be exact."

I sigh. That's not too bad. I was honestly expecting the number to be running somewhere along the tens.

"That's a small number." I state. Compared to the number of men I have slept with who likes me dominating them, Don's number is a mere percentage.

"I took an interest to the lifestyle years ago and I spent a year with each submissive."

"That's a long time. You mean to tell me that no feelings were caught?" I ask. Humans quickly grown attached to any sort of affection they receive. Someone had to have caught feelings at some point in time.

He refills his glass and scoots his chair closer to me, making our knees touch. God! This night is really gonna end with us having sex.

"All of them understood what was required, but one of them was well on their way to falling for me--but I cut her loose before it could get to that stage," he explains. Then he looks at me, stroking my knee with his. He is seducing me.

"So, how is this going to work?"

"I would've liked this evening to end with your eyes blindfolded and have you bent against the glass ceiling to floor window of my apartment, but that can't happen."

I frown. The idea is quite appetizing, but why couldn't he do it? Why would he even tease me like this when he wasn't going to do anything about it?

"Why not?"

"Scenario. I have a knife hard against your throat and you are tied to my bed--naked--describe your reaction for me," he orders, looking at me with a soft gaze.

I gulp. "I don't know. Since I know that it's part of the play, I would go with it. But in the back of my mind I would most probably be praying you don't accidentally slit my throat," I answer honestly.

He sighs, sitting back on his chair and allowing his hand to rest on the lower part of my thigh, closer to my knee. "That's the problem Azania. For this to work effectively, you shouldn't have things playing in the back of your mind. You should be solely focused on the moment, so you can be aware of when you've reached your limit. And you should trust me enough to know that I wouldn't accidentally slit your throat. Trust is the basis to a healthy BDSM relationship, so we'll work on that before we do anything too hectic"

"Why do I need to trust you? Isn't consent all you need?" I ask, irritated by his words.

"Consent isn't all that is needed, Pup," his eyes plead with me. Plead with me to understand. Pup, huh?

I sigh, close my eyes and count to ten. "How is our relationship going to pan out? I'm only there for when you need a fuck?"

"I don't need a prostitute, Pup. We will go out for dinner or lunch. I'll give you the affection you need and I might ask you to accompany to a gathering that requires me to have a date. But the relationship won't be romantic. I am not going to be your boyfriend. We can be platonic." Platonic?

“So let me get this straight, I am going to be your chauffeur for what? Months until you buy your own car?” Fiona asks as we drive out to meet with the first food truck owner whom we are meeting at a restaurant. I chuckle and shake my head.

“As if you are not going to have shares in my business.” She rolls her eyes.

“I will even demand them.” I look at her and we both laugh. “So how did the date go last night?” I sigh and sit back. Don did emphasize that we should keep the nature of your relationship a secret but if anyone asks, we can just say we are boyfriend and girlfriend.

“It went well. The guy is really handsome and he actually asked me to be his girlfriend.” Submissive. “And I said yes. He is quite the catch friend and he is going to help me get my business off the ground. He is going to give me a lot of money for that.” she turns to me with her eyes popped out. “Eyes on the road friend.”

“Hey, why don’t you drive so that I can attack this issue without any disturbances?” she parks the car on the side of the road and I laugh as we exchange position. My friend is so dramatic. I

fasten the seatbelt and check on the incoming cars before joining the road. “I am not trying to discourage you or something but you know our life, what we do and how much money we make now. Are you going to abandon all of that just because you have found a personal sponsor? What if one day he decides to leave you high and dry and even destroy your business because seemingly you will be using his money to start it?”

“I understand your concerns babes. I really do. But you know I can handle myself. I have enough money to retire on the prostitution business and start my own business. I don’t need Mfihlo to do that but I really like him and you know sacrifices are made in relationships.”

“Goldie, money is never enough. You know that. Or else we would have long ago quitted this lifestyle. You don’t even know this guy chomie. You have been acquainted for what? 3 minutes? And already you are changing your whole life for him? Hhay friend. I am not trying to bring negativity into this situationship but realism. And how are you going to adapt from having sex with multiple partners to having sex maybe once a week with one man? Just make me understand.” Well friend you wouldn’t understand that there is a million rand at stake



here which we will discuss further with Don on our next meeting with is tomorrow.

“Can we talk about this over lunch after this meeting?” she scoffs and taps on her phone.

My friend is very dramatic but I understand her concerns very well. If Don wasn't paying me all the money upfront, I wouldn't even have considered his deal. We finally arrive at the restaurant and after parking the car, we both climb off. We are looking formal in dress pants, tight formal shirts and heels. One would swear we are not prostitutes but in the end, how does a prostitute look like? I immediately spot Zamalinda. We did exchange pictures, so that's why I am able to recognize her. We make our way to her table and after exchanging pleasantries, we sit across her.

“It's really a pleasure to meet you Miss Zamalinda.” I say with a smile.

“The pleasure is all mine, and please call me Zama or Linda.” She responds and I nod. “I was very surprised to get contacted by a young lady asking for business advice and guidelines. Usually they do as they please and many of them fail because

they think just cooking and posting on social media is all there is to the catering business.” She is in her late forties. I quickly take out my notepad.

“So did you do consumer science in school or you fell in love with cooking along the way and began cooking using cooking books and videos?” she shakes her head.

“My mother worked as a kitchen cleaner in a hotel. Every day she would observe the head chef preparing hundreds of dishes and she would also prepare them for us when she has enough ingredients. Eventually she showed the chef just how much of a fast learner she was. The chef was impressed and he gave her the position of being an assistant chef. From that day on, mom didn’t prepare dishes for us but she would instruct me to do what she was doing at work and after that food became my passion. We started a catering company but she didn’t quit her job. After her death

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the company went downhill but it picked up again after I started the food truck business and I gained more customers than before.” -Zamalinda

“Where did you get the money to start the business and how did you manage to keep it afloat for all these years?” I questioned.

“Having a business that is not that strong means you don’t get to live your life the way you want to. Any little money you get, there is no enjoyment. The only think you think about is the success of your business. I got the capital from my then boyfriend who is now my husband. With the money he gave me, because I already had a car which belonged to my mother, I purchased a food trailer, food, banners and got clearance certificates and permits. The first three months were rough and there were many times where I wanted to give up but my husband would go all mashonisa on me and I would go back to pushing hard.” Both Fiona and I laugh while she chuckles. “He was really tough on me but his toughness and my will to be successful made my business what it is today. Keeping the business afloat means you forget about the soft life and just focus on the wellbeing of your company, your baby. When you master that, you will surely succeed.”

“So how many food trucks do you have now?” Fiona asks.

“About 4 in four different cities here in Gauteng. We also have an office in Joburg Central. I also have a container outside my home where I spend most of my time in. marketing your business doesn’t only mean posting it on social media because not everyone on the internet want you to succeed. Many envy your life, so they won’t even bother sharing your ads. Starting a business is all about stepping out of your comfort zone and be willing to work really hard. It means waking up at 3 am or 4 am to start your day early because people always need food, even at 5 am.”

“What other ways of marketing can you suggest?”

“Participating in Farmers’ Markets, getting permits to sell outside stadiums or concerts. Those World Globe nton ntoni concerts.” I chuckle while Fiona laughs.

“You mean the Global Citizens Festivals?” I ask and she nods with a smile. Her phone beeps and she checks on the message. Her smile widens.

“I have to go. I am sorry for cutting our meeting short.”

“Oww no. I got all the information I needed and even more. Thank you very much for sparing me a few minutes of your time.” She stands up and extends her arms. I hug her.

“Walk me out.” she says taking her bag.

“Friend I will be right back.” I say to Fiona who is already calling for the waiter. She nods. Zama and I walk out. When we get to the parking lot, she takes out a booklet from her bag and hands it to me.

“Everything you need, you will find here. And please don’t ever hesitate to contact me for any clarity. I can even be your mentor if you like.” I smile at her. My heart is content.

“I am going to be a mosquito in your ear, I swear.” She laughs and opens the car in front of us. “OMG! Is that yours?” she continues laughing. The car is a mustard McLaren 720S Spider.

“It belongs to my husband. I stole it and he was telling me that he is going to punish me for it.” She climbs inside and she hoots before smoothly driving out of the parking lot.

“Such a role model.” Fiona’s voice makes me nearly jump. She is carrying a glass.

“How did they let you out with that glass?” she shrugs.

“Connections Goldie.” I roll my eyes and we head back inside the restaurant. “So when am I meeting this mysterious gangster boyfriend of yours?” she asks as we settle down.

“He is not a gangster. Just because he owns a sex club doesn’t mean he is a criminal.”

“Note owning a sex club is not legal. So that makes him a criminal.” I give her a bored look and she chuckles. “You know I am right.”

10

"These days you are always home," Andile started, looking at me with a creased forehead. "Do you no longer work?"

"You complain about hardly getting any time to spend with you, and now that I'm around more then usually you are complaining futhi? Kanti Andile Mngadi what do you want from me?" I teased, a smile playing on my lips at the sight of his suspicion.

He chuckled, his deep voice resonating in the space of the kitchen. "Don't get me wrong Azania, I'm happy to have you around. But when I am so used to not having you around all the time, I am bound to be suspicious."

"If she no longer had a job, we wouldn't have had takeaways for dinner for the past two nights," Nomnotho stated with a bored look on her face, inserting herself into a private conversation--like always.

"Well, dear brother of mine, I have gotten the opportunity to start that business I told you guys about, so I quit my job." Or I just cut back on my usually work load.

A megawatt smile came onto my younger brother's face. He was just about to say something when the ringing of my phone chimed, disturbing his train of speech. I looked at the caller I.D and it was Don's name. I excused myself and hid away in my bedroom then answered.

"Are you good?" he asked.

"Yes. You?"

"I'm drained and pissed at some people." he sounded annoyed when he answered.

Okay. So we are already at the stage when he vents to me? What do I do? Should I ask about it or just ask why he's calling me? But ignoring his venting would just seem a bit insensitive of me,



"What happened?" I asked, biting my lip.

He sighed through the phone. "Don't worry about it Pup. Do you have plans for tomorrow?"

I closed my eyes trying to recall if I had plans yini.

"I have a dinner date planned with my friend, but I am free for most of the day, why?"

"I need to come to the club at noon, to sign a few things. Then we'll head over to the doctor to get us tested and then get you an implant."

My face creased in confusion. "But I already am on birth control."

"Pills?"

"Yes."

"We are getting you the implant. We can't risk you forgetting to take the pills," the sound of his voice was warm and nurturing, but I could tell that despite his tone, he wasn't willing to let the topic become an argument. "Are you alone?"

"Yeah ,I'm in my room."

"Good. I need you to lock your door and lie down on your bed for me." It didn't need a person with a degree to figure out what he was getting at, so I did as I was told. "Done?" I made a 'mmhm' sound. "I need your words Pup."

"Yes...Sir."

When I heard a breathy 'God!' sound through the phone speaker, a smile of triumph crossed my lips. There was just something about igniting that type of reaction.

"Are your clothes off?" he asked after regaining himself.

"You never told me to take them off."

"You are a smart girl Pup. I assumed you would've thought to do that when I told you to lie down." Bu the time he was speaking, I was already on my feet, wiggling the jeans off my feet and they were just refusing to let up.

After fighting to get them off, I was back on the bed and ready to be ordered. "They are off."

"I want to reach down and masturbate for two minutes. Picture my hand doing the work, instead of yours. After two minutes, send me a picture." then he dropped the call.

...

I walked through the doors of the club, half expecting the guards to stop me, but none of them ever did. I guess their employer updated them about my importance. Unlike all the other nights I've been here, the place was deserted

the bar area had no occupants--I guess swinging is an activity best indulged in during the ungodly hours.

I navigated my way to Mfihlo's office. Two taps on his closed office door sounded, then his voice called me to come inside. The door closed behind and I rushed to lay on his office couch. Staring at him, I noticed that for the first time ever he was in grey faded jeans and a royal blue golf t-shirt. I honestly didn't think he could even own casual, since he always preferred to remain formally dressed--and I must say, he looked equally as dashing in casual.

"At least greet me before choosing to eye fuck me, Pup," he drawled, his gaze fixed on whatever paper that was on his desk as his black pen moved on it.

Look at him trying to act cool when he was actually looking at me.

"I greeted you when you called earlier, I see no reason to do it a second time," I stated.

I squealed when something on his desk caught my eye. It was those ball shaped chocolate candies by Cadbury. I sprung from the couch and snatched the sweets from his desk, before collapsing back on the couch.

"You can't just take things that you don't even know where they are from," he commented, sitting back on his chair.

"I'd assume they came from a grocery store," I deadpanned, popping a chocolate ball of goodness into my mouth.

He simply just laughed. "The contract I need you to sign is pretty simple."

"Is it my Submissive contract?"

"No. We'll discuss the nature of our relationship over lunch late next week. This contract is sort of like a way to confirm that you got your money." -Don

My forehead creased. "But I have not received it."

"That's odd. I'll have to check with my bank later."

...

A few hours later, I was sitting in the passenger's seat of Don's car while an unfamiliar song played softly through the speakers of his vehicle. He kept sneaking glances at me as I stuffed my face with the McNuggests he fought to pay for when we went through the McDonald's drive. I am sure the reason he kept stealing glances of me is because he might be baffled on how am I still eating, when I practically had a feast at the Mexican restaurant he took me to after seeing the doctor. We did our test, although Mfihlo's face kind of turned ghostly when the needle made an appearance. It was quite visible ukuthi he was contemplating jumping off his seat when the needle seeped into his skin and his blood was drawn. I made a mental note to ask if he had a fear for needles. Another appointment was scheduled for me to get the implant because I couldn't get it, for whatever reason--I tuned out the part where she explained because I was too busy thinking about how hungry I was.

"You know, if you want to look at me, just look at me. Asikho isidingo sokuthi ungitshontshe," I stated just before I made another nugget disappear into my mouth.

The car slowed down as he turned to park under a tree on the side of the road. "Get on top of me, Pup." He ordered, reclining his car seat.

"I'm all sweaty and you want me on top of you?" my brows rose.

He grunted. "I won't ask again."

"You didn't ask in the first place," I retorted.

"Azania." -Don.

I rolled my eyes. "Okay, okay." I discarded my food in the back seat and climbed over the hand break, before lowering myself onto Mfihlo's lap, in a not so gracious way.

"Hi." A large grin was on his face, much like the one Andile had when I got him his first pair of soccer shoes.

"You know if anyone sees us, we will go to jail for public indecency?"

"Just kiss me."

And kiss him I did.

His fingers explored my body, caressing my breasts through the thin fabric of my top. My skin buzzed with pleasure and excitement as his lips kissed the side of my neck and down to my collarbone. I bit my lower lip, nudging my breast further into his very capable hands. My nipples tightened, aching and throbbing as he kissed on my shoulder harder. I couldn't take it anymore. My hands gripped onto the seat and I grinded my core against his erection, but the denim hindered me from getting even the slightest satisfaction. Mfihlo's hands came to my thighs and he grumbled against my skin. "Bloody jeans!"



'This is a Dominant and Submissive Agreement between Mfihlo Donatus Mthombeni (Dominant, 32 years, residing at Sandton, Johannesburg North) and Azania Mngadi (Submissive, 25 years, residing at Dobsonville, Johannesburg South West).'

"Aren't you going to state the money in this contract?" I asked Mfihlo who was sitting across me in his office at his club. We were going through the Dom-Sub contract. We decided to carry on with the signing after the R1 million reflected on my bank account. We were both looking very formal on this meeting but I knew deep down we craved ripping each other's clothes. Mfihlo shook his head with a small smile on his face.

"I am not buying you, Pup. That million is only a gift from me. It is not part of the agreement. I just wanna have sex with you and I want us to agree on the terms of our relationship. I am compelled to give you gifts during this one year period stated on the contract, if I want to." he said and his eyes went back to the contract. A million rands gift, how rich was this guy?

“So I am required to work out at least three times a week? Won’t your dick be all the exercise I need?” he chortled and bit his lips.

“I don’t want you having cramps in the middle of sex. So you are going to go to the gym 3 times a week, on any day you prefer. I will set up a membership on one of the best gyms in town.” I nodded and continued scanning through the contract.

“After care is a must after any impact play session. Does this mean I have to talk about my feelings and shit? I don’t think that is going to happen. I am not very open to discussing sex. Teasing and flirting, yeah I have no problem with that. But discussing sex afterwards, that’s like pillow talk and I don’t do that.”

“Well you are going to have to deal, Pup. That’s one of the things I can’t compromise on. I need to know your feelings. You are not my whore or sex slave. After care basically means you will have to share with me what you liked. Communication is the key to any successful relationship and it is very compulsory in our case.” He said with a tone that stated that this is nonnegotiable and I rolled my eyes with a small pout. “Sulking doesn’t suit you, Azania.”

“Whatever.” He chuckled and shook his head. “So you are required to provide physical safety for me as long as you own me? I don’t like the ‘own’ word. I wish you can find a synonym for it.” He smirked and nodded. “And the physical safety part, does that mean I will be getting bodyguards?”

“Yes, only two. But they will watch you from a distance.”

“Yay, I am Michelle Obama.” I stated in a sarcastic tone. He just raised one eyebrow.

“I can’t wait to fuck all that attitude you have into submission.” I swear his tone made my legs shake a bit and he could see the impact of his words because he sat back giving me a seductive smile. I cleared my throat and tried to focus on the contract in front of me. There were many sections we were yet to cover, so taking a break to have sex was out of the question. I needed some clarity on many aspects of this contract, because as much as I thought I knew a lot about BDSM, this contract just proved that my knowledge was like a half of a semester in a 4 year degree.

“So you owe me loyalty at all times? I like this part very much.” I said with a smile and he laughed. “My primary purpose is to

serve, obey and please you in a manner that you seem fit. Maybe I can do that during the intercoursures but not outside that. I am not your slave, so I definitely won't serve you. I shall always respond to your sexual needs any time in any manner that you see fit? Damn, I am not different than a hooker on standby." His face becomes serious in an instant.

"You know very well the nature of our relationship. There is never going to be a part during this one year period where I am going to treat you like a prostitute. Outside the world, you are going to be my woman, inside our sanctuary

you will be my submissive. And I am not going to force you to come and attend to my sexual needs if you are busy with your siblings or friend." He stated in a dictative tone that turned me on.

"On to the limits parts. Canning, punching and kicking, hard limit. Scratch those three out. Phela I am not auditioning to go onto boxing matches with you." he laughed and did as I said. "I am comfortable with spanking, flogging and whipping. Slapping is acceptable but only on my thighs, breasts and pubic mound. Toys?" I bit my lower lip which was laced with a matte red lipstick looking at him. "I don't have a problem with them but I

am not about to list all those I am comfortable with. If you wanna use a toy on me, you will have to communicate with me before the start of our session to determine if I am comfortable with it.” He nodded.

“What is your safe word?” he asked.

“I am a person who loves make up, so Contour for slow down and Liner for stop. And for punishments, just deprive me sex and maybe tie me up and make me watch as you masturbate. That would definitely kill me.” he snorted and shook his head. “And you can also spank me as punishment. But don’t go all Christian Grey me and hit me with a belt. Nigga I won’t go crying in my room. I would pour boiling water on your face as revenge.” He laughed so hard, he even stood up and went to pour water for himself.

“You are one crazy chick, I can tell you that.”

“Ow why thank you Mr. Mthombeni.” I gave him a little bow and he chuckled. I continued going through the contract and pointed out a few things I would like him to change. “So you have a basement in your house which is your headquarters for your kinky shit? Man you’re weird.”

“Stop making me laugh so hard woman.” he wiped his tears, trying to contain his laugh. “I also have small rooms in my clubs which I utilize with my submissives. We will definitely use them.” I nodded and closed the contract, putting it back to the envelope after adding a few things I would like to be amended. I stood up and took my handbag.

“I guess you will contact me when the contract has been amended so that I can come in to sign it. See you soon, lover-boy.” I walked to the door and before I could touch the handle, he swung me around and made me face him. He stared down at me, his eyes focused on my mouth.

“You can’t leave me hanging, Pup.” His voice was a bit strange, like he was holding back. I placed my hands on his waist and sneaked them inside shirt. I traced his muscled back while staring straight into his eyes. I lowered my hands and cupped his butt, bringing him closer to me. His hard dick pressed against my belly.

“We are both craving each other so bad, Don, but we can’t give in to temptation. Not now. Let’s sign the contract first and then

take things from there. I know how addictive I am. Once you get a taste of me, you won't be able to stop yourself and things might spiral out of control, but control is all we need in this adventure of ours." My body was disagreeing with my words but I couldn't afford another make out session with him. He sighed and shook his head to maybe collect his thoughts and then smirked at me.

"At least now we know who has more self-control in this relationship." He bit my earlobe and I laughed. "I have a little surprise for you." he opened the door and led me out. The main room of the club had a few people having drinks and conversations. Few of them turned to look at us and most ladies waved at him.

"Don't tell me you have slept with some of those ladies." He chuckled.

"I admire your jealous tone, Pup but no. I don't do clients." We made our way out and a car caught my eye. It was parked in front of the huge club entrance. A metallic white BMW M5 and it was a brand new. Usually cars didn't park here. It seemed brand new and even had a gold bow on the bonnet. "First of your many gifts." I frowned at him. He retrieved keys from his

pocket and handed them to me. "It's yours, how about you take it for a spin?" my eyes popped out.

"Mfihlo that's a fucken car!" he smiled. "Are you foreal? Is this some kind of a prank? That car is worth a million."

"If it will make you feel better, I stole it." He said with a shrug but was definitely amused. I took the keys from him with shaky hands. This was unbelievable. I pressed one button on the key and the small sound of the car unlocking made me jump back with a surprised laugh.

"I am out of here." I said practically running to the driver's seat which made Mfihlo laugh. I climbed inside and I couldn't explain the feeling I got as I settled into my seat. My car. I was going to have a hard time coming to terms with this. I started the engine and like a beast, it roared. I waved at Mfihlo and drove out in high speed. I would thank him some other time but now, I just wanted to drive 'my new car'.



I felt fiddly as I drove into the yard of the house, the new car smell attacking my nostrils as my fingers curled around the steering wheel and the car strap hugged me. I parked outside the gate and quickly jumped out of the car to open the gate, because I wasn't going to leave my new baby out on the streets and risk it being taken from me. As I drove into the yard, Nomnotho and Andile had already rushed out to see what was going on. I came to a halt, the nose of the car almost touching the foot of the beginning of the outside steps. I jumped out, with the car keys in top, the metal tight in my grasp and I ran closer to them, pulling Andile into a tight embrace.

"Mtaka Baba," I mused, gawking their reaction, but none of them showed the excitement I was feeling. Both their face carried one expression--confusion.

"Whose car is that?" Andile asked, looking past me and at the car. I couldn't help but notice the twinkle in the corners of his eyes--my brother was such a sucker for cars.

My smiled grew wider as I felt the excitement burst through my pores and I squealed, confusing Nomnotho more. "Its mine."

Andile's face quickly changed, like he was a thief who had just won the jackpot. "What?" I read his mind just as his head snapped back to me and I thrust the keys into his hand. "You aren't driving it." I said sternly, he didn't have a licence so he wasn't going to drive my car--the only one who could crash it was me.

"Yeah, yeah," he stated nonchalantly, waving me off.

With the same smile I had as I watched Andile excitedly get into the driver's seat, I turned back and looked to Nomnotho who was looking at me with narrowed eyes. "Mntasekhaya?"

"The child is occupied, tell me the truth," she demanded, with her arms crossed against her chest.

I grabbed hold of her elbows and shook her a little, hoping to get her hard expression to loosen into at least a small smile, but my baby sister just wasn't having it. "The car is mine, Nomnotho. My new boyfriend bought it for me?"

"A boyfriend or a blesser?" her gaze narrowed on my face.

I sighed, rolling my eyes. "He's my boyfriend."

"I don't know how long your relationship with this 'boyfriend' has been going on, nor am I clued up about the stage of a relationship when gifts are okay, but I'm pretty sure you shouldn't be getting a car at this stage. Are you sure this man isn't trying to buy you? I know you as someone who would never let a man take care of her, what happened?"

"He isn't buying me Nomnotho. Mfihlo and I have been dating for sometime now and he loves me--this car is a gift from him. There's nothing to worry about Sis'wami," I explained, hoping to pacify her, but Nomnotho can never be pacified--ever.

Her eyes stay narrowed as she looked deeper into my eyes, hoping to catch on to the lies that lingered behind my eyes, but I had lived around Nomnotho so long that masking the lies has become easy. "Why has he not been mentioned in the while that the both of you had been together?"

Because we met a month ago and we weren't really girlfriend and boyfriend. Just having a sexual relationship.

I shrugged. "I've wanted to keep him under wraps, to see if the relationship was really serious yini. But his brother does know me."

God! Does he even have a brother?

"Well I am not comfortable with a strange man I've never seen

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let alone heard off, buying you an expensive hell of car. To ease my suspicions, you have to bring this Mfihlo character over. I want to meet him," She stated, the stoic expression never leaving her face.

I stared at her as though she had grown an extra head. Meet Mfihlo? Why would she want to do that? Meeting families can't be part of the agreement, can it? No! Meeting families is too intimate and we couldn't have that. But Nomnotho is too

persistent whenever her suspicious would spike, so she would never let this go unless she is satisfied and had met Mfihlo. God, how am I going to do this? Mfihlo will definitely not agree to this.

"I'll invite him," I found myself saying.

This could possibly blow up in my face or I could manage to convince Mfihlo to play along--he did say we would be romantically involved to the world--and dating means meeting the family.

...

The darkness quickly tumbled in and I was tired, my body ached and unfortunately for me, the semi-hot shower was unable to ease the ache. Andile chewed my ear off during Dinner as he went on and on about the car and I had to endure the suspicious glares Nomnotho kept delivering. I walked into my bedroom and locked the door. As soon as my knees hit the side of the bed, I threw myself on top of its softness and moaned at the feeling.

I pulled my phone from under my pillows and brought it to life, then called the last number that contacted me.

I bit my lower lips as I listened to the phone ring. "Pup?"

I frowned. It was close to midnight and he didn't answer with that drowsy 'just woke up' voice I was hoping to hear. I guess he hadn't slept as yet, or maybe he just wasn't gifted with it. Why am I talking about his voice when I called for something more important?

"Pup?" he called out, his voice adopting a worried tone.

"Uhm sorry, I spaced out for a while there," I rambled.

"You are calling me so late at night. Is there something wrong?" He asked.

I shook my head, which was stupid to do since he wasn't even in the same room with me.

"It's nothing. I came home with the car and my sister was really suspicious, even when I told her that my boyfriend bought it. So, she demanded to meet you so she can relax and I kind of told her that you would come--tomorrow," I rushed. Then I closed my eyes, awaiting to hear him shut me down. Or shout at me for agreeing to the meet--but it never came. "Don?"

"When am I expected to come?" he asked.

Was he agreeing to come?

"I don't know, around four PM?"

"I'll clear up my schedule," he stated.

Well, that was easy.

I cleared my throat. "Are you busy, right now?" I asked because I could hear some shuffling from his end.

"Everything else can wait. Did you need anything else?" the shuffling persisted, until I heard an unfamiliar voice from his side. "Don we have to go," the voice stated forcefully.

"Are you okay?" I found myself asking.

"Yes I am Pup. Don't worry about me, but I really have to go now." he stated then dropped the call before I could say anything else. I hoped he was alright. I didn't love Don but I didn't wish for something bad to happen to him.

...

"Let's first get this out of the way. Friend I am so jealous of this car. It's like you just wrote my car off. Yoh." Fiona said as she drove my car in a high speed on the high way. I laughed lowering the music volume.

"You are allowed to be jealous but to a certain extent." She snorted.

"But friend, can we just agree that your man is a gangster? Just for peace sake?" I laughed once again but did not dispute her



point because of my last phone call conversation between Don and I. “Tell him to hook me up with Nathaniel or any of his gangster friends, because wow. This is life, I am telling you.” she slowed down as she took an off-ramp and driving us to Maponya Mall.

“You have to buy something small for him. A personalized gift. Not that it would overshadow his gifts, but a gesture nje.” I nodded and climbed off when she parked the car. She locked it and we headed inside.

We got him a personalized wallet, I didn’t even know the colour of his current one. I also bought a wireless 3-in-1 charging stand and a wooden docking station. I also bought a few things for myself, my siblings and my best friend. After buying a few groceries, we went to collect the wallet and drove home.

I nearly jumped when I heard the knock on the door. We had left the gate open because we knew we were expecting a guest. I was really nervous and Nomnotho didn't make things easy for me because she kept on asking questions about Don to a point that I decided to put on my earphones in order to ignore her. Luckily she took the hint and kept her mouth shut. Andile sprung up and walked to the door but I stopped him before he could reach it.

"I will get it." He shrugged as he went back to his seat. I took a deep breath before I walked to the door. I opened it and there stood Mfihlo with a straight face. He checked me out and smiled before handing me a bottle of wine. He was wearing his usual formal attire. He was carrying three gift bags.

"Evening, Azania."

"Hey Mfihlo." He kissed my cheek. "So glad you could make it. Come on in." I stepped away and he walked in. I walked to the lounge and he followed me. My family (Fiona included) stood up as soon as they saw Don.

“Hello everyone. I am Mfihlo Mthombeni and I am Azania’s boyfriend.” He said with a smile I have never seen before. Andile was the first one to step up and shake his hand.

“I am Andile, Azania’s older brother. If you hurt her, we are going to have a serious problem.” I gave Andile a scolding look and he gave me an innocent smile before turning to Don.

“I promise to take good care of her. Don’t worry, she is in good hands.” Don said before handing Andile a gift bag. Andile took it and peered at what’s inside. “I found out that you were an Arsenal fan which I also happen to be. So I thought I should handover my t-shirt that I have never worn, which was signed personally by Pierre-Emerick.” Andile’s eyes popped out and literally jumped into Don’s arms before calming down and thanking him properly. Next up was Nomnotho who didn’t even smile a bit but I wasn’t shocked. That’s who my sister was and if she had smiles, I would’ve known it was fake.

“I am Nomnotho, also known as the mother hen. I look out for my siblings physically and mentally. I am actually the one who wanted to meet you because your actions were very suspicious.” Don chuckled. “Don’t give me promises about how you are going to treat my sister well, blah-blah-blah. Actions

speak louder than words, so I will determine if you are worthy of my sister by your action. Now, what did you get for me?" Don laughed before she handed her a gift bag. Trust my sister to be savage about a gift she doesn't deserve.

"I also discovered that you are a huge fan of the Bridgerton series, so I got you the book series by Julia Quinn. All 8 of the books." Nomnotho cracked a small smile before turning serious.

"Thanks." She went to sit down. Next up was Fiona.

"I am sure you know who I am." She said and Don chuckled.

"You are Fiona Simpkins. The best friend and the only person she trusts aside from her siblings." Don said pointing at me with his head. "And I got you something I thought you might also like." He handed her a gift bag. She didn't even wait for him to say what's inside. She took out a box of shoes and placed it on the coffee table. She opened the box and she screamed when she saw what was inside. She took them out and I gasped when I saw Hot Chick gold red bottom heels.

"Dude I am sold." Fiona said as she tried them on. I laughed.

“Really, friend? Am I worth those heels?”

“Bitch these heels cost 11k. So show some respect.” She paraded around with them.

“That’s not the only thing inside the box.” Don said as he sat down on the vacant couch. Fiona quickly went back to the box and took out a small box. She opened it and she gushed over what’s inside. I rushed to her and my heart swelled at the diamond earrings inside the box.

“And I got a bottle of wine.” I said pouting.

“Says the person who has a million rands car parked inside her garage. Don’t be jealous friend.” Fiona said and I rolled my eyes.

“Okay

that’s enough gushing over the gifts. Put them away so that we can eat.” I said in a dictative voice.

“Yes ma’am.” These three idiots said before heading to the bedrooms. I walked to Don and sat on his lap.

“Thank you for the gifts you bought for them. Though it wasn’t necessary.” He smiled and his hand travelled to my butt.

“The contract is in my car. When we are done here, we need to go sign it and then the fun will begin.”-Don.

“I can’t wait.” I bit my lip and stood up.

I led him to our small dining room and went to the kitchen to pour some liquor for him. I gave him his drink, just in time for the others to join us. They helped me with the casserole dishes which we placed in the dining table and Andile came with a bottle of wine with glasses. Of course he wasn’t going to drink it, he didn’t like alcohol plus he wasn’t of age to drink it.

“Please bring that whiskey bottle and a glass for me.” I said to Andile who nodded and did as I said. We all settled down and everyone dished for themselves. I waited for Don to take two bites before talking. “How is the food?”

“Nice actually. I am not a food lover but this is delicious. Who cooked?” he asked downing his food with the alcohol.

“The only person with a cooking degree on this table.” Nomnotho answered while eating. Don looked at me with a raised eyebrow. I rolled my eyes and ate my food. “So, Mr. Mfihlo, tell me about yourself. I don’t wanna keep drilling you

with questions. Just tell us what we need to know.” Don chuckled and sat back.

“As I said earlier, I am Mfihlo Mthombeni. I am a business man and a proud owner of sex clubs in most populated parts of South Africa.” Nomnotho’s eyes popped out and Andile choked on his food. “I think honesty is the best policy, that’s why I am disclosing this to you. My parents live in KZN with my younger siblings, my 23 year old sister is in Cape Town while my older brother is here in Joburg.”

“How did you meet sisi?” Andile asked.

“At a night club actually. Your sister is like a firework. You can’t ignore her because she sparkles and her presence makes so much noise without even her uttering a word. So I was attracted to her and also the fact that she had no idea who I was or how rich I was. I was a bit rude on our first encounter and she actually demanded an apology on our second meet-up. I am not a person who usually swallows their pride, like ever. So I was charmed by her strong personality.”

“Do you love her?” Nomnotho asked and Don looked at me with a smile.

“I do.”

“What’s next for you guys?” Fiona asked.

“I think we should be given a chance to explore this thing called relationship without any expectations or whatsoever.” I waved them off and Fiona snorted before continuing with her food.

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I walked him out after that interrogation but he didn’t seem to mind it. He actually enjoyed it. We got to his car and he opened the passenger door for me. I got in and he got in his seat. He retrieved an envelope from the back seat and gave it to me. I opened it and read through the contract. I looked at him and he gave me a pen. I signed and he also signed.

“I guess this is the start of our journey. Tomorrow will officially be day 1 of 365 days for us.” Don said sealing the envelope and throwing it on the backseat. I glanced at him and nodded. “Go rest because I need you in my basement tomorrow at 12pm.” He said before he started the car.



I rolled my eyes at his forwardness. Who said we were done?

I grabbed a hold of of his jacket collar and leaned in just as he did and connected our lips, and I moaned almost instantaneously as I relished in the heat and firmness of his lips. Then he growled, lowering his hand to give my ass a tight squeeze. I swear an instant pool settled in my lower region.

I needed to pull away.

“You can’t wait to devour my pussy, neh?” I asked in reference to his statement before the kiss and he smirked.

“You have no idea.” I laughed before closing the door and watching him drive off.

'I came across a problem at work and I'll be a bit late, but my driver will be there to take you to my house. When you get to the house, I want you to take off all your clothes at the door--including your panties. Once you are nude, acquaint yourself with the house and wear the outfit that's laid on the bed of one of the rooms--then hide somewhere you think I won't be able to find you.'

I read the message just as I stepped out of the house and his black Mercedes was already waiting for me, his driver patiently waiting to take me away. I was feeling excited about the events to come, that I kept catching myself biting my lips, imagining the things he would do to me. I was too engrossed in the images that my mind had managed to create, that I didn't notice when the driver opened the door for me.

We were here already?

I grabbed a hold of the driver's hand and gave him a warm smile before a gasp passed through my lips.

Damn! This house was nice.

I looked for the driver, waiting for him to open the front door for me, but he was already gone--turning the corner.

I sighed and walked closer to the door, luckily it was open and I smiled as the familiar scent attacked my nostrils. The place was beautiful in its own simple way. In front of me was a huge room space that was split into the kitchen, dining area and lounge, and on the other side there was a passage that was aligned with the front door, probably leading to the other rooms. The space mostly relied on dark wood and sleek steel for an overall simplistic architecture. Taking a few steps in I took in the furnishings that managed to feel homey, despite its natural

feel--something I didn't expect from Mfihlo. He struck me as the more modern type person. My eyes trailed towards smooth wooden floor that led to passage.

The place was amazing, something I didn't really expect. I was expecting the house to be a big fancy mansion with endless stairs, but that wasn't the case. It was just a simple one-level home.

I was just about to walk further into the house when I remembered my orders. I quickly hurried to the door and tore off every article of clothes I had on me and I sighed happily as the soft breeze kissed my body.

I found myself in the kitchen where I came across the dishes piled in the sink. I grimaced. I didn't take Mfihlo to be a slob.

I opened the cupboards until I found the soap and sponge then started washing the dishes--naked. After I was done, I toured the house as instructed, but I wasn't really focused on that because all my brain could focus on was the events to come and the torture I felt from waiting for Mfihlo to come back. But I did find the lingerie draped on top of the bed of one of the rooms, but I decided to not wear it. I needed Mfihlo in front of me as soon as he came in, and clothes would just delay everything.

The sound of metal colliding grabbed my attention and my sense heightened.

Mfihlo was back.

And I wasn't hiding.

Shit!

I ran out of the room, leaving the lingerie where it was and found myself in his office. Hiding in the room made sense since it was the only room with most places to hide, however I couldn't fit into most of them, but as I heard the footsteps nearing, I crawled under the dark wooden desk and pulled the chair closer to hide me from view.

"Come out Pup. If you do, I won't punish you too harshly for your disobedience," he screamed from the other side of the door and I heard a loud collision--a belt.

God!

The door opened and he let it crash loudly against the door. He kicked his office chair aside and an involuntarily gasp passed

through my lips at the action. He bent over and took in my naked form crouched under the desk and his lips curved into a predatory grin. I felt like a prey under his watchful gaze. I looked up at him, noting the black crocodile skinned belt draped around his neck.

He grabbed me in one swift move and leaned in, giving me a rough kiss and tangled his hand in my braids as he pulled me to my knees. "We'll save the punishment for later," he muttered as he used his free hand to unbutton his pants, exposing his around throbbing hard penis.

I swallowed as my eyes moved from his and down to face his bulging member. I placed my hands on his naked thighs, bracing my shaking body for what was about to come. He began to stroke his penis, looking me dead in the eye. "Beg."

"Please Sir, let your Pup taste your cock," I begged, moving my face closer, itching to get his meatiness shoved down my throat.

He looked down at me, using one of his hands to cup my face as he regarded me closely. "No. You don't deserve it."

My eyebrows creased.

Is he seriously going to turn down a blow job just because I didn't put on some damn lingerie?

"Over the desk, now," he ordered in a clipped tone.



I looked up at him. "What about the basement?"

"Open your mouth. Hands above your head with your wrists crossed and spread your legs wide," he continued, completely ignoring my question.

Rude!

I laid down as he had ordered and watched him as he stripped out of his shirt and kicked off his pants, revealing the black lace of my panties. Where did they come from?

He kissed my forehead. "Beautiful Pup," then he shoved the fabric into my mouth with a smirk on his face, making me gasp.

"You know your safe words?"

Contour--slow down.

Liner--stop.

Got it.

"You are gagged Pup, you can't really say Liner. So, if you want me to stop, slam your hand against the desk two times, if you want me to slow down, do it three times," he ordered.

I nodded and that seemed to please him as he circled behind me, gliding his hand down my spinal area before he palmed my ass cheeks hard that I believed his hands had left a mark.

My pussy throbbed and I felt it moisten even more, and I gasped against my panties with my eyes wide as I felt him surge into me. My eyes rolled back as he picked up his pace, feeling his hard penis stretch my vagina as he pushed in deeper inside me. I arched my body and stuck my forehead against the hard surface and moaned loudly.

I needed something to grab onto or else I was going to fall off.

He grabbed my hips, driving his hips deeper into me and the tears just cascaded down my cheeks because of the panties. God! I needed to scream and this damn gag was a problem.

He grabbed my hips again, this time in a rough manner as he slammed inside what was his, his nails digging into my skin so hard it was sure to leave marks. I felt some of my juices dripping down my thigh. "Do you want to cum already? You are making such a mess."

I nodded fast, my body rising and falling as my breathes hard and fast. "Yes Sir. Please."

"Do you deserve it," he questioned mockingly as he surged faster, his thrusts turning and deep.

Oh hell no!

He can't deny me a release when he's drilling into me so hard.

"No." I said truthfully. "But please Sir. I need to cum."

"10,"he growled

"9"

"8"

"7"

"6,"he picked up his pace, releasing violent noises.

"5"

"4"

"3,"his hips slammed against me as his breathing grew ragged and faster, indicating that he was closer to his release as well.

"2"

"1"

"Let go, Pup," he ordered in an out of breath tone, biting the skin of my lower back.

I cried out, climbing down my high with a violent shudder, as my greedy core milked every drop of the cum it made him produce. I was still relishing in the feel of his seed pushing inside me, when he pulled out, dumping his hot cum on my bare ass. Panting and trembling, I lost my grip on the desk and braced myself to collapse on the floor, but Mfihlo held me flush against his chest, taking out the now damp panties out of my mouth.

"That's good baby girl. Breathe for me. Regulate your breathing," I took large breaths. "You did good, baby." He whispered, kissing my naked shoulder and wrapped his arms under my elbows and neck, and took walked me out of the office. "Sir is proud of his Pup."

I sighed with a smile as I closed my eyes, nestling my face into his chest.

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"Are you trying to burn my skin off?" I asked, quickly taking my foot out of the water with a slight jump and he quickly held onto my waist before I lost my footing.

With a soft chuckle, he scooped me into his arms and I coiled towards his body as he lowered me into the tub full of ridiculously hot water and Dettol. I winced as soon as the water made contact with the bruising on my hips and ass.

"The only thing I'm trying to do is to soothe your bruises," he said once I was settled inside the tub, and he had his two fingers slipped under my chin, making me look up at him. "You'll thank me after you're done, trust me."

"I doubt it," I grumbled, but it was replaced with a pained hiss as the Dettol seeped into the bruises.

"It will be over soon," Mfihlo reassured me, and like he said, the sting subsided a few minutes later. Seeing my relaxation, Mfihlo circled to his bathroom cabinet and came back to me with some bath salts and a bubble bath at hand. I smiled, watching



him as he poured the bath stuff and mixed the water with his hand, creating the bubbles.

"You look too manly to own bath salts and lavender scented bubble baths. I begged you for a bath with sunlight type man," I commented with a giggle as soon as I felt his hand gliding up and down my leg.

He shrugged. "Well I'm not a 'bath with sunlight type man', he stated, mimicking my voice, I rolled my eyes." And I used them with my previous submissives."

"Oh," I replied, reaching for the soap and his bath towel.

"Are you okay?"

I nodded vigorously. "Nomnotho has been calling me all night, so I have to get back home. Plus, I need her to unbraid and wash my hair, sengigugelwe."

He was about to speak when the shrill of his phone sounded from the bedroom. "I have to get that," then he bolted out of the door.

I quickly got myself clean up, making sure not to put pressure on my hips when I wiped myself dry. Thereafter I went back to the bedroom and Mfihlo was pulling on a hoodie--he hadn't even bathed.

"Something wrong?" I asked, taking his Nivea lotion and lathered it on my arms and legs.

He nodded. "One of my girls were assaulted by her client. I need to take care of that?"

"Your girls?" my movements halted.

He grabbed the lotion from my and applied some on my back. "The swingers club is not the only sexual business I head, Pup. There's an escort agency too."

"You are a pimp?" my brows arched as I turned to face him after he had stepped back.

"Only to willing girls. And their clients are usually credible, I don't understand how this jackass got on the clientele

" he ranted, but in the back of my mind it sounded like he was saying it to himself more than me. He looked down at me and grabbed a hold of my hand. "How are you feeling?"

My eyebrows creased. How did we switch from him telling me that he's a pimp to him asking me how I felt?

"About you being a pimp?" I asked, still confused.

He shook his head. "In general. After last night. Are you okay?"

I shrugged. "I'm fine. Just drained from the administration I'm yet to do to my hair, and I know Nomnotho wouldn't want to help me. Andile will just end up damaging it," I chuckled.

"Or I can do it for you. I usually do my niece's hair, so I'm pretty skilled," he smirked.

He didn't look like a person who knew the inner workings of hair, and I didn't want to find out if he was.

"You have to take care of the man who assaulted one of your girls njena."

"I should have it sorted out by noon. I can pick you up ntambama." The pimp thing was still on my mind.

"You must really love sex, neh. Having so many different sex clubs. Getting to see all kinds of pussy any time you want. Must be nice being you." I commented putting on my underwear from yesterday. He chuckled a bit before sitting on the ottoman.

"Let me do some simple math for you, Pup. In the swingers' club, each single member pays a million rands yearly for unlimited sex and the couples pay 500k each. In the VIP sex

clubs with high class prostitutes and porn stars, my loyal clients pay 2 million for the unlimited sex too. The nonmembers pay at least 10k just for one night. So you can imagine how much money I make yearly from all my sex clubs.” I stared at him in awe. At the swingers’ club, I saw at least 50 people there. How much money did he make from just it? This nigga is really monied.

“Wow.” I wasn’t shocked by the amount people paid because as a former high class prostitute, I knew men would pay anything for sex but I was amazed by how rich he was.

“We will continue about this later on. I really need to run. I also need to take you home to make sure you get there safe.” I tilted my head to the side, staring at him.

"Your driver brought me here,he can take me back to my home. There is no need for you to drive me home.”

“Mmm.” That’s all he said before taking his car keys. I scoffed before finishing up dressing and followed him to the kitchen where there was a buffet laid on the island. I didn’t ask

anything, I just started dishing up for myself and made myself a hot cup of coffee. He also did the same. And here I thought he was in a hurry. Men. And they say we are the dramatic gender.

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I went to view the third food truck and I was a bit satisfied with the second one. I set up an appointment with the seller for the day after tomorrow. Yes I was tired from the adventurous night I had with Don but I had to get busy and I had to chase the paper. I familiarized myself with the routes one takes in order to obtain the permits and licenses. They were going to cost me a lot but the money wasn't an issue. I still had to figure out the name of my business and then register it. I was lucky I had more time on my plate now because this shit requires almost all your time.

I knew Don offered to unbraid my hair but I didn't wanna inconvenience him, also there wasn't a reason for us to spend so much time together. So I drove to the salon at 3pm and it took 2 stylists a full hour to unbraid me. When they were done, one of them washed my hair. I was going to wait for at least a week before I did another hairstyle. Phela hair needed to

breathe, especially after having one hairstyle for a whole month. After paying, I went home and found Nomnotho and Andile having a debate about something.

“I honestly think boys should also be allowed to openly date after the age of 21. This inequality bullshit is not on. A guy can’t be allowed to bring a girl to the house at the age of 17 but a girl not allowed to bring one even at the age of 23. That’s just nonsense.” Nomnotho stated matter of factly before she folded her arms to the chest.

“But boys will always be superior, sis. And there is nothing your feminist self can do to change that.” Andile responded with a pout.

“Oww, trust me. I will make men bow to me. Make even the strongest man you’ve seen submit to me brother. Just you wait and see.” She said with an evil smirk. I cleared my throat before stepping into the living room. “You’re back.” She smiled at me. “Your hair looks good. So are we winning on the food truck part?” there goes my unique sister who never lets a compliment sink in. I chuckled and sat down.

“Yeah. I am purchasing one the day after tomorrow. Then I need to come up with a name for the business and get all the registration shit out of the way.” I replied.

“You can always name it Nomnotho’s Kitchen. I don’t mind.” We laughed at her. She thinks she is too clever.

“I don’t think that that name is professional. Angithi you want this to turn into a real restaurant as time goes by?” Andile questioned and I nodded. “Think of a professional classy and catchy name that will match with the standard of food you serve.”

“Wow. You can be smart if you want, Kant?” Nomnotho teased and I just laughed.

“What were you guys talking about before I walked in?”

“Well your brother here is dating. He wants to introduce his girlfriend to you soon.” Nomnotho said chuckling. I looked at Andile with my eyebrows raised.

“How old are you, Andile?”



“17 sisi.”

“Have you ever seen Nomnotho or even me bringing a man to see you guys while we were 17?” he shook his head. “I am not against your relationship. You can date, just as Nomnotho is also allowed to date. But what I won’t allow is meeting your girlfriend. You are still in high school. You are yet to go to varsity and trust me, girls there are so hot. They will make you forget about your little girlfriend during orientation.”  
Nomnotho laughed.

“I hear you sisi.” Andile said brushing his head.

“You are allowed to bring your girlfriend at home, but only after your 21st birthday. For now, just explore your sexuality outside these gates.” I stood up and walked to my room.

I sat on the floor of my bedroom in front of my wardrobe, trying to find the appropriate outfit. I'm not a gym person and I knew I didn't own any clothes that would be suitable for going to the gym. For goodness sake, I'm a girl who spent most of her time dressed in skimpy clothes--and the rest of that time is spent completely naked. Feeling fed up, I grabbed my tight and an old vest. Decent gym clothes would be bought tomorrow.

"Sis'omdala," Nomnotho screamed, barging in.

I stared at her with an arched brow and she shrugged, pretending like she didn't know what the look was for.

"You can't just barge in like that Nomnotho. What is I was naked? Or what if I was having phone sex?" I questioned.

She shrugged. "I've seen you naked countless times, plus you have everything I have. And if you were doing the nasty over the phone, then I would've simply left and came back later," she drawled lazily. "Can I have money for my nails My salary already has plans."

"And what plans are those?" I questioned, suspicion settling into my mind.

A smile settled onto her face. "Ask no questions, hear no lies, Sister. I'll be waiting for the e-wallet." Then she slipped out of my bedroom.

I quickly gathered my necessities as well as my keys and prepared to leave. When I opened the front door, Mfihlo's driver was leaning against the usual black Mercedes, smoking.

He smoked?

I rolled my eyes. I don't understand why he bothered buying me a car when he insisted on letting his driver be at my beck and call. For goodness sake, he sent me the location to the gym, I don't need his driver. But then again, I have no choice but to allow him to drive me because that's how he gets to feed his family.

"Miss Azania," he acknowledged me, throwing his cigarette bud and crushing it under his shoes.

I smiled at him. What was his name again? Oh!

"How are you Silas?" I asked, opening the front passenger's door.

For the first time since I've been acquainted with Silas, he smiled at me as he settled into the driver's seat. "My boss' previous women never remembered my name, let alone ask how I am."

"You knew the others?" I asked, as he drove off.

He nodded. "I drove them around, like I do with you."

"Do you...do you know how your boss is? That he..."

"I am aware of his sexual interests, Miss Azania,,," he answered, before I could even finish, my question.

I kept quiet, looking out the window. God! I didn't know how to feel about another person having an idea of how my sex life looks like. How is Mfihlo even comfortable with his driver knowing about his kinks? Unless he's also shares the same fetish.

A few minutes later, I was dropped off outside a building with a big sign, written 'The Big Chop' above the door. I walked inside and went to the front desk. I provided my membership card and the receptionist called some instructor for me. The instructor came, a woman wearing gym shorts and sports bra with puma joggers. I was also going to purchase a sexy outfit like this one after this session.

"I am Lora and you must be Azania." She said as she stretched her hand. I shook it. "Don had already informed us about you and told us to take extra care of you." I resisted the urge to roll my eyes.

"I don't need special treatment, Lora. Just treat me like everyone else." She reluctantly nodded before giving me a tour

of the gym. When we were done, we went back to the front desk.

“So people are usually required to take some fitness test before starting gym here so that we know what we are dealing with and what their fitness goals are. We won’t put you through that but we need to know what kind of exercises you would like to do or what classes you would like to attend.” I nodded and looked around.

“I think I will do some aerobics, some cardio exercises some weight lifting and yoga.” She smiled.

“I think for you to attend all those classes, you would have to be a regular here and not come thrice a week.” I looked at her.

“Let’s just see how today goes. If you guys are good to me, I might become a regular.” She giggled before leading me to some office.

I was asked to step on some body scale where they took my weight and height. She also asked some medical related questions, whether I was asthmatic, had allergies and all those type of questions. After the administration, she led me to an aerobics class. She gestured that I walk in before going back to whatever she was doing. The instructor was a guy and he looked really hot and sexy. I was already imagining what Fiona would say or do if she was here. I joined in and there was a lot

of movement and sweating throughout the whole session. I was really unfit shame. It was not even funny.

I was so happy when the sexy instructor declared the class over. I collapsed on the floor breathing heavily and he laughed before he made his way to me.

“I am Rhee, and you are?”

“Azania.” We shook hands.

“It will get easy with time. Welcome to The Big Chop.”

“Thanks.” I exhaled loudly before taking a sip from my bottled water. Rhee was still standing before me. “Was there anything else?” he smirked and shook his head. He then walked to the other gym members who were still inside the class. I rolled my eyes. Don’t tell me he was flirting with me and being arrogant in the process.

I stood up and walked to the ladies’ changing rooms. I placed my things on the bench before taking off my clothes.

Oh! They had a shower.

I got into the shower and switched on the water, waiting for the hot water to come on, and once it was, I got under the

shower head, basking in the feel of the water dropping on my body. And I was happy that I was able to stomach hot water, now that my bruises had healed.

While in the shower, enjoying the water and humming in a off-key tone, I heard the door open and close, but before I could turn around to see who it was, their hands were already on my body.

"Pup," he grumbled, putting his chin on top of my head and giving me a brief embrace.

Oh, it was just him.

Why is even here?

I took in a deep breath and allowed my eyes close at the feeling of his fingers, trailing down the dip of my spine. I leaned my head into his chest. "How was your first day?"



"Good. But it just got better. How are you even here?" I hummed, enjoying the feel of hands all over me.

"It's perks that come with having ties with the establishment, Pup." I rolled my eyes at the hint of smug I detected in his words.

Why is this man even so rich?

"So this is something you did with the others too?" My mind raced to my lips.

He kissed my shoulder. "I think you are all cleaned up now."

Yep, he has definitely done the same thing with his previous submissive.

I allowed him to switch off the water and lead me out of the shower. I made way to get dressed, but he pulled me towards a wooden bed where he sat down and pulled me on top of him. He kissed me, plunging his tongue into my mouth a dominating

the kiss, not giving me any chance to respond to his kiss. I felt his bare cock harden against my stomach and I moaned, waiting for him to claim me, but he didn't. He turned us over and walked away from the bench, reaching over a pile of clothes-- his pile of clothes. Something dangled in his hand--handcuffs? He better have the keys.

He took my left hand and wordlessly cuffed it and cuffed me onto the leg of the bench. The metal dug into my wrist and winced. "You want me to untie it?"

I quickly shook my head. "Don't! I'll get used to it."

He regarded me closely for a while, before he threw caution to the window and claimed my lips once more, his penis occasionally brushing up against me, making me yearn for him more.

Without warning, he rammed himself through my folds, forcing me to arch my back off the bench, yanking on the cuff and making it sink deeper into my skin. I circled my legs around his waist and dug the nails of my free hand into his back as he had

his way me. No words were exchanged throughout our time together, all that could be heard was his groans in my ears-- something that didn't usually happen. My eyes rolled to the back of head as I felt my walls tighten around him, before an earth shattering screamed passed through my lips. My release, forced him closer to his own and I felt him shoot his load inside me.

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Acquiring permits, licenses and certificates took forever but I was glad when the whole shit finally came together. I got a permit to set up my truck in Soweto in an open space and I was happy because that was the busiest township and I knew I was going to make money there. My sister though. Thank God for her. She was the one who managed all the marketing on social media and she put up posters about my grand opening which was happening in a week.

How I wish Fiona knew how to cook and had patience, because she was the one who was going to help me in the first few months before I can get a qualified staff member. Don understood how busy I was preparing for my launch and he actually gave me some time off. The only thing I did was go to the gym and then pay attention to La Zania Eats. I had already started doing people's orders. What I would do is that I would cook a dish, post it and then people would place their orders. I always went with Nomnotho, if she was not attending classes, to deliver food and she would notify people about our launch.

One thing Don emphasized was my safety. He said, no, he informed me that I will have guards with me all the time and I

didn't mind because thieves are everywhere and I am sure they would target me because I may seem small and defenseless, helpless even. I also didn't mind because he was the one who was going to pay for those guards.

Ever since I announced my business on social media, orders came piling up. I served breakfast, lunch, brunch and dinner. So that would keep me busy like all day long. Like right now, it was around lunch time and I had 2 orders to finish and go deliver. Luckily the clients were both in Joburg Central. So I wouldn't drive that far from delivery A to delivery B. as I was removing the chicken from the oven, someone knocked on the main door.

"Come in." I shouted as I placed the hot pan in the wooden chopping board. I heard footsteps and I immediately knew it was before the person made an appearance. He appeared looking so handsome in knee length denim short, a black short sleeved t-shirt and black sneakers. I will never get used to him being casual. He is carrying a paper bag and powerade. I smiled at him before turning the chicken and putting it back on the oven.

“Hello Azania.” He said as he came to hug me and kiss my neck. God, everything about him was always sexual and I liked it.

“Have you eaten today?” I chuckled and shook my head.

“I have been so busy since the morning. I went to the gym and came back to make 3 breakfast orders which I had to deliver in North Cliff and Protea Glen. And now I am currently doing 2 chicken mafes and a vegan charcuterie which I have to deliver in Meadowlands and Alberton.”

“Okay, I get it you’re busy, but you have to eat. So I bought you this.” he handed me the paper bag. I wiped my hands in my apron and took the paper bag.

“What did you get for me?” I said as I took out the takeaway from the bag. I placed it on the table and opened it. I laughed when I saw creamy samp with beef curry and some salads.

“Wow.”

“When working hard, you need real food that will fill you up, not something that will make you go hungry an hour after eating it.” I smiled as I took out a spoon and started digging in. It was so delicious. I didn’t even ask where he bought it. I

snatched the powerade from his hand and drank it. He laughed.  
“You were really that hungry?”

“You have no idea.” I closed the takeaway as I heard my phone beeping. “Please don’t tell me that’s another order.” I groaned walking to it. Yeah, it was another order but luckily it was a calamari salad and I had some calamari left from last night’s orders. I jotted it down and turned to Don.

“You should get a scooter guy who will do deliveries for you.” I huffed.

“For that, I would have to get a scooter first and I don’t even know how much that costs. And before you even suggest it, you are not going to get one for me.” he sighed.

“I have a friend who sells motorbikes, both new and second hand. I can talk to him to give you a better deal.”

“And where would I get a scooter guy?”

“There are so many people in need of jobs out there, Pup. And I don’t mind getting a guy for you or even a lady.”

“I want to meet with that friend of yours and I also want to interview the potential scooter people. I don’t want you doing things for me. Phela you might end up choosing an ugly guy just so I don’t find him attractive. I can’t work with ugly people.” I said as I took the calamari strips from the fridge and warmed them up. He chuckled darkly.

“If you would hire a cute guy and find him attractive and have do something with him, you will regret it because I will kill him and punish you

dearly.” He said with an evil smirk. I felt that threat. “Anyways I will get someone to set up a meeting with that friend of mine and I will get you your scooter people and possibly have them interview tomorrow or the day after tomorrow. I don’t want you travelling all over Joburg. That shit can be tiring.” I nodded.

I got the calamari out of the microwave and quickly prepared the calamari salad.

“Should I leave?” he asked leaning on the wall.

“You have done what you came here to do, give me food. So,” I shrugged. He chuckled.



“One warning and already you are going cold on me? Are you sure you will be able to handle the real me?” I folded my arms to my chest and stared at him.

“Ow, so there is a whole other Mfihlo that I haven’t seen?”

“You have been introduced to the good side of me. You haven’t seen the bad side.”

“Okay, Mr. Secret. You can leave now.” He laughed and winked at me before walking out. I huffed and took two full spoons of my food. After that I continued preparing the orders. When I was done, I packed them and went to deliver them.

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I was finally done with the deliveries, and despite my fatigue state and my sweaty body, the successful deliveries still managed to put a smile to my face. Honestly, Mfihlo was right for suggesting I get a scooter driver because this up and down is beyond tiring, and I wouldn't be able to keep it up for longer.

I was in a cafe, catching my breath after the run around. I blew into my hot chocolate before I took a sip, almost spilling it when a hand unexpectedly landed on my shoulder. They both shot up, as the culprit came to my front looking at me with a smirk. A sigh of recognition came out of me and I relaxed, watching him as he invited himself to sit at my table. "Azania. Haven't seen you since..."

"Since I bounced on you dick?" I interrupted him, taking a sip of my beverage raising my eyebrows in question.

He chuckled, giving me a nod. "Actually, it was after Don took you away to God knows where."

He raised his arm, flagging a waitress over.

"I wasn't anyone's to take," I stated with a frown.

"Of course," he agreed with a coy smile. He told the waitress his order, then settled further into his seat and watched me. "I

noticed that you said 'was not'. Are you implying that you are someone else's now?"

I shook my head. "I'm not property Giovanni."

"You know what I mean."

"I don't need to answer that," I set my cup back onto the saucer and he chuckle.

"I'll take that as a yes then," he stated and leaned onto the table.

I sunk into my seat. "It's complicated."

"Complicated can only mean that the relationship is one-sided, and you don't deserve that," he drawled.

I looked at my watch, then got up. "I have to go now. It was nice seeing you."

"How about we meet up for lunch sometime?" I looked at him skeptical but then I decided to go with it and we exchanged numbers then left.

I walked into the restaurant and as I expected from the text Giovanni had sent to me, I figured it was one of those fancy places. Thank goodness I ended up choosing the thin strapped above the knee backless bodycon, instead of the jeans and basic white t-shirt. Lord knows there nothing worse than being under dressed. Oh no, there is something worse--missing Fiona's calls--and that's what happened a few minutes ago. I didn't even hear it ring, but she would not even give a crap about my explanations, she'll just want my head on a silver platter. I'll just deal with her after my lunch.

"Table for one?" The clerk at the front desk, quickly came to my side, with her hands hanging in front of her.

I quickly shook my head, scanning the open floor plan, trying to spot Giovanni, and when the clerk called out to me again, I spotted him sitting by himself at a table by the window. "I found him," I informed the clerk, giving her a smile before breezing between the occupied tables and slipped into my seat, smiling at Giovanni.

"I was just about to leave. Thought I might have been stood up," he sulked.

I rolled my eyes and grabbed his half-filled wine glass, downing the remainder of its content. "I am only twenty minutes late, don't be impatient."

"Twenty minutes is a long time Azania," he stated, with a chuckle.

I shrugged, then called for a waiter to come take our orders, and like the typical Italian, he ordered pasta. How predictable can one person be? The waiter left after taking our orders, then Giovanni gave me him ate room once more. "How have you been since I last saw you?"

"The last two days haven't been eventful. I just stayed in my food truck, getting all my orders done, thereafter I ran around town. My brother is mad at me because I missed a game of his, apparently it was important and he said something about there being talent scouts present at the game, and he might've played poorly because his focus was on the entrance, waiting

for me to come bursting through the doors. But he'll be alright," I ranted.

"You don't sound bothered about him being mad at you," he said that in a way that made it sound like a question, but because I wasn't sure which was which, I answered.

"He is just upset, but I know he'll come around, because he knows that I have to hustle for them." Our drinks came and I thanked the waiter.

When I turned back to Giovanni, he was just staring at me, and it slightly made me feel weird. "What are you looking at?"

"An amazing woman. You are just special and extremely peculiar. I love it," his smile grew into a grin, as his wild curls brushed onto his forehead. I smiled, remembering how good it felt to have his locks between my fingers. I involuntarily bit my lower lips as the images from my time with Giovanni became vivid, and his groans sounding in my ears made me squeeze my legs together. What the hell was happening? He was still

looking at me, the grin still on his face. "So this guy you have a complicated relationship with, do you love him?"

"That's a rather personal question, don't you think?" I breathed, and thanked God when the food came. Good! I could focus on something else.

He shrugged, "So...do you?"

"Nope," I answered.

My answer seemed to excite him because his grin grew. Oh no buddy. "But I have to be with him. That's the complicated part."

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Giovanni had his hand on the small of my back as we walked out of the restaurant and he ushered me to my car.

"Sweet ride," he complimented once I opened the driver's side. I turned to stare at him. "Thank you. It was a gift."

He nodded, his eyes raking over my body. I took a step forward and wrapped my arms his neck and his own arms instantly shot out to curl around my waist, pushing my body so much against his own, that I felt his member press up on me.

Okay.

I pulled away and gave him a small smile. "See you soon mi amour."

I got into my car and sped home, where I would call Fiona. Getting a backlash from her would be more tolerable in the comfort of my bedroom and loads of junk food around. When I got to the house, I spotted Fiona's car in the driveway.

So much for tolerable.

I grabbed my belongings and got out of the car, prepared to face Fiona. When I got inside the house, she was sitting on top



of my kitchen counter, tapping away on her phone with a packet of Lays trapped in between her thighs.

"You are so comfortable, shame," I remarked, and instead of the shouting I was expecting, she squealed then jumped off the counter to stand close to me.

"I honestly don't care where you were dressed like a fine specimen, because I have the most amazing news every. I got word about another stripping gig. Some really classy and reputable gentlemen's club, really private and the guys aren't allowed to touch the girls. Its two hours long. Food will be provided after the performance. Its 20k per hour. 20-fucken-thousand for one measly hour. That's big money Goldie, and Don would never know, especially with that mask you always have on," she ranted excitedly, her grip on my shoulders tightening with every word she screamed.

"Firstly, you are hurting me," I muttered

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and she immediately released my shoulder, giving them a lot of relief. "Secondly, Don is not even a concern. I am out of that life

Fiona. I have shaped myself up, there's the food truck. What I went into to hooker business for has been accomplished."

Her shoulders sagged. "I know all that Goldie, but you can never have too much money. Your business is doing so well, but there's a possibility that things may go downhill and you need cash to fall back on. You can be too proud to ask Don for help. And Andile told me that he might get a chance to go to America, and if he does get there, he'll need money from you to help him settle in."

I nodded. To be honest, it wasn't even about already being financially set and the business. It was more about Mfihlo. I signed a contract to be exclusive with him for an entire year, but then again exclusivity is sleeping with one person and if I take the gig, I wouldn't be sleeping with anyone, just dancing--and dancing is fun--especially when I'm going to get paid for it. Besides, Mfihlo would never know if I do it.

I looked at Fiona with a bright smile, triggering her own smile. "Fine! When do I need to perform?"

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NARRATED

Mfihlo--or Don, as most people call him--climbed out of his car with his phone in his hand, repeatedly dialing the same number, his persistence not flattering when his calls went unanswered every time. He had hope that the person he was trying to call would gradually answer him back.

"...please leave a message after the beep." his jaw flexed as he heard the voice of the default voicemail ring in his ear for the gazillionth time. He had been calling her since five PM, when he got the pictures sent to his emails. Despite his frustration, he couldn't rush to her immediately after getting the pictures because he had to tend to some business, and it angered him to have to be in this place instead of being with Azania and giving her what she deserved for disrespecting their contract, a punishment.

Mfihlo finally got inside the familiar establishment, and his gaze scanned over the space, skipping over the numerous half naked women grinding against the pole, to some slow sensual song, Vicky chose to pick out this week. To top off his frustrations,

Mfihlo couldn't understand why Mkhize insisted on them meeting up here, instead of at his office. If he was interested on getting a show, they could've quickly wrapped up the meeting in his office and he could've come out here to enjoy the rest of the show.

Azania surely wouldn't like seeing me here, he thought. But as the knowledge of his guards finding came back to him, he thought, fuck Azania.

Finally his eyes found Mkhize and he made quick step to him. "Mkhize, let's make this quick, I have other important business to attend to," Mfihlo stated as soon as he got to Mkhize and set himself down on the leather couch besides him. He couldn't really see Mkhize because the dim lighting in the room--since all the light was giving to the girls on stage--but he knew he was with the right person, because he had caught a glimpse of his diamond encrusted wedding band--which Mfihlo thought was gay. What man has diamonds on his wedding band?

"Come on Don. Share a drink with me and enjoy the show," he cheered. Pushing the brandy bottle towards Mfihlo.

He shook his head. "I need to get our meeting over and done with, there are things I need to take care of, and I can't be intoxicated when I sort them out. And I can't enjoy the show."

Mkhize stared at Mfihlo with an amused smile. "New woman?" All Mfihlo gave as an answer was a nod, and as silence fell between the two men, his frustration grew, so he allowed his gaze to wander around. He didn't even have to look far, because on the small stage right next to where they were sitting, he caught sight of a familiar heart shaped birth mark on the side of her hip. The permanent mark prominent against her creamy fair skin. It could've been easy to tell himself that it wasn't her, that it could've been another family member--since birth marks were sometimes inherited--but no other family member of her bore his markings. She tried to cover them up, but he could still see the bruising on her wrist as well as her hips. In that moment he saw red, and got pissed at her for another reason too.

He shot up from his seat, ignoring Mkhize's questioning voice, and with no questions asked, he snatched the lady in the gold mask from the stage, with his grip tight around her upper arm. His anger didn't fade as she repeatedly called out to him, switching from Don to Mfihlo, her voice pleading. Hearing her

voice only made him remember that she disrespect the contract--disrespected him--two times, in one day. His grip tightened as he walked further shooting for the exit.

"Mfihlo, you are hurting me," his gaze shot to see the fear on her face, and he tore his hand away from her arm, just as Fiona came shooting down from one of the stages.

I should've known, he thought.

"Don, I'm sorry. I sh..."

"I don't give a flying fuck about your explanation. Your friend did me wrong, and that was her decision," Mfihlo stated, his jaw ticking, then he turned to Azania, who couldn't even look him in the eye. "Meet me in the car in the next five minutes, and if you aren't there by then, I'm leaving you." He came closer to her, cupping her cheek in a loving manner. "But I expect you to be in my house."

He kissed her forehead, and then walked out, ignoring the eyes that moved with him.

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I got into the familiar Mercedes-Benz, with just a coat I got from a nice lady from inside the club, seeing as I didn't have enough time to go change. I am not enough going to lie, I was scared shitless as soon as I got into the car and he drove off in silence. The anger I saw in his eyes scared me, and I didn't even want to imagine what would happen once we get to his house.

From the look in his eyes, I knew I was in for some severe punishment, which I had mixed feelings about. The possibility of being tied up and possibly being denied an orgasm was somewhat exciting, but the glint of anger dancing around with the danger in his eyes made me worry about him possibly hurting me.

He wouldn't hurt me, would he?

"Mfihlo I..."

"Please Azania, don't make me argue with you while I'm driving. I am sure you don't want us to die," he stated in a soft tone, but you could just hear the anger hiding behind it.

I frowned and reached over to touch his thigh, but he saw my attempt and shifted away. I looked up at him, broken by his refusal of my affect. "That's not my name Mfihlo. You don't call me that. Call me Pup. I am your Pup, right?"

"You don't deserve it," he said in a clipped tone, and that rejection had me curling myself up into a ball in the seat beside him.

All this was happening, just because I was stripping. None of those men even touched me, I didn't violate any clause of the contract, and he shouldn't be this pissed--should he? What did



this mean? Were we over? Was the contract going to be null and void?

In the mist of my thinking, I didn't realize we had arrived until I heard him shut the door, angrily, and I saw him walk up to his front door. I quickly jumped out, and followed after him just as he walked inside. Since when did he choose not to open my door? What is happening?

Once I was inside, I noticed an unfamiliar man sprawled out on the couch, tearing through what looked like a shwarma. "Not going to throw me out this time," the man asked, directing the question to Mfihlo, who didn't pay him any mind, as he walked down the passage and into his room. When I got inside, he was discarding his top clothes and was left in his dress pants.

"Strip," he ordered. I looked at the door.

"But we..."

"Strip," he ordered for a second time, but this time around his voice sounding more assertive.

I complied, despite the uncomfortably I felt, we weren't alone after all. He sat on the edge of the bed and watched me as I got nude. Once I was done, I just stood there, squirming under his gaze as I felt myself pool. "Come here."

My feet did as I was told, and I stood in between his legs. I held my breath as his hand glided down to frame the curve of my hip, before he brought his face against my stomach, nipping away at the skin there. I moaned, and my hands shot out to touch his head and try to bring him closer than he was, but he stopped. "Don't touch me," he ordered.

And reluctantly I did as I was told. He craned his neck, as he went down to my vagina, kissing the face and snaking up his hand under my butt, letting his finger glide along my wet folds.

God!

I needed something to hold onto.

"You like that don't you? You are so drenched, whore," he drawled against my skin.

My skin buzzed with pleasure, but I wasn't too caught in my daze to catch the degradation. "Hard limit," I breathed, and he seemed to catch on, because he nodded. Before I could phantom it, I was pulled over his lap, and an involuntarily giggle came.

"I am going to give fifty strokes and you will count each one I give you, because if you don't, we will have to start again. Understood? I nodded. "I need your words Azania."

"I understand, Sir. And I am Pup, not Azania," I squirmed on top of him, when he struck my bare bottom once,

"Being a brat isn't helping your case Azania," he stated.

"One."

He adjusted me. "That wasn't part of the fifty spanks. That was for being a brat. Tell me Azania, why am I doing this?"

"Because you found me stripping?" It came off as a question, because I wasn't really clued up on what I did. One harsh slap against my ass cheek, stopped all my thinking and I gasped loudly. "One,"

That was so going to leave a mark.

...

"50

"I took a deep breath, and pulled back the tears that wanted to make an appearance because of the burning sensation on my back side. He stood both of us up and told me to face the door, and while doing that, I felt silk material brush against my skin, as my vision became black.

Once the knot was tied tight behind my hand, Mfihlo took my hand and I felt us leave the room. I don't know where we were, but I could feel that I was thrown on the bed, and just as I was getting comfortable on it, I felt Mfihlo's hands on me, followed by a harsh feeling material as he gathered my hands in my back, making it so that my elbows almost touch as the painful material of the rope kept me bound. He kept me in the position, he lowered my upper body and spread my legs out.

God!

I'm sure my pussy was a glistening mess and he enjoyed having his sights on it. Mfihlo definitely seemed like a man who got off on knowing that he was skilled enough to actually give mind blowing pleasure to a woman. I stayed in the same position for what felt like hours, my lady parts throbbing, aching to have something fill them. A finger, a dick, a vibrator, anything. I

would've believed he was no longer in the room, but I could hear his heavy breathing.

"Sir, please," I begged. A part of me got happy when I felt the bed dip, and before I knew it, I felt his tip running up and down my folds, and when he didn't push it inside, I tried to push my ass up against him, but he withdrew. He took off my blindfold and my mouth watered, seeing him in all his naked glory. He cupped my neck, his lips descending on mine, but he quickly pulled away when I tried to kiss him back. He grabbed some handcuffs from off the floor and he tied my ankles on to the bed posts.

A part of me expected him to jump in between my legs, but as he pulled a chair to the side of the bed, I got confused. He sat down, staring right at me as he used my juices that he had gathered with his tip to lather the rest of his length, then he started working his hand up and down, throwing his head back in pleasure, while I looked at him. My mouth watered and I fought to tighten my thighs, but it was off no used, because my ankle were handcuffed to make it hard for that to be possible.

"Sir, I'm am sorry. Please...please, I need you to fill me up with you thick cock. I want to feel your cum shoot inside me. Please, I know you'd rather have my walls clench around your length instead of your hand," I tried to coax him, but he was so lost in his pleasure, his groans filling the room.

"My dick is only for good girls," he rasped, before a loud cry rumbled from his core, and his seed shot out of him and slid down his length. I swallowed.

"I can be a good girl."

He kept his body sprawled on the chair, as he took deep and hard breaths. "I know you can be, but today you weren't one."



After a few minutes of silence, and he had composed himself, he helped me out of restraints and scooped me into his arms. I was pissed at him, but I somehow still managed to nestle myself against the heat of his body.

He flipped the covers open when we got to his room and he placed me on the bed, getting in behind me, and pulled me close against his naked body right after covering us up. "Don't you think I deserve to orgasm since you've punished me. You are also guilty of actually being at that club, so if you believe I breached the contract, then we both did."

"I didn't breach anything. That was my establishment and I was allowed to be there,"

I spoke against my head. He owns that club too?

"And, Giovanni's blood is on your hands." he spoke in a chilling tone, and that was enough to send my senses in a frenzy. I sat up and looked at him, with a perplexed gaze, and he was just laying there, like he didn't insinuate murdering an innocent person.

How did he even know about Giovanni? Is he having me followed?

I didn't take him seriously when he...God!

"He and I were just on a friendly lunch," I defended him.

"Don't patronize me Azania. I've been around you so much that I can tell when you are aroused. And there was nothing friendly about that hug, "he spoke softly.

I grunted. "So what if I wanted to fuck him? I didn't bloody go through with it because of the contract. I don't even understand why you are acting so possessive and jealous. This arrangement is ending in a few months, and I'll be free from your shackles. I'm not your property Don!"

He didn't say anything, all he did was get out of bed and gather his discarded shirt on the floor. My eyebrows creased. "Where are you going?"

"You are just my means to a release, you don't get to know about my whereabouts," he bit out, as he frantically put on his clothes. "I want you out of my house. I'll call you when I need you."

Did Don seriously just talk to me like that? Like some worthless piece of shit? A means to an end? He even went back to calling me a whore. The nerve of this man. I was pissed at him but I chose to get up from the bed and go take a shower. I was going to give him my piece of mind as soon as I come across him downstairs.

I went to his closet after showering and I was a bit shocked to see brand new clothes on the hangers, some folded which were exactly my size. I opened the drawer below them and I found only thongs and lace bras. There were even heels, sneakers and sandals. If I didn't know better, I would say I had moved into his place. I wonder who shopped for these things, or maybe he ordered them online.

Anyways, I applied his lotion, put on a sexy matching lingerie and then an above knee lapel lace-up single breasted black casual dress with black thigh high boots. I made my way downstairs in search for this rude man. Instead I found him but

he wasn't alone. He was with that shwarma guy. The guy smiled and stood up. He extended his hand.

"I am Mfiliseni mina nkosazane, and you are?" I shook his hand.

"I am Azania."

"Nice to meet you. Can you please do something quick for me to eat before you leave?" I looked at Mfihlo, hoping he would come to my defence. We were fighting but I wasn't in the mood to entertain one of his friends. "Don't mind my little brother. Ucelwa yimi makoti." I looked at Mfiliseni and a small smile spread on my lips.

"You are Don's brother?" he scoffed.

"You also call him by that name?" he questioned. He didn't seem to like it. I chuckled.

“I call him with whatever name I like. Depending on my moods.” He snickered. “I thought you were eating when we came in, how come you’re hungry now?”

“A real man is never full, makoti. If you know what I mean.” He winked and I laughed as I caught on.

“I will be in the kitchen then.” I said as I turned.

“Don’t burn your weave in there. Ask for help if you need it.” I laughed, shaking my head as I headed to the kitchen.

I was really angry at Don but his brother did nothing. So I didn’t wanna take out my frustrations on the strange man who was seemingly friendly towards me. I also wanted to impress him because I knew he took me for a slay queen who couldn’t even fry an egg.

I put on an apron and opened the fridge and cupboard to check on what I could make based on the ingredients available. I quickly did chicken satay and while it was on the oven, I took out Sirloin steak and marinated it. I smiled when I saw garlic bread in the fridge. I took it out and placed it on the island. I was going to serve it with the steak. When the chicken satay was done, I dished it up in small plates and placed it in a tray with two bottles of beer. I went to serve them in the kitchen. Mfiliseni smiled a bit.

“Relax bhuti. These are just starters, just so you don’t go hungry while waiting for the food.” I said as I placed the tray on the coffee table.

“This one is a keeper, Hlo. Don’t let go of her.” Mfiliseni said nudging his brother and smiled at me. “Thank you makoti.”

I went back to the kitchen. I grilled the rolls. I then cooked the steak, making sure it was well done. While waiting for it to

cook, I quickly prepared the Greek salad and put on the salad dressing. I finished everything and went to set up in the dining for both of them. I even placed a bottle of wine, even though I knew there was a slight chance of them not drinking it. Zulu men.

I cleaning up in the kitchen and placed the ingredients back in their places. I then packed some small steak and satay for myself in a small container and went to the lounge. There was no trace of the chicken satay in their plates. I laughed inwardly and cleared my throat. They both looked at me.

“I am leaving now. Your dinner is in the dining room.” I stated and Mfihlo raised his eyebrows. Did he seriously think I wouldn’t leave? After he specifically chased me out? Wow he has a really short memory.

“Your car is not here.” he said.



“Silas will drive me.”

“But he is also not here.”

“Then you will make a plan. My siblings are surely worried about me

plus I left my phone at home.” He huffed before taking out his phone and sending a text. “It was nice meeting you bhuti.” I said with a smile turning to Mfiliseni. “I have a food truck launch next week Friday. You should come. Your brother will send you the location.”

“You are an actual chef?” Mfiliseni asked with so much interest in his eyes. I nodded. “I can tell just how quick you whipped up this meal and it was really delicious. Don’t worry, I will be there and I will bring some of my associates just to support you.” Don’s phone beeped.

“He is here.” he said. I smiled to Mfiliseni.

“See you on Friday then.” I turned and headed out. I didn’t even want Don walking me out. The moment Silas saw me, he smiled and opened the back door for me.

“Azania, wait.” Don called out for me. I stopped but didn’t turn. “Travel safe.” I turned my head.

“And here I thought you have lost your tongue.” I climbed inside the car and Silas closed the door before rushing to his side.

...

Arriving at home, I saw Fiona’s car parked in the yard. I huffed. “Thank you.” I said to Silas after climbing off and I walked inside.

It was really late, so I expected the sight I found in the lounge. Nomnotho busy with her books and Andile nowhere in sight. Nomnotho doesn't play with bed time. He always reminded him when I was not there.

"I am not even going to ask where you're coming from. That dress sisi, that dress. Dear God. I am going to steal it from you." Nomnotho said jumping from her seat and coming to feel my dress. "It's the original one, the real deal. Did Mfihlo buy it for you?" I chuckled and nodded.

"What's so special about this leather dress?"

"Aybo sisi. This is not just a leather dress. Put some respect on it. That's Gucci and this one is custom made. You can even see the embroider buttons. Did you not notice?" I scoffed.

“If you want it, you can have it.” She touched my belted and I laughed pushing her away. “After taking it off you asshole.” She also laughed but she took my container. “That’s my food.”

“Well you made me wait for you, so this is your payment.” She opened it. “Steak. Nice.” She took one bite. “Did you taste it?” I shook my head.

“You know I don’t eat in a car. Go fetch a plate and dish up for us, ke.” She rolled her eyes but went to the kitchen. She came back with a plate and bottled water. We always drank bottled water when we knew we were going to have an early morning. She sat next to me and we started eating.

“Soooo, did you and Fiona have an argument?” she questioned and I looked at her.

“Why?”

“You both left, in her car but she came back alone and it looked like she was crying. She just went to your room and didn’t say shit to us.” I nodded.

“You don’t need to know much about our business. Just know that we were out on some adventure and Mfihlo came and picked me up. How are the preparations going for Friday?” she gave me a bored look.

“I have paid many promoters to promote the launch. Some local celebrities even requested that I put up a stage for entertainment just to attract even more people.”

“Can we afford it?” she nodded.

“We can get like a medium sized stretch tent and some cute table and chairs and then put a stage there, just so we won’t be too sad if the weather switches up on us. But we will have to have guards who will make sure that you go wait in the tent after you have ordered something.”

“Who will serve the people?”

“I got two of my friends from varsity to help out.” I looked at her with wide eyes.

“You have friends?” she chuckled.

“Classmates. Nothing to write home about.” I laughed.

We continued talking about the launch and then said our good nights. I went to my room and found Fiona in bed. I undressed, put on my pajamas and climbed inside the bed. She turned and sat up.

“Did I get you into too much trouble?” I smiled.

“Not too much. Just adequate amount of trouble.” She chuckled and wiped her tears.

“It’s just that Don was so angry. I thought he was going to beat you up or something.”

“Now why would I settle for a man who beats me up, friend? Don didn’t hit me.”

“How did he find you? Is he tracking you?”

“No. that’s one of his clubs, amongst many. And friend, even if I am going to get a million rands, I am not going back to that life. I am with Don now and I respect him very much. He is my boyfriend. A girlfriend doesn’t do what I did. Dancing for men. Having them fantasize about me. He doesn’t like that and I don’t think I would like it if he also did something like that.” she sniffed and nodded.

“I understand and I realized my mistake. I am sorry.”

“Come here.” I hugged her and she squeezed me. After a few minutes we broke the hug.

“Now is that a Gucci dress I saw you wearing?” she snarled with a smirk.

“And I thought you were sleeping.” We both laughed.



I was woken up by a WhatsApp message from a guy named Yoki from Yoki motorbike traders which said '*our appointment is set for 11:00 am today. I hope to see you there.*' The location was also attached. Mfihlo also sent a text that I was going to have interviews for the drivers at some restaurant at 13:00pm. I guess I wasn't going to do many orders today, only afternoon orders.

I got up from the bed, Fiona was already gone. She was an early riser and she didn't mind leaving without even saying goodbye. That was just her style. I made up the bed and went to shower. I wore my robe and went to the kitchen. Andile was long gone but Nomnotho was at the lounge, wearing only a thong and dancing to some Taylor Swift song. My sister was so weird. She hated almost everything but had a soft spot for Miss Swift.

"Don't you have classes today?" I asked as I prepared a cup of coffee for myself.

"Good morning to you too sisi. And I do have a 10:45 class which you are going to drive me to." I frowned.

"And why would I do that? You can ride an Uber or catch a taxi."

"But I have a sister who has a brand new car. She is also not paying me for marketing her business and sorting out other

paperwork. So this is how she is going to pay me. By driving me to varsity when she is available.” I raised my eyebrows and she gave me an innocent smile.

“Should I also make you pay for staying at my house without rent?” her eyes popped out dramatically.

“I was just kidding sisi. But please drive me to varsity when you are out making deliveries.” I scoffed.

“I am not cooking this morning. I have a meeting at 11am and some interviews conducting at 1pm.”

“Can I please come with you to the interviews? I only have one class and it’s a two hour 30 minutes class. After that I will be free like a bird. I also wanna do some judging on the interviewees.”

“Some judging?” I asked with my eyebrows raised.

“Okay, I will do a lot of judging ke, but it’s who I am.” She shrugged. “Anyways you can pick me up after the meeting, buy me lunch and then we can go to the interviewing. Plus I am like the director of La Zania Eats. So I need to be there.” I rolled my eyes and took a sip on my hot coffee.

...

After dropping off Nomnotho, I drove to Yoki Motorbikes Traders and I was five minutes early, so I waited in the lobby

until someone came to fetch me and led me to the boss's office. When I got there, the man with short dreads dressed in sweatpants and a sweater stood up and came to shake my hand.

"I don't blame my friend for falling for you. You are so damn hot." Yoki said checking me out and I frowned at him. He quickly collected himself and smirked. "Sorry for that. Old habits. You must be Azania."

"Yes, I am." He gestured to the chair across his and I sat down. He opened some drawer and retrieved a catalogue of some sort. He placed it before.

"I won't waste your time. Don has already told me the type of motorbikes you are interested in. A commercial scooter. Now here we have discounts if you buy 2 or more bikes, especially when you are starting up your business. There is a 10% off for 2 to 5 bikes and 20% off for 5 or more bikes. We do branding and everything. Making sure that the bike has your business logo and everything. We also have 3 payment options. Layby, cash and credit. The discount applies in all these options."

I nodded as I paged the catalogue. I was glad to see that the dealership had even 15k scooters. I could afford to purchase two and get this 10% discount. "So how long does it take? The branding and all?"

“We have many clients, Azania. So a week tops is the estimated time for everything.” I sat back.

“So I want two of them. For now. I am sure Don mentioned that I am starting up my hustle. So I can’t afford to buy more than three scooters.” He nodded with a smile. “I would like to see them first before making the payment.” He cleared his throat with his eyes popped out.

“You want to see them now? You don’t wanna clear up anything with him?” I frowned.

“Why should i? I am the one paying and this is my business, not his. Why should I clear up some things with him?”

“No reason.” He stood up and opened the door. “After you, my lady.” I stood up and we walked to where the scooters were at.

After choosing the ones I wanted, I went to sign some paperwork, provide them with the information that was supposed to be branded on the scooters and then paid the deposit. I was going to pay the rest for when I fetch them. We concluded everything and I left.

...

“God, I am so nervous right now. It’s my first time being interviewed by a small company but the nerves are dominating Me.” the second interviewee said sweating. Nomnotho chuckled and sat back with her arms folded to her chest. She

was enjoying making this woman sweat. I huffed and looked at her CV once again.

“I like that you’re female because most of the people we have interviewed were males. Now I am all about women empowerment, so please go outside for a minute or two, breathe and then come back so that we can continue.” I said with a small smile and she quickly stood up and headed out.

“I don’t like her.” Nomnotho commented before the woman even reached the door.

“Of course you don’t. There is nothing new in that. You always hate people.” She rolled her eyes. “I think she has potential and we need to balance the gender. One male and one female driver. Gender equality is good for business.”

“What if she goes to deliver and the client refuses to pay her, undermines her or something like that?”

“95% of the clients always pay before the order is made, so nothing is going to change. In fact I am going to make that a rule and indicate it to all the clients, so that I can avoid any of them undermining or disrespecting Tale.” I stated before taking a sip on my juice. She nodded and tapped on her phone. Few minutes later

Advertisement

Tale came back. She was the last interviewee by the way, so there was no rush. She sat down.

“I think I am fine now.” She said and I nodded.

We asked her a few questions and when we were satisfied, we dismissed her, promising to call later or the next day. I was very impressed with her and I was surely going to hire her. We paid for our food and headed out. when we got to my car, I saw Don’s Benz next to it. Silas was standing outside it, smoking as usual. He wasn’t alone there. The two other guys with him left as soon as they spotted me. He crushed his bud and looked at me.

“The boss said I should come get you. It’s very urgent.” He said opening the back door for me. I didn’t want to go, especially after the way things ended with me and Don. He hadn’t called to apologize and I was very mad at him but I wasn’t going to show Nomnotho that we were having problems.

I turned to her and handed her my car keys and some few notes. “Get lunch for Andile and dinner for everyone. I will see you at home.” I had never let her drive my car, even though she had a learners licence. She squealed before jumping on the driver’s seat. I turned back to Silas. “If she crushes my car, your boss will repair it, whether he likes it or not.” He chuckled before nodding. I climbed inside the car.

...

We got to this worn out building and I was feeling a bit uneasy. I decided to leave my things in the car and follow Silas inside. We passed a group of men by the door who greeted me with smiles. I just waved at them and continued following Silas. We stepped into a lounge with a bar where girls were serving men drinks while wearing nothing but heels. I cringed a bit. This was one of Don's sex clubs. And here I thought people went for sex in the late hours of the evening, not just at 3pm on a week day.

We proceeded to a long corridor and descended some creaky stairs to a dodgy basement. I trusted Silas, to some extent, but I wasn't feeling safe right now. I was shit scared. He turned to look at me and gave me some assurance look. As if that would take away the worry I had. I heard a man screaming and I froze.

"Nothing is going to happen to you, Miss Azania. Please follow me. I don't want to pull you because the boss would kill me even if I touch a single strand of your hair." He said in a calm voice.

I swallowed hard and took a deep breath before following him. We finally came to a halt in front of a steel door. He opened it wide and I stepped inside. I nearly ran out when my eyes landed on the man who was beaten to a pulp and strapped on a chair. It didn't take long for me to recognize him. It was

Giovani. My eyes scanned the room and finally landed on Don who was carrying an axe. I was a shaking mess.

“Gents, excuse us.” he said without even raising his head. The other men walked out, leaving only him, Gio and I. He looked at me with a grave expression and I swear I wanted to be Flash and run out so fast. “I told you, no, I warned you about the consequences of entertaining other men while we are still together and you thought I was bluffing. Why the fuck did you go on a date with a man you once fucked at a sex club and had no relationship whatsoever with him? Why? You like seeing the monster in me, huh? Is that what you want, Azania? To see me losing control and acting recklessly?” I quickly shook my head.

“No.” my voice was shaking. I couldn’t even recognize it.

“I won’t make you witness his murder. Even I am not that cold hearted. I just wanted you to see your doings.” He took a step closer to me and I took two steps back. “I would never entertain any woman while you and I are in agreement. I have that much respect for you. I hope moving on, we won’t have this chat again.” I nodded multiple times. “Now leave.”

I didn’t need to be told twice, I ran out and before I could even climb the stairs, I heard Gio’s screams and cries.

God. What had I done?



My phone rang and I nearly screamed because I was so tired. It was the day of the launch and we had slept at 00:48am making sure that everything was set for the next day. I was close to tears when I saw that someone was actually calling me. At 3: 14 am. My alarm was supposed to ring at 4. It was a call from Don, so when I was done sulking and kicking my comforter, I answered the call.

“What do you want?” I mumbled, forcing myself to stay awake.

“Come outside.” He said softly. I frowned.

“What?”

“Please.”

I hung up and huffed. I sat up and climbed off the bed. I took my robe, wore it and went outside. He was seated on the hood of a black Nissan GTR Phantom. He was carrying a bouquet of white flowers and a gift bag. I rubbed my eyes and stopped at least 3 feet from him.

“Good morning.” He said and I rolled my eyes with my lips pouted. I was sulking that I was woken up while I had at least 45 more minutes to sleep. He chuckled. “These are yours, but I want us to talk first.” He climbed off the hood and placed the things he was carrying on it.

“At 3 am though? Couldn’t you have sent a text or maybe came a bit later?” I asked with a frown.

“My timing may not seem right to you but it’s perfect to me.” I looked away. He stepped closer. “I am sorry for making you witness Gio in that manner. Brutality is not for everyone and I am sorry I forced you to see it. And I am also sorry about the

way I spoke you on that night when I found you at the club. It was uncalled for.”

I cleared my throat. “So this is one of those moments where you become the bigger person and I also have no choice but to apologize for my wrongdoings?”

“Sounds about right.” We looked at each other and we both laughed.

“Okay then. I am sorry for going on a date with Gio, for going to the strip club and for the way I talked to you on that night. Some of the words I said were unnecessary. So I am sorry.” He smiled.

“Truce?” he held his hand out. I pushed it aside and wrapped my arms around his waist.

“God, you’re so warm. Now come and put me to bed and wake me up at 4:30.” He laughed.

“Okay.”

I took my flowers and gift bag. I walked inside, leaving the gate opened for him. He drove in and closed the gate. I placed the flowers in the coffee table before we went to my bedroom. I took off my robe while he took off his hoodie and we climbed inside the bed.

“So you are actually a gangster?” I asked as he wrapped his arms around me and brought me closer to him. He chuckled and nodded.

“I am a young black successful criminal and I am not ashamed of it.”

“Mmm.” I said. I wanted to say more but being in his arms was like a lullaby. I was out within a matter of seconds.

...

I stood beside the food truck, smiling at the amazing turn up. I always said social media was useless and all it did was force total strangers into competition with each other to see who was better than the other, but I was partially wrong, because of that social media, I was most likely to make some serious income. Everything was an overwhelming success, although we had ran into some issues with the stretch tent guys--typical unprofessionalism--but luckily it was resolved before the first batch of guests came tumbling onto the property. Nomnotho had spent most of the morning, bullying Andile as they set up the tables, and Fiona was busy on her phone, occasionally lifting her head up to point out all the things she thought Nomnotho did 'wrong' with the decor, and how black and white was for funeral, that the colour scheme would dampen the mood of the launch. And like usual, Nomnotho fired back, so it was a tiring morning of playing the mom. But I don't know why Fiona would choose to provoke Nomnotho when she was in a

stressful mood, especially when everyone knew she would use her favourite colours as the theme.

"You shouldn't have shoved food into these people's hands immediately when they came around," Fiona commented, standing beside me.

I rolled my eyes. "I am launching a food truck, its only right to give people a taste of the goods I'm selling. You act like I shoved kotas down their thoughts. It's just starters."

"You could've waited for the party to be at least an hour in. Anyways, where is your man?" her sing-song voice bellowed in my ear.

I was about to tell her that I didn't know, when I caught sight of him climbing down the familiar Mercedes. He looked around,

before his eyes landed on me. I tore my gaze away," He just arrived, and I think he's coming my way."

She looked to where Don was and gasped softly. "And I think its best I disappear from his line of vision."

My eyebrows creased. "Why are you running away. Stay, and say hi."

She rapidly shook her head. Why was she acting like Mfihlo threatened to kill her or something? "I can tell I'm still in the dog house for taking you to that strip club. Don't want to step on his toes, the man scares me," she explained. "Plus, I see some men with him and they look loaded. I'm going to mingle with them."

Before I could reprimand her, she was already out of reach, and a few steps away from a possible sexual assault charge. I chuckled, shaking my head.

"She seems to be in a hurry. Problem?" Mfihlo asked, stepping in front of me with his hands shoved deep into the pockets of his dress pants, as his head craned towards the direction Fiona disappeared to, then he looked back to me with a smile.

He smiled.

I guess I had the Mfihlo I first met with me, and not the barbarian that could've messed up my mental health by showing me Giovanni in that state. I wonder if he was home safe and nursing his wounds.



I hope he didn't kill him. With Mfihlo's other personality, it seemed like killing someone would be a sport to him.

"Pup?" he touched my shoulder, his voice laced with worry.

I looked up at him with a reassuring smile. "She says you scare her," I answered his earlier question about Fiona.

"You told her about what I showed you?"

I shook my head. "I guess at the club, you scared her. Honestly, you scared me too. She thought you hit me."

He winced at the idea that Fiona even thought that. I stretched my arm, touching his upper arm. "It's okay. I told her that you would never do that."

He cleared his throat. "I brought some business partners, and they have really deep pockets. And women that can't cook for shit. Maybe they might ask for you to cater for the many charity events they like to organize," he hummed. "And my brother insisted on coming along, wanted to see 'umakoti' as he insists on calling you." He shrugs. "I don't even know why he calls you that when he is very much information about the nature of our relationship."

My eyebrows shot up.

Mfiliseni knows. Silas knows too. Does this man go around telling everyone about his sex life?

"Kanti, you go around broadcasting it to everyone?"

"Mfiliseni knows because...well

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he just knows. And Silas knows because he would've figured something was going on gradually, since the routines of all my subs are close to being similar. Let's get you to him, so you can mingle with your guests."

He took a hold of my hand and led me around the tent, leading me to have polite exchanges with the guests. I spotted Fiona on the lap of an unknown man, but when the man saw Mfihlo he saluted him, so my concern died down a bit. Phela this rich potbellied men cannot be trusted--I don't want to risk my friend being made a sacrifice. After what felt like hours of walking around with these heels, we found Mfiliseni leaning against the other end of the food truck, a cigarette resting between his lips.

He's been here all along? And my feet suffered for no reason.

Mfihlo quickly snatched the cigarette from between his brother's lips and crushed it. Mfiliseni just stared at his brother, giving him a bored look, before he pushed himself off my truck. "You are going to replace that, by the way."

He then turned to look at me, and the corners of his lips lifted up, before he pulled me into a hug. This felt weird. It was like I was in the arms of a knock off Mfihlo. I quickly pulled away and gave him a polite smile.

"I am not replacing anything. That thing will kill you, and mom has been warning you about it," Mfihlo boomed besides me.

"Everybody dies at some point. If cigarettes is what's going to kill me, then allow me to enjoy my poison," Mfiliseni drawled, then out of nowhere, he smiled. "Besides, I don't need my baby brother nagging me about my health, it should be the other way around. Or better yet, leave the job to mom."

Baby brother?

Mfihlo is the younger one?

"Azania!!" Andile's voice sounded, and I turned to see him standing there and I noticed commotion behind him, outside the tent. "Your sister looks ready to kill."

"Who is she killing?" Mfihlo asked, but I was already running to where the commotion was. You never ask what is wrong when Nomnotho is involved. You contain her first, then ask questions later.

Some of the guests had given their attention to my sister, while the others chose to muster the art of minding their own business, and continued to indulge themselves in the food.

"...we are family," the woman Nomnotho was close to killing cried.

I stopped dead in my tracks and stared at her.

What was she doing here?

"She says we are family." Nomnotho gave off a deep chuckle, and I instantly recognized that the psycho part of her brain had been activated. Before anyone could phantom it, Nomnotho had already flew to where the unwelcome woman stood, and had her hands firm against her jugular. I sprang into action, but Mfihlo came out of nowhere and blocked me from the line of fire. I noticed one of the men Mfihlo came with hold my sister tight against his body, while she continued to bellow, her limbs fighting to break free. Whereas, the reason for the commotion was crying her eyes out on Andile's chest. He looked uncomfortable, but my brother was too much of a gentleman to shove her off--God! I wish he did.

"Fuck you Snakho. What the hell gives you the right to rock up here and suddenly claim us as family? Yinindaba? Did your mothers lose my mother's house to a loan shark, now you are here to milk us some more?" Nomnotho screamed, still trying to fight the hold the strange man had on her.

I looked at Snakho, feeling the buried loathe resurface. Why the hell is she even here? Why would she come here after so long? She ruined my damn launch. I caught a glimpse of Nomnotho crying, before the man who was keeping her from committing a murder pulled her onto his chest and walked away from the crowd. Nomnotho never cried, in public and in private. But the resurfacing of our past broke her as much as it broke me.

I gave one last look at Snakho, before I walked to stand under the tent and cleared my throat. With a smile I said, "I am so sorry for the commotion, but unfortunately I will have to cut the launch short. You know how family drama always have a way of causing problems." Everyone chuckled. "Worry not, I will be sending everyone a nicely packaged meal as an apology, and I hope you don't let unwelcomed company chase you away from dining with La Zania Eats again. Tomorrow morning we will be open for business from 7am and we will close at 7pm. That will be our working hours every day. Also we will continue with the deliveries officially from Wednesday morning and for deliveries our services will extend to 9pm. Thank you for coming to support us. I love you all." everyone cheered and some even came to hug me and congratulate me, others asking to take pictures and I didn't deny them that.



When I came out from under the tent, Mfiliseni was by my side and curved his arm, I hooked my own to his. "My brother is making sure she leaves your property. I'm in charge of getting you home. Your brother is taking care of the food in your truck and locking up. Don't worry."

I mouthed a thank you, and allowed him to lead me to my car.

Nomnotho was already locked up in her room when I got home. Andile too. I was also tired. Luckily the drama occurred after 6pm, so I made so much money before we closed. Mfihlo was nowhere to be seen after he escorted Snakho out, and Mfiliseni dropped me off, gave me my key and jogged off to God knows where. I wonder how he got home--maybe someone was waiting to take him home. I threw myself on the sofa and found the money bag on the coffee table. Fiona walked in with the EFTPOS machines. There was 2 of them in the launch. She sat next to me and provided the slips.

“Dude this business is life. Imagine making thousands of rands in one day. Hire me babes, for publicity only.” Fiona said as she took the money bag and started counting the money. “So who was that bitch Nomnotho was fighting with?” I huffed.

“One of my aunts’ daughter. I last saw her at my mother’s funeral when she offered me alcohol for the after tears.” I answered laying back on the couch and closing my eyes. “I don’t know what in the hell she wanted. I know she may have seen the launch on social media, but I don't know why she came, she just came to ruin things for me. I have never seen Nomnotho displaying her emotions like that in public. If that man wasn't holding her back, she would’ve definitely killed

Snakho there and then.” Fiona stopped counting the money and leaned back on the backrest of the couch

“I have counted R3 025.” She turned to me. “Can you please stop thinking about Sakho and focus on counting this money and at least try to celebrate your victory? Your event was successful, even though it was cut short. Let her presence not bother you this much. This is what she wants babes. To cause havoc and distract you. Don’t let her win.” She said and I chuckled. “You are not going to correct the way I pronounce her name. It’s a non-factor.” I smiled and sat up.

“Okay, let’s finish counting the money, so that we can rest. I have work tomorrow.” We counted the money and when we were done, I went to place it in a safe I had installed a few weeks ago. I was so tired, I didn’t even shower, and I just changed to my pajamas and went to sleep. I was going to chat to Nomnotho and Andile tomorrow before going to work.

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My phone buzzed on top of the bedside table, at exactly 23:04. It was a text from Mfihlo, telling me to come outside. I sighed, tumbling out of bed and wore my hoodie over the pajamas. I don't understand why he likes to call me outside so late in the

night. Maybe he just came back from indulging in his criminal activities, like last time. My eyes bulged out.

He disappeared with Snakho earlier.

God!

Don't tell he did to Snakho what he did to Giovanni.

I agree I am not really a big fan of my cousin, but that doesn't mean I want her to die. Well, even if she dies, I don't want her blood to be on my hands--or the hands of someone who has ties to me.

He was safe inside his car when I walked closer, and I joined him, my palms sweating. "Just because you are out doing whatever, doesn't mean you get to wake up people who actually like sleep."

"How are you? After everything?" he asked, totally disregarding my question.

I shrugged. "I'm pissed at how she ruined my launch, but I'm more worried about Nomnotho. I honestly have never seen her that emotional, she even cried, babe, imagine."

I caught myself, but it was too late. Did I just call him babe? It was a mistake. A mistake Mfihlo diffidently caught because of how quite he was. God! He definitely thought I have feelings for him now. It was just a slip of the tongue!!

"Mfihlo?"

He cleared her throat. "K told me how she was balling her eyes out, and her venting when he was driving her and your brother home. That girl was also a crying mess--I didn't really know what to do."

I guess we are ignoring the 'babe' part. Good.

K must be that guy who was holding Nomnotho back.

"What did you do with her?" I asked, praying he didn't kill or hurt her. Phela I am sure she told her mother and aunts that she was coming to ambush me, I don't need to be in trouble.

"I didn't do anything to her

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Pup," he stated. "I just left her at some apartment complex"

I nodded.

"Can you take me there to see her tomorrow morning before I head to work? I have to know why she came here. I have to know her motive." He nodded.

"Now can I get one round for the road? I literally have blue balls now?" he begged and I rolled my eyes.

"I am too tired. I will see you tomorrow morning." I waved him off before opening the door but he caught my hand.

"Even a blowjob, Pup. I am begging right now." I frowned at him.

"Last time I checked, you were good with your hands. So use them." I freed myself from his hold and opened the door before I climbed off. I heard him cursing before climbing off his door.

“I am being unreasonable and inconsiderate right now. I am sorry. Forgive me. I tend to be an asshole when I have blue balls.” He said blocking me from entering the gate. I huffed and folded my arms to my chest before looking at him.

“Don, you and I are in a relationship. Even though it’s not a normal one. Consent is important but will is even more crucial. Sleeping with you with consent but without will, that is not healthy.” I stated and he nodded repeatedly.

“I am sorry.”

I stepped closer to him and wrapped my arms around his neck. I brought him closer to me and kissed him slowly with no rush. He relaxed and kissed me back with so much passion. There was so much sexual tension in the air. We finally broke the kiss and stared at each other.

“You can come in if you want.” I suggested and he shook his head with a smile.

“I will see you tomorrow at 6. Good night Pup.”

He planted a kiss on my forehead before letting go of me and walking to his car. He leaned on it, waiting for me to get inside the house. I walked inside the gate and headed to the front door. I turned and waved at him before entering the door.

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The next morning I woke up at 5:30 am and prepared for the day ahead. I made breakfast for my housemates and placed it on the kitchen island. I knew Don was going to fetch me, so I packed my stuff in my bag and placed it at the lounge. Andile walked inside the kitchen still in his pajamas.

“Good morning sis.” He kissed my cheek before going to the sink and drinking a glass of tap water.

“Hey. How are you feeling?” he sighed and turned to me.

“I have prayed every day and night. For us to never go back to that place or never have to encounter those people who call themselves family. Seeing Snakho yesterday brought back a lot of memories. How we suffered because of them. How we slept on the streets because of them. I will forever be grateful for everything that you have done for us, sisi. But I will never forget the way they treated us and chased us out on the streets before mother’s body even decomposed.” He said in a tone full of pain before walking away.

My heart broke into many pieces and I wished I could cry but I had no tears. I leaned on the island and took a deep breath.

“Mfihlo’s guards should’ve given me a chance. I would’ve killed me.” Nomnotho said and I quickly straightened and looked at her. Her words didn’t surprise me. This is Nomnotho. The girl



who gives zero fucks about anything and anyone except for her siblings.

“She is not worth it.” I spoke in a low tone. Not because I was whispering but because my mood dampened after hearing Andile’s words. Nomnotho nodded.

“I will join you at the truck today. I need to do something to keep my mind off things.” I nodded.

“Well you will have to take my car and drive yourself there because I am going somewhere with Mfihlo right now but I will make it to the truck in time for opening.”

“Okay.”

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When we arrived at the complex I frowned. Why did this place look so fancy? Phela last I checked Snakho was a high school drop out, how could she afford something like this? Maybe her father came back into her life--I heard that Snakho's mother had an affair with a rich married man while she was working as their maid, and Snakho was the product. Maybe the father came back for his love child. That must be the explanation. I was still admiring the building, when I felt Mfihlo's hand on the

small of my back, and immediately looked at him with a smile, meeting his eyes. It's these little moments when his touch sends electric current through my veins that I forget he is a killer, and that I was sinking deeper into it with every passing minute. "Do you still want to talk to her?"

All I gave as an answer was a simple nod, before he led me into the building. In the elevator he was just standing there in front of me in just his suit, tempting me to push the emergency stop button and fuck him there and then. "I can feel you looking at me Pup."

"I did not such thing," I stated in a dramatic tone, which he responded to with a light hearted chuckle, before the elevator dinged and the doors opened. "The lady at the front said she is in apartment 5B."

He nodded, leisurely strolling through the corridors with his hands deep in his pockets. We got to the door, and a few seconds after knocking, the door opened. I was standing on the side away from the door, but I could see Snakho dressed in red lingerie with a smile that was meant to be seductive on her face. Oh hell no. Mfihlo better no...

"Are you expecting someone?"Mfihlo asked in a monotone.

"I was just hanging around,"Snakho drawled lazily,before she let out an irritating giggle.

Oh hell no. Did this girl just giggle at my man? I see she wanted to break out the hood in me.

Mfihlo looked at me with a smile,drawing me closer to his side,and that's when Snakho decided to finally notice me.

"Well,my woman would like to speak to you about something,"he stated,wiping away Snakho's smile.

I looked at Mfihlo,but he wasn't looking at me,just straight behind Snakho. I leaned into his side with a warm smile.

I chortled before pushing her aside and walking in. The apartment was so beautiful. Like an expensive one in Sandhurst. It was even more gorgeous and classy than my house. I don't wanna lie, I was a bit jealous but I wouldn't say that out loud to Don because I know he would take that as an opportunity to buy me a house.

“You can cover up now. We have seen enough of your unappealing body.” I stated glancing at Snakho who was still awkwardly standing at the door. She snapped out of whatever fantasy she was in and rushed to one of the rooms. “This place is nice.” I murmured and Don nodded.

“You want an apartment?” he asked.

“I can afford to buy myself one. So thanks, but no thanks.” I walked around the lounge and dropped to one of the elegant teal couches. The person who did the interior designing here, did an amazing job. “You must have made quite an impression on her last night for her to just want to welcome you in lingerie.” He scoffed before sitting on the armrest of the couch I

was sitting in. “What did you talk about?” I stared at him and he rolled his eyes.

“We talked about nothing. Well except for her moping and sobbing about the cold welcome she got from her siblings. She was apparently expecting a huge party or something like that.” I looked at Don one more time before breaking into laughter. Snakho was definitely delusional.

She came back to the room wearing shorts and a tank top. If I was another woman who didn't wear these clothes for a living, I would've been offended. She sat opposite us and folded her legs. She was cheeky. You should've seen her facial expression.

“So you want me to start talking and asking you questions like I am some kind of a journalist?” I questioned and she rolled her eyes.

“I came here because I wanted to support you on the launch. I wanted to be there for you.” She answered and I frowned before leaning back.

“I don’t have time for this.” I stood up and she quickly spoke up.

“Wait.” I sat back down, sighing. “My mother is dead.”

“Congratulations. What else do you want to tell me?” Don gave me a look and I just rolled my eyes. What reaction did he expect from me? This girl watched as her mother and aunts chased us out. Instead of speaking up, she focused on alcohol and she was also rejoicing with her mothers.

“Can you be a little sympathetic to my situation? My mother is the only parent I have ever known, so losing her is a hard pill to swallow. I am still grieving. She passed on two months ago.” She sniffed a bit.

“I still don’t know how that concerns me. All of you are dead to me.” She exhaled loudly.

“A second chance. That's all I ask for.” I chuckled and shook my head.

“Look at you asking for a second chance while you got naked for my man.”

“I didn't know he was your man. Plus I sleep with rich men for a living. I am not a prostitute. So I was trying to gain myself a rich fish.”

“I don't care about what is happening in your life. That shit you pulled at my launch, it was a dick move. Don't ever do shit like that again. And I am giving you 48 hours to vacate my man's building. Where you go from here is none of my business.” I stood up once again and extended my hand to Don and he chuckled before standing up. He grabbed my hand. We headed to the door and Don opened it.

“Wait.” She shouted shooting up. I turned back my head to look at her. “I am your half sister. Your father had an affair with my mother which didn't last long. But in that affair, I was born. I am not trying to force you to accept me into your family but I just need acknowledgment that I am also a Mngadi seed.”

“Wow. And here I thought you wouldn't go lower than your mothers.” I said as I allowed Don to pull me out of this godforsaken apartment.

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“She is delusional. She has completely lost it. Are you trying to tell me that we could be related to that bitch? Good riddance to her mother, but I am not going to hear any single shit coming out of her mouth.” Nomnotho said packing up and order and then handing it to a customer with a fake smile. “Thank you for visiting La Zania Eats, please do come again.” The customer smiled before taking the package and leaving.

“What does she stand to gain from lying about this? We didn’t get any inheritance when dad died. So it’s not like she wants some money from us. I say we do a DNA test to prove these allegations but we will only do it if you and Andile are on board. I don’t wanna force you guys to do something you are not comfortable with.” I responded and she huffed as she cleaned the stand where she was preparing the order.

“Andile is going to agree with whatever decision you make.” She stated shrugging. “If we go ahead with the DNA, she is going to pay for it. No amount of money is going to come out of your pocket to fund that godforsaken test. Also tell Mfihlo to kick her out. She is not our problem nor his. I don’t care if she is



living in the streets but she is not his problem. Tell him to chase her out this instant before she seduces him.” I nodded.

“I hear you sis. Anyways is this going to be a regular thing? You coming to help me out every weekends?” she smiled.

“And whenever I don’t have classes. This is a family business, so we shouldn’t just enjoy the fruits of your labour. We should also help you out when we get the chance. Who knows, maybe you might teach me a thing or two about Mexican cuisine.” I laughed and she joined me. I looked at her with a bright smile. I relished in all the moments when Nomnotho would let go of her anger, and just be happy. “You man is here,” she stated with a straight face, with no trace of laughter visible on her face. I quickly followed her line of sight and saw Don walking towards the truck, walking with his arms swinging a few centimeters from his body

because of his muscular built. His dress shirt seemed to hug onto his body tighter than usual, and his expression stoic. I smiled, feeling a sense of peace. “He's around a lot these days. He should marry you.”

"Who is marrying Pup?" he asked, leaning onto the vanity at the front of the truck, his sight trained on my sister.

"Who's Pup?" Nomnotho asked, bouncing her eyes between the two of us, as if she was putting two and two together. "I don't even care." Her arms were raised in surrender, before she grabbed hold of a takeaway and walked out. I turned to Mfihlo with a bright smile.

"Welcome to La Zania Eats, what would you like to have?" I leaned forward, giving him a chance to take my lips into his, but he never did. His expression remained stoic.

"I'm driving to Midrand for a meeting, I'll probably be done around midnight." He took out a key card from his pocket. "I want you at that apartment by the time I get there. Panties hanging on the door handle at the front. On the bed, naked, with your legs wide open. Be ready for me." He ordered, and his monotone made sure I understood that he meant business.

I looked at him, blinking. He was diverting back to our control-- the one we've straying from for a long time. I guess we were bound to go back. I bit my lip, looking into his eyes, before I shied away and nodded like the submissive I agreed to be.

"I'll try not to bruise you too much, but I'm making no promises."

My heart was thumping against my chest as I paced up and down the room naked. My panties hanging on the door, like I was ordered to. I had been in here for the past three hours, my mind racing about the on coming events. I don't know why I was erratic, because this is what I signed up for--to be dominated. Maybe it's because he had never really went full on Dom on me, that's why the whole basis of our relationship flew over my head. And the way he sounded as he ordered me told me that we were following the contract. But I wonder what changed. He was so sweet earlier, I wonder what caused the second change. I finished the second glass of wine, but I was still not drunk enough to calm the sudden nerves.

I heard the click of the opening door, and I quickly kicked the bottles under the bed and got on the bed with my legs opened. He got in, a scowl on his face. He changed his suit. "Are you okay?"

"Don't talk," he ordered, then moved around the room, and opened the door. I heard the sound of metal colliding then he came back. Silently, he crawled onto me, and secured my hands onto the bar headboard. He went lower, nipping at my skin

before he got to my feet. I felt his teeth sink into the heel of my left foot, and as quickly as it happened, he was bounding my legs, the rough material of the robe digging into my skin. I wanted to wince, but I held myself, and studied his face. He was pissed and I was afraid I would be his means to calming down. "Don't hurt me."

He kept silence, then I was introduced to silence. "You've been drinking." It wasn't a question

"Yes, I have," I swallowed, and without warning, his hand collided with the side of my thigh--hard. I arched my back off the bed at the sensation, and my knees came apart wider. Strikes were for punishment for something I did wrong. But what did I do. Is it because I drank?

"What was that for?" he questioned. I could feel moving on the left side of the bed.

"I don't know." Another one came, and this one was harder than the last. I squeezed my eyes, taking in the pain like the good submissive I'm supposed to be, and at the same time,

wishing I could squeeze my thighs to control the pool spilling out of me. "Try again."

I sighed, still thinking. Then it clicked. "I didn't say Sir."

"I've been too lenient on you Pup, you are slipping," he spoke in his Dom voice, but he sounded further away.

"Is that such a bad thing?" I drawled.

"Don't try to be a brat." His footsteps moved closer, then his hand was on mine. "You remember your safe words?"

"I'm sorry Sir."

I heard him take a deep breath. "Is this what you want, Pup? You are free to leave this room and my life if you wish."

"Do you not want me anymore, Sir?"

"Just answer the question, Pup."

"I want this, Sir" my voice lowered, and I let my body go. Allowing him to use my body as he sees fit.

I heard the flicking of a lighter before the scent of lavender attacked my nostrils. "I have a candle in my hand. If it gets too much--use your safe word." On instant as the realization of what he was going to do came into my mind, I shifted, but that was a horrible idea because the rope cut through my skin. He placed his large hand on my stomach, holding me down. "Relax baby. You'll like this."

I doubt it.

The first feel of the wax pouring onto my thighs struck, and I arched off the bed. My screamed trapped in my mouth, and Ndaba tears welling in my eyes. The next drop fell on the side of my stomach. A scream came. Or was it a moan? I don't know. All I knew was that the burning wax was painful, and my pussy was getting wetter with every second. "You have no idea

how beautiful you look. Bound. Blindfolded and covered in wax. I could feel the smile in his words. But I grew uneasy. I wanted to see his face. I wanted to see how satisfied I made him.

"I want to see you...please Sir," I cried out, wanting to feel him.

"Do you deserve it?" He taunted

cupping my face. His thumb brushed against my lips, before he forced his thumb between them, and on instinct, I started sucking on it. But without warning, it was ripped away, and seconds later. I felt something wet drip onto my lips, and when I tasted the saltiness, I knew exactly what I was exposed to do. My lips parted, then they enclosed around his length. A shaky breath came from him, the more my mouth became a vacuum. Ushering him to his release. I felt that he was close. He felt it too, as he abruptly pulled out of me.

In one harsh and steady move, he was inside me. My walls spreading like it was the first time. Consequences of not being intimate after a long time. "Shit!" He cursed. "I don't think I would be able to last for much longer. Stop squeezing me so much."

He moved. His thrusts were violent, as his hand enclosed around my throat. Squeezing hard, that I felt myself running shot of breath. But I liked it. He went faster, claiming me, and relishing in the feel of how turned on he makes me. He wasn't giving me time to adjust. This fuck wasn't about me. It was all about him. All about him being in control. All about him getting to deal with whatever was happening in his personal life. It was all about reminding me why we were even in each other's lives.

His hand enclosed my neck, and I pulled on my restraints, arching my body towards him to meet his thrusts, and ignoring the wounds I was causing. I could feel my orgasm building up, just as he let out a gut wrenching scream, giving me a few more lazy pumps, that sent me over the edge, before he collapsed on top of me. Letting his seed spill inside of me. After a few seconds, he got out, the sound of his wet exit sounded, before I was freed from the darkness. He wordlessly untied me, then pulled me close once I was free, kissing the top of my head, he said, "You did good baby girl. Sir is very pleased."

"Are you okay? "I tried to look up, but his chin digging on the top of my head kept my face down. "Let's treat your wounds."



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I sat in front of him with folded legs, while he softly applied the ointment on my wrists. When he was tending to my bruised ankles, it was a sport because I kept wincing, since most of the pain was there. I studied his face as he quietly did his thing, waiting for him to talk to me, but he wasn't too interested. "How's Mfiliseni? I haven't seen him in some time now."

"He has a wife to tend to," his tone was soft, but his words carried some sort of irritation in them.

What was going on with him?

Mfiliseni had a wife?

"What did you mean I could leave whenever I wanted to? Do you not want me anymore? Do I look like some kind of quitter to you?" I coughed out, expecting to get a reaction from him, but there was none. He kept his attention trained on my wrists. I yanked them away from his hold.

He sighed. "Please don't try to start fights."

"I'm not starting anything. I just want answers. What was the meaning of what you said? Mfihlo I am talking you!" I screamed, and he just looked at me, before getting up. Why wasn't he talking to me? Why was he suddenly pulling back from me? What the hell is wrong with him? I jumped off the bed, and ran towards the door to block his way. "Azania move."

"Oh! So I'm Azania now?"

He took a deep breath, looking at the ceiling, and held the bridge of his nose. "God woman. I don't have the energy for your soaring hormones. I have shit to take care of."

"Fuck you, Don. Fuck you!" I shoved him by the chest, and he moved with the momentum, before looking at me with an angered look.

A week. A whole seven days had come and gone, and Mfihlo was still dead set on not answering my calls or texts. I didn't understand him, and it's very hypocritical of him, because had I been the one to ghost him, then it would be a whole different situation. I don't understand his dynamic. Since when did people in a form of relationship ignore each other for so long? I had held off on seeing him at the club, but then I said fuck it, imagine my surprise when his goons told me that they were told to not let me into the premises. I had good cause to cause a scene until he came out, but my sophisticated persona simmered down the rising hood rat energy in me. I had gotten into the car he bought me, and sped to his house, not caring if he was there or not--I would break in and wait for him. The gate was open, but I left my car on the side of the road, and walked up to the front door. The first thing I noticed as soon as I was on the doorstep, was the loud sound of giggles coming from the other side of the door. That was definitely a woman.

"Yes Sir," the voice sounded, laced with the giggles

Oh hell no!

I opened the door, and walked with purpose towards the tretrourus giggles. I heard his voice, but I was too pissed to hear what he was saying. "Where the hell is she?" I questioned as soon as I got the kitchen, where the sounds were, but instead of the beautiful woman who I was expecting, a big eyed little girl looked at me. The side of her face and hair covered in flour, looking like she was somewhere under ten years of age. She blinked at me, probably wondering why my mouth was wide open. It was because I realized how foolish I was.

"Sir. Uba?" she asked in the tiniest of voices, promoting me to look over to Mfihlo, who was dressed in only tracksuit pants, and his bare chest also covered in flour, contrast his permanent ink. His expression was stoic as he looked at me. "Sweety,I told you to not call me that."

"But that other lady..."

Other lady?

"That doesn't mean call me that. You are not my employee." He rounded the table and gathered her in his arms. She giggled. A

smile broke out on his face. "Lets get you cleaned up. MM is picking you up later." The little girl's face shone brightly.

"Playdate with the twins?" All she got was a nod, then they walked away, Don passed by me like I wasn't even there. Like I was just a fly on the wall. I sighed, and walked towards his wine stand and helped myself to the red wine I had opened the last time I was here. When everything was good. Mfihlo has a daughter? Why wouldn't he tell me that? Or is it not part of the Dom-Sub contract? And who is this MM? The mother? Where they still together? Was she also a submissive?

I downed the first glass on one go, and sighed. Why would he ignore me? I hadn't seen him since he looked like he was going to hit me, and for a brief second I believed he would give me a thrashing, but he just left--that's how the ghosting came about it guess.

I was on my third glass, and he still wasn't back, so I got busy with clearing up the kitchen, and packed their cupcakes away into the fridge. Mfihlo baked? God! There's so much I didn't know about the man. I took a deep breath after I was done, and the pair was still not back, when a knock came. I downed

another glass, and rushed to answer it. A beautiful set of eyes blinked at me, her face bare of any makeup and her lips pouted. I allowed my eyes to drag away from the bun stacked lazily on the top of her head to the hoodie with LeBron James's face on it that hugged around a seemingly pregnant stomach, matched with some black leggings and flip flops that showed off her not so pretty toes, but the white a spotless nail polish took away the focus from her toes. "If you don't mind, could you please let me in so my legs don't give up on me?"

Her melodic voice made me come to my sense, and I quickly got out of the way. She sluggishly moved in to go to the fridge, and came to sit down with three of the cupcakes in a bowl. "I'm Melamina Mthombeni," he held out her hand, showing off her impressive and small diamond. "You look familiar. Makhosi's fashion show?"

I blinked at her. Who was Makhosi?

Then her lips curled into a bright smile. She just had an epiphany. "Oh oh oh. You are Mfihlo's girlfriend," then she frowned. "I am so sorry for missing the launch of your food truck. My pregnancy was giving me grief

and I think the twins had something that needed me at their school that day. But Mfiliseni had brought me something cooked by you. And I enjoyed. I'll be sure to pop by once I'm sorts."

All I gave was a small smile, because I felt so awkward and confused. I didn't know who this woman was, and already she was talking to me like I was one of her old friends. I was just so puzzled about how little I knew about Mfihlo, when he knew so much about him.

"There she is," his voice boomed, followed by the soft tapping of little feet, then the little girl attached herself to Melamina. She made a grunt sound, and quickly removed the child away from her, and brushed her stomach. "You look so pretty baby," she kissed the child's forehead.

"We made cakes," the child stated, and clearly proud of herself from her bright smile.

Melamina giggled. "I saw baby. I'm just sad because Gummy bear here always refuses to make some for me when I ask. Yini

le onayo mina engingenayo Azile?" she feigned hurt, but the smile gave her away. Finally an inexplicable feeling settled in my stomach. I was so out of place. I shouldn't have even come here. I should've taken Fiona's offer to stay at home, get drunk and watch some horror movies, since I had refused to go back to the illicit scene. With a deep breath, I gathered my shoes. "Have you met Miss Azania? She's Gummy bear's special friend," Melamina's voice was smooth as she said that. And just as I was about to leave, Mfihlo grabbed a hold of my waist. I looked up at him, and he just pulled me back and we sat on the two sitter chair. His fingers intertwined with mine. "You don't want cake?" Azile asked.

"I'll take one later, my stomach is full."

"Like this?" The little girl pointed to Melamina's stomach, and my cheeks burned. All Melamina did was laugh, while Mfihlo rubbed his thumb again my hand. "You two better get going before Mfiliseni gets back. I know he doesn't know that you drove here."

"I'm going to leave, ngoba you just want to be alone with your woman, angazi awusho ngani. And your brother needs to let



me be, the fact that he nutted in me doesn't mean I have suddenly become immobile. And your sister wants to conference call later tonight. Azania is also definitely coming to fashion week," she stated.

"And you are definitely not going. You can't fly with your precious cargo."

"Watch me. "Her tone didn't leave room for discussions. She placed her bowl on top of his lap, and wobbled out of the house with the child. When the door banged, it settled that Mfihlo and I were alone. The movement of his thumb seized, and he unwinded our fingers, tearing away from me, he was still mad, and that was all just a ploy. He should've let me leave then.

"I'm not talking to you when I don't even know if you are sober or not," he stated.

I sighed. "I am not even tipsy. Why did you ghost me?"

"Because you acted in a very horrible way the last time we were together. I wanted to wine and dine you. To pamper you, and do all that romantic shit, and you went and ruined it. Hitting me Azania? Hitting me? That's what we do now? What would've happened if I hit you back? Is that what you wanted? You would've loved for me to beat you up like you were nothing but a cum rag?" he kept his voice leveled and calm, but I could see he was livid.

I was suddenly shy for words. I had a whole essay planned, but now it failed me . "I am sorry."

"Hell no. You don't get to do that. You don't get to be sorry, then suddenly all this shit is forgotten. This isn't even the first time."

"I'm sorry, but it's because you are pulling away from me. Why would you assume I want to leave? I can read the signs Mfihlo."  
"

"It would be better if you rather asked, because reading signs prompts the violence in you. When you are in a relationship

you ask, and you talk in a calm manner. You don't make assumptions and decide to create arguments. And you don't enforce your point by choosing violence." he stated, and I nodded, muttering a quick sorry, before I pulled in to lay my chest on his steady heartbeat. I swallowed. "Sir?" I called out.

"Yes, Pup?" He answered, his instincts making him go into instant Dom mode.

"Can we please switch? Just for today. I need this." he brushed his hand under my thigh, as if contemplating my decision. He sighed.

"Just for today." His hand moved to my butt, and gave me a hard squeeze, sliding me over his dick.

I allowed him to grip tightly on my hand and guide me down to the basement. It was still like before, the bed still sat in the corner, with the whips and canes hanging off of hooks on the wall. Numerous cupboards were present, and I smiled when I saw the candles--still wrapped--stacked on the floor. I looked to Mfihlo and watched him as he smiled down at me. "Where do you want me? Mistress?"

This is really happening.

"Strip. And lay on the bed for me. Lets see if you are a good boy," I answered with the best Luna--Alpha type tone I could muster.

"Yes Mistress," he bowed his head as a show of obedience, which made me wonder if he was even in this position before. The smile never left his face as he took off his clothes and laid on the bed. I gather the rope from where I saw him take it from the last time, and got on top of him, settling on his stomach.

"What has you so amused?" I asked, working on bounding his wrists.

"You do, Mistress. You asking to take the reigns fascinates me," I gave him a loud clap, and he bucked from under me. "Stop smiling.

"Hit me again Mistress, please."

I shook my head, then got off him, taking off my clothes. "Show me that you deserve it first." Then I was on top of his again. Using the bare headboard as my anchor, as I lowered myself onto his mouth. He took a deep do breath, making my lady parts tickle before he got to work, lapping my sex like his life depended on this single performance. I threw my head back, and rode his face, occasionally lifting myself up to give him space to breath, because at the back of my head, I was afraid that I might snap his neck or something. He groaned, the vibration making my inside curl, then I exploded. I leaned on the headboard, taking deep breaths, and relishing in my high. I got off him, and the smile was back. Another slap met him cheek. "Say thank you."

"Thank you letting me taste you, Mistress. And for the slap." I rewarded him with a kiss, feeling how he was aching to touch me. I backed up on his dick, sliding my wet folds over his throbbing length, and leaving a messy trail on his abdomen. I had so much planned for this switch, but the feel of his penis made me abandon them, and I was sliding onto his length. I shut my eyes, and bit my lip, enjoying feeling him throb. "You just couldn't wait to hug my cock, could you?"

I gave him another slap. "Stop being smug. You aren't being a very good boy."

"But I am right. Don't worry Mistress, your tight pussy had the same effect on me."

"Stop talking

" I urged. I couldn't have him throbbing inside me, and talking at the same time, that was a very lethal combination. I finally got over the sensation, then looked down at him--straight in the eyes. He tried to put on a brave face, but I could see that the contact was straining him." Beg."

I took in a sharp breath, "Please Mistress. Fuck me. Use me for your pleasure. Let me make for feel better." I gave him a slap, but that one made my hand sting. "Is that best you can do? Beg for it like you need. Like you can't fucken live with it. I know you can do better than that, Pet. Show your Mistress how much you like being her cum slut."

"I can't live without you," he looked at me with that stupid grin. I closed my eyes. He's just trying to throw me off my game--and it's working, I held onto his shoulders and started moving. Lips trapped between my teeth. My head thrown back. And my eyes closed. My moans and the sound of our bodies clapping against each other, was the only audible sound. I loved that he chose to keep quiet, allowing me to focus on the pleasure and this moment. I circled my hand around his neck and went faster, chasing the orgasm that was fast approaching, but then my movements slugged, and I felt tired. Mfihlo noticed, and started drilling me from the bottom. I took a deep breath, marveled by how deep he was going.

"Oh God!....Shit! Mfihlo," my nails sunk into the his shoulders feeling our body become one as our sexual juices fused together. I hummed, the familiar sensation of his sperm swimming inside me hit harder than any time before. I laid on

his chest with my ragged breaths dominating. "You did good, Pup." He praised. I smiled his chest. I did good. I did good.

...

Being a hands-on business woman was a full time job and I won't lie, it was tiring. The only free time I got was at night. My life had turned into a routine. Wake up, go to gym, go to work, come back and sleep. Luckily I had hired two more cooks so I had a bit of time to breathe now.

After a month of opening, the food truck was doing quite well and our clientele grew each and every day. We even had regulars ordering at least 5 times a week. So the business was booming and we were gaining more and more followers on our social media account each and every day.

Just to make up for our launch, we had an upcoming event. A Valentines' Day celebration type of event. But it was going to be open for couples and also friends and relatives, as long as you come in pairs. We had a surprise dish that was going to be served on the day and free desert if you order a three course



meal. Just like last time, we were going to hire a stretch tent with chairs and tables, entertainment and a professional photographer. I think Fiona and Nomnotho were the ones who were more excited about this than me.

“Azania there is someone here to see you.” one of the cooks which I had hired said. Her name was Ziningi. I had hired both genders just to balance everything. I nodded at her and looked outside the window. I scoffed when I saw who it was. I climbed off the truck and stalked towards her.

“I am not here to fight.” She said raising her hands up in surrender when I was a few feet away from her.

“Then what do you want?” I question folding my arms to my chest.

She gestured at one of the tables under the carport in front of the foot truck where customers sit while waiting for their orders.

“Can we sit?” I huffed before sitting down. She sat across me. “Azania, I have never been bad to you. Even when my mother

and aunts chased you guys out, I didn't rejoice in that. I have never lived on the streets before but I can tell that it's not easy and back then, even when we were cousins, I didn't wish for you guys to end up in the streets but there was nothing I can do. I am sorry for the treatment you guys received."

I exhaled loudly and placed my hands on the table, leaning forward. "So what brings you here?"

"I am availing myself for the DNA testing just to prove that you and I are really siblings." Something didn't add up here.

"You are two years younger than me. How did you come about?" she cleared her throat and shifted uncomfortably.

"Your mother worked really hard and sometimes night shifts when you were young. So she would ask my mother to come and watch you. This one evening, your father came while your mother was working the night shift and she had asked for my mother to watch you. Mom seduced him and they slept together. It happened once but one round is all it take to form a human. When mom found out about me, she moved away for 3 years and then came back."

“This shit sounds like a telenovela. Straight out of a movie plot.”

“But it’s the truth.”

“Just know that if we do this DNA thing, you will fund it.” I said already standing up.

“I don’t mind. Just choose a doctor and set up an appointment. I don’t want you saying I tricked you guys or anything like that.” she stated also standing up.

“Where are you currently staying?” I mentally kicked myself in the head soon after the last word left my mouth. I shouldn’t care about her or her whereabouts. She chuckled a bit.

“No matter what struggles you come across in life, you will never change who you are. A caring person. Anyways I am a big girl. I am staying at an apartment in Midrand.” A car stopped by the side of the road. A luxurious sports car. “That’s my ride.” She handed me a piece of paper. “That’s my number, call me.” she walked away gracefully swaying her ass side to side in an emerald green mini dress and nude strappy heels.

Today was the day we were going to find out if Snakho was really our half sibling as she claimed or not. But the trick was, she didn't know we did the test. One of Don's people got her saliva in a glass she used at some restaurant where she was dining with that man who drove the sports car the other day. So we did the test behind her back just so we could avoid her doing something to trick us or blindsides us.

We were meeting at a restaurant. She thought it would be just a normal lunch. My siblings and I got there and sat on a table. After a few minutes, she made her way in. she was a slay queen, no lie. She slayed on every encounter we had. Even at my launch, she was slaying. Just that I didn't give her look much thought.

"Bo mzala, hello." She said with a smile, settling next to Andile. Only Andile and I greeted back. Nomnotho was having none of that. And I know she was keeping her cool only because we were in a public space. A waiter came and we placed our orders. He came back with drinks after a few moments. "This is nice. Siblings hanging together. I am sure father would be proud."

“He didn’t even know you were his. So what would make him proud?” Andile said shocking us all. Yeah I told him about the situation with Snakho but I didn’t think he was going to behave this way. Nomnotho was smirking all the way. It’s like she was proud of Andile right this moment. Well I also liked the fact that he was being stern and all but I wasn’t going to comment on that. I had to be the voice of reason.

“Sisi can we please just get over what we came here for? I am really trying so hard to contain myself and God knows how much matureness is taking for me to be this calm and collected.” Nomnotho stated sitting back and taking a sip of her mocktail. I sighed and took out four envelopes from my bag. I passed them out and Snakho frowned.

“What is this?” she asked.

“Just open it.” I said already opening mine. She pouted as she opened the envelope. I swallowed hard as I took in the writings on the papers. It showed that Snakho was indeed telling the truth. She was our half sibling.

“Yay!” Nomnotho said sarcastically tearing up the papers. “You will find me in the car.” She took my car keys and walked out. Andile gave me an apologetic look before standing up and following Nomnotho. He left the papers on the table. I sighed and turned to Snakho.

“These papers don’t mean anything. We may share blood, Snakho but that doesn’t mean we should share something else. Maybe we will see each other at a mall or something but that’s that. I can’t have you around my siblings. They get uneasy. We never need you guys before and we don’t need you now. So let this be the last formal encounter we will have.” I took out R200 from my bag and placed it on the table.

“Come on, Azania. Don’t be like that.” she said so fast and I frowned. I called the waiter and he took the glasses together with the money. I stood up and Snakho also stood up. “Let’s be mature about this. You can’t punish me for something I didn’t do and had no control over.”

“Whatever. Bye Snakho.” I walked away with her calling my name.

...

It had been a while since I hung out with Fiona. Truth be told, I missed her so much. Which is why I had planned a night out with her. I made sure to inform Don about my plans though. I didn't want a repeat of the strip club incident. Not that I was planning on taking Fiona to a strip club. He actually laughed at me and said I didn't need to inform me about every outing I have because he is always watching me. Creepy.

I did my glam make up and then got dressed in red chain criss cross backless drape neck satin crop top & bodycon skirt with black solid minimalistic strappy lace high heel sandals. I shoved some money and car keys in my black two tone bead décor square bag. I looked super-hot and I am pretty sure if Don saw my outfit, he would flip. I headed to the lounge and Nomnotho screamed as soon as she saw me.

“Damn.” She took my phone from my hand and started taking photos. I laughed and struck a few poses. “The world won't know what hit it tonight.” She was just showering me with praises and I couldn't stop laughing.

“If I was of age, I would definitely escort you to keep you safe.” Andile said and we laughed.

“Mfihlo makes sure I am safe and protected every hour of the day.” I commented.

“Chips wena.” Nomnotho chirped in and we laughed.

“I have to leave now.”

I bid my siblings farewell and drove to Fiona’s house. She was already waiting for me at the door. Her outfit was more provocative than mine. But ke Fiona was white and she didn’t mind even going partying in a sports bra with a full panty. She was wearing a black chain fringe detail crisscross tie back crop cami top & cutout sheer mesh skirt set. Her black thing was very much visible. She paired her outfit with Tassel Décor pyramid heeled strappy sandals and a metal décor chain square bag. I climbed off the car and went to hug her.

She screamed. “Damn bitch, you came here to slay neh.” I laughed.

“Look who is talking. I am pretty sure with that outfit of yours you will score dozens of potentials.” I commented and she rolled her eyes.



“If they are as sexy as your hunk and as rich as him, we will work with that. I don’t want no big bellied politician or tendepreneur busy say ‘I will take care of you mama’.” She imitated a man’s voice and I broke into laughter.

“Bitch let’s leave before I pee all over your lawn because of your jokes.”

“I can be the next white Tiffany Haddish right?” she wiggled her eyebrows and I walked back to my car still laughing.

We both climbed into the car and I drove off. She played some amapiano music and made a video of us singing. We finally got to the club and I parked in the VIP parking. The bouncer walked towards my car and when he saw us stepping out, he took a step back.

“Beautiful ladies.” He said with a sadistic smile. I was really looking forward to him causing a scene. I was going to text Don and I knew he was going to deal with him. I know I got traumatized over the whole Gio situation but the thought of

him going all gangster on someone defending my honor, shit got me wet.

“Hello lover boy.” Fiona said biting her lip and she walked closer to him. She rubbed his upper arm and groaned. “I would let you carry me anytime honey, but I don’t think you can afford Me.” she winked before coming to me. I chuckled as we walked inside the club. The whole club momentarily stopped when we stepped inside and people turned their heads to look at us. “That’s what I am talking about.”

We walked to the bar. Everyone was literally staring at us. Men and women. The bar was crowded but people made some space for us and we ordered cocktails.

“A marching rebel, darling.” Fiona ordered.

“I would like diamonds and crystals love.” I ordered and the barman quickly made our drinks. He served us and I thanked him. Fiona was already looking around for her first target of the night.

“The general section is full of man who can’t even afford my bag.” She said taking a sip and I just laughed.

“Today is about us, not them. We are here to dance, eat and get wasted. If I wanted you to scout men, I would’ve taken you to one of Don’s gentlemen clubs. There you wouldn’t even strain your neck looking for suitable candidates because all of them are monied.” She huffed.

“I guess you’re right.”

We drank two more cocktails before we hit the dance floor. We took videos with our phones as we danced. It seemed as if people were distancing themselves from us and I couldn’t be gladder. I didn’t want to get sweaty and rub shoulders with strangers. A waiter made her way to us with two cocktails.

“A gentleman at the VIP area ordered these for you.” she said with a smile.

“You can have them dear. We are good.” Fiona said with a smile. The waiter nodded before heading back to the bar. We may had been prostitutes, but we never took free drinks, unless they were made in our presence.

The deejay provoked me by playing Tender Love by Shasha and DJ Maphorisa. This song was one of my favourites. Even though I couldn't dance, I knew how to move my waist. So I moved it along with my butt from side to side. When the song reached the 'inhliziyo ifuna wena' part, my phone vibrated in my hand. I checked the caller and it was none other than the man who gave me numerous orgasms from time to time. I answered the call.

"Hey sexy specie." He chuckled.

"Stop provoking me with those dance moves. You won't be able to tame me." he warned and I chuckled looking around.

"Where are you?" I asked.

"Look up."

I looked in the gallery and I spotted him. I giggled before hanging up and started shaking my butt with the sole intention of making him lose it. Fiona came to me with our drinks and I thanked her.

"Don is here." her eyes popped out.

“Is he following you?” I laughed.

“I think he was here first. Stop being scared of him. He will never do anything to hurt you.” she relaxed and smiled.

We continued dancing and started grinding on each other. I knew Don was watching and I was more than willing to give him a show. After a few minutes, I felt someone placing my hands on my hips.

“You have woken up the beast. It’s your duty to tame him.” he whispered in my ear and I laughed before turning to him.

“He doesn’t faze me.” I responded unbothered and he chuckled.

“We will see about that.” he held my waist and ushered me upstairs. “Come with us, Fiona.” She smiled before following us.

Mfihlo's hand was firm on mine as we got to the VIP section, where there was an Adonis type man was seated--a typical member of Hitler's Aryan race. A blonde sat beside him, her hand brushing against the exposed part of his popped shirt, and the man was just eating it up, his hand running up and down her thighs. He whispered something, and she let out a melodic giggle, that mingled with the music. I looked up at Mfihlo, then at Fiona, who for the first time since I've known her, wasn't jumping to get into the pants of a good looking man, instead her eyes trained on the man, while her body seemed to coil--she wasn't okay. I reached out to where she stood, touching her upper arm, and she jumped frightened, then smiled at me.

"That piece next to you isn't big enough to block us from your line of vision, so please give us your attention, sir," Fiona spoke in a snapped tone. The man slowly pulled away, and leaned back on the couch, staring up at us with his eyes hooded. "I see you are still a delight, Bubbles."

Bubbles?

My eyebrows creased, and I looked between Fiona and the man. When I stared at Mfihlo, I expected to see him wearing the same look as me, but all I could was the smile he was fighting to keep hidden.

What was going on?

Fiona huffed. "I told you to stop calling me that," she said through gritted teeth. "I can't believe you are still a promiscuous jerk. After so many years Wes?"

Okay, something is definitely going on.

The girl who was all over this Wes guy, left suddenly, and that prompted Mfihlo to tug at my arm. I stayed rooted, assessing what was going on. "Wesley, behave. I'll be back."

"I'm not leaving Fiona with a stranger Mfihlo. She drunk," I protested.

Wes smirked," Trust me Azania, I'm no stranger."

Creepy. Why does he know my name?

"And I barely had two drinks," Fiona stated, sounding very offended. Four drinks actually. We had four drinks, but who was counting in Fiona's world?

Here I was trying to save her from spending time with someone she clearly had some animosity towards, and she says this? Why was I even bothered?

I allowed Mfihlo to lead me past the crowds, and up to an upper floor, and into an office. I barely had time to look around, because Mfihlo was already pouncing on me. His hand were squeezing my lower body. "Does Fiona know that man?"

Of course he would know this. I wouldn't even be surprised to find out that he did some background on everyone in my life. He's shady like that.



He pulled away, and sighed, running his hand over his face.  
"Are you seriously going to talk about Fiona now? Now Pup?"  
His voice carried a lot of complaining, and when I saw the tent  
in his pants I understood why my timing was completely off. I  
giggled, then moved him, capturing his lips between mine, he  
quickly surged with the effect and picked me off the floor,  
carelessly pushing me up on the table, rubbing himself over me.  
I gasped

gripping onto his shirt collar. He felt that I was ready and  
quickly undid his pants, pushed my panties aside, then he was  
in. I arched towards him, and cried, relishing in the sound of his  
deep groans against my skin. His nails dug into my skin, before  
he made an attempt to grab a hold of my dress.

Oh hell no!

"Don't you dare Mfihlo...You are not going to tear my dress," I  
scolded him, which was a bit hard because of the moans that  
he kept igniting.

All I got was a chuckle, but luckily he chose to listen this time.  
My body froze, just as his thrusts got faster and his thumb was  
on my clit. I screamed with a loud shudder, which he replied to

with his own groan and his seed spilling into me. His breathing was rugged as he breathed against my lips. I grabbed his throat, and locked our lips. "I wanna stay here forever."

"Unfortunately you can't. Uyangigqilaza, and Fiona might just kill your friend, so let's go. I'm too pretty to go bail someone out of jail tonight," I rambled. He pulled away chuckling while he got dressed, and I made myself descent.

We got reacquainted with the hustle and bustle of the club once again, and hand in hand we went back to the VIP lounge, which I regretted because when we got there, Wes and Fiona were putting on a show. Her leg was drapped over his own, and her hands were locked in his air, his busy gripping her ass as they chewed each others lips off.

"Mfihlo does provide a place for public indecency, and I suggest to use it instead," I commented.

"I'd rather do it here, the man's prices are ridiculous," Wes commented.

"I'm sure you have home, use it instead," I sat down. Don sat across me, staring at me like a lion staring at a springbok in drought season.

Fiona tore away from him and looked at me with a bright smile. I folded my arms and stared at her.

"So, who is he?" she chuckled before picking up a glass of brown liquor from the table and downing it.

"I am right here, madam." Wes murmured with a smirk.

"I am not talking to you, stranger. Fiona?" she rolled her eyes.

"An old acquaintance. Him and I have a long past. We tried something but feelings got caught in the process and I decided to end it."

"Something? What is that something?" a waiter walked in with two cocktails. She placed them on the table and quickly left.

"Let's not dwell in it. It's not that important." She closed the topic and I looked at Don but he was still giving me that hungry look.

“Come on, you got a quickie to quench your thirst a bit. Now down boy.” I mumbled sitting forward to take my drink. He laughed. “So who is the owner of this club?”

“That would be me.” Wes stated with a smug.

“So the redhead that was here...”

“She was blonde.” He quickly corrected and I just gave him a look.

“The redhead, what is she? Your fuck buddy? Escort? What is she?”

“What is it to you?” – Wes. Doesn’t matter.

Girl In The Mirror came on and I placed my cocktail on the table before standing up. There was a small dance floor not far from us. I hopped onto the stage and started dancing. I loved the song so much. My favourite lines were ‘she’s happy, she’s so loved. Stars are her beauty. She owns it, she’s all that.’ the song spoke so loud about self-love.

Once again I felt hands on my body but this time he didn't say anything. He just held me and allowed our bodies to move in sync with the song. He started singing 'love that girl, love that girl, ohh she's all that, she's all that'. He sang it to me in a low tone and he had an amazing deep singing voice. I loved it. When the song ended, he turned me and looked deep into my eyes.

For once I saw something in his eyes that I had never seen before. Love? Affection? Something foreign or forbidden? I don't know. I didn't wanna alarm him, so I just continued dancing as the next song went on.

"You look so cute together." Fiona managed to snap us out of whatever trance we were in. we let go of each other and headed back to our seats.

"I need to use the bathroom."

I took my purse and allowed the signs on the wall to lead me to the ladies' room. I got there and shut the door before leaning on the sink and exhaling loudly. What the fuck just happened? The door abruptly opened and Fiona walked in.

“Damn girl, you and your man are whipped. I never saw this before because I was a bit scared of him, which I still am, but you guys are so adorable. I can see the love in your eyes, both of you.” she commented closing the door. I decided to ignore that comment.

“So you and Wes, huh?” she laughed.

“He was the best sex partner I ever had. The man is a sex God. He is into all sorts of kinky stuff and I know I can be a bit intimidated by the kinky shit, but with him I was never afraid to go all the way. I trusted him. Maybe I still do.” I smiled looking at her.

“Do you like him?” she shrugged.

“Can we just continue with our mission of getting wasted tonight and not worrying about whether the world is ending or not?” I chuckled. “You are absolutely right.”

I went to relieve myself before we headed back to the gentlemen. They were now seated with two other good looking ladies and looked slutty. Fiona and I didn't utter a word, we just walked straight to the guys. I ignored the bitch sitting next to him.

Instead I straggled him and kissed him, taking his free hand and placing it under my dress a few centimeters away from my pussy. I wasn't wearing any underwear because he discarded it after our quickie.

"Umm, you are disturbing us." the lady who was sitting next to him tapped on my shoulder. I just chuckled in his mouth and started dry humping him.

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My head was aching, mouth dry and body heavy as I opened my eyes. I groaned, forcing my eyes to stay open as I took in my surroundings. I was at Don's bedroom. I turned my head to look beside me. He was sitting with his back on the headboard. He was tapping on his laptop and that sound made my head wanna split into two. I groaned once again and reached out to grab his hands. He turned to me and smirked.

"You're making noise." He laughed and it took everything in me not to get up and collide his head with the wall. His laugh was so annoying.

"Rise and shine, sweetheart. You went pretty hard on the liquor last night. I am surprise you have woken up at this hour. You were supposed to sleep all day, because wow." I rolled my eyes and tried sitting up. That caused more harm than good. "Told you to drink pain killers when we got here but you were too stubborn for your own good. All you did is shove your pussy on my face. You were like 'eat this and stop annoying me'. Honestly you were such a mood and I would choose drunk



Goldie any day.” I huffed but didn’t answer him. He was enjoying this. So I was going to let him have his fun.

He got off the bed and walked away. I tried doing the same and I succeeded. So I walked to the bathroom to relieve myself, wash my face and brush my teeth. I walked back to the bedroom and threw myself on the bed. My phone was on the bedside table, charging. So I took it and saw dozens of messages from Nomnotho and my employees. The last one from Nomnotho stated, ‘Mfihlo told me about your hangover. Hope you survive it. Already checked on your employees and made sure they are open and ready for the day.’ my sister was a knight in white armor shame. I don’t know what I would’ve done without her. Don walked back in carrying a tray. I sat up and he placed it on my lap. He handed me the green juice first.

“Drink this first and then eat your food.” He commanded and I mumbled a ‘thanks’ as I drank the awful liquid. I nearly puked it, but managed to down all of it. I handed Don the glass and he smiled. “Good girl.” I rolled my eyes and started eating the food in front of me.

He took one strip of bacon and I hit his hand. "Mine." I growled and he laughed but didn't let go. Instead he popped it in his mouth and chewed it with a smug on his face. I finished eating and handed him the tray.

"I didn't sign up for being your slave, you know." He complained and I chuckled.

"This is part of after care." I got under the covers and closed my eyes. He grunted and I heard his footsteps fading. "Where is Fiona?" I asked before he could reach the door. He snorted.

"So you do care about your friend, Pup? It didn't seem like it yesterday when you were busy all over me and didn't even care about her wellbeing." I quickly sat up, looking at him.

"Where is she?" he smirked.

"Around the house, with Wes. He is probably getting more action than I am."

“Not everything is about you.” I laid down again and he chuckled before heading out.

...

I headed downstairs in nothing but an oversized tee and sleepers. I heard giggles and low groans coming from the kitchen and I was stunned to find Fiona wearing Wes’s shirt and him only in his boxers. They were busy kissing and it looked like Wes was fingering Fiona. I cleared my throat to announce my arrival and they paused what they were doing but didn’t detach from each other.

“Please respect my workplace.” I stated and Fiona laughed before climbing off the counter.

“I will catch up with you.” she said pushing Wes away from her. They shared a kiss before he walked out.

“Hello, Goldie.” He said with a smirk, passing me.

“Yes

Wes.” I walked inside the kitchen and Fiona was all smiles.  
“Care to explain?” she giggled. She was like a teenager falling in love for the first time. I had never seen her this happy in life before. This was new for me.

“He has promised to buy me everything I want. He is recently divorced and he wants us to try things out.” I nodded with a smile. I was happy for my friend but I needed to know all the facts before celebrating.

“How rich is he?”

“Richer than Don.”

“Are you ready to leave the business?” she smiled and nodded.

“I am going to give him the benefit of the doubt. If he disappoints me, I will go back.”

“I am happy for you, friend.” I hugged her and kissed her hair. She giggled and pushed me away. “Oww, you are too good for my forehead kisses now?” she laughed.

“You know I am not. Anyways he gave me a card that has 20 million. He said to spend it wisely. He is going out of the country in 2 weeks. He doesn’t know how long he will be gone and he doesn’t want me to get bored.” My eyes popped out. Who does that? Give your girlfriend 20m? I don’t think even Jeff Bezos is that generous when it comes to girlfriends. “That was my reaction when he gave it to me. The man has too much money to waste. But I want to do something meaningful about it other than buying materialistic things. So I was thinking, maybe I can invest a million in La Zania Eats. What do you think?” I was shocked. I really wasn’t expecting that.

“Wow, friend. That would make you a shareholder.” She quickly shook her head.

“I am not looking for a piece at your business. That is your baby and I want you to treat it the way you want without asking for my opinion. Okay, let’s not call it an investment, rather an opening gift. This is going to be your emergency cash should

the appliances break down or whatever. You can also get another food truck, set it up in another part of town, you know. Do anything you like but if it's business related."

"I don't know what to say." I squeezed her into a tight hug and she laughed.

"You can stop now." I laughed and released her. "Now I want some advice from you. Which business can I start that you think can sell?" I plugged in the coffee machine and made two cups. I handed her a cup and sat on the bar stool. She mirrored my actions. I took a sip and then looked at her.

"Remember when we first met each other? You had this small notebook you carried everywhere, where you drew lingerie in. I even teased you about being Conway Barsetti and you always brushed me off. Well friend you are very passionate about sex and you know more about lingerie. You are also a talented creator. You can become the next Roy Raymond and make a difference with your craft. What do you think?" she looked at me for a whole minute before a smile stretched out on her face.

“Wow friend. You are a fuckin genius. Damn.” She reached out to kiss me and then hopped out of the kitchen with so much joy, she didn’t even notice Don making his way in. he just laughed and took her place. “What’s up with her?”

“Her boyfriend gave her 20 million.” I gave him a smirk and he laughed.

“Baby girl don’t compare me to Wes. He is a fuckin billionaire and has too much money to waste. He also doesn’t have an heir. So he does whatever he wants with his money. 20 million is just a change to him. I mean he bought me an airline for my 30th birthday.” I gasped. This man was the South African Bill Gates for real. A whole airline? For a friend? Wow, friendship goals. “Where does he get it from?”

“Blood money. Anyways, I was invited to a black tie event which is happening next week Thursday. I want you to be my date. I have already transferred money to your account for an outfit. And please, Pup, don’t buy anything too sexy.” I laughed at him.

“That is exactly the look I am going for.” He groaned and shook his head. “Relax. You are going to give yourself a heart attack. Take a chill pill.” I winked at him and continued drinking my coffee. He was going to have to deal. He found me wearing

skimpy clothes and I was not about to leave the clothes I love for him.

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I finally settled for a sexy high split off shoulder sparkly sequin evening gala gown. The split was definitely going to send Don off the rails but he would just have to be strong. The dress hugged my body, revealing my perfect figure and ass. I had to wear no panties since the split reached above my waste. That area had a sea through cover but it was still going to drive him crazy. He had deposited R30000 into my account for the outfit. It was too much money but I wasn't complaining. Finding shoes was the hardest part. I even thought of wearing one from my closet. Heck, I even raided my closet from Don's house but came out with nothing. I ended up finding Steve Madden Vonna heels rose gold at Zando online. I also bought jewelry and a matching purse. I was good to go for the event.

It was happening tonight, so I still had a whole day to prepare, so my nails, hair and make-up. My sister forced me to book Mihlali to do my make up just so she could see her up-close. I take my previous statements back. She doesn't have everyone. Just 98% of the world population. I didn't even know she had a thing for MaNdamase.



I went to the gym and then went to my food truck to check up on my employees. Things were going great and we were gaining new clients every day. The million Fiona transferred into the company's account finally appeared 2 days back and I was going to buy another food truck after a month. I still needed to see how much profit the business was making.

Besides fetching me from work every night to fuck me into submission and sleep, Don was acting kinda shady, but at least he wasn't ghosting me this time around. He tried to make conversation but at times you could see that his mind was very far. I didn't wanna dwell in whatever that was up with him. Maybe it was work related but he was going to tell me when the time was right.

I drove to the salon to do my nails. While sitting and waiting for them to dry, a woman, probably in her late twenties, came towards me. She looked, no, stared at me like I am some art in a gallery or an artifact in a museum. I frowned.

"Can I help you?" I questioned and she snapped out of whatever world she was in.

“You are his new toy.” She stated matter of factly and I was so confused. “You know exactly what I am talking about. You are lucky though. He never bought a car for me or funded my business. He just took me out on dates, forced me to accompany him on events and fucked me every single chance he got. He never loved me. Not even once and he is not going to love you. No matter what you do. No matter how much gifts he showers you with. He only loves his family and himself.” I scoffed and rolled my eyes.

“You are talking about Mfihlo, right? Well girl whatever is going on between us is none of your business. So I suggest you stand up, walk out and don’t look back. I will pretend I didn’t have this conversation. If you come back to me and mumble like this again, we are going to have a problem. I am not going to tell on you but I will deal with you myself. I hope I have made myself clear.”

“You are not special. You are just a washed up prostitute. He will get tired of you, soon and you will be left with nothing.” I laughed. For real, I actually laughed. This woman was

delusional. I didn't care about Don's love. Even if he were to end our arrangement this moment, I had nothing to lose.

"His goons always keep tabs on me. So in about 5 minutes, they may walk in here and deal with you. Do you want that to happen to you?" her eyes popped out. I was lying about Don's goons but I was over this conversation between this woman and I. it didn't even have a single effect on me.

"You will remember my words. He will discard of you like a used condom sooner that you expect. You are not special. Whatever sweet words he whispered to you to soften you, they were all lies. I would leave with my dignity still intact if I were you." I chuckled.

"But you are not me and I am much worse than the man behind his mask." I smirked and she clicked her tongue before heading out.

"That was intense." said my nail technician switching off the machine and I laughed. I know I was going to be discussed after leaving this salon but I didn't care.

...

Like I had predicted, Mfihlo had a great problem with my outfit, that he even begged to take me back home so I could cover up, but I managed to shut him up, there is no way I was going to cater to his whining. And I thought it wise to just not tell him about the brief drama with that stranger, because sometimes the best way to respond to things is to just ignore their existence. I looked at Silas through the rear view mirror, as my knee touched against Mfihlo's. I expected the action to do something to him, to ignite some sort of reaction but he was just there, staring outside the window and not giving me any attention.

I moved even closer, placing my head on his shoulder. He shifted. "Tired?"

"No. Where are you?" I drawled, taking in his scent.

He cleared his throat, "Somewhere I shouldn't be, Pup."

"Then come back to this moment. Don't think," I said looking up at me. He smiled, staring into my eyes before letting his lips descend onto mine. I held onto his thigh just as he got a hold of the base of my neck and deepened the kiss, ignoring Silas' presence. I moaned.

"Stop subjecting Silas to pornography. Disgusting." I pulled away at the sound of the voice, and shivered when I felt the wind from the outside.

When did we stop?

A megawatt smile came onto face as soon as I saw him. "It honestly feels like you just came back from the land of the dead"

"No visiting the dead for me. I was busy quitting my job so I can focus on being a fly on the wall," he drawled, leaning against the car. His voice sounded deeper then the last time, probably increased his smoke intake. And he was wearing a suit! Well, technically it was a pair of black jeans, a turtle neck and formal

jacket of the same colour, but that was the closest to a suit Mfiliseni could ever wear.

A loud honk sounded, and that caused me to look over at Mfihlo. Who was hooting so loudly at a black tie event?

"My man! Go around the car," Mfiliseni screamed.

"What does he mean go around the car?" I asked the people in the car.

"It means, instead of parking on the side of the road like a normal person, my brother chose to park horizontally in front of our car, which in turn blocks off part of the other lane," Mfihlo stated nonchalantly, and placed his hand on my thigh.

I looked towards Mfiliseni who was still exchanging words with the other driver, then to Silas who was typing away on his phone, then back to Mfihlo. "How do you know?"

"Its a typical Mfiliseni move. You'll get fully acquainted to it soon enough."

"Why is he here?" Don laughed before opening his door.

"He was also invited." He looked at his brother. "Where is my sister in law you dick head?"

"Taking a nap inside the car."

"You really have to stop impregnating that woman. It's enough now." Mfihlo teased and Mfiliseni just rolled his eyes.

"I will stop when you stop fucking her and actually turning her to..." he was cut off by Mfihlo really fast.

"I will butt off from your business."

Mfiliseni smirked before doing a little bow. "Thank you, now I have to go back to my lovely wife whom I chose on broad day

light with God as our witness. See you inside, makoti.” He said eyeing me and I waved.

“He is such a pain in the ass.” Don mumbled, causing me to chuckle.

“But there is no place to dump family, right?”. He rolled his eyes, climbing off the car and coming around to open my door. I really liked how Mfiliseni knew the right buttons to press in order to annoy his brother and I think the ‘makoti’ word infuriated him worse.

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His hand was firm around my waist. It was a silent announcement to all the men who had started gawking at me group by group, that I was his. And that trying your luck wasn't even an option. I smile. We reached a circle of socialites, and Mfihlo made a move to pull me towards them for an introduction, but I quickly removed myself and ran away from him. Once I was a good distance away, I yanked a glass of whiskey off the tray one of the waiters was expectedly carrying as he was past me. I held the glass to my lips, looking around and noting the guest—most of which looked much older than Mfihlo—they seemed a lot like the people I had seen at the club. In fact a handle of their faces looked really familiar.

“They are exactly the people you think they are.” I jumped at the unexpected voice. Mfiliseni then stood besides me, giving me another glass of whiskey. “You are out,” he stated, nodding towards my empty glass. I discarded it then welcomed the new drink with a smile, before looking onto the crowd once more.

“How are they here? I thought Mfihlo and Don don't mix.”

“That's because they don't. You see makoti, Mfihlo isn't the social type, so naturally his business is sometimes sociable.

Exhibit A,” he motioned to the space around us. “And he has a tight business circle, that’s why you are seeing the members of the club here. And you’ll continue seeing them at other events too.” He explained, the drawl in his tone becoming more prominent the more he spoke.

I frowned at the information, right around the same time my eyes met with the woman who was indulging in some Play the first time I came to the club. The one who was fucking with Giovanni in the cage.

Giovanni.

It’s been such a long time since the name has been heard by my ears. The last time I saw him was when he was being beaten all because of me. I wonder if hes still alive. If Don decided to let him go after torturing him. Or did he kill him? But I think it was futile of me to hold on to the hope of him possibly being alive. I saw another side of Don that night, the side I never wanna encounter ever again, and Gio making it out alive on that night, he really must’ve offered Don something big.

I scanned the room and my eyes found him. He was talking to an old white couple. His right hand was between the hands of the old woman, and Mfihlo was laughing—his head thrown back. I shivered, appalled by how innocent he seemed. How much of a saint he appeared to be. That woman didn't know about the demons he had hidden away in his secret closet. A few unfortunate individuals knew about them. She didn't know of the pain he has caused other human beings. Neither does she have any idea about the fact that the same hands that she had in hers, were covered in blood. But I shouldn't be appalled by Mfihlo's ability to seem like a lamb. I should be disgusted at the fact that I choose to stay loyal to the contract even after knowing the type of person he partially is.

"Stop thinking," Mfiliseni's voice boomed besides me, fishing me back from my wandering. "You were thinking too much. Don't do that."

"Why not?"

"Just don't. Spending too much time in your head is the reason why stress levels increase and all that mental health shit." He took in a deep breath. "I'm going to find Silas. I need a smoke." He patted my shoulder, then maneuvered past the people.

.....

The proceedings of the event were mildly boring, especially since Mfiliseni had disappeared since the time he went out for a smoke. Melamina was continuously being smoldered by the numerous elderly women, not that having her around would've helped anything since I wasn't used to her. And Mfihlo was busy conversation with the entire hall, and the few times he was besides me, he refused to speak. I watched the people flood the dance floor as the orchestra played a reverbed version of Labrithn's forever. Mfihlo appeared, holding out his hand towards me. With a smile, I took it, and allowed him to lead me to the dancefloor. His hand found home on the lower region of my back, and intertwined our fingers with the other.

"Hi." He smiled. Making his eyebrows twirl as we started dancing, moving to the rhythm of the song.

"I honestly didn't think I would get any time with you tonight. You are quite the social butterfly Mr. Mthombeni

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" I smirked, lowering my voice so it sounded half seductive.

He chuckled, before giving me a soft twirl.

“Did my Pup miss me”

I arched my left eyebrow. “So I’m yours now”

“You know what I mean,” he stated brushing me off, but I could miss the brief breaking of eye contact. Mfihlo never breaks eye contact.

“No, Sir. I don’t know what you mean. Enlighten me please,” I giggled, just as he gave me another spin. But by the time I was turned back to him, he pulled me in closer than before, and he had a strange look in his eyes.

Fear.

Mfihlo looked shit scared, and that was weird. It was the first time since we have known each other, that I saw him making a face like that. My smile instantly vanished and worried seeped in.

“The first time we met might’ve made you want to strangle me. But despite my disrespect that day, something in you had captured me. It wasn’t lust. And I couldn’t pinpoint it. When I saw you with Giovanni a week later, something steered inside me. And I realized that I was developing whatever feeling my father had when he decided to impregnate mom when she was 14. I didn’t wasn’t sure if they were what I thought they were, but I knew I had keep you close, to explore them. So I wouldn’t regret not doing anything later off—in case you were my only chance.” He took a deep breath, and allowed his eyes to bounce around the room, then back onto my face. I was just standing there. Internally perplexing, praying he wasn’t about to say what it sounded like he wanted to say.

He couldn’t. Could he?

“Forgive me if I am going around in circles, but I want to make it sound perfect and not half assed like Mfiliseni says I make everything else. Azania, I love you. And I have for a while now.”

I suddenly became all the more uncomfortable, and my mouth dried up. He loved me. He couldn’t possibly love me. That wasn’t the agreement. He couldn’t love me.

“Pup,” he questioned softly.

Looking up at him my vision was blurry. I shook my head, wiggling myself out of his grip. Once I was free I ran as fast as my heels could allow me, zoning out the curious stares and the brief mention of my name. I poured out into the night. My eyes immediately found Silas, and I ran to the car.

“Take me home,” I told him. He looked at me. It was like he wanted to protest. Or perhaps to ask me what was wrong, as well as about the whereabouts of his boss. But he obviously decided against it because he slipped into the seat and set off into the night.

...

Getting home, I quickly took off my outfit the moment I closed my bedroom door, as if it was burning me. I rushed to my closet and retrieved a bottle of whiskey from the bottom shelf. I didn't need a glass for this one. What I had heard was beyond me and I couldn't digest his words sober-minded. My phone

rang from my purse and I quickly dashed to switch it off without giving the caller a single glance.

I sat on my bathroom floor in just my underwear and taking a sip of the bitter brown liquor every few seconds. Why me? Why would he love me? I was a former prostitute, cold hearted and I couldn't possibly be girlfriend material. He was confusing me, messing with my head, and I didn't need a distraction like that in my life now. Him confessing his feelings for me basically meant that the contract was null and void and I wasn't sure if I wanted to see him again, not after what he told me tonight. The next encounter with him would be about his 'strange feelings' and I wasn't ready for that conversation. I wasn't ready for it at all.



**MFIHLO MTHOMBENI**

Coming out of his house, he quickly shut his eyes, silently cursing the sun for making his eyes suffer. It took him a few moments to readjust his eyes to the bright light of the day, but the pain was still there lingering around his eyeballs, giving it away that he hadn't seen the light of day for almost a week now. When Azania left the event exactly six nights ago, he was god smacked. He didn't understand what he had said wrong, because he had assumed she wanted the same thing. He could pick up on the changes. He could pick up on how she always wanted to linger close, how she acted the other day when she came to his house guns blazing, and probably ready to kill whichever girl she thought she would find him with. Wasn't her jealousy a sign of her love for him?

After leaving the event with Mfiliseni and Melamina— considering that Azania had took his car for herself—he was wordlessly dropped home and never left. He willed himself to stay rooted in the confines of his home, because should he have left he would've definitely gone to her home. But he didn't want that. He didn't want her to remember him as a pain

in her ass. It wasn't space to make her realize that she loved him too, that he was giving her. He was letting her go, because he knew Azania wasn't someone who would be confused. If she loved him back, then she wouldn't have run off, leaving him standing there like an idiot.

He parked outside the front door of his father's house and took a deep breath before climbing out of the car and made his way inside. He made sure to avoid possibly getting detected by his mother and younger sister. He got to his destination, finding his father under the shade of the mango tree on the outskirts of his backyard. He was leaning back on his chair, with a palm full of nuts. Mfihlo stepped on a pile of dried leave, and that alerted his aging father of his presence.

"I didn't think I would ever see my son again. You couldn't even call just to pacify your mother," he drawled, his tone carrying the same huskiness as his older son—only his huskiness was God-given.

"She sent back the car." Mfihlo stated, kicking a stone that was in front of him. "I know that she doesn't want me. She made

that very clear. But to send back my gift to her. Does she hate me that much?"

Dela sat up and looked at her son, wondering why he was in front of his moping, when he should be looking at the woman he claimed to love, and fighting for her. Had he not learned anything from him?

"Boy, fight for your woman. I fought your mother too."

Mfihlo chuckled. "I'm not you. I do not force my feelings on a person. And besides, my situation with Azania is very different from yours and mom. When you and mom broke up, you had experienced all the love together. You shared the feeling, and you got back together because the feelings were still alive and strong. Azania and I never shared a romantic relationship."

"That's what you think. From the stories your mother says she hears from Mfiliseni about you, tells me that the two of you have been in love with each other from the start. You just used lamanyala akho as a cover. And that was very cowardly of you

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” Dela blurted.

Mfihlo sighed as soon as it hit him. He had done this. He had caused Azania to be disgusted by the idea of actually being in love with him. He shouldn't have showed her the bloodied and beaten body of Giovanni. How much would she hate him when she finds out that he went as far as killing him then? He shouldn't be sulking like this. Everything is his own fault, and he should carry his cross.

He sighed, burying his head in his hands. “What can I do, baba? What should I do? Advise me, because I don't know whom else to turn to.”

Dela chewed on his peanuts, trying to come up with words to tell his son.

“DADDY, DADDY, THERE IS A CAR ON THE DRIVEWAY!” his little sister shouted coming out of the back door. She abruptly stopped when her eyes landed on her brother. “Bhuti, you're here.” she exclaimed excitedly before jumping into his arms. Mfihlo chuckled before hugging her back. “What did you bring

for me?” This little girl had everything that she wanted, but more than everything, she loved sweets and it was a must that her siblings bring her some every time they came home.

“There is chocolate in my car.” Mfihlo said with his head tilted to the side and his invisible fingers crossed. His sister didn’t like chocolate that much, just sweet candy made of fruit.

“You are lucky I am craving it.” She took his car keys and hopped away.

Dela chuckled. “Go greet your mother before she burns this whole backyard.”

Mfihlo grunted before standing up and heading inside the house, to his mother’s sanctuary, her small library which contained all of her favourite books. Dela was known in most bookshops around town because his wife would always send him to buy her new books, at least 6 times a month. Whenever he started complaining, she would be like ‘so I should leave this book hanging? Why?’

“I was wondering when you were going to show your face, idiot boy.” She said lowering the book from her face, placing a book mark on the last read page before closing it and taking off her reading glasses.

“Hawu mah, what have I done?” he asked with a smile before leaning down to hug her.

“I heard your car driving in but you didn’t bother to come and greet me. You only went to that useless sperm donor of yours.” She spat carelessly and Mfihlo broke into laughter.

“You know you are my favourite parent, mawami. Now how about you prepare some snacks for me? Only me and not my sperm donor?” he asked with a teasing smile.

“He was crying on my lap no so long ago, and now I am a sperm donor? Wow, after God, fear your own kids.” Dela said from the door before walking away and leaving both Thandanani and Mfihlo laughing their asses out.

They walked to the kitchen and Thandanani gestured that Mfihlo should sit. “You are lucky I had insomnia, so I woke up really early to cook creamy samp and beef curry. I then made salads.” She said dishing up for everyone in the house. “So did the girl finally see you for what you truly are and dump you?”

“Mom you are literally the worst mom any broken hearted man can ever ask for.” He said eating his food and Thandanani laughed. “You are really not helping.”

“Phela I ain’t one of your fake friends. I know exactly the type of a man you are. As my son and as a boyfriend. You forget that your father is exactly like you and both of you don’t deserve good hearted women. You deserve abo gold diggers who are going to spend all your money and kill you in the end.”

“Sthandwa, that’s enough.” Dela chirped in walking inside the kitchen. “The boy is going through a lot already. Can’t you see that he is dying inside? Give him a break and some motherly love.”

“That would make me a fake mother if I don’t tell it as it is.” she stated nonchalantly as she handed her husband a plate and squeezed herself between his legs. Dela chuckled.

“You seem to hate me but you can’t stay away from Me.” he said with a smirk and Thandanani rolled her eyes. She started feeding him and he also fed her.

“You guys are literally the worst couple to be around when you are going through a lot.” Mfihlo muttered and his parents laughed. His sister walked in and handed him his car keys.

“Your car smells bad.” she rolled her eyes dramatically as she raised her hands to him. He chuckled before picking her up and placing her on the counter. Her hands were squeaky clean but her face was nearly brown because of the chocolate. She hated dirty hands.

“You were there for chocolate. Why did you sniff around my car?”



“Your question is irrelevant.” She said shutting him up and everyone laughed.

“So what should I do?” Mfihlo asked his father as they sat at the lounge watching money heist.

“DON’T TELL ME YOU’RE PLANNING A MONEY HEIST! I AM WATCHING YOU!” Thandanani shouted passing the lounge, causing both men to laugh.

“You made a mistake by starting that sadistic relationship with her while you knew very well that you were in love with her from the very beginning. You have no choice but to humble yourself right now and just court her from the beginning. Court her like how a real Zulu man courts a woman. don’t do all those fancy stuff because she won’t be fazed by them, heck she even returned the car just to show that she is no longer impressed by the luxurious life you offer. Shela Intombi mfana. If you do it right, she won’t resist you.” Mfihlo sighed as he leaned back on the couch and closed his eyes.

“Can I sleep here tonight?”

“This is your home, son. You don’t even have to ask.”

“Bitch what the fuck is wrong with you? I should be on a plane right now with Wes but I was fuckin worried sick about you. Speak. I don’t have all day.” Fiona screamed at me as I continued lifting the weights, pretending that she wasn’t there.

When she saw that I wasn’t paying attention to her, she picked up a light dumbbell and threw it my way. Luckily, I anticipated her move, so I ducked. Damn, white people and their tantrums.

“OKAY, THAT’S IT! YOU TWO, OUT OF MY GYM!” the instructor shouted, moving closer to us. I am sure if Fiona was a black person, she would’ve been fined for disturbing peace or worse, arrested.

“We are leaving, but I will be back after a few minutes.” I mumbled as I picked up my water bottle and face towel. I strutted to the changing rooms with Fiona on my heels.

“Speak. And maybe I can catch an afternoon flight.” I huffed as I sat on the bench. “You stink.” She sat a few feet away from me and I just rolled my eyes.

“Don loves me. He told me that he loves me and that’s what happened.” She frowned.

“Are you fucking kidding me? You are in a relationship for godsake. The ‘I love you’ phrase is bound to slip up. Why are you being so dramatic?”

“We agreed that we were in a no strings attached relationship and he ruined everything by catching feelings.” She laughed but not in a funny way.

“You are stupid if you haven’t seen that before. The man was taken by you from the moment you officially introduced him to us. The way he looked at you and the way he talked about you. He was whipped and you may not want to admit it because you’re a coward who loves running but you love him.”

“I am not a coward.” I grunted and she laughed for real this time around.

“You are an idiot. You are being ignorant, acting stupid and that shit doesn’t suit you. Tell me, why did you ship the car back? It was a gift that didn’t even dent his pocket. Why did you give it back?” I rolled my eyes.

“I didn’t want anything that ties me to him and I can afford my own car.”

“Fuck, you are so hard headed. Who did you take it from? Your mother? Your father?”

“You are not listening to me, Fiona. We had an agreement with Don and he went against it just because of stupid feelings.”

“Hey! Feelings are not stupid and admitting that you have one for another person doesn’t make you weak. He loves you. He has seen all sides of you. He knows the real you, the prostitute, the family matriarch, the boss and the friend. He knows you even more than I do because he has slept with you, and I haven’t.” I looked up and I heard her sigh. “Give him a chance, a real chance this time around. What do you have to lose?”

“My dignity.” I murmured.

“Is it really important than love and affection?” I stood up and stretched my muscles a bit. “You honestly think you have some dignity left after our previous occupation?” I rolled my eyes. Seeing that I wasn’t going to answer her, she continued speaking. “So you lied to me when you said you liked him?” she asked seemingly making conversation with her inner self. The door opened and Lora peeped in.

“There is a delivery for you at the front desk.” She announced and I gave her a small smile.

“I will be there in a few minutes.” She nodded and then walked away.

I quickly shrugged off my clothes and stepped into the shower, washing away only the sweat. I was going to have a proper shower at home. I got out, drying my body and putting on shorts

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crop top and joggers as I shoved my gym clothes into my bag. Fiona followed as I stepped out of the changing room and walked to the front desk.

“The gentlemen were kind enough to wait.” Lora said as she pointed at the door. We walked out and I smiled when I found the car I ordered parked outside.

“This is Don?” Fiona questioned and I shook my head.

“This is me.”

The car even looked better upfront. It was a white Kia Optima. I had a thing for cars like this. I walked towards the salesman.

“Miss Mngadi, looking lovely as always. Please sign here.”

He handed me some papers and I signed them quickly before handing them back to him. He went to another car that was parked next to mine and retrieved a hamper basket filled with goodies. He handed me the basket and car keys. I smiled widely

as I passed my gym bag to Fiona and took what the salesman was giving me.

“It was great doing business with you and we hope to see you soon when you are coming to do a second purchase.” He shook my head before walking off.

I opened the driver’s door and peeked in. the smell of a brand new car hit me like a flood and I just fell in love with my car instantly. I placed the basket on the passenger seat and got out of the car, straightening to look at Fiona.

“It’s a nice car.” She muttered. There was a bit of excitement in her tone but I could see that she had so many questions going on in her head. Especially about Don and why I had lied to her in the first place.

“Where is your car?” I questioned.

“An Uber dropped me off. I was going to ask Wes to send one of his drivers to pick me up.”

“Then get in, so that I can tell you everything I think you need to know.” I slid into the car, placing the basket on the back seat before she made herself comfortable on the passenger seat.

“Please note that there are some things I am going to leave out because they are too confidential, even for my best friend.” She nodded. I drove off.

By the time I reached home, I was done narrating some things to her, leaving out some gruesome details like the possible murder of Gio but I did hint about going on a date with some man and how that led to one of our fall outs. It was my first time seeing Fiona being rendered speechless.

“Fifi.” She snapped her head towards my direction. I was already parked in the yard.

“You sure know how to keep a secret, Goldie. And here I thought we were friends.” I huffed.

“It is because we are friends that I am sharing this with you. You have earned that privilege. I shouldn’t even say anything



about the merits of my relationship with him because of the non-disclosure agreement but here I am, telling you. That should mean something.”

“I need a drink.” she stepped out of the car and walked inside the house.

I sighed and took my things before following her. The house was quiet because Nomnotho and Andile weren't in. Fiona was drinking whiskey. She raised her eyes to look at me before turning her attention back to the glass in her hand. I went to place my things in my room, showered, properly this time around and slipped into a white flower embroidered mesh bustier bodysuit, ripped detail denim shorts and white sneakers.

“Where are you going?” Fiona asked as soon as I stepped inside the lounge.

“There are a few things I need to fix. And before you ask, Don is not on that fixing list.”

“We hear you, Miss Pope.” I resisted the urge to roll my eyes.  
“Wes is coming to fetch me anyways. I will lock up using my key.”

“When are you coming back?”

“After a month. Maybe I will collect some materials which I think would be perfect for my lingerie.” I smiled, feeling proud of her.

“Okay. Safe travels.” I hugged her and walked out.

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I rang the intercom and after a few moments, the gate opened. I parked on the driveway and stepped out of the car. Volovolo, one of the house guards approached me with a polite smile.

“Miss Mngadi, Mr. Mthombeni will see you just now.” I quickly shook my head.

“I am actually looking for Silas. I would’ve called him but I don’t have his number.” He frowned but didn’t ask any questions. He retrieved his phone from the pocket and dialed a number. Few

seconds later, Silas appeared from the backyard, smoking as always.

“Are you trying to get me killed?” he teased and I chuckled. Volovolo quickly excused himself.

“Now why would I do that when you have been very good to me? You are like my favourite amongst Don’s employees.”

“The boss man would think otherwise. Anyways, how may I assist you? Nice wheels by the way.” He said checking out my car. I was about to thank him but the front door opened and Don appeared wearing only boxers. He looked like he had just woken up. He descended the stairs and stood only a few feet from me. He was sweating.

“I didn’t think I would see you again.” His voice sounded strange. Almost raw and hoarse. Silas stepped back but I quickly spoke up.

“Stop. I am here to see you, not him.” I said quickly and both men frowned at me. I decided to explain myself before Don could rip Silas into shreds. “I know you know Snakho’s new address. I need it.” My eyes were on Silas. He stole a glance at Don who wasn’t focused on anything but my face.

“You can write it down.” Silas spoke up and then he gave me the address which I typed on my phone and saved it. “If that would be all.” he bowed a little with a teasing smile before walking away. I turned and Don cleared his throat. I wasn’t about to give him a second of my time because I wasn’t here for him.

“Are you trying to kill me?” he rumbled. “I told you about my feelings. I know it wasn’t part of the agreement but I am human. I can’t control how I feel. Don’t shut me out because this is also new to me.”

“Goodbye, Don. And don’t forget to shower.” I climbed inside my car and drove off without sparing him a single glance.

I couldn't get the picture of him standing there looking helpless out of my mind. My feelings for him were undeniable but there was something also stopping me from being with him. I didn't know what it was. Maybe after my trip to the bundus, my head will be cleared and I will think straight.

Driving in to the complex, I just flashed my boobs, a seductive smile plastered on my face and the security was kind enough to open for me. I stole a glance of his dick and there sure was a tent building underneath his pants. Poor man. I drove in and parked on the visitors' spot then made my way to Snakho's apartment. Room 302. The complex was pretty fancy and in a safe neighbourhood but it wasn't like the one Don owned.

I knocked and after a few minutes, I heard mumbled curses before the door snatched opened and she stood there wearing a short silky robe. She reeked of sex. She seemed shocked to see me.

"May I come in?"

She quickly masked her shock and stepped aside. I walked in and stood a few feet from her, taking in the sight of her lounge, kitchen and small dining area. Everything looked neat and in order. I guess whoever she had over, had left already.

“Please give me a moment to change.” She hurried to the corridor and disappeared to one of the closed door. I sat down on the long couch and placed my bag on the coffee table. My phone beeped and I quickly took it out of my bag. It was a message from an unknown number.

‘Have lunch with me on Saturday. – Melamina’

I have never held a decent conversation with Mfiliseni’s wife. She seemed very different from me and I honestly didn’t know what she wanted us to talk about. She was weird, in a good way though. A perfect match for her unpredictable husband. Maybe she wanted to talk to me about Don. Did he tell her about our break up? If I can call it that? But since I had no clue what she wanted to talk about. I responded.

‘Would love to. Thanks for the invite.’

I saved her contacts and straightened when I heard quiet steps. Snakho appeared dressed in a short summer dress and slippers. She had a beanie on to hide her disastrous hair. She sat on the single seater and starred at me.

“Gosh, I should’ve offered you something to drink by now. Sorry about my manners. It’s just that I have never hosted a proper guest before.” She spoke quickly, reminding me of her younger self. She usually spoke like this when she was nervous or guilty of something.

“You don’t have to worry about that. I am not staying for long.” I didn’t care to ask about a possible guest in her bedroom. It wasn’t none of my business. I wasn’t about to play the concerned big sister right now. I think that would be very hypocritical of me.

Her face fell. “Ohh. I wouldn’t even ask how you knew about where I lived. Your man probably hired someone to track me down.” Keep watch and he wasn’t my man, not anymore. But I wasn’t about to correct her. I wouldn’t want her throwing herself at him. “How can I help you?”

“Who did your mother sell the house to?”

“Mr. and Mrs. Mkhanda, they went to the same church with your mother.” I nodded. I remembered the couple. Mrs. Mkhanda was besties with Snakho’s mother, so it’s not a wonder why she sold the house to her.

“Do they hold a title deed?” she shook her head.

“I think I might have seen something like that in my mother’s documents.” She quickly stood up and hurried away, only to return after a few minutes with a brown envelope. She took out many papers, spread them on the table before finding what she was looking for. “Aha. I presume it was an illegal sale since the house technically still belongs to your mother.” She handed me a piece of paper and I took it, reading what was written. It stated that mom was the owner of the house. Exactly what I needed.

“How long have you had these documents?”



“Since my mother’s death. I wasn’t interested in any of them. One day I was scanning through them when I saw that letter but it didn’t catch my attention. What did was a letter addressed to your father. Some of the ink in it was fading. It seems like she never gave him the letter but it clearly stated that I was his daughter.” I nodded and stood up.

“I guess I will be heading out then.” I took my bag. She also stood up.

“Can we hang out some time? Please.” She pleaded and I sighed.

I knew how it felt losing your mother. I am sure it was worse for her since she has never met her father. Her mother was her world and once her world crushed, she was lonely. She should’ve been grieving and not throwing herself to older men. I didn’t grieve the death of my own mother. I had no time to mope around. I had to grow up fast and provide for my siblings. It was hard but after leaving her house

I never shed a tear. I created a leaking tank in my mind where I stored my tears. It could never be full and I could never let them out. No matter what. She had no one to turn to, well except she had us. Her siblings. But she had to change her ways first before I could take her under my wing.

I stilled. “We can go out for drinks Saturday night.” She smiled widely.

“Thank you.”

“Bye.” I walked out. I hoped I wouldn’t regret my decision.

...

My siblings were stunned by the new car. They were speechless even. The opinionated Nomnotho had no words and the ever curious Andile had absolutely nothing to say. I wondered how shocked they would be if I were to tell them about my trip back to the bundus tomorrow or my encounter with Snakho. I knew I had to make them understand and become the adult. They sat on the two-seater couch, while I looked back at them from the

one sitter couch. They were patiently waiting to hear what I had to say.

"Something has happened in my personal life, that I can't tell you as yet, but I'll be leaving for Newcastle in a--"

"What are you going there for?" Nomnotho interrupted, her tone indicating a lot of disagreement with my decision to go back home.

I sighed. "There are some things I need to sort out. The house is still under mom's name, and I need to get back what's left of her. I want us to have a home."

"What home? As far as I'm concerned we already have a home. A beautiful one at that. We lost our home the minute umoya waMa uhlukana nomzimba wakhe. How are you even going to get it back? You don't even have the documentation to take it from the current owner," she spoke, her voice gradually increasing.

I looked to Andile, and he was just sitting there next to his sister, showing no move to calm his sister down. Why would he though? He doesn't even remember the home we are talking about--let alone our mother.

"I have the documents."

She gasped, clapping her hands once just like mom used to do.  
"Since when are you best friends with Snakho?"

Why is she making all this difficult? "Its not like that. Snakho and I..."

"There's a Snakho and you now?" She questioned. "I don't even care. Are you really willing to risk being dragged to court for a distant memory?"

"She's not a distant memory," I said in a sigh.

She shook her head, standing up, then she stared down at me.  
"Do what you want Azania. But I honestly don't want any part

of it" with that she walked out of lounge, and disappeared towards the bedrooms. Andile was seated on the edge of the sofa. I could tell he felt caught in the middle and didn't know whether or not to stay with him or go to Nomnotho. "You know if you go to her she's gonna want to have your head. Just finish up on your schoolwork, or go work out. Why does it look like your muscles are deflating now?"

He laughed, but you could just tell it was forced.

Why did Nomnotho react like that? She has no reason to call our home a distant memory.

I took a deep breath, and looked out the window. A lot of emotions were stirring up at me--emotions I thought would have cleared once I reached the soils of Newcastle, but I've been here almost a day, and the turmoil is still brewing inside me. I could help thinking about Nomnotho, how she refuses to renew our home. Mom would've loved for her children to get back their home, and preserve her memory, somehow. She would want her future grandchildren packed into the space that she had dedicated almost her whole life into making a home. Maybe its nothing. Maybe she's just overwhelmed and all she needs is time.

Time.

My phone vibrated on top of the vanity, and when I checked thinking it's Andile, Melamina's name was bright on my phone screen. I stared at it for some time, contemplating on whether or not to answer. It could be Mfihlo trying to get a hold of me through other means since he was blocked, but maybe it isn't.

"Hey. Are you good to talk?" Melamina's voice came, sounding panicked and out of breath.

"Sure. What's up?"

She took in a deep breath. "No one's home, and I can't find any of the family members. But I can feel the baby coming," she ended it off with a small and nervous giggle.

My alarms shot up, and I looked around for my keys, but quickly remembered I wasn't around to help. Why would they even be unreachable when they have a person close to popping in their mist? What happened to Mfiliseni watching her like a hawk. Where was he when his wife needed him? She screamed, a loud and piecing one, and I heard a thud.

"Melamina! Melamina, are you there?" I screamed frantically, but she didn't answer, but a part of my heart had calmed down because I could still hear her screaming, and trying to get her breathing in check, but it was faint. I dropped the call, and immediately dialed Silas, pacing up and down while I listened for it to ring.

"Miss Azania, it's not a good time," he whispered, and I heard another scream--this time it was one filled with pain and agony. Then I heard it--it was faint and slightly sounded away from normal--but I heard Mfihlo's voice in the background. I couldn't hear what he was saying, and quite frankly I didn't have the time to fuss about it.

"Melamina is in labour. I need you to drop everything, and go to her, cause if anything happens it will be on your heads," I shouted, then dropped the call, to dial Melamina. I closed my eyes, praying she has the energy to pick up. "I can't come. I'm not around, but I found help."

"I am driving to the hospital or I will be delivering this child on the floors, because I can't wait...fuck...its coming Azania," she screamed again. God! Her contractions sounded too close together, she is really having the baby soon.

"Breath!" I ordered.



The call cut. I kept trying to call back, but it still went unanswered. My body limped on the bed and I exhaled all my worries. God please protect your children.

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Driving home felt weird, not just because I haven't been around for a long time, but because it has been more than three hours and I still didn't know what was happening with Melamina. Silas wasn't answering, and I never got around to get Mfiliseni's number. Mfihlo was a no go. But I pushed it all to the back of my mind, as I parked my car across the street, and walked over to the large gate that read 'Dladla' on it. The house was even gated now? The nerve. I checked the gate, found that it was opened and I walked over the cemented floor. The house was no longer the bright green I remembered it to be. It was now painted in a light pink, with aluminum windows and a door. The small pot plants that used to line the front windows were gone, and so was her little floor garden at the edge of the yard. Nomnotho was right, everything I remembered about our home was now just a distant memory. They had changed everything. The very essence that made this home a peace heaven.

I took in a deep breath

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delivering two strikes on the door. A child opened, probably two years younger than Andile, her head tilted to the side as she looked at me with a nervous smile. "Sawbona," I greeted.

"Yebo, Sawbona."

"Are you parents home?" I asked, peeking over her shoulder.

"Mama, someone is here for you," she screamed after walking into the house. I stood there in my heels, waiting for the mother to come. A few seconds later she appeared, dressed in a pink pinafore and her hair packed into untidy braids. Her face was so familiar. She looked at me, her head tilted just like her child's. I cleared my throat and held the brown envelope tighter against my chest. "Sawbona, could we please talk? I have come with a pressing message."

She nodded, welcoming me into the house. I sat down on the couch, and internally cried when I noticed that the picture of my mother that dominated the wall was gone. They had honestly removed everything about her. "Tea?" She offered.

"No thank you." She nodded, then sat down, silently urging me to speak. "I know it isn't your fault, and I won't bore you with all the logistics behind it, but this house was stolen from my mother, and the sale to your family was illegal, since the house still belongs to my mother. I know its too much to ask, but I would like to have it back," I spoke.

She sighed. "What do you mean illegal? I can't just pack and leave, I didn't know that the house wasn't her house, nor do I have anywhere to go."

"I understand that. That's why I am willing to buy it and giving you at least two months to get your things sorted. Please. This home means so much to me to just let go. I hope you understand that," I pleaded.

"Leave you number and we will see, because I hear you, but I can't lose my home over something I wasn't told about," she stated.

I frowned. This woman was practically besties with Snakho's mother. She probably knew that Snakho's mother stole the house from us and chased us out like rubbish. I smiled a little and sat up. It didn't look like she recognized me, but then I don't blame her. When I left Newcastle back then, I was just plain Jane and now I looked like a reality TV star.

"The request was just me simply being polite. You don't have legal papers that outlines you as the legal owners of the house. If there is any, they are fake and I would do anything to prove that in court. If I want, I can just call the cops on you because you're basically trespassing. You have no claim of this house and you know it, so don't act clueless. Instead of two months, I am giving you 28 days to vacate this house. I could compensate you for all the renovations even though I didn't ask for them, but please move out of my house. Goodbye." I stood up with a smile and gracefully walked out. I knew I just made another enemy in Newcastle but I would fight for my mother's house till the day I died.

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I was back at the lodge by nightfall, showered and relaxed. I had called home, and everything was pretty much the same. Nomnotho was still a sour puss, and my brother was being forced to tip toe around her bad mood, to avoid getting an undeserved earful. But at least he had the gym and practice to keep him away for a few hours each day. I settled on the bed, opened Netflix on my phone, and placed my wine bottle in between my thighs. I was watching Tinder Swindler, its some movie documentary I've seen multiple people rave about on Social media, so I needed to give it a try.

My phone rang while I was deep in the movie. I answered it in a rushed manner, downing some wine from the bottle. "Hello?"

No voice came, but I could hear the breathing. I pulled away the phone from my ear, and it was Mfihlo's other number. Shit. I placed the phone back onto my ear and waited. Waited for him to find his voice. "We got to her late. She had already given birth on the floor, but the doctor's checked up on them both, and they seem fine. But he is keeping them in for observations just to be sure."

I sighed. "Thank you. For telling me. I was really worried."

Silence reigned once more.

"When are you coming back from Newcastle?" I frowned and quickly looked around, suddenly feeling paranoid and uncomfortable.

"Are you having me followed?" a forced chuckle escaped his lips.

"You are the woman I love, so I have to make sure you are safe at all times. Please notify me once you're back. We need to talk." He hung up leaving me gobsmacked.

Why was he having me followed? Where could I ever escape his drama? Fuck.

“She is retarded. Completely insane. Arg. Now I just wish I had come with you.”

Nomnotho went on and on expressing her anger after I had told her about the encounter with the woman currently occupying our mother’s house. I had just arrived home and she was very keen on knowing about my journey. If it was someone else, I would be confused because she didn’t seem to give a damn about my trip when I left but I knew my sister and as much as her heart is ice cold, it can be changed when it comes to her family.

“Don’t worry. She will be vacating soon. I just think maybe I should compensate her for all the renovations they did on the house. I don’t know.” I shrugged and she looked at me like I had grown two horns.

“You are not going to give a single cent to those criminals. You don’t owe them anything. Next time we go there and find them still at the house, I swear to God, I am going to bury them alive.” I rolled my eyes at my dramatic sister.

“I have to go see Melamina's child at the hospital. See you later.” I stood up and she frowned.

“Who is Melamina?”

“Mfihlo's sister in law. She gave birth yesterday.”

“Ohh okay. Go see that young devil. Honestly I don't understand people's obsessions with kids. These creatures wail and poop all the time. I would be depressed if I had a baby.” That sounded so wrong but this was Nomnotho. She hardly said anything in a correct manner. “I will stop by at the eatery.”

“Thank you, sis.” I didn't tell her about the possibility of me going out with Snakho. I knew she was going to take it as a betrayal. I loved my siblings so much and I was the eldest, so I had to try and make them get along with Snakho. I wasn't going to force her down their throats but I didn't think it was wise of me to just ignore her presence. Maybe she needed me in her life. Needed guidance from a person slightly older than her.



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I went pass the mall to purchase a few things for the baby. I didn't know the gender yet, so I got white and yellow clothes for the baby. I also bought a few things for Melamina. I hoped she would appreciate them. I pulled up at the hospital. Luckily I timed my visit with the visiting hours, so I was let in without a hassle. I passed a woman at the corridor who was busy shouting at someone over the phone. Everyone could hear her. Damn, I didn't wish to be on the other end of the line. I got to Melamina's ward and knocked before entering. She was watching TV and she smiled when her eyes landed on me.

“My guardian angel.” I laughed, walking inside. We were not that familiar with each other, but I guess that phone call brought us closer.

“You drove me crazy, you know that? I was four hours away from Joburg and I had never felt so helpless in my life.”

She giggled. “But you did come through for me. Hadn't you reached Silas in time, I think my baby would've died and I would've eventually bled out.”

“Well I am glad you're okay. I brought you something.” I handed her the paper bags and she smiled before opening them.

Her face beamed. “These are so cute.” She took out the baby clothes and smelled them. “I am obsessed with baby clothes, and no, I am not a weirdo.” I laughed.

“I didn't say you were.” She extended her arms and I went in for a hug.

“Thank you so much, for everything. Now do you want to see your godchild?” I frowned, my eyes popping out. “Don't act so shocked. You saved my son on his first day on earth. Nobody deserves this title more than you.”

I recovered from my shock and smiled at her. "Thank you for the title. Now I can't wait to meet him." She smiled widely, pointing at a baby cot not far from her.

"His name is Liyakhanya Kwanele Mthombeni. His father named him Liyakhanya ikusasa because despite his horrible timing, we believe he has a bright future ahead. And I named him Kwanele because I am done pushing out Mthombeni big heads." I laughed and walked closer to baby Liyakhanya.

"He has beautiful names." I bent down and carefully picked him up.

"Damn, that ass is so fine, so round so appetizing." A hoarse female voice nearly made me halt on my movements but baby Liya suddenly opened his eyes and stared at me. His eyes looked exactly like Don's. It was like I am staring at baby Don. I brought him closer to my face and he let out the cutest yawn I have ever heard before closing his eyes. I brought him to my chest and quietly rocked him back to sleep. I turned to face the woman who had complimented my ass and I frowned when I saw that it was the screaming lady from the

corridor. She wore tight jeans, a black turtleneck and black boots.

“If you don’t want Mfihlo to kill you, lay off his woman.” Melamina spoke up and I turned to look at her.

“His eyes...” I trailed off and she laughed.

“I know. It's weird. But I am sure they mesmerized you.” I blushed and sat down with baby Liya still in my arms.

“So you're the woman who has my brother wrapped around her finger?” the woman asked moving closer to me. “You're so beautiful though. Pity you chose the most uptight sibling. But you guys are married yet. You can still change your mind.” She leaned closer to me and planted a soft kiss on my cheek. I was stunned and a bit mesmerized. This woman was hot, but not my cup of tea. I have never imagined myself with a woman before.

“I will kill you, Khosi. Try me.” His voice was stern and a bit loud. It startled the baby Liya because he opened his charming eyes again and this time he seemed wide awake. So this was Makhosi Mthombeni, the Mthombeni first princess? She was not what I pictured her to be. I was expecting a spoiled brat. Definitely not a butch. Khosi chuckled, stepping back.

“You would really kill your favourite sister for pussy?” she teased and Don grumbled.

“She is not just pussy and I love her. So, yeah. I would kill anyone who threatens to take her away from me.” He was serious and it took all in me not to roll my eyes.

“Where would she leave her two women because Azania seems like a woman who doesn’t like sharing?” Melamina asked and I frowned raising my head for the first time since Don walked it. Our eyes met and he gave me a charming smile. Fuck he was tempting and too gorgeous. Some might say he was too hot for comfort. My eyes took in his outfit. He was wearing a dark green long sleeved tight shirt, white dress pants and black loafers. He looked dangerously handsome, not miserable like the last time I saw him.

“I know I am hot, but you don’t need to zone out while checking me out.” He said with a smirk and I rolled my eyes before turning to Melamina.

“Two women?” I asked and both Melamina and Khosi laughed. Don occupied the sit next to me and kissed my forehead. “I miss you.” He whispered in my ear and I swallowed hard.

“Yes, she is a polygamist or a polyandrist, still not sure between the two but she is in a committed relationship with two women.” Melamina explained and it sounded absurd.

“Qaluyiva.” Everyone laughed and baby Liya yawned. “I think he is hungry.” Melamina extended her arms and Don quickly took the kid from me and placed it in Mela's arms.

“So what do you do? You look like a model.” Khosi said as she leaned on the wall and stared at me. She also had that intimidating look that Don had.

“I am actually a chef. I have my own food truck and I aspire on opening a restaurant soon.” Her eyes popped out. She seemed legit shocked.

“You lie. Are you telling me that you have never been a supermodel or have you never wished to be one?”

“I was a stripper and a prostitute before I became a professional chef. So aspiring about becoming a model wasn't on my cards. All I thought about was providing for my siblings and saving money to start my own business.”

“You were a prostitute?” Mela questioned and I nodded.

“Wow.” That as barely audible

“So did my brother take you out of that life?” Khosi questioned further and I chuckled.

“In a sense. I wasn't your regular prostitute that charged maybe 5k per night. I was a high class one. I had acquired enough money. So I quit and went to settle my sister's tuition fees.

Then I got invited to this strip gig, fast forward, I met Don and hit it off but he definitely didn't rescue me." They both nodded.

"Anyways, I have a fashion show in 2 weeks. One of my models dropped out because she got into a terrible car accident. Can you please fill in for her? I know I am putting you in a tight spot. You don't even know me, but please." She pleaded and I looked at Don.

"I am not getting involved." He mumbled and I chuckled.

"You will have to send me all the details about it and I will do it, if I am not busy on that day. If I am, I will just send in my sister." She nodded with a smile.

"I need to talk to you. Meet me at my house in 10 minutes." Don said before standing up and bidding farewell to the two women and baby Liya. He walked out and Melamina looked at me.



“How do you deal with that, though? I swear he is always tense or something. He seldom laughs or let loose.” I laughed and scooted closer to her so that I can kiss baby Liya goodbye.

“You just know how to handle your pet.” I winked and they both laughed.

...

I got to his house and searched for him in almost every room. When I couldn't find him, I just knew where he was. I descended the stairs to the basement and opened the door. I was never ready for the sight before me. I was shocked to the core.

“Mfihlo, what are you doing?” my voice was barely audible.

“Showing you how much I love you and how much you mean to me.”

"What do you mean you want to show me how much you love me?" I asked, my voice still trembling, and sounding somewhat inaudible. He simply just looked at me smiling, as he walked closer to where I stood. I wanted to run. To get away from him because I knew what his touch would do to me. But my legs didn't want to run. They stayed rooted to the ground, as I watched him come closer. "Please Mfihlo. Don't come any closer."

He stopped. "I need you to know how much you mean to me."

"I don't care how much I mean to you. Whatever you say won't change my decision. You need to let this go Don," I begged, hoping that would urge him to drop this whole thing.

"I need to say this, Pup," he said in a rushed tone. "I know how we started, but like I had told you before, I felt something the first time I saw you, and I had to find out what that something was. I wanted to be different. I wanted to do all that romance shit. Wow you. And show you how much I was interested. But I knew that wouldn't happen. I understood the person you are, and the responsibility you have. I understood that I couldn't

possibly expect you to leave your source of income for something you weren't even sure would pan out okay, but at the same time I couldn't allow you to walk away. I didn't want you to slip through my fingers before I could get the chance to love you. Before we could get a chance to love each other. That's the reason for everything. For the contract. For the money. You would get to leave your job knowing that you are secured in everyway possible, and I got to have some of you. I'm standing in front of you, asking that you soften your heart and let me build a home in your heart. Allow me to love you the way you deserve. I am not going to pretend I know how you are feeling, but all I am asking is for you to let me in. Let me hold your hand, and be by your side while you kick ass. Give me the chance to climb up the highest mountain and scream to the world that I love. Please. "He was standing in front of me, his hands hanging midway, as he looked at me. I could look at him. My head was bowed, as I tried to catch the tears that had made an appearance before they fell.

Why was he so close? And why does my chest feel like its closing. Jesus! What is this man doing to me?

"Mfihlo," I exhaled, clinging onto my chest.

"Yes baby?"

"I need...I need to breathe. All of this is just too overwhelming."

He didn't answer, but I could hear his footsteps moving away from him, and I took that as a chance to breathe. But when I finally felt like I had inhaled enough air to breathe, I got curious as to what he was doing because I could hear shuffling. I looked up and I saw him walking back to me. I could spot a whip and cuffs in his hands. My eyes enlarged. Is he really trying to get freaky while we aren't in a good place? Is that what on his mind?

He made me open my hands and placed the two items into my hands. "I am giving up my control to you," he said in one breath, then he looked at me in the eyes for the longest time. Then I saw it. I did not believe but I saw it. Mfihlo lowered to his knees and sighed like a man whose been defeated. "I submit to you Azania."

God!

I quickly sunk to my knees, joining in on the ground and cupped his face, making him look at me. What the hell was he doing?

"Don't do that. You don't have to show me that you love me. I know you do Mfihlo. I've felt it for the longest time, but I just couldn't accept it. Love wasn't something that I was promised," I stated, sucking in a deep breath.

"But you love me too, right?" He asked, a glint of hope shining in his eyes as he looked at me with yearning.

I sighed and looked aside, taking in a deep breath, before I looked back at him and nodded. "I do. I do love you too Mfihlo."

As soon as the words left me lips, his face surged forward, and his lips descended to mine. I responded with the same eagerness, moving my hands all over his still bald head. He helped the both of us stand up, while we still fought to keep our lips connected. He picked me up, and I tightly circled my legs around his waist. He pulled back and looked up at me

laughing. The effects of the kiss still evident in his eyes. "You're heavier."

I smacked his arm with an exaggerated gasp. "You don't say that."

"I'm sorry," he chuckled. "I'm just highlighted how seemingly unbothered our break up made you."

I was about to answer, when his lips shut me up, and I moved with him, moaning at the feel of his lips. I missed this. I missed him. I missed feeling my core ache to close around him. I felt him move, but it wasn't towards the bed in the basement, but up the stairs. We were leaving? I pulled back, and just hugged him

nuzzling into his neck. "Where are we going?"

"To our bedroom. I want to make love to my woman," he declared proudly.

"Will it be as good as fucking me was?"

"I'm sure I can make it a bit better for you, baby," he squeezed my thigh. I heard the door squeeze, then he placed me on the bed, and just looked at me. "Do you also feel like you were made just to love me?"

"Can we save the sentiment for after you get to work on my body?"

He laughed. Clutching his stomach and throwing his head back. "You are such an impatient addict. I wonder how you survived without it during our break."

"I had a dildo, and the numerous images of you taking me in different positions," I said softly, looking at him through hooded eyes, then I bit my lip.

"Pup," it came out strained and pained, but that seemed to give him some sort of zeal, because he was on top of me, his lips running down the side of my face, to the base of my neck. His hand was tight on the side of my waist, and I moaned, arching my body up to meet his and get some sort of friction. He

chuckled into my mouth, and I could just hear him saying 'Impatient in his head.'

He pulled my dress up, going lower, and my skin spiked awaiting the pleasure that was to come. He tugged my panties lower and his head disappeared in between my thighs. I took in a deep breath when I felt the first lap on my clit.

His hand disappeared under my dress to find my breast, as I screamed loudly from the pleasure he was giving me. I tried to squeeze my body as I felt the fast approaching orgasm. Why was I already orgasming so early? I'm never this easy. Why is my body acting different now? I panted loudly, pushing his head deeper, urging him to go faster. I arched my back and let out an unattractive skin. My heart rate increased as I tried to take in deep breaths. "That's was fast," he commented, coming to my face.

"Less talking, and more pleasing me," I stated.

He chuckled, then took off my dress. Once I was exposed, he stared down at me. Reacquainting his eyes with every curve and dip of my body. His eyes fell to my stomach, allowing them



to linger at that area, before his hands dropped to stroke it.  
"Can I knock you up?"

"Did you not just hear me say less talking and more pleasing. Or do I need to just take your penis and put it inside me myself?" I clipped out.

His eyes snapped back to mine, and his arms moved a lot as he worked on getting his pants off. I sucked in a breath as soon as I felt the head brush against my entrance. My teeth sunk into my lip as he pushed himself inside in one swift moved. His eyes closed, and a low grumble came from the base of his throat.  
"Fuck."

He looked to my eyes, slowly dragging himself inside and out. The slow pace frustrated me, but I understood why he was savoring the moment. I could tell making love to me meant a lot of him. I dragged my nails up and down his back, moaning as he went in deeper, stretching out my walls just as he always did before. "Stop squeezing me or else I am going to cum right now."

I all but pulled him closer, and moaned in his ear, urging him to increase his pace a tad bit, because I was losing my mind.

He seemed to get the message because his hips surged forward, igniting an even louder moan to erupt from the depths of my throat as he drove deeper inside me. He pumped in a few more times, before his strokes started to feel sloppy. He dropped his head in between my breasts, and he let out a loud bellow, making me feel his load shooting inside my vagina. I gasped. The fuck? Hell no. How can he come before me? And he wasn't even making efforts to continue his strokes, "You aren't dozing off before I get my release. Start stroking Mr."

He bit the valley of my breasts, and he started pumping. Surging his hips up faster, my breathing became ragged and I gripped the sheets hard as the wave overcame me.

"Be mine, Azania. All of you," he stated.

"Say please, and I might just tell you how much I love you."

By the time morning came in, my mind was already fixed on Mfihlo, because the first thing when I woke up in the bright room, with all the curtains pulled back to welcome the light from the blazing sun, was to move my feet over his side, searching for his sleeping frame. I huffed, when I found out he wasn't there, and I just turned over to lie on my back facing the ceiling. Why couldn't he stay in bed with me to savour the remainders of last night? Maybe he was already gone to the club. Gone to being Don.

I sighed, rolled over and retrieved my phone from the pedestal. There were no missed calls or texts from home. I guess Nomnotho hasn't tried to murder Andile as yet. I went to my contacts and my finger hovered Snakho's number, I was tempted to cancel so I could spend the day in with Mfihlo, but I decided not to. A promise is a promise. I then in turn called Melamina.

"I hear 'I love you's' have been finally said. How are you?" She answered in a tired voice.

An instant blush crept over to my cheeks. "He's told you already?"

"Not really. Mfihlo had told uBaba. He told uMa, and ke everyone knows how Mfiliseni and Ma are the best of friends. She couldn't keep it in her chest and she passed the information onto him. Then finally to me. I am so happy for you." She explained.

I smiled. "I thought it would be different now that we've told each other we feel. I thought something will change, but it all just feels the same. Everything feels like it did before."

"That's because you had already fallen for him before. Your body already knows how to love him." The wail of a child sounded, and she cursed. "Shit! I have to get him. But we'll conference call later, regarding Khosi's fashion show. You're going, right."

"We'll talk," I said, then dropped the call because I could hear Liya crying louder.

I threw my phone onto the empty side of the bed, and stretched my body, moaning when I heard the pop sound. Thereafter, I tumbled out of bed, and got a t-shirt off the floor, wore my panties and walked out the room. As I walked down the corridor, I could pick up the hint of smoke lingering in the air, and I could hear a deep voice. I moved closer, and saw a big man sitting on the single seater, a gun resting on the arm rest. Seriously? He was wearing all black in this heat? My eyes dragged over to the other person in the room. It was Mfihlo. He was topless and he was taking out bundles of money from a big black bag and placing it on the coffee table. The unknown man shifted in his seat. "Someone's watching us," he announced.

How? How did he know that? He didn't even turn to look at me, so how?

Mfihlo headed the man's warning, and his head moved around scanning the room, then they landed on me. His eyes raked over my body, then the bag was thrown on the floor and he was on his feet, walking toward me with an expression that wasn't too jolly. He stopped right in front of me, making sure to block me with monstrous body frame. "Could you please go get dressed?"

"No. I should be free to do what I want in my boyfriend's house

" I challenged him. Boyfriend? That word felt weird rolling off my tongue. It would take time for me to get used to saying it. Maybe I should call him my man. I mean how can you call a male who is in his thirties a 'boyfriend'? That title belongs to those boys who still complain when you ask to be spoiled or taken out to a restaurant every once in a while.

He sucked in a deep breath, and his eyes closed. "Pup, please. If you want to be naked, at least stay away from this part of the house."

"We are going out in a few hours. Please make sure your meeting is over soon," I smiled, before disappearing back to the bedroom. The bed was made in lightening speed, then I was inside the shower, washing off the sweat of the night. As I finished I was a bit disappointed because I had half expected for Mfihlo to coming in during my shower, but I guess he was still too busy counting his money. I sat on the bed and took out my phone to call Andile. He answered after multiple rings. "Yeah, what's up?" He answered breathless. I heard screaming and cheering in the background.

"You have a game today?" I asked.

"Not really. Its just a practice session. Did you need something Sisi," his voice trailed off, and I rolled my eyes chuckling. He was so not interested in talking to me today.

"Its fine. I was just asking about you, and Nomnotho."

"I'm good. Nomnotho was murderous when I left this morning. So I'm guessing she's good. I'll call you later." Then the called ended. I stared at the phone screen blankly. Since when is Andile rude?

I was still mad that Don hadn't come to the room till now. He had already expressed his opinion about me wearing a short clothes but he wasn't paying attention to me, so these were the consequences of his actions. My part of the closet in his room contained very nice clothes but I only retrieved knee high boots and sexy lingerie which I put on. I then went to his part of the closet and took out a crisp white dress shirt which I put on and

paired it with a belt and my boots. I did my make up and hair. I looked flawless.

His car keys were kept in his bedside drawer, so I took out one of them and also his wallet. I swear to God, I was going to punish him by bankrupting him. Walking back downstairs, he was still at the lounge but this time around, there were dozens of men seated with him, seemingly engaged in a deep conversation. One of them spotted me first and then all of them looked at me. Don jolted up and came my way.

“Don't even think of touching me. I don't want you ruining my outfit.” I raised my hands to stop him from coming closer.

“Pup, you're not dressed.” He groaned.

“Glad you noticed. Hello everyone?” I said to the men before walking out. The topless man was still hot on my heels. Luckily the garage was opened and the car I was hoping for was closer to the door.

“Babe, wait. Where are you going? Are you just going to ignore what I said to you?” he held my wrist and I looked at his hand before staring back at his face. I placed my bag on top of the car.



“Let me get this straight, Donatus Mthombeni. You ask me to be your woman, I agree. We spend the whole night making love to one another. You wake up early and you can't even have the decency of making me breakfast in bed? Or ask one of your helpers to do it for you? You get straight to business and the first thing that comes out of your mouth is your complaints about what I am wearing? Wow. I really thought after giving you my heart I will be given some level of respect, affection and time. Not this.” I opened the car door and he sighed.

“I am not good at this relationship stuff.” Who said I was the expert? “Can I please make it up to you? I will chase all of them out and we will go have breakfast somewhere. I wouldn't want your beautiful outfit going to waste.” I folded my arms closer to my chest and looked away. “Please Pup.” He stepped closer to me, intoxicating me with his masculine smell like always. I huffed, rolling my eyes.

“Fine.” He smiled widely and perked my lips.

“Thank you. Now come, and relax, I am not going to fuck you.”

“As if that's not what you think about when you see my body.” He broke into laughter.

“Guilty as charged.” We stepped back inside the house to the lounge where the men were still seated. “Gents, as you all know, this is Azania. The woman that I love and my future wife. I expect you to treat her with respect and protect her at all times. Her safety is your number one priority. If we were to get into trouble, you would have to make sure she is safe first before assisting me.” He turned to me. “Pup, these are the gents, well a quarter of them.” They all chuckled.

“I officially welcome you to the family, boss lady.” Silas teased and I chuckled.

“How about you make yourself some coffee or smoothie while I get ready? I will only take less than 5 minutes?” I nodded and headed to the kitchen, being glad for having addressed the issue of him not giving me his attention.

“God, Wes is impossible. Can you believe he turned down the idea of me buying my own material for my boutique? The nigga just said I should write down what I need and his men will go pick it up. When I told him I had the money he gave me, he just said it was for my own pleasure not business related. He is such a pain in the ass.” I laughed at her nice life problems. I missed my best friend so much and her traveling all over the world made it difficult for us to connect. “God, you’re laughing at my misery.” Good to know she hadn’t discarded her dramatic behaviour.

“If he wants to do this for you babe, let him do it. You know how men love being in control. And Wes has too much money to waste.” She chuckled and shook her head.

“But I gotta admit his team found beautiful high quality products and some special gems. I am telling you, friend, I am going to take the South African lingerie business to the next level. I already have so many sketches. The moment I come back, I will design the first line. After launching it, I will then hire people to work for me.”

“How I would love to be your model, but I know Don wouldn’t agree.”

“Plus babe you have that exquisite body but I don’t wanna cross Don again. I will go to the strip club and get a few strippers to work for me. I will make it worth their while.” I smiled.

“It’s good to see you wanting to help our former colleagues.”

“Our previous occupation shouldn’t be a permanent thing. We should try by all means to enrich those we left behind. We should never forget them, even if we weren’t close friends with them.”

“Thank Wes’s dick for me. It has made your wise.” She raised her middle finger and I chortled.

“What’s up with you and Don, anyways? I saw your Instagram story and his but I just wanted to confirm that my eyes aren’t deceiving me.” I giggled and rolled my eyes. Earlier he took me

out for breakfast and then we went jewelry shopping. He got me a very expensive watch and while we were having lunch, one of his men came in carrying a white elegance rose bouquet wrapped in money. I melted. Not because of the money, but the gesture. It made me blush and many people were looking at us.

“I finally decided to give him a chance. For real this time and he is treating me like a queen. I am happy, babe. I am in love with him.” she screamed and kissed the screen, making me laugh.

“I am happy for you babe. You deserve happiness.”

“Are you coming to Khosi’s fashion show?”

“That’s Don’s sister, right?” I nodded. “Yeah, Wes and I are coming. Our outfits are ready. We will fly down the day before, rest and then attend the fashion show. I will also have brunch with you the next morning. We can get drinks and ditch our men for the day.” I chuckled.

“That sounds like a plan. I can’t wait to see you. I love you.”

“I love you more babes.” we hung up and I started getting ready for my night out. I told Don about it and he thought it was a good idea that I was giving Snakho a chance.

I put on my cotton shorts with a matching blazer and bodysuit. I got this outfit from Don’s closet. After I was done getting ready, I headed to the lounge to find my siblings playing a video game. I cleared my throat and they both turned to me, Andile pausing the game.

“I am going out with Snakho.” Nomnotho gave me a look of disapproval but didn’t comment on my statement.

“Be safe, sisi.” Andile murmured with a small smile on his face. My brother had a good heart, total opposite of myself and Nomnotho. He was just like my father. I opened my arms and he chuckled before hugging me.

"I hope she doesn't spike your drink." Nomnotho drawled and I chuckled.

"Bye sis."

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Just as I entered the restaurant spotted Snakho at a table with a nice looking gentleman in a suit sitting next to her. She was leaning in, and nodding her head, hanging on to his every word. I shook my head. I guess the older daughters of my father were destined to entertain men for money--I hope that's Nomnotho doesn't get added to the equation.

I cleared my throat once I reached the table, and she looked at me smiling. "Azania. You are here." she stood up, and her male friend followed suit. "This is Tebogo, and he was just excusing us."

"Nice to meet you," the man drawled. He made an attempt to shake my hand, but I simply just waved him off with a tight-lipped smile and sat down. Snakho and the man shared a brief kiss

that was filled with an inappropriate squeeze of her butt cheek. They pulled away from each other giggling, then when the man finally left, Snakho sat across me giving me her attention.

"Sorry about that."

"Boyfriend?" I asked in a monotone.

She shook her head with a giggle. "He is my current financial aid."

"Conditional type aid?" I giggled recalling the times when we were younger and closer.

She immediately caught on to the reference and broke out into a hoarse laughter, throwing her head back just like her mother did whenever she would laugh--back before she became this heartless person.

"Exactly. But lets not talk about that. How are you? Life? Tell me," she shifted in her seat.



I narrowed my eyes at her, then immediately put my hand up to signal for the waiter. I know I had said I would give us a chance to be siblings, but I was still learning to trust her again, and that didn't involve spilling my guts out and gushing about my life on the first day of reconciliation. The waiter came and took our orders, leaving me alone with Snakho again.

"The details of my life are too intimate to tell you about. But I am fine Snakho. I'm happy. Everything is going right," I smiled.

She nodded. "The siblings. How are they? Do they know about our date?"

"Nomnotho still hates you. And Andile is...well he is Andile," I shrugged nonchalantly.

She let out a loud sigh, sitting back on her seat. "How can I get her to not hate me? I really do want us to be a family again, and I want to show you how sorry I am for my mother's actions."

"Just give her time. That's all Nomnotho ever needs to kind of just let a situation go. Give her time."

My phone rang, disrupting Snakho from whatever reply she had coming. It was Melamina calling. I internally laughed. For a person who just gave birth, she sure was on her phone a lot. "Mosadi," she said as soon as I answered.

"Hi. Shouldn't you be with Liya?"

"He's with his grandmother. I doubt Khosi has gotten a chance to call you since she so busy, but she had wanted to ask if you could model her showstopper. She had asked before and kade u-undecided," she stated in one breath.

I looked over to Snakho, thinking of asking her to be Khosi's model, but I retracted because we went yet in the asking each other for favours stage.

"I'll clear up my schedule. When is it happening"

"I'll tell her to send the details to you. And I know she'd appreciate it," she stated, then dropped the call, leaving me to spend more time with Snakho, who had already started digging into her food. I also dug into my own plate.

"So, do you have any qualification?" I questioned and she swallowed before downing her food with wine.

"I did Performing Arts and I finished but my certificate was withheld because I was owing money for my last year. So, I have managed to pay 75% of that amount. Tebogo is promising to give me the 25% and then I am debt free." I nodded. My kind heart was working on overtime.

"I don't wanna rub off the wrong way, but you shouldn't let him pay for your fees. Even if it's just 25%. When you want to go independent, he will boast about 'paying for your tuition fees' and then think he has a hold over you." She frowned but continued eating.

"Where do you suggest I get the money? I am not Goldie. I can not make 30k a night." Huh?

"How the fuck do you know about Goldie?"

“Tebogo told me about her. The high class prostitute with brown eyes and a birthmark on her thigh. It wasn't that hard to realize that it's you. He also said he tried to hire you for one night last year but he couldn't afford you because his accounts were frozen. So he went to a brothel instead.”

“That's too much information.” She laughed.

“You forget how much of an over sharer I am.”

“Yeah. You and I have the same body structure. My best friend will be launching her own lingerie soon and she is going to want a star model. Since I can't be that because my man will go berserk if I model a lingerie for the whole world to see, I will recommend you.” She dropped her fork, staring at me with a shocked expression.

“Wow. I don't know what to say.”

“Just remain trustworthy and don't bite the hand that feeds you.” She smiled.

“That's doable.”

I dragged my small luggage to the lounge where my siblings were seated. I think they were more close to each other than to me but I didn't mind because we were not age mates. They both eyed my bag.

"Going on a trip without telling us?" Nomnotho enquired with an inquisitive look. I snorted before sitting on the armchair.

"Not a trip per say. Mfihlo's sister is a designer and she has a fashion show tonight. So we are heading to Cape Town because that's where she is based." I answered. "Here is a little something to keep you entertained but please, don't get into trouble because we are going to have a problem and I am going to look for a baby sitter for you guys the next time I fly out of town." I handed them both small envelopes that contained R2000 each. "This is a once in a lifetime thing. Don't think I will do it occasionally."

Andile jumped up from his seat and almost tackled me to the ground with his hug. "Thank you so much, sisi. You can even come back on Wednesday. We don't mind." I laughed and patted his head.

“That’s enough now.” He groaned and went back to his seat.

“Thank you, sisi. When are we going to check mom’s house?” Nomnotho questioned and I stood up. I was a bit happy that she was interested in mom’s house. I thought she didn’t want anything to do with it. I was pleased by the change of heart.

“We can go next weekend. But there is some paperwork I have to sort out with lawyers before I go there guns blazing.” They nodded. A hoot from outside startled me. “That’s my ride. Now come hug your big sister.” they both hugged me.

“Nomnotho, you are allowed to use my car, the tank is full, but one scratch and you’re dead.” She chuckled.

“I promise to look after your baby carefully.” She teased and I rolled my eyes before wheeling my luggage outside. Don was leaning on a gold BMW X6M. It was captivating and just utterly gorgeous. I wonder how much it cost him. I have never seen one like it before, only on the net. You needed sunglasses to look at the car on a sunny day.

“Nice wheels. But they sure can blind you for eternity.” He chuckled before stepping closer to me and sweeping me off my feet with a breathtaking kiss.

“You look so beautiful.” I giggled, my vision distracted by the beast behind him. This car was definitely an eye catcher. The kind of car you pull up in on a red carpet.

“I am only wearing jeans, a baggy t-shirt and sneakers, free of makeup. What’s beautiful about that?”

“You’re not wearing makeup?” he looked utterly shocked. “I didn’t realize. Your beauty is out of this world. You don’t even need no face paint.” I broke into laughter and shook my head.

“Stop dissing my makeup. It’s not paint. It’s too expensive to be called paint.” He laughed shrugging. He then took my luggage and placed it on the boot. When he closed it, I frowned seeing the number plate. “Mfihlo.” I stared at him in disbelief. He giggled nervously, scratching his head.

“Do you like it?” my mouth went dry and I lost balance. Luckily he caught me before my ass landed on the pavement. “Love come on.” He wrapped his arms tightly around me to balance me. I cleared my throat and looked up to prevent the welling tears from falling.

“But why?” I couldn’t recognize my voice. He took a deep breath.

“Look at me, Pup.” I sighed and our eyes met. “You deserve this. All the luxury, all the love and so much more. You are my woman and I am going to spoil you for the rest of your life. I see you as my future wife and mother of our kids. I know we both don’t have a good background when it comes to relationships but I am willing to do everything in my power to keep you smiling and happy every time. I love your smile.” I rolled my eyes and tears fell to my cheeks.

“I don’t know what to say.” I sniffed and he smiled.



“Well, we have a flight to catch, so you can go crazy about your new ride when we come back. I also have a gift for you but seeing your reaction, I will reveal it on Monday.”

“Kante what is this if it’s not a gift?” I pointed at the car with my head. He chuckled.

“Pup, that’s just a necessity

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not a gift.” He winked before he led me to the passenger side and opened the door for me. “Allow me to be your chauffeur.” I giggled before sliding in and he closed the door after me. The interior of the car was intoxicating. Funny enough, it smelled like my cologne. I turned to him as he drove away.

“Why does the car smell like me?”

“Because it’s yours.” He stated matter of factly with a chuckle and I rolled my eyes. “Okay, I may have bought your perfume and sprayed it in here. Well cards on the table, I bought it a while back and it was the only thing keeping me going when we

were apart. I would spray it on my pillow and just cuddle, imagining you.”

My eyes popped out and I actually laughed. A whole gang leader cuddling a pillow like a love sick teenager. It was just unbelievable. “Well I put on more muscles on our time apart.” I lifted my sleeve and flexed my small muscles.

“Shame, you call that biceps?” he laughed and my hand went straight to his crotch.

“Laugh at your own risk.” I threatened to squeeze.

“Sorry, Miss Lita.”

“Thought so.” I retracted my hand.

“You are such a bully.” He sulked and I snorted.

“Look who is talking.”

We arrived at the airport and found Silas at the parking lot. Don gave him the car keys before we walked inside and passed security before waiting to board our plane.

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When we got to Cape Town, I thought we were going to head straight to Khosi's house but Don said he had a beach house and that's where we were going. Sometimes travelling with him was a bit weird. He didn't have guards with him all the time. I wondered what kind of a boss was he. Or maybe this was a power move. But I didn't dare to question. We had just made things official and I didn't want to trouble him with questions but I was curious.

We settled in his beach house which was beautiful and out of this world. I was definitely going to ask him if I can bring him siblings here in December. While he got busy with some calls, I familiarized myself with the kitchen. I was hungry. Luckily the kitchen was packed. So I whipped up grilled Buffalo wings with garden salad. I warmed the rolls in the fridge and dished the food in two plates. I poured whiskey for him and juice for myself. I placed his food and drink on a tray and went to serve

him. He was on the terrace overlooking the beach. The view was just perfect.

“Thank you, Pup.” He said as I placed the food in front of him. “Yeah, my woman just served me food. I can’t ignore it. Talk later.” He hung up and I chuckled before fetching my food and coming back to sit next to him. “This is really delicious. You should go international with your food, babe. Be the South African Gordon.” He complimented, already eating the second wing. His praises weren’t supposed to get to me, but they did and I blushed like a teenage girl in love.

“Kubonga mina Magagula.” He stopped chewing and gave me a tense gaze full of love and compassion. I didn’t know what to do with myself.

A loud voice broke our moment. “WE ARE HERE! HELLO GOOD PEOPLE! WHERE ARE YOU AT?!” I could recognize that voice even in my deep sleep. I placed my plate on the table and ran inside the house.

“BABY!” I screamed when my eyes landed on her.

“LOVEY!” she ran to me and we shared a bone crushing hug.  
“OMG! I don’t think I have ever gone this long without seeing you. I missed you so much.”

“I missed you too, Fee.” We separated and stared at each other.

“You’re glowing.” We said at the same time before we laughed. Someone cleared their throat and I looked behind her to find Wes standing there.

“Hey, Wesley.” I went to hug him and he smiled before he hugged me back. “I hope you’re treating my friend well.”

“You can see the glow, love and she is not the type to keep secrets from you. You would know if I wasn’t treating her well.” Don also came and greeted the white freaky couple.

“You guys can go to the terrace while I dish up for you. We were just having light lunch.”

“Looking forward to tasting your food. Some people have been bragging to me about how delicious it is.” Wes teased, his eyes moving from Fiona to Don.

I laughed. “Well maybe I can prepare a three course meal for you guys tomorrow.”

“That would be lovely.” They walked to the terrace while I went to the kitchen and dished up for our guests. I served them and they thanked me. I sat down and continued eating my food. “This is delicious, Mrs. Mthombeni.” I chuckled and my eyes went to Don who looked amused. I wonder what that was about.

“Wes wanted us to stay at his house which is on the other side of the town but I dragged him here because I missed you.” Fiona stated with a pout and Wes kissed her. They were adorable.

“Well my woman have never screamed like that before, so Fiona thank you for a challenge.” Don chirped in and I nearly choked on my food.

I spent the entire day yesterday pampering myself up at the same salon where I met that woman who went on about how Mfihlo would throw me out of his life like yesterday's trash when he was done with me. My nails were done. Eyelashes installed. Hair styled up to a really pretty looking straight-up. And I decided to be extra beautified and popped by a spa to get myself a Brazilian wax. But now I felt like all that beautifying came too early, because now that we were in Cape Town, I felt groggy and ugly as hell. God! I hated being jetlag. Maybe I could find a beauty parlour and do it all over again. "Khosi needs you at the venue in two hours," Mfihlo boomed behind me. He ended up agreeing that I partake in the show because one of the models just fainted and was admitted to the hospital due to starvation. My steps halted immediately and I turned to look at him with a sulky expression. "What's wrong, Pup?"

"I'm not ready to be there in two hours. The show doesn't start for at least another five hours. Why do I need to be there so early?" I asked.

"Because baby. You are a model, and you need to rehearse," he stated in a calm tone.

I sighed. "I won't get time to make myself look beautiful. I look like a mess."

"Don't be ridiculous, Pup. You look amazing."

"You are only saying that because you want to sleep with me."

He gave me a boyish smile, narrowing his eyes and moving closer. "Well..."

I pushed away from him and walked towards the black car. We were coming from an afternoon ride to the Table Mountain. It was a spontaneous thing to do and we enjoyed it very much. But now that I was reminded about my spur of the moment modelling gig, I was super nervous. "I'm being serious and all you can think of is getting in my pants. I don't even know why I love you." I pulled the car door open, leaving him outside, before I sprawled myself dramatically over the seat. There was



a partition between the driver and us, and I strongly suspected that it wasn't just some big coincidence.

He opened the door, and stared at my form. My dress had most probably ridden up to expose my thighs and a small part of my panties. "And then you expect me not to want to fuck you." he drawled, picking my legs up, and shifting to take a seat, and my legs were on his lap. He tapped the partition and the car sped off. "You tired?"

"Yep," I said loudly, making a pop sound when I said the p, which was so unlike me, but hey, I'm tired, so whatever.

His hands stroked the inside of my leg, slowly moving upwards to the danger zone. "I don't mind doing all the work," he whispered. His fingers now playing with the material of my panties. "Do you want us to do it?"

I slightly lifted my head, confused as to why he would ask permission. He knows if I didn't want to do anything I would say so, I am not scare of him. "Just give me some dick Mfihlo. Maybe it'll re-energize me somehow."

His response was a hearty chuckle, before my panties were yanked down my legs, his fingers leisurely moving up and down my fast moistening folds. I let out a lazy moan, arching my back. "You are already so wet for me, Pup."

"We're getting to the beach house soon Baby, stick it inside me already."

"So eager," he chuckled. I heard his belt unbuckle before I was yanked onto his lap. My bare core lined with his throbbing penis. Our eyes locked in a heated gaze as he slowly lowered me onto him. I bit my lip, holding onto his shoulders and locking my knees on his thighs. He didn't give me time to adjust as he started drilling into me like the maniac he is. His face buried into the crook of my neck, sucking hard. I screamed, throwing my head back

while my fingers worked on my clit, urging me to get to my release faster. His pumps were relentless, forcing me to let out an unintended scream. "Slow down Mfihlo, the driver is gonna hear, you idiot."

He didn't slow down. No. He pumped into me faster than before, causing a loud gasp to come out of my mouth as my tits bounced up and down under the loose material of my dress. "No fucken way. Let him fucken hear what I do to you. How weak I make you. How your greedy walls like to clench around me, fighting to get me to shoot my load into your sweet pussy."

His dirty talk. His voice. His dick. God, what a dangerous combination! It's that combination that had me making a mess on his thighs moments right after. I clenched around him, and the familiar liquid swam inside me. "Fuck!" He groaned. "Shit shit. I fucken love you baby."

I kissed his sweaty forehead, and his hands squeezed my waist while I felt him go soft inside me. "Are you sure it's me you love?"

"I fucken love you pussy. But I love your soul a little more." he breathed.

"Unfortunately I love you too."

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I understood why I had to come to the venue earlier than ShowTime. I had spent close to two hours being trained on how to walk the ramp, and how to walk dressed in the showstopper dress, which was ridiculously heavy. Khosi was serious as she oversaw the rehearsal--her demeanour different from that of that woman who had complimented my butt at the hospital. Her expression was serious, and you could tell she had no time for shit, which left me bored as hell when I was off the ramp. Unfortunately Melamina couldn't fly over because of Liya--more like because of Mfiliseni who was her guard dog. We were backstage as the other models were on the ramp, some were back to change. The venue was packed, and the bright lights shining on the runway seeped to the backstage. It worried me. What if the lights threw me off while I was walking and I broke an ankle? God! I hope that doesn't happen. Mfihlo wasn't allowed to be with me, and neither was Fiona, so I was completely alone. And the other models were too busy trying to get their sequence right to even think of partaking in a conversation with me.

I stood tall by the door to the stage when I saw the other girls coming back. The master of ceremony announced the

showstopper, and I took a deep breath before I got onto the platform. Like I had suspected, the lights were blinding, but I soldiered on and walked confidently. I did my walks then walked out, and unexpectedly the girls surrounded me, telling me how amazing I was.

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The show was finally wrapped up and that's when I got a chance to take a deep breath. I was still in the showstopper dress because I had to parade in it at the after party for the people to see more of it. The makeup artist did a splendid job. I looked like a fuckin African Barbie. We were escorted to the ball room where people were networking. My eyes searched for Mfihlo and when I located him, I took a deep breath before walking towards him. A few photographers asked to take pictures of the dress and I posed before continuing my journey.

“Your beauty is out of this world.” Don commented with a smile and he wrapped his arms around me. “You were amazing out there.” I blushed.

“Thank you.”

“If only I wasn't a possessive psycho, I would allow you to do this shit full time, but I don't wanna share you with the world.” I chuckled.

“Hi. Hello. We are still here and we demand introductions.” A petite woman who looked like she is in her late forties said behind him. She looked so much like Khosi, so it didn't take long to realize that this is the famous Thandanani Mthombeni.

“Such a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Mthombeni. I am Azania Mngadi. You are such a beauty.” I smiled, extending my hand to her. She slapped it away playfully and pulled me to a hug.

“I am so glad to meet you, Pup.” She teased and I laughed, partly embarrassed that she knew my pet name. “This is my husband, Dela.” She pointed a man standing next to her who was an older version of Mfihlo. I extended my hand to him.

“It's such a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Mthombeni.”

“You look beautiful. No wonder my son went crazy when you were ignoring him.” He gave Don a playful smirk and I giggled.

“My God!” a scream startled me but I relaxed because I recognized it. I turned, giving my best friend a smile. “Yeah the dress is stunning, but you my darling, you were the real showstopper. The world literally stopped when you walked on that runway. I am sorry Don,” she glanced at him then her eyes turned to me. “She is going to be my star model. The face of my brand once I launch it.” I chuckled and stole a glance at Don who rolled his eyes.

“You did great out there.” Wes followed and gave me a kiss on the cheek. “Mr. and Mrs. Mthombeni.” He greeted Don's parents and his mother hugged him.

Finally the parading was done, and I was given the freedom to finally get out of the heavy dress. I needed help from both Fiona and Khosi to get out of it, thereafter it was packed into its bag and I was free to be in my shorts and a white tank top, as well as a pair of strappy heels. The outfit wasn't in an way a fashion show after party, neither was it something I could ever be found wearing out in public, but I had made a mistake of not bring a decent change of clothes, neither did Fiona think to bring me something, since it was her idea for us to hit the club scene of Cape Town. Don's parents had quickly left after the introduction, because they were tired, but Khosi had called their bullshit, and insinuated some hanky panky that was going to happen between the parents.

"Your phone's ringing," Fiona announced, picking up Khosi's cellphone from the dresser.

"Answer it for me please. It's probably one of the wives," Khosi stated, zipping up her thigh highs. Fiona's face etched in confusion, most probably at the mention of 'wives'. I chuckled, taking the phone from her only to see that it was actually Melamina calling.



"Sawbona ntombi," I giggled.

Liya's crying was the answer I got back. "Never have children Azania. I repeat. Never have children ausi"

I threw my head back laughing at the frustration in her tone. I guess Liya was giving her too much grief. But shouldn't it be easier with her, because she survived the twins. Caring for one newborn has to be better than caring for two, "Where's your husband? Shouldn't he be there helping you to tame the little prince?"

"He was fine all along, but as soon as his father went out to get a pack of cigarettes and some food for me, your little prince started wailing ngathi ngiyamhlinza or something. I swear Azania, it's like I'm not the one who pushed out his huge head all by myself. Yena nobabawakhe should just leave me and my girls alone since bathandana bodwa," she ranted, the irritation laced in her voice couldn't even be missed.

I giggled. "Don't worry. Maybe it's because he's still a child, and his energy just likes his father more. As he grows up he'll become closer to you."

She made a sound, trying to calm him down, "He better start behaving soon or else I'll send him back to God. I swear. Anyway how was the show?"

"Can I tell you about it later since you have your hands full at the moments?"

She sulked, but we gradually said our goodbyes, and the call got dropped.

"Now that the call is over, what do you mean when you say one of the wives?" Fiona questioned, the issue still very much bothering her.

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"How did you guys even come about? Surely one of you has to get jealous sometimes," Fiona asked, shifting closer to Wes, as he sat, lazily sprawled next to her, with his hand rubbing her bare thigh. She was looking at Khosi, and her two wives, Mandisa and Crystal, seemingly amazed by the dynamic of their union, and to be honest I was a bit intrigued too.

"I'll be honest, when our relationship started and I found out that she was married to Mandisa, I was very jealous. Almost burned down her house too. I was jealous that someone else was receiving her love

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and I was mad that she had made me her side chick. But then I found out that Mandisa knew about me all along, and that Khosi got the go ahead to come after me because Mandisa liked me too. That's how all the negative feelings kinda just disappeared and we lived in harmony," Crystal explained with a smile.

Fiona nodded, still taking it in. "If only some of us were that lucky," Wes remarked, and the stink eye he got from Fiona got everyone at the table laughing. "I'm joking," he squeezed her thigh chuckling.

"You better, cause you know I'll do more than almost burning your Ferrari." My eyes narrowed towards the two. Are they dating now? Last I checked they were still testing the waters. She and I are due for a major girl talk.

I looked around the VIP section, then my eyes dropped to the dance floor beneath us, watching the individuals enjoying the club scene. Mfihlo's lips on my shoulder pulled my attention away from the dancing individuals. "Yes?"

"You good?" I nodded. "You want to go dance? I saw the way you were looking at the dance floor."

"Not really. I'm just remembering my life before you. How Fiona and I came to clubs to pick up rich men. They'd see us dancing seductively on the floor, and instantly decided that we were worth their money," I explained, leaning into his embrace as he kissed up my neck.

"You don't miss it, do you?" I couldn't miss the worry in his tone.

I tore away from him, and faced him, putting my hand over his. "Not at all baby. I love my life as it is, with you. I didn't get into that life because I loved it. I got it because I needed to change my situation, and I did. I'm successful. My siblings are happy, and I've found love. Look at Fiona. She's so different from the woman I met on the streets all those years ago. Why would I miss those times when we've grown so much?"

He smiled, bring my hand to his lips. "I love you."

"I love you too Mr. Mthombeni."

"Look at the two of you being cute," Mandisa commented with a large smile.

"It's disgusting," Wes commented, making a gag sound, earning his arm a slap from Fiona. "There's no need to be so abusive woman."

"You are doing quite good Fiona. Abuse his anti-love ass," Mfihlo hollered, laughing at his friend.

“I wanna hit the dance floor.” Crystal announced shooting up and placing her drink on the table.

“I will join you.” Fiona also stood up and before walking away, she gave Wes a very sexual kiss.

“Porn alert.” Mandisa teased and we all laughed.

“I am also joining them.” I said to Don and he nodded. I stood up and decided to head to the restroom first. “I will head to the loo first.”

“Maybe I will join you for a quickie.” He winked and I giggled before heading to the loo.

Luckily there was no line, so I went inside and did my business. When I got out, I frowned, seeing two men inside the ladies’ restroom wearing suits. They didn't seem lost. I knew that I was in trouble and tried not to panic. I washed my hands and their

eyes were glued to me the whole time. One of them cleared their throat.

“You're Don's woman, right?” he questioned. Normally, I wasn't someone who denied my man to anyone, but this situation here didn't need me to boast about him. I was in deep shit.

“No, I am not.” I lied through my teeth trying to master an unfazed facial expression.

“You're lying to us. Your boyfriend killed our brother, Gio, and now he is going to pay with your life.” The other one said with a smirk.

My mouth went dry and my eyes popped out. What was I going to do? What if they cornered me and drugged me? No one was going to hear me with all the music playing so loud. I had only one shot at surviving here. Sprinting out the door the moment someone walked in. It was fortunate that none of the men were standing on the door. I didn't know if there was backup at the door but I was willing to take the risk. Right about now, I

wished I had worn court heels because it would've been easy to kick them out and run away but I had to make this work.

“OMG! Bitch, Oscar Mbo is so handsome in person!” a woman shouted before the door opened and a group of ladies entered. “As soon as he comes to the VVIP section, I am going to eat him out.” The other ladies laughed.

I didn't think twice before sprinting off and rushing straight to our table. The moment Don laid his eyes on me, he quickly stood up and withdrew his gun from the back of his waist. Half the men in the VIP also stood up and withdrew their guns. To say I was shocked by this would be an understatement.

“What's wrong?” he asked but there wasn't an ounce of patience in his voice. Wes quickly stood up and rushed downstairs.

“Gio's brothers just ambushed me in the loo.” As soon as those words left my mouth, Don looked at some of the guys and four of them ran to the restroom.



“We need to go.” He looked at his sister who stood up with Mandisa.

“I need to go fetch Crystal.” Khosi stated and just that moment, Wes came back with both Fiona and Crystal.

“The party will continue at my place, ladies.” Don announced and grabbed my hand before gently dragging me out of the club. My mind was stuck on one thing. He killed Giovanni.

Upon our arrival at his beach house, we weren't talking to each other. He was on the phone with 'his men' most of the time and for some reason I was pissed off because I knew he was going to leave me alone in this huge house to go 'deal' with Giovanni's brothers. I ascended the stairs in a rush, wanting to put as much distance between us as possible. When I got to the bedroom, I took off my clothes and I was only left with my lingerie when he decided to grace me with his presence. His eyes took in my body first before giving me an apologetic look.

"My men caught Giovanni's brothers and there are now being held at one of my warehouses. I have to go attend to that. I will be back soon." I chuckled bitterly before I took my phone.

"What is it?"

"No. Don't stop on my account. Don't pretend as if my wellbeing and feelings are more important than torturing people. Go." He frowned.

"What are you on about?" I stared at him in disbelief, folding my arms to my chest.

"I was nearly kidnapped moments ago. I have never been in that type of situation before. You haven't asked me about how I

am feeling. You don't give a damn about my feelings or fears. You haven't comforted me, not once. The only thing you did was drag me out of that club as if I am some kind of a whore. You haven't even hugged me or something. Is that what it means to be your woman? That whenever we are faced with situations like these, I should just be strong and keep my head down? Is that it?"

He sighed and took a step forward. I shook my head. "Let me hold you."

"No. Don't pity me. Go to your men."

"What am I supposed to do? Those guys tried to steal my woman, in my club, in my turf. I'm supposed to smile and be happy about that?"

"Who are you going to leave me with while you go deal with those guys?"

"You don't need to worry about your safety. This house is heavily guarded."

"Wow, gee, thanks. Maybe one of the guards will be my shoulder to cry on. Hamba Mfihlo ka Thandanani no Dela."

I furiously walked to the bathroom and shut the door lock after I was inside. I took a deep breath to keep myself calm. My anger was justified, right? I waited for the main door to open and close, indicating that he was leaving, but I heard none of that. I was startled by my ringing phone, for a moment I thought it was him but that was absurd thinking.

“Fee.” I answered with a sigh.

“Babe, that was fucking dramatic and a bit exhilarating.” Her voice contained a bit of excitement. Trust Fiona to find every experience sexual.

“You're only saying that because you weren't directly involved with the situation. I was shit scared at that restroom I couldn't even scream because nobody was going to hear me. If I hadn't ran out the moment those ladies walked in, I don't know what would've happened with me.” Now that I was allowing myself to feel, my body shivered and I sunk to the floor.

“My love,” her voice broke. “I am so sorry. I didn't, for once, think about your feelings. I am such a bad friend.”

“Don't beat yourself up about this. The person I was hoping would comfort me is on his way to torture my 'kidnappers'. So life is good.” I utter with a bitter laugh, trying to mask my sadness. “Anyways, where are you guys?”

“At Wes's house. Khosi is also at her house. She invited the both of us for breakfast at her humble home. I hope to see you there.”

“I will text her for the location.”

“Sleep well, babe. And I am really sorry for what you went through tonight.”

“Good night.” I hung up and placed my phone on the floor next to me.

“I'm sorry.” I jumped up upon hearing his voice. Shocked by how he got it. I raised my head to look at him. “I picked the lock.”

I scoffed. “Of course you did.”

“I am the biggest jerk in the entire world and I don't deserve you. I really don't. My main priority was punishing those who

dared to try and steal my woman from me. I didn't realize that by wanting to do so, I was neglecting you. Hearing you say all those things to me and to Fiona," he shook his head. "It really knocked some sense in my head. Not being in a serious relationship with my previous partners, I guess I got used to not explaining myself and disappearing at whatever hour of day or night." I looked up to stop the swelling tears. "I hate making you cry. I love you, Pup."

"I know." I mumbled. He knelt before me and extended his arms.

"Do you forgive me?"

"Do I have a choice? I mean I'm stuck in another province with you. I might as well forgive you if I don't wanna be strangled to death and thrown into the sea."

"That's a joke, right?" I shrugged and he sighed. "Let's go to bed."

"I want a warm shower first." He pulled me up and then opened the shower tap. "Alone." I whispered.

"Over my dead body." He groaned and I chuckled. My grumpy controlling man was back.

He was close behind me as I allowed the shower water to run, and as soon as the first drop of water hit, his hands were already all over me, exploring. Searching. Trying to feel if I was still really me.

"I love you Mfihlo

" I whispered. He pushed me onto the bed, and moved over me. His lips were on mine, moving slowly, softly. His lips left mine and moved to my neck, sucking and licking, and in that moment, the contact felt too good to care about the marks that would show up later on. "I...I don't know how to feel about you killing Giovanni."

"I." kiss. "don't." Kiss. "ever." "want" kiss "you." kiss. "to associate another man's name and your feelings." He caught my skin in between his teeth, causing my back to arch.

"Understood?"

I nodded, not because I agreed with him, but because I didn't want this pleasure taken away. There's no way in hell I'm letting him tell me how to feel. Suddenly he tore away from me, and I watched him go to the other side of the room, and dragging a

chair to the edge of the bed. "Strip. And please yourself. I want to see you touch yourself."

"Why do I need to do that when you are here?" I said with sass.

His eyes narrowed. "Pup."

I rolled my eyes, and did as he said. Taking off my top, and my bottoms slowly. When my panties were off, I threw them toward him, and he caught it without breaking eye contact. His eyes fell between my legs as they stayed spread. I laid back, closing my eyes to let the memories from our time together invade my mind. When the first moan left my lips, I was already far gone. My head fell back and I screamed loudly. I squeezed and pumped, biting my lips, that I could feel it swelling up. "Mfihlo," my voice strained in the base of my throat. "Oh God!" I could hear his heavy breathing, and it amazed me how real my imagination felt. Just as I was about to reach my high, my hand was immediately slapped away, and my swollen eyes opened, only to be met by the wild look of desire flaming in his irises. He spread my legs wider, and made our foreheads touch. My lips parted and I arched towards him, our noses touching as soon as he surged into my heat.



It didn't take long for us to reach our climax. I held onto him, taking deep breaths as my sweat mingled with his. "I love you," he whispered.

"No more killing?" I questioned.

"Are you going to continue entertaining other men?"

"I am going to be surrounded by other men until the day I'm old. Are you saying you are going to kill every man who pays me a compliment? Every man who looks at me with flirty eyes? Every man I'm nice to? Don't be ridiculous. Even you can't kill so many people" I asked. He slapped the side of my thigh.

He kissed my forehead. "Its so cute how you are under the dangerous misconception that I am a good guy, Pup." He nipped my shoulder. "I'll be back in a few hours. I still need to take care of the Larson brothers. People just stay pissing me the fuck off," he whispered the last part.

I watched him quickly get dressed, before he kissed my forehead. "I love you, Pup. Always."

"An hour. That's all I am willing to give you." He smirked before heading off.

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“Your car though, sisi. Anyone who think they can compete with Mfihlo can just forget. This man is on another level.” Nomnotho commented brushing the dashboard and I snorted. “I am serious though. No man in our neighbourhood is on his level.”

“I am going to borrow you my other car for a while so that I can warm my baby up. There is no way I am going to drive this phara magnet every day.” She laughed.

“Your man can get bodyguards for you then and even a chauffeur.”

“Sis Nomnotho is right. It’s like walking with gold on broad day light. Bhut Mfihlo should get you some sort of security.” Andile chirped in, looking up from his phone. I rolled my eyes and I climbed off the car. If only they knew Don had eyes on me and people literally guarding me 24/7.

“Enough with your security shit. Let’s go.”

Thandanani had invited us to a family dinner and my siblings actually wanted new formal clothes for the evening. Blame my

dramatic sister for that. We walked inside the mall and Andile quickly led us to Markham because he knew once Nomnotho and I started, it would be hard for him to be attended. We got him chinos, a formal shirt and sneakers. He also bought a bucket hat, some sneakers and soccer boots and Total Sports. Only because he had complained in front of Don that his boots had a problem but I knew that was a lie. He just wanted new ones. He also got himself cosmetics from Truworths and an expensive cologne. I knew most of the money was Don's money, but it put a wide smile on my face not to limit my siblings and let them choose whatever they want in any shop.

Things nearly got out of hands when they both walked into Sterns and bought watches. I was in possession of Don's cards, so I just swapped with one of them and he actually called. I thought he was going to shout at me but he laughed and asked what's going on.

"Well your siblings in law decided they want new watches and since you fuck me for free, I figured you should pay for them." he continued laughing.

"Direct me to the people who will accept lobola on your behalf." I chuckled.

“Well you can transfer it to my siblings’ accounts or start deducting it from their Sterns’ bill.” He chortled.

“Did your other sibling get afforded this treatment?” I sighed.

“We are not there yet but these two agreed to have lunch with her today, so I guess that’s a start.”

“What do you want to do with regards to her?” he question with concern in his voice.

“Well I have lived the life that she is currently living and I know how bad it is. It has so many risks because not all customers are loyal and respectful towards women of her profession. I want to take her in but I don’t know how to go about with that.” he sighed.

“Take her in how?”

“I am the deputy parent. So it’s my duty to take care of ALL my siblings. I want her to come live with us in my house. To go back to school or look for a good job without worrying about maintaining her lifestyle or putting a roof over her head.”

“I hear you and that’s a great thing. But you should talk to Andile and Nomnotho about it first because they are the ones who will live with her most of the time.”

“Yeah, you’re right. I have to go. See you tonight.”

“And don’t wear any panties.” I snorted before hanging up.

Nomnotho pulled me to different shops and she ended up buying a causing trouble mini denim skirt with white zip front shirred asymmetrical top with detachable strap and white Puma sneakers. I was going to choose my outfit from Don’s wardrobe, so I didn’t have much stress about it. When we were done, we headed to the restaurant, arrive 15 minutes earlier than the time I told Snakho so that I could warn my siblings about my plans.

“You guys can order drinks for now. We will order our meals when Snakho has arrived.” They nodded and we ordered our drinks. “So have your thoughts changed about her?”

“I don’t give a shit if she lives or die. As long as I don’t see her every day.” Nomnotho murmured. This was going to be harder than anticipated. My eyes turned to Andile and he smiled shyly.

“I don’t have a problem with her sisi, and I support every decision you might take regarding her.” I nodded. If only Nomnotho was this understanding. I took a deep breath.

“I think it’s time I tell you guys about the type of work I did before I met Mfihlo.” I looked down. “I met Fiona on the streets a few weeks after we came to Joburg. Life was hard. You guys remember. I didn’t find any jobs. She recruited me into prostitution. Not like I should work under her, but she showed me the ropes and who I should know, who I shouldn’t cross all those things. After a year or two, we upgraded and became high class prostitutes that charged over 5k per night and that’s when life started looking up. I have also accompanied businessmen overseas for business but at a high cost. We survived because of this life. I opened my business using money from it.” I sighed. “When I met Mfihlo, I thought he also wanted to tap and pass, but it turns out he wanted a relationship. Something urged me to give him a chance. Not only because he was rich, but there was just something about him. And now we are here.” I raised my eyes to look at both my siblings. Nomnotho abruptly stood up and rushed to the restroom. Andile reached my hand and squeezed it. He sighed.

“I love you, sisi. No matter what you have been through in life. I love you. You didn’t have to take care of us but you did and thank you for that. Thank you for protecting us and not exposing us to your job. I have heard and read sick stories out there and I am happy we didn’t get to experience that. You are brave, kind and you have a heart of a warrior. You are the best sister in the world and I am proud to call you my sister.” tears fell from my eyes and I tried to wipe them away as quickly as I could. He came to sit next to me and wrapped his arms around my shoulders.

“Thank you for that. I really needed to hear it.” I sniffed and wiped my tears.

“I am okay now. I have to dry my cheeks before anyone spots me and they tell Mfihlo. He will storm in here and rain hell on everyone just because he hates to see me cry.” He chuckled.

“I like him. He is a cool guy. He will be in my great books once he comes to see me play.” I snorted.

“I will inform him about that.” he smiled before going back to his seat. A waiter came with our drinks and gave us an

apologetic look because they were late. Nomnotho came back from the loo and sat down.

“Sorry about that.” she fanned her face. She had been crying. Even her voice was a bit scratchy. “I always thought I was the protector of the family whereas you played all the roles and we were just burdens to you. I am sure if we didn’t exist you would’ve been in America or any foreign country, living your dream.”

“Hey, don’t go there. First of all, you guys weren’t even mistakes. You were born inside the marriage, so I am the mistake here.” they both chuckled. “And it was hard at first, having to feed three mouths, but I adapted as time went by and finally grew, accepting my new reality. Don’t ever call yourself a burden. You guys are like my kids and I love you so much. I would literally sell one of my kidneys to make sure you have a roof under your head and food on the table.” They didn’t answer but they both had tears in their eyes. We sipped on our drinks and silence reigned in the table. “Snakho is in the same profession as I was in and I don’t want that for her. I am the deputy parent to all three of you and I want nothing but the best for you guys. The best life and the safe life. So would it be okay if she came to live with us? I want her to live like a child



and not a glorified prostitute. What do you guys say about that?”

Nomnotho drew a deep breath and looked down. “It’s not a pleasant profession and it can be very dangerous. She is also our sister, so if there is a way to help her, I say we take it.”

Thank God. I looked at Andile and she nodded with a smile. Few moments later Snakho walked in.

I told her about my proposition and to say she was happy would be an understatement. Our terms involved her being one of Khosi’s models and she was very delighted by that. Our lunch ended on a much lighter tone and surprisingly Nomnotho invited Snakho to the Mthombeni family dinner. I paid for the bill and we all went to the car.

“I have to pass by Mfihlo’s house to get my outfit for tonight, drop Snakho off and then head home.” I stated as we made our way to the parking lot.

“SHUT THE FRONT DOOR! IS THAT YOUR RIDE?!” Snakho exclaimed as we neared the dramatic gold car. I nodded. “What in the actual fuck? I have never seen one like it before.”

“It’s one of a kind. A gold car for Goldie.” I winked at her before climbing inside.

By the time six pm rolled in, I had managed to rally up all the siblings into my car and delivered them to the Mthombeni household. Which was a major spot considering how Snakho couldn't seem to finish putting herself together, and Nomnotho had waited around so much that she had laid on her bed with her Instagram on and had decided that she was no longer going. It took a lot of begging and shouting to get the two girls in the car, and by that time I was already in desperate need of a grandpa. I didn't understand how such grown women, who had a whole fucken cycle, would behave like such children. Andile was done, and by the car at the time we agreed to leave by.

Why weren't the other two more like the child? But I guess all that didn't matter because at least we reached our destination without anyone killing anyone [and by that I mean I mean Nomnotho killing Snakho] because God knows I caught Nomnotho giving Snakho the eye one too many times as she mused about how good she looked, and how she hoped Mfihlo had a brother she could snag. With the way she went about planning a whole future with Mfihlo's existent brother, I also felt like taking her life, but luckily for me the Lord still reigned in heart, unlike Nomnotho who I have actually come to believe is secretly the wife of Lucifer.

"Please behave," I whispered to Nomnotho, and all she gave me as a response was a roll of her eyes and she joined the other siblings who were walking in front of me. I took deep breaths, while massaging my temple. We neared loud chatter, and I knew the whole family was around. The siblings went into the dining area, and I heard Mfihlo call Andile's name at the same time as I heard Azile's voice say, "Aunty Aza," behind me. I whipped around with a smile, looking back at her wide eyes looking up at me. She smiled. "Asambeni sobuka. Mommy bought new dolls."

She reached out for my hand and tugged me with her. We had walked a bit of a distance, when Mfihlo called his sister's name, and she immediately stopped, looking at her big brother. "Iyaphi indlela."

"Ekamereni. To show my dolls,' the child answered.

"You'll do it later."

I looked at Don with a raised eye brow. "By the time dinner is over, the child would be asleep. I'll go now."

"But I want to spend time with you before the family hoards you," Mfihlo sulked.

"Stop being selfish." His eyebrows knitted together, giving me his Dom look, and I arched my own brows, silently telling him it wouldn't work. While we were caught in our staring contest, the door opened, and the familiar scent of nicotine wrapped around in the air, followed by the person responsible walking in. Two girls with their hair tied into two small ponytails ran in, and towards Azile almost knocking me over, but luckily Mfihlo held me. The twins both muttered squeaky and rushed 'sorries' before Azile dropped my hand like a sack of potatoes and the trio went off. I stood there. Mouth agape, and blinking. "Let me guess, she's been ditched for the twins?" Melamina's voice poured in, with a hint of laughter to it.

"And I'm left to pick up the pieces, when she was choosing her over me," Don laughed behind me, giving my waist a squeeze. "You won't rest until your ear is burned off huh?"

I looked to Mfiliseni, seeing the cigarette tugged behind his ear, and still alight, and he wasn't even bothered. I frowned. "If my ear was meant to come off, it would've years ago." He adjusted the diaper bag in his arm. Melamina looked at her husband, shaking her head before she walked off with baby Liya tight in her arms. Okay. What was that?

"What did you do this time?" Mfihlo asked. Oh, so he noticed the lack of affection too.

Mfiliseni shrugged. "Its more like, what did the cigarettes do."

"They've finally caught up with you?" I whispered.

"Right on the nail, sister-in-law," Mfiliseni nodded with a small smile. Silence reigned between us, and I felt like I should go and leave them alone, but Mfihlo's tight grip on my waist forced me to stay. "Oh don't be so sad people. Tonight is a happy occasion, big plans are set for the end of this night." He winked at Mfihlo. "Do me a favour and give this to my wife. Tell her I love her," he handed the diaper bag to me

and took the cigarette out from behind his ear. He took one long drag, before walking out. He is dying, and yet he's still smoking. And what he said about Melamina, I don't like it.

I looked at Mfihlo, just in time to see his glassy eyes. God! He was crying. "Baby." I reached up to touch his cheek, bring our foreheads together, and he just allowed the tears to flow. "Its going to be alright."

"No its not. A plot has been chosen for him, and instead of trying to run away from it, he is running towards it with the shovel to bury himself with," he stated. "I don't understand why he doesn't care. I know that's how he's always been, but he has a wife, and children, shouldn't that count for something?"

"I believe nothing is going to happen to Mfiliseni. We can only hope he sees the light soon," I said, trying to believe my own lie. He held onto me tighter, the tears still running down his cheeks. "I can't lose him," he whispered, and that had my heart breaking for him.

"What is going on here?" Mfihlo quickly pulled away from me and faced his mother, averting his eyes after saying a quick "nothing." Thandanani looked between the two of us, setting her hands on her waist. "Old age hasn't taken my eye sight boy, I can see you are crying. And I know very well that you wouldn't cry for the fun of it."

Mfihlo couldn't answer. His Adams apple kept bobbing up and down, as he looked everywhere but at his mother. I cleared my throat. "Well Ma. He's crying because I just told him that I'm pregnant. I guess he's just too happy." My words shocked the both of them. Mfihlo was looking at me with so much confusion that Thandanani would pick up that it wasn't the reason for his tears.

"Then why didn't he want to tell me?"

"Because I wanted it to be a secret for while."

She smiled. She believed me. I expected her to say something, but she simply just walked away with the widest smile.

"You're pregnant?" His voice cracked,

I shrugged. "I hope I am, or else we'll have to lie and say I miscarried. But I don't think that would be wise considering how traditional your father seems. I don't think we can introduce your ancestors to air," I said with a nervous laugh.

"I'm serious, Pup."

"I don't know, Mfihlo. I suspect I am, cause my period is late, and there's something weird happening to my boobs..."

"And you've picked on weight," he pointed out. I gave him a look. "I'm sorry, but it's what I observed. I thought you were just too comfortable nowadays. Happy."

The door opened again, reintroducing Mfiliseni to us. With a smile, he wrapped his arms around our shoulder. "Let's do this family," he boomed, kissing his brother's cheek.



The dinner went well. The Mthombeni family loved my siblings, all of them and Dela was more intrigued by Nomnotho's personality. Actually they were all intrigued by it. They loved her the most. Once the dinner was over, the helpers came to collect the dishes.

"There is something I have to say to the family." Melamina spoke up eyeing all the adults. "That includes you, Azania." She stated, turning her piercing gaze to me.

Since when was I part of the family? But I wasn't about to object seeing how tense and serious she was. My siblings together with Mfihlo's youngest sister and Melamina's girls vacated the room, Snakho adorably snatching baby Liya from Melamina who didn't object. The only people who were left were Don's parents, Khosi and her wives, Mfiliseni, Don and I and finally Melamina. Her eyes scanned everyone and then she chuckled bitterly, shaking her head.

"I am divorcing Mfiliseni mama." Her voice was void of playfulness as she looked straight at Thandanani who frowned. "Your son has lung cancer and it's serious. Instead of trying to quit it and admit himself to a rehab, he is choosing to continue smoking until his last breath. Everyone knows just how much I love this man, how much I live for him and my kids but I can't continue living my life with someone whose days are numbered because of his selfishness. He doesn't care that we have just

been blessed with a son. He doesn't want to see our kids graduate, get married or become successful in life. I can't continue with him. I want to divorce him and allow him to watch as I marry another man who is going to love me and my children unconditionally and who is going to make us his number one priority unlike him." she sat back, tears streaming down her cheeks. I felt her pain. I quickly wiped my own tears that fell.

Thandanani chuckled before standing up. "You." she said with a smile pointing at Mfiliseni. Her whole body shook and she passed out.

"Ntombendala!" Mfiliseni shoot up from his chair, going to his mother when his father pushed him back roughly.

"Stay the fuck away from my wife. I don't even wanna see you right now." Dela stated coldly as he picked his wife up and headed upstairs.

Mfiliseni stood up and looked at Melamina. "You didn't mean what you said, did you?"

She smiled. "I meant every single word. You chose tobacco, now live with it." She stood up and walked out.

Mfihlo sent my siblings back home after desert and we all went to sit in the lounge, waiting for God knows who. Melamina's kids went to bed. Mfiliseni was sitting on the one seater couch, dead quiet without even moving. At some point I thought he was dead, but I was consoled with the movement of his chest. Up and down.

“You are selfish.” Khosi started off, her eyes fixed on Mfiliseni. “I have never seen someone as selfish as you. You have a lot to live for. You have beautiful kids who need their father. You have the most amazing woman in the world as your wife, who put up with your bullshit every now and then, but still you continue hurting them, drifting away and awaiting the day until you are consumed wholly by this cancer. What kind of a person are you? Who are you? Because the brother I know, the brother I love was selfless. He would drop everything just to be there for mom. He would skip an important school match just so he could take his sick brother to the doctor. He would watch endless videos on YouTube just so he could plait his sister's hair. This is not the brother I am seeing now. Now that you have people really depending on you, you're doing this. Your girls have seen you and experienced your love but what about your baby boy? You know very well that it takes two present

parents to raise a boy, heck our folks tries their best but look how you turned out.” She panted fast, trying to catch her breath.

“Baby breathe. Here, inhale.” Crystal shoved an inhaler to Khosi's hand and she immediately took it. I didn't even know she had asthma. But I hardly knew anything about the Mthombeni siblings except that Khosi was a designer and Mfiliseni was a chimney.

Mfiliseni looked at his sister, his face full of regret. “Little bear, I am sorry.”

“I am not,” she tried to catch her breath. That moment, their parents entered the lounge, Thandanani looking like she aged while she was upstairs. She looked drained and defeated, but when her eyes landed on Khosi who still had the inhaler on her hand, she rushed to her.

“Baby, what's wrong?” she quickly took the seat next to her and Mandisa moved to the other couch. “Are you okay?” she unbuttoned Khosi's shirt. “Breathe. Inhale, exhale.”

“Mom, I'm fine.” Her eyes returned to her brother. “I am not the one you should be apologizing to. And your apology means nothing if it is not accompanied by actions that shows just how sorry you are.” She finally sat back, calming down.

Dela cleared his throat and everyone looked at him. “Ganging up on you won't help if you have already made up your mind about dying. I just wanna ask you 3 simple questions son.” Mfiliseni swallowed hard but nodded. “What did your vows say, especially the death part?” Mfiliseni muttered something under his breath. “I can't hear you.”

“I said ‘even in death we won't be apart because we will die in our eighties and we will be buried side by side. From this day on, I never wanna live my life without you and I will also try and not die on you.” He bowed his head after those words.

“We won't talk about how selfish you are. I am just going to talk about how dishonorable your actions are. You are breaking your vows. The ones you made before God and everyone close to you. I think even cheating is better than this shit, not that I condone.” Dela turned to Melamina. “Mela, you are my

daughter and I love you. Whatever decision you wanna take, my wife and I will stand by you and our grandchildren.”

“Thank you, baba.” Melamina murmured.

“So what is it going to be?” Thandanani asked impatiently, looking at Mfiliseni. He sighed and looked at everyone before his eyes stopped at Melamina.

“I wanna be better. I wanna do better for you and my children. I wanna be there for you guys. I am willing to go to any rehabilitation Centre. I am sorry, sthandwa sika Mfiliseni.” Mela nodded and looked away.

“So,” Don started off and we all gave him the attention he needed. He looked at me with a smile. “Marry me.” I frowned at those two words. He was joking, right? But then he moved swiftly, kneeling before me on one knee and taking off a ring from his pocket.

“Donatus.” My voice came out lower than intended. “But why?”

He chuckled. “The question should be ‘why not?’ Azania you are a phenomenal woman. Strong, resilient, fierce and has a big heart. You showed me love without even realizing it. You have been straight up with me from the get go. You called me out on my arrogance and disrespect when we first met and I respected you from that moment. There is nothing I would like more than to make you my wife. You deserve all the love and happiness in the world. And I wasn't asking. I am telling you to marry me.” He took my hand in his and I giggled before snatching it back. His words warmed my heart and made me fall for him even deeper.

“You have to ask me, otherwise I will say no.” I responded with a smile and everyone laughed. He grunted

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scratching his beard before clearing his throat.

“Azania Mngadi, will you do me the honors of becoming my wife?” my smile widened. I couldn't help it.

“Of course “ he slipped the ring on my finger and made us both stand before he attacked me with a bone crushing hug and a kiss. The whole family cheered on us and congratulated us.

“Good to know you don't need any more babying.” Dela teased and they all laughed.

...

"Really slick of you to propose as way to clear the tension," I drawled, circling around the bed while I allowed the whip to glide on his limbs. He chuckled, his eyes blinded by the blindfold.

"I've been meaning to do it for a while now. Just wish I could've made it more special for you,"

I suddenly delivered a loud whip to his leg, and he arched off the bed. "As long as I'm wearing your ring, I don't care about how you asked.



"Okay Mistress."

Deciding he had received enough lashings, I threw the whip onto the floor, and grabbed the little gold mask glittering on top of the pedestal. With a smile, I strapped it around my face, lovingly stepping back into my alter ego. I sensually walked to where his head was and gave him a soft kiss on the forehead, then slowly untied the blindfold. His eyes fluttered, adjusting them to the light before he looked at me, lips ajar. "You look amazing Mistress."

My hand colliding with his cheek screamed through out the room. "I never said you could speak."

Mfihlo shut his mouth like a good little boy, watching my crawl onto his lap. I could see the beast in him trying to convince him to break free from his restraints and dominate me, but he was fighting it off because he understood how important this moment was for me. How I needed to be in control once in a while.

"Are you a good boy for speaking without permission?"

"No Mistress."

I smiled, playing with the tip of his raging penis, and watching him squirm under my grasp. He cleared his throat. "And what do bad boys get?"

"Punished," he whispered like I normally did, but other than the sensual innocence I would often show to him, his expression was one of adamant of proving his masculinity.

I kissed his navel, before planting my hands on his chest, allowing the action to help me sink down his manhood. He groaned, while I threw my head back, enjoying the feel of his form buried deep inside me. I felt him throb, and I started moving, getting consumed by my own pleasure, and the sound of his groans ushering me towards my deserved release.

His groans became louder, as I felt his swell inside me. I stopped moving, much to the dismay of girlfriend. Our eyes

met, a glare staring back at me. My eyebrows knitted together in question. "Bad boy don't deserve to cum." And with those words I bounced on him, keeping my fingers deep in his skin, hurting him more than denying him an orgasm. A rapid rush of ecstasy shot through my veins and to our joint sexes, then an unladylike scream stretched through the space as I came like I never did.

My chest rose rapidly up and down as I tried to regulate my breathing, feeling my body tucker out. He shifted underneath him, and I looked at him, my eyes lazily open. "My vagina is definitely not making you cum"

I kissed his cheek before sliding off him to relieve him from his restraints.

## EPILOGUE

The room was a bit cold and deserted. It didn't have a funny smell which was something one expected in a room like this. The walls were long and there was only one window way up near the ceiling. This felt like more of a jail cell because most of the furniture inside was rotted to the cement and could not be moved.

Mfiliseni sat up from the small bed, feeling an intense headache attacking him. He felt like his air supply had been cut short and he couldn't breathe. He didn't want much, just a few puffs from a cigarette and the headache would go away. He didn't know where he was and that just intensified his headache.

Was he kidnapped? Was he in a dream?

But who would be brave enough to kidnap Dela's son? Only an idiot.

The lock turned and the door opened. He held his breath. Not sure if he was ready to face the person who was keeping him prisoner in this cell. Because he was in a cell. How else could he describe his current situation? Maybe this was some kind of a nightmare. His jaws dropped to the floor when his eyes landed on the person who had just entered the room.

“Good, you're awake.” Mfihlo started off, swiftly closing the door behind him. “Don't kill me because of cigarette. I have heard how irritable addicts can be.” He chuckled before sitting on the chair not so far from the door.

“What is going here Mfihlo? What am I doing here? His voice was cranky and scratchy, like he hadn't spoken for a long time.

“You really thought we would take you to a normal rehabilitation centre where you could have access to whatever resources you needed just because you're rich? I have heard cases about addicts not recovering at rehab because some staff members smuggled in drugs for them, at a price of course. So that would've not worked for a rich guy like you.”

“What is this place?” Mfiliseni asked, not liking what his brother was saying because it was the truth.

“Your own personal rehab. Your doctor will come check you and monitor your progress twice a week. You won't have visitations during your stay here. None of the guards will listen to a word you. You are basically in prison but with the exception of not gathering with other inmates. We love you and we want what's best for you. This is what's best for you.” He stood up and looked at his brother.

“I really hope you don't throw any tantrums and work with the people who will be guarding you. We all want you back to our

lives but we want a clean man not one with damaged lungs.”  
He walked to the door and Mfiliseni quickly stood up.

“Come on, man. This is not on. This room stinks and it isn't comfortable. How can you keep me here? Locked up? I am your brother.” He pleaded and it fell on deaf ears.

“It is because you are my brother that I am doing this.” He stepped out and locked the door behind him.

“MFIHLO! MFIHLO MAAN!” he banged the door but never get any response.

.....The End.....

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