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## **HE IS ALSO MINE by Minenhle Nkosi**

### **Chapter 1**

“You’re sure you don’t mind me taking these shoes?” Danny asks and I chuckle before waving him off. He is a meddler and doesn’t know no privacy but ever since he married Afee, he has been double guessing some of the things. It’s quite amusing sometimes but I don’t let him see that. I am also used to him stealing my shoes, claiming that he will only wear them once and return them but that’s a plain lie because he never brings them back. His husband is rich but that doesn’t matter when it comes to my shoe collection.

It’s okay, Dan. Now go before you miss your flight. I am sure Afee would kill me if you happen to miss it.” I tease and he laughs before kissing my cheek and rushing out of my apartment.

I huff and throw myself on the bed after hearing the front door shut. I am going through a lot. I have recently broken up with Bobo and that has left me rather sad. I am mad at myself because if I hadn't entertained the idea of being in a relationship, I wouldn't be here right now, missing him and wishing he were here.

All the people I consider friends are busy with their lives and I don't wanna bother them by informing them about a mere breakup. I am sure Futhy, my boss, would say 'This is a sign that you husband is near and God is paving way for him.' she is very positive and sometimes her advices are comforting, but at times like these, I don't need someone who will tell me that shit will come together. I want someone who is going to say 'Lindsay, go out and fuck whoever you come across, straight or gay'. Maybe I need to listen to my own advice and go out searching instead of throwing myself a pity party.

I shower and as I go through my stuff, I click my tongue, coming across one of Bobo's t-shirts. I remember the day he bought it. We were out and I spotted it in the store's display section. I said it would look good on him and we went inside to buy it. The

cashier was very friendly and turns out they were neighbours. They chatted like old friends and I felt left out. I didn't wanna raise this after we left the shop because I didn't want him to think I am insecure or something. As time went by, he started spending some time with the cashier, claiming they were just friends catching up. God, I was such a fool. I didn't think a gay man would cheat on me with a woman. I was a fool and I regret loving him. They actually got together and had an affair behind my back. I found out the hard way. I saw them coming out of a surgery and Bobo was brushing the lady's stomach with a wide smile on his face. I had a panic attack that day and I saw my life flashing before my eyes. I didn't need anyone to clarify what was going on before me. When Bobo 'apologized' and told me the nature of his relationship with the lady, my whole body shook and I nearly lost it. I just smiled at him and said goodbye.

Two weeks later and the sight of his things still repulse me. I wanna go Daenerys on his shit because I don't ever want see his face but as huge as Durban is

I know my wish won't come true. I just have to pack his trash and place it in the garage until I have the strength to text him and tell him to come pick it up. But I am not going to do that tonight. Tonight is all about me and I intend on having a good time, drinking my sorrows away.

I am usually laid back when it comes to my attire but today my alter ego has been awakened, thanks to that asshole. Even thinking of his name makes me super mad. I take out my tiny denim shorts, a mesh white vest and a leather jacket. I am going to pair this with white Hibacci sneakers. When I am content with my outfit, I settle in front of the dresser. I do minimal make-up, just foundation, brows and a nude lipstick. My alter ego is not fully out, so I don't include a weave to complete my look. I just apply some gel in my cut and then spray it. I then get dressed and load my essentials in a small handbag.

Sliding inside my car, I meander through the traffic and find myself parked outside one of the elite clubs of Joburg. I am not even concerned about being alone because I am a vibe and people love hanging out with me. I smile at the bouncer as I walk inside. What a great time to be alive. The music is pumping, people are dancing like there is no troubles or tomorrow, the barman is impressing some ladies with his flipping skills. I head to the bar and smile at him.

“Lindsay.” He greets cheerfully. “One moment please.” He prepares three cocktails for the ladies and serve them before turning to me. “What do you feel like having today?”

“3 shots for now and a Rio De Janeiro.”

“Okay. Will someone be joining you today?”

“No, I will be drinking alone until further notice.”

“Your drinks coming right up.” he gets to work and I take a few selfies before posting one and adding my location. He places three shots in front of me and I drink them all within thirty seconds. I then take my cocktail and place three hundred rands on the bar.

“Keep the change and keep them coming.” I wink and make my way to the dance floor.

‘Changes in my life

I won’t leave you behind

Changes in my life

You will see me in time

Changes in my life

You're always on my mind

Changes in my life

I got you by my side.'

Everyone who goes to the grooves, know that this is an anthem, a spirit song. One of the songs that connects us all. One of the songs that forces us to let loose, be ourselves and dance like the world is ending tomorrow. I retreat from the dance floor and go in search for a vacant table. I pass a group of really fine men and one of them makes eye contact with me. He doesn't smile or anything. He just stares at me until I shyly look away and settle on a table which is not far from theirs. That was intense.

One of my favourite waitresses makes her way to my table and smiles at me. "You buried everyone in that dance floor. What's with the provocative dance moves and outfit? Who pissed you off?" she places a full drink in front of me and then sits on the edge of the table and I chuckle.

“Going through a break up. I need to let loose tonight. Fuck everyone in my way.”

“Damn. Well do let loose and don’t forget to shout if you need anything else.” She takes my empty glass and walks away. I check the videos I took on the dance floor and post two of them.

“Thought it was you.” a familiar voice disturbs me only to look up and find the adorable little sister of Lee, Thembelihle.

“Hey babes.” I stand up and hug her. “You look stunning. What are you doing here?” we both sit down and she sighs.

“I am glad I found someone I know here. I won’t make stupid mistakes while drunk.” I frown. Sounds like something juicy is coming.

“Don’t you want a drink first?” I enquire.

“Please.”

“How about I get you one and you can tell me all about what troubles you?”



She smiles. "I would appreciate that very much." Look at me wanting to comfort someone else while I am going through a lot. But sometimes the best therapy is listening to other people's problems and realizing you're not the only one suffering and your situation is less serious than theirs. "My whole family knows about Shibase and they want me to break up with him. Sis Lee is not happy but she wants me to do what is right for me and not compromise my happiness. Dad is scared of losing another daughter like he lost Lee. Mom just straight up told me to go to the nearest lake and drown myself."

"Damn." Sounds like a tale of unforbidden love. "Who is Shibase?"

A blush appears on her face. "He is my brother's friend and they are almost the same age. That's what's angering my brother the most. I wish they can just let me make my own mistakes and learn from them."

I sigh. "Usually that's not the case with families who care about you. They wanna be all up in your business and they don't understand the concept of boundaries. Anyways, this will blow up soon. I know someone who dated a man who was 20 years older than her. Her brothers nearly killed the guy but at the end

of the day, they allowed her to be because they were both destined for each other. You can't really tell your family to back off but give them time to get used to this." she nods.

"Thanks for the advice. What's up with you?"

I chuckle. "Child, we will have to get something stronger before I can start opening up about my problems because it's a lot and really heart breaking. I am a bad bitch and all but bad bitches also crack when pressured."

"How about shots then?"

2

"OMG! I AM HAVING THE BEST TIME OF MY LIFE!" Lihle shouts top of her voice and I laugh.

She is a light drinker. Two shots and a cocktail and she is ready to dance on the tables. While she catwalks to the dance floor, I take out her phone from her purse and I smile when I find that it has no password. I go to her WhatsApp and send Shibase her location. She might get mad at me but I wanna get wasted right now and I don't wanna babysit no kid. She is in her early twenties but still a kid to me. I know our purses are safe here, so I go join her on the dance floor and we drop it like it's hot.

“I HAVE NEVER HAD SO MUCH FUN IN MY LIFE!” She shouts over the loud music and I chuckle.

“STICK WITH ME CHILD, AND I WILL TAKE YOU PLACES. BUT DON’T TELL YOUR SISTERS!” She laughs.

“MY LIPS ARE SEALED!” few moments later we are dry humping some guys with no care in the world. I turn around and look at the guy who has his hands on my waist. He smirks and I smile at him. He is not my type. Yes, he is tall and dark but he does not have that thing. However, when you’re going through what I am going through, you don’t get too choosy about who you wanna take home. “Hey handsome.” I flirt and he chuckles.

“You have some mad dance moves.” he complements. “I am Somandla by the way.” I don’t mean to but I crack up. Who the fuck names their child Somandla? Next thing you know, a child will be named God or Almighty. These parents with their lazy brains.

“I am sorry, I didn’t mean to laugh.”

He chuckles. “No biggie. I get that a lot. My name is too innocent for me but you can call me Somi or Mandla.” I nod. “How about I get you a drink?” I turn to look at Lihle and I Am glad to find her dancing with a girl. We wouldn’t want a disaster of Shibase walking in here and finding her busy with another guy.

“You can get me a bottle of Boulevard Nectar Rose.” It’s not expensive but let’s see if he is not too stingy. He scratches his head.

“Where are you seated? I will go order it and meet you there.” I chuckle. I know he is not coming back. Was he hoping that a six pack of Savanna is enough to woo me?

“Table 3 at the VIP section.” His eyes pop out a bit but he recovers.

“See you then.” He walks away and I laugh. Go Somandla.

“I am going to the restroom.” I whisper at Lihle and she smiles at me before dismissing me with her hand. Okay little bird.

I walk to the VIP restrooms. One of the things I like about them, they are never crowded. Sometimes you just find one person or

find it empty. There is no line. I do my business and then wash my hands. I check if my make-up is still okay and that's when the door opens and someone walks in in. I look behind me and I see the guy who gave me an intense gaze.

“I was just leaving.” I blurt out and his eyebrow arches. Why did I just say that? I have every right to be in this restroom as he. But how can I not be a bit intimidated? The guy has that humble handsomeness. His presence is as commanding as his stare. He carries so much power and authority. I would be running out of here if he wasn't standing on the door. “Can I pass now?” I finally ask and he smirks. He actually smirks at me. I don't know how I feel about that. He walks towards me and my breath hitches. What is going on? Is he going to strangle me? But I haven't done anything that requires me to be strangled, at least not to him. He looks more handsome up close. His suit hugs him in all the right places. His shirt is so white, it's like he just put it on a few minutes ago. He is clean, that's what I have concluded. I shudder and that seems to startle him a bit.

He shoves a paper in my front pocket and then enters one of the stalls without uttering a single word. His strong expensive cologne is still lingering around. I wanna stay around and sniff

on it for a few moments but I don't wanna be told twice, I rush out of the restroom and exhale loudly after closing the door behind me. My whole body is heating up. He was in front of me for less than 10 seconds but the close proximity made my body react so quickly. Fuck me.

I hurry back to my table and find Lihle seated with a man. They look all cozy and cute. I immediately know that it's Shibase. "Is it safe for me to sit here?" I ask teasingly, looking at Lihle and she laughs.

"I am not even mad at you. Babe, this is Lindsay, sis Futhy's friend and Lindsay, this is my man, Shibase." She states.

"He is definitely no boyfriend." They both laugh. The man with the intense gaze passes out table and I can't take my eyes off him. He reminds me of Ndosì omkhulu. He walks around with so much power

authority and confidence, like a king. He whispers something to one of the men he was seated with before he looks at me for a nanosecond and then walks out of the club. Why is he leaving? Ow, the card. I quickly take it out of my pocket.

‘Winston Hotel, Room 106.’

That’s all the card says. I am a bit skeptical about this. This is clearly a booty call and should I go there, I know I am in it for the hard fucking. That guy seems like the freaky type who wants to tie you up and fuck you from dusk till dawn. However, I will not ignore the fact that I am so turned on right now. Lord cleanse my soul but I am going after him.

“I have to love and leave you my lovies.” I state and Lihle frowns.

“Why? The night is still young.”

“Well honey, who said anything about going to sleep?” she laughs before standing up to hug me.

“We definitely have to catch up soon.” she says with a smile. She is so cute. “You still owe me the scoop.”

I laugh. “I will call you babes.” I kiss her cheek and wave at Shibase. “Bye lover man.” he chuckles.

I walk out and before I reach the door, a hand stops me. I frown and look up to see the God guy. "I was about to come to you table." He says with a smile.

"Well, God, usindwe zinyawo. Maybe next time." I wink at him and head out.

I jump inside my car and I arrive at Melrose in no time. If I got speeding tickets, the mystery guy is paying for them. I park my car and check if I am still looking good. I re apply my lipstick and cologne before stepping out of the car and heading inside. I greet the doorman and ask him to show me the first floor. He does so with a smile and I thank him before tipping him with hundred rands. I get into the elevator which leads me to the first floor. I step out and look around the corridor before making my way to room 106. I arrive at the door and don't waste any more time before knocking. I knock once and open the door. Luckily it's not locked. I enter the room and my God, it is beautiful. I close the door behind me and look around. It only takes a minute for me to locate the mystery guy. He is seated on the couch with a glass of brown liquor in his hand. He has deserted his blazer and all the buttons of his shirt are open, allowing me a glimpse of his naked chest.



“Glad you could join me.” he finally speaks up and the sound of his voice is enough to send a high volt of electricity running all over my body.

“Before we go far, I am not a prostitute.” I state and he chuckles. His voice and laugh is going to be my undoing. I am already weak and he hasn’t even laid a single finger on me. Futhy would be so disappointed in me right now.

“I never said you were one and I don’t fuck prostitutes.”

I swallow hard. “Are you going to fuck me?” he smirks.

He places the glass on the table nearby before making his way to me. His hand grasp me and he brings himself closer to me before crashing his lips on mine.

This man though. How do you react to such a strong, powerful kiss? How do you break it? Because as much as I am caught up in the moment, I have to know the name of the man who is about to fuck me.

“Wait.” I mumble, pushing him with the little strength I have left. He frowns at me. “What’s your name?”

He chuckles. “Is my name that important?”

“Yes. I can’t keep calling you mystery guy.” He actually laughs this time around.

“Lethinhlahla Khambule.” After that, he pins me on the cold wall and starts sucking on my neck while his hand unbuttons my short.

“Don’t you wanna know who I am?” I squirm.

“I know everything I need to know about you, Lindani.” How?

3

I exhale out loudly before opening my eyes and looking around. This man is nowhere to be seen. My ass is on fire and I don't think I will be able to sit or walk properly the whole day. When we talk about fucking, we are talking about Lethinhlahla Khambule. My God, I have never been made to submit that way in my life before. The man had me screaming like a baby the whole night. I am not someone who cares about people's opinions but after last night, I am a bit ashamed to show my face outside. I feel like people are going to see right through me.

I turn my head to the right and I catch the sight of a black card in the bedside table. Did he leave another note like last night? I stretch my hand and pick it up. Holy shit. I internally scream when I see that it's actually his black card. It is written Mr. L. T. Khambule. There is also a note next to where the card was at.

'Spoil yourself. There is no limit. The pin is 60841.'

Shut the front door. Was my performance that impressive? But why didn't he leave his contact details? He said he knew everything about me, yet I don't know a single thing about him,

well except for his name. Maybe I should Google him or something, but now I have to utilize this black card. I already have a few things in mind that I wanna buy. I jump off the bed. The pain in my butthole has miraculously disappeared. That's the power of money, it can heal all minor pains. I strut to the bathroom while swinging my ass from side to side and singing.

'Birds flying high

You know how I feel

Sun in the sky

You know how I feel

Breeze driftin' on by

You know how I feel

It's a new dawn

It's a new day

It's a new life

For me

And I am feeling good...'

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As soon as I have changed into new clothes at my house, I sit down and think of somebody I can spend this money with. Futhy, no. that one is a nursing mother and she is 3 hours away from me. Danny, that one is in his second honeymoon. One of my siblings or cousins, they will come here with their negative energy and say I am rubbing off my happiness on their faces. I literally have nobody I can call. I scroll down people's WhatsApp statuses and I see that Thando, Futhy's younger sister, is in town. Well I have never bonded with her but there is always a first time for everything. I hit her up and she agrees to meet up.

Moments later I watch as she walk up to me in the mall entrance. She is dressed to kill and I swear to God I have never seen what she is wearing anywhere before. Perks of being a fashion designer. That automatically makes you a trendsetter.

"Hello love." she smiles as she makes her way to me. We share a hug and I take out my glasses just to stare at her until she laughs. "Don't do that." she says shyly and I chuckle.

“Why the heck am I bothering going shopping when I can just give you money and have you design my clothes? Unique clothes that no one has ever worn.” She laughs.

“I am on leave. I have been working so much since the year began. So I am just chilling for these few weeks. If inspiration strikes, I will sketch on my notepad but that’s all. No touching the sewing machine, fabrics, patterns or pins.”

I snort. “Okay then. For now you are my personal stylist. You are just going to advise me on a few outfits.”

“Few? I find that hard to believe with you, Lindsay.” I laugh as we make our way inside the mall.

“Aren’t you going to be designing Sthuli’s 2nd birthday dress?” she rolls her eyes.

“Sis Lee is not that picky or choosy. If I were to come with a nice dress from Woolies, she would accept it with no doubts.”

“But I am sure Noma would say otherwise.” She groans.

“Yuh, that one. She is the worst. But I am just glad that she always pay me upfront and a bonus on each design. She has

actually hired me to design a dress which she will be wearing at a wedding of some princess in Niger.”

“You are going to trend, babes. All your sisters have been dressed by you on really important occasions. How many elite clients have you gained because of them?” she tilts her head to the side, thinking.

“About 23. Most celebs want me to design their outfits for awards ceremonies but these people are quite stingy. They sometimes pay, they sometimes don’t. They are just full of shit.”

I laugh at this. Who would’ve known that these celebs don’t like paying? I would definitely expose them if I were a designer.

“Name one.”

She laughs. “Confidentiality, love.” I roll my eyes and she laughs more. “What are we starting with?” she asks as we pass ALDO.

“A few shoes from here won’t hurt.” I state and she chuckles.

“Let’s go, then.”

We enter almost every clothing shop in the mall but by the time we are done

I have so many clothes and different styles which I know will blow everyone away. I also buy Thando an expensive watch. She is over the moon about this and thinks it's her payment but I am still going to pay for her services. Being a family friend doesn't mean you must exploit a business owner without paying for them.

"Let's go eat, I am so famished." I complain. She frowns.

"Sorry, I tend to forget about food whenever clothes are involved." I chuckle.

"I understand. What are your banking details?" I ask and she tilts her head to the side, looking at me.

"You don't have to pay me, Lindsay. The watch is enough."

"I took you out of your home and asked for your fashion advice. It's like calling your lawyer friend and asking for legal advice for free. That should be illegal." She chuckles.

"For fashion tips, my prices range from £1000 upwards."

"How much is that in rands?" she chuckles.

"Roughly 14k."



“Damn, you’re expensive. Anyways, I have a black card today. So I am going to utilize that.” I flash the card and she laughs.

“I wish to know the owner of this card. How is he not complaining after we have swapped so much?” I chuckle.

“Umacaphuma kusale, doll. (He is not poor. /He is super rich.)”

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Now I really want to call Lethinhlahla just to talk to him. He gave me his black card. That means something, right? You wouldn’t give a one night stand your card, would you now? Anyways, I am too tired to cook. I order on Mr. D food and open a bottle of wine while waiting. I shower and wear some briefs and a silk robe. I go chill on the lounge with my wine and video call Futhy. She answers after a few rings.

“Hey doll. How are you? How come you take Thando out but not me? You discriminating witch?” that’s how she starts a conversation. I laugh, shaking my head.

“Is that a way to greet a friend who is currently in possession of a black card with no limit?”

“Shut the front door.” She turns her head to the side. “Babe, zi juicy. Please feed Kuhlesibonge for me.” I see her standing up. “Okay. Now spill. What did I miss?”

“I met a guy last night at a club. We went to his hotel room and the rest is history. When I woke up, he was gone but there was a black card and a note on the side table.”

“You lie? Babes, istofu sakho siku six?”

I laugh. “I don’t know about that, but the dude fucked me the whole night with his monster cock. I still can’t feel my butthole and I haven’t taken a poop today.”

She cracks up, even throwing her head back. “Ziyakhala.” She wipes her tears. “Did he call you after the shopping spree?”

I shake my head. “No. the guy is such a mystery, Futhy and he is so intimidating. He knows everything about him and I only know his name.”

“Who is he?” konje Futhy knows almost everybody in Durban who is rich because most of them comes to her if they want to build commercial and private property.

“His name is Lethinlahla Khambule.”

“Ohh, I know him. One can never forget such a unique name. Anyways, he owns Khambule Enterprise and his company supplies most supermarkets. He also has a hobby of purchasing property. The guy is filthy rich. His grandfather was Leonard Khambule and he left most of his inheritance to Lethinlahla.”

“Wow. That’s a handful. It’s like you were reading that from a blog.” She laughs.

“You know me and my sharp memory.” We both laugh. “You should come and take me out. We will go to uLundi or even Richards Bay.”

“I will definitely come soon if the card is still in my possession.”

She smirks. “That is your new card, babe. The owner is not going to take it away from you.”

I frown and then it clicks. “Konje you’re psychic.” She laughs. The doorbell rings. “I have to get that. Pass my regards to your troop.”

She chuckles. “If you come here, don’t forget to bring them all gifts, you know how fussy they are. Well except for my innocent boy, Zweli.” I laugh.

“Bye babe.” I hang up and head to the door with cash in my hand. I open the door and I shocked to find Lethinhlahla on the other side of the door with a paperbag in his hand.

“Aren’t you going to let me in?” he asks with a smirk and I swallow hard.

4

I let him inside the house and take the paperbag from his hands. Now I have no choice but to share my food. Fuck him for the surprise visit but I am a bit glad he is here. I am not even going to ask how he knew where I live. The man knew my name before I knew his. He is a Statistics book, hard to read. I dish up the ribs, chips and rolls in two plates. He is lucky I ordered more food than I needed, but it was part of my comfort food. You can't live alone and not have some takeout's in your warmer, especially when you hate cooking. I put my buffalo wings and chicken strips in the warmer. He can't have it all. I pour juice for the both of us. I serve him his meal on a tray. The Zulu man have to be impressed that I have some manners.

"Thank you." he says as I come back with my own food.

"You're welcome, mystery man."

He chuckles. "I thought you weren't going to call me that since you know my name."

"Well you are still an enigma and knowing your name doesn't make you less mysterious. I resist the urge to Google you. It took a lot of self-control. I also don't have your number but I know you have mine. I wouldn't even be surprised if you know

my ID number.” He laughs. He actually laughs. He is beautiful. When he cracks up, all that intimidating aura dissipates. I can look at him laughing all day but that would make me creepy.

“You’re funny.” He says breathlessly.

“I know. I hope you aren’t here for sex because my asshole is still on fire. Your dick is huge and there is no way I am going to walk to a spa and ask for the masseuse to massage my butthole. I am sure she would run for the hills.”

“Yuh, please stop now.” He is laughing so hard, tears are coming out of his eyes. I laugh with him. I can’t help it. His laugh is contagious.

“I am done being Trevor Noah now.” I tease, biting my lip.

He smirks. “Thank you.”

“So what do you want in a gay dude like me? You want the best of both worlds because you don’t strike me as the type of man who is gay. Openly or behind the scenes.”

He smiles. "Can I not make a comment there?" I frown. "We will save the serious talk for a later stage." I roll my eyes and he raises his eyebrow as to challenge me to say something.

"Yoh, I am quiet." He chuckles. We eat in comfortable silence, despite having to deal with his intimidating ass and when we are done, I quickly wash the dishes.

"How long are you staying? I have work tomorrow." I state casually hovering over the doorway.

He smiles, standing up. "Are you really chasing me out?"

Queen Lisakhanya Mkhwanazi, Kuhle's younger sister, once said something on a girls' trip that shocked me because it was so unlike her. But it also made me respect her. She said 'being married to an intimidating guy like Zenzo, you just have to take charge every now and then just to show him you're boss'. So right now I am taking his advice as I step forward and go on my knees. I eye him with a smirk of my own as I unbuckle his belt and shove his pants together with his boxers. I take his monster cock in my hands and give him a mind blowing blowjob that has him groaning like an injured animal. When he shoots all his load

down my throat, I swallow it like a big girl and lick my lips before fixing his pants and standing up.

“Now you can go. I couldn’t let you go without realizing some of that tenseness in you, lover man.” I say seductively and he smirks, shaking his head. “Have I rendered you speechless?”

He shakes his head once more. “You are just a breath of fresh air. One never knows what to expect from you.” I smile at the compliment.

“Now I won’t be returning your card. I need to go to my dentist and have your sperms cleaned out before you get me pregnant.” He cracks up.

“That’s enough now. I am leaving.” I laugh and he smiles. “I will see you when I see you.” he winks at me and heads out. Fuck this guy. He is going to make me fall for him and I am not ready for that, especially after coming out from a relationship. One needs at least a month to heal before getting into a new relationship.

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When I get to work, I am all excited and ready for the new day. As usual, I greet all my colleagues with a wide smile. Futhy's PA Nonkosi stops dead on her tracks and walks back to my table. Futhy gave her the freedom of working as a full time architect while she is on her maternity leave but when she comes back, Nonkosi will be back to being a PA to one of the busiest women in South Africa.

"Something is different with you." she sniffs the air around us and I can't help but laugh. She has the same drama and spark that all of Futhy's PA seem to have. She is also smart. "Now spill. I don't have all day. I have to be at Nongoma before the day ends."

I smirk. "Well you favourite gay in town got laid and earned himself a black card."

Her eyes pop out. "Shut the front door. Nigga that means you know how to put it down, or is it the other way around?" I laugh at her cluelessness.

"All you have to know is that the sex was too good that I got a black card with unlimited funds. If you're lucky, I might buy you lunch."

“Please do. Consider it umphako. I need to rush.” She walks away as Ben, the architect, walks in. his eyes never leaves Nonkosi’s ass as she unintentionally swings it from side to side. The girl has that Naledi ass from The Wife.

“Benny Boy, that’s enough staring for one day.” he is startled by the fact that I caught him. I smile. “I understand you don’t have that kind of ass in your race but don’t make it too obvious that you’re staring. You know boss lady would skin you alive for that one.”

He sighs. “It’s harmless staring.”

“Not when your dick is hard.” His popped out eyes travel to his bulge and I laugh. “Too predictable. Have a good day.” he does the walk of shame to the elevator, making me laugh like crazy. Men are so predictable. And no, he wasn’t hard but it felt good to call him out.

As the day goes by, I get tempted to Google Lethinlahla and my curiosity wins. I type his name and pictures of his handsomeness and glory fill my screen. Damn this man is fine. I bite my lip and end the search before I bump into something that might ruin my mood. Nonkosi comes to my desk and I

hand her the food I bought for her. She thanks me and takes her leave.

When I am done for the day, I pack my things and head to my car, saying goodbyes to the security guards on duty. I am like that, a ball of energy and I just vibe with everyone. I drive to a nearby mall and buy lots of grocery.

After that, I drive home to KwaMashu where my mother resides with my sister who is currently unemployed with no dreams and three children from different fathers. Well her daily bread is judging people, including me. There is also my younger brother who is a rugby player. He lives in an academy and only comes back during school holidays. My mom is self-employed. She owns a catering company which caters mostly for events around the hood. She does have money but you know with black parents, they can never have too much money, unless they are Shaun Mkhize.

I park near the gate and climb off. I take a few plastics and head inside the house. One of my sister's kids, Zuzile is playing outside. As soon as she sees me, she runs to me.

“Malume. (Uncle).” She wraps her arms around me. “How are you?”

“I am good Zuzi. What about you?” I ask as we walk inside the house which is awfully quiet.

“I am good. I passed my June exams.” She beams enthusiastically and I am happy for her. She is 9 years old and she is doing grade 4. She is really smart and I wish to get her into a great private school but I know that will rub off Sithenjwa, my sister, the wrong way.

“That’s awesome. Maybe I will bring you a gift when I come back next time.”

“I will be waiting.” I chuckle. This niece of mine though.

“Where is everyone?” I ask, placing the plastics in the counter.

“They went to Mam Nkomzwayo’s house. Her son died, so they went to pass their condolences.” I don’t even know Mam Nkomzwayo’s son but I know her. She and my mother goes to the same church.

“Ohh, that’s too sad. Now how about you help me unload the groceries and I will reward you with a burger?”

“I would’ve helped you even if you didn’t bribe me but...” she shrugs and I laugh. See? I told you she is smart.

5

A week. A whole week. An entire flipping' week. That's how long I haven't seen Lethi or even made contact with him. To say I am frustrated would be an understatement. The nerve. That stupid handsome mysterious man has the nerve to ghost me. worst of all, I don't have his numbers and I don't wanna give him the satisfaction of being the first one to contact him, well after paying someone to get me his number. I am glad it's a holiday today and we are in it for the long weekend. I love my work but waking up every morning? There are very few people in the world who enjoy that.

Since I don't feel like seeing my family, I decide that I am going to visit Futhy in the bundus but I can't just come empty handed and I have to buy things, toys for her brood. She should just open a crèche once and for all. 6 toddlers running around? I love kids but even I would go crazy with that amount of kids running around and crying. At least the four cousins can't walk or crawl yet but they are still troublesome and irritable. Always crying for no reason. Imagine crying because a fly flied past your eyes. Kids. They are the most dramatic beings in the world.

Dressed in simple skinny jeans, sneakers and a 'Google me' t-shirt, I drive to the mall and start my shopping. I am glad I am still in possession of the amazing card. I first start by ordering loads of food at Spur and then proceed to Toys'R'Us. As I walk out of the toy store, something compels me to look up. I do so and my mouth goes dry as my eyes land on a beautiful approaching family. The man is carrying a toddler in a yellow tutu skirt in his left arm while the other arm is on the woman's waist. The woman is holding an older kid in her hand. These people seem so happy. They are laughing at something unknown to me. I swallow hard and I honestly wish the tiled floor can open a huge hole and swallow me.

"Daddy, I want that. Can you please by me that?" I am startled by the toddler's sweet voice. She points at something on my trolley. It is then, the man lifts his eyes and they land on mine. He looks spooked for a second but quickly recovers. Son of a bitch.

"You can have it, darling." I take the talking doll and hand it to the toddler.

"Thank you so much." She blows a kiss at me and hugs the doll. My heart swells a bit but I don't wanna be here any longer.

Avoiding any eye contact with the man, I push my trolley away and as soon as I'm safely inside the doors of the elevator, away from prying eyes, I breathe out loud. What the fuck just happened? I wanna scream out loud, cry or even curse at someone, but I can't do that. I have to keep it together. I am in public. I can't just rain drama at a mall, unless I want to trend and give him the satisfaction that he has managed to break my broken heart. Yoh, fuck men.

I start by collecting my order from Spur and then going to load everything on the car. I then proceed to the petrol station and fill up my tank. I don't wanna listen to my inner voice telling me that it was too good to be true. There was no fuckin mystery here. The fucker was married. Fuck my life. So I play music so loud with my windows open. I don't wanna feel suffocated.

...

I finally breathe out loud when I drive towards Futhy's modern age palace. I can't help myself. Every time I come here

I just wanna appreciate the beauty of Futhy's creation. She really did the things here. If she were to invite Top Billing or whatever high class show, people would go crazy at the first sight of this Zulu hotel. I park my car on the driveway and climb out. I breathe in the fresh air of the bundus. It is so quiet like Clifton and I know I would never survive because I like a busy place but this is ideal for a vacation.

"WHEN YOU'RE DONE DOING YOGA, COME IN YOU UNINVITED GUEST!" I hear Futhy's voice before even seeing her. I can feel that she is somewhere on top. I raise my head and locate here on the 2nd floor balcony looking like a real housewife of Cape Town.

"I WASN'T DOING YOGA!" I shout back.

"THOSE BREATHING EXERCISES SAY OTHERWISE!" she responds and then disappears into the house. I greet the guards at the door and ask them to assist me with the stuff I bought. We carry the things inside and find Futhy on the huge lounge with Manelisi on her arms.

"I was expecting to find one of the four cousins in your arms." She laughs.



“They are at the royal house. The king was feeling down, so he asked that we visit him. Well I couldn’t go because I felt you coming and I knew you needed me more than him. You can put the things here guys.” She addresses the guards. They do as instructed and then walk away.

“Aww shame. Poor king. How is he doing by the way?” I ask as we sit down.

“He is hanging in there. I saw him cry for the first time and my heart broke. I really loved KaMahlaba and her departure was so sudden. The fantastic five is not complete without her.”

“I feel you. Now how does he babysit 4 toddlers and a drama queen?”

She laughs. “Zobuhle loves MaDlomo more. I am sure she is with her as we speak. She doesn’t care even if MaDlomo is going to a high class tea party or whatever. She be like ‘hamba nawe mina dodo’. (I am going with you, granny).” I crack up. I can legit imagine Futhy’s daughter saying that. She is very troublesome and a bit spoiled.

“I feel like she is exactly like you.” she laughs, shaking her head.  
“I can actually picture you following Ndosi omkhulu or his mother around.”

“Ow shut up. I am daddy’s little girl and everyone knows.”

“And what about the little fella in your hands?”

“He is a mama’s boy. He couldn’t bear to leave me alone. He would rather let his twin go on her own than leave his mother around.”

“Ncoaw. The young king is his mother’s protector. Now I am jealous.” She laughs. “I have something for him.” I retrieve a toy car with a remote from one of the plastics and hand it to him.

He smiles widely at me. “Thank you.” he then walks away.

“So many toys? You’re exaggerating, friend.” I roll my eyes and she chuckles.

“You have so many kids nawe. So I have to accommodate all of them, even the older ones.”

“Okay, let’s go unpack them and then you can tell me about the thing that made you drive all the way from Durban and just

barge into my house unannounced.” I huff knowing very well that I will have to talk sooner or later even though I don’t want to.

We take the plastics to the kids play room and unpack them, placing them in each kid’s shelf. We return to the lounge and she asks the helpers to go set up the food I came with in the rooftop terrace which has a great view of the surrounding places. We settle down on the comfortable chairs and start eating.

“He is married, Futhy. Why didn’t you tell me that he is married?” I start off and she shifts uncomfortably.

“Is ‘I thought you knew’ a great shield?” I shake my head.

“You know I don’t do married men. I am no home wrecker.”

“But don’t blame me. You shouldn’t have resisted the urge to Google him. Now what did you see?”

I sigh. “He had potential though, Futhy. He has that intimidating authoritative aura. He keeps you on your feet. You never know what to expect with him. He is an enigma. I was actually starting to fall for him and imagine my surprise when I bumped

into him outside Toys'R'Us with his little family. And he can't even use the ancient 'I am not happy with my wife' excuse because I saw them together. They were happy and that broke my heart. I was beginning to feel things for him but he just stomped on my already broken heart. Fuck him and his handsomeness, his huge dick, his fat wallet. Fuck him with all his glory."

Futhy chuckles. "But you aren't over him. Okay. We are going to curse him all we want but I am not going to judge you if you want to pursue a relationship with this guy. You seem taken by him."

"But as a what, Futhy? As his mistress? His sex slave?"

"No sex slave gets awarded with a black card."

"He was just buying my silence and stupid me, I fell for his tricks. I am so stupid." She sighs.

"How about you drain his card? I think that's the only undramatic revenge you can have. Or you can just take the high road and tell his wife how he likes it."

I shake my head. “Draining his card seems like a safe option. Women are crazy these days. She can call me obsessive and even sell me out in Ladies House and those women know how to gang up on a person, even a celebrity.”

She sighs. “You are going to spend the night here and that’s not up for discussion. Maybe you will know what to do tomorrow morning.”

“Thank you.” I smile at her.

“Hey, I am the only real friend you have.” I chuckle because she is telling the truth and then it dawns me. I have no actually friends except for my boss. I only have people I vibe with. My life is pathetic.

6

Just as we are concluding cooking, we hear the brood coming before they enter the house. Futhy sighs.

“I really need a holiday like this every once in a while. I love them so much but being away from them for a few hours is refreshing.” She states and I chuckle.

“You’re the one who decided to open your chubby legs for a Zulu prince. Now deal with the consequences.” I muse and she laughs.

“Fuck you.” she hits me in the chest and I gasp.

“Ouch.”

“There goes my chubby punch.” She sticks her tongue out childishly and I laugh. I am glad I always have an overnight bag in my car ready for a sleepover because I would be forced to go buy an outfit for tomorrow. I’m not the kind that repeats clothes for no reason.

“Okay, troop. When we get there, allow me to hug my wife first then you can crowd her afterwards.” I hear Kuhle addressing the kids and I can’t help the laugh that escapes my lips. There is a little possibility of the kids listening to him. They always go crazy when they reunite with Futhy. It’s like they haven’t seen her for ages.

“YES SIR!” The troop responds and Futhy laughs. A few moments later the kitchen gets crowded with her troop. There is also Sthulikazi, Lee’s daughter and MaMolefe’s twins. I scream when I see them.

“How did you manage to get those two out of the house?” Futhy asks the question in my mind.

“Hey baby.” Kuhle smiles, walking to Futhy but he is not fast enough because Zobuhle and Amahle reach Futhy first, hugging her tightly and start telling her about how their day was. “Guys, and then?” Kuhle asks and we all laugh. He looks so helpless. “Let me just hug Aunt Lindsay then.” He says advancing to me and they also beat him to that. They hug me and start asking me when I got here and all other inaudible questions from the toddler Zobuhle. Kuhle walks to his wife and hugs her, placing a child-friendly kiss on her lips.

“How are you? When did you get here? What did you bring for me?” Amahle is the only one audible. I chuckle, picking up Zobuhle who smiles widely.

“I am fine, darling. I got here during the day and your gifts are in the playroom.” I answer all her questions and she squeals.

“Yay!” she screams before hugging Futhy and rushing out of the kitchen. I converse with Zobuhle a little before letting her go and I greet the forever shy Sthulikazi. Zobuhle screams when Manelisi makes his way inside the kitchen. They share a cute toddler hug and before they walk out, Zobuhle take Sthuli by the hand and the trio walks out.

“How are you, Lindsay?” Kuhle asks after hugging me.

“I am fine.”

“You look heartbroken. Who should I kill?” he enquires and Futhy pushes him out of the kitchen.

“You’re being nosy.” She murmurs and Kuhle laughs.



“What did you cook?” he asks, holding on to the doorway. Futhy puts all effort on pushing him out but he just smirks at her. “Whoever told you that being chubby means you’re strong lied to you, my love.” he picks her up and she squeals.

“Put me down.” She states already giggling.

“I will bring her back soon.” Kuhle says looking at me and he walks away with his wife. I wave at the babies in their car seats and their nannies take them away.

I sigh, leaning on the kitchen counter. I am sure Lethi is having the time of his life with his family like this. Fuck. Why am I even thinking about him? Silly me for developing feelings for the mystery guy who has never even given me his number. I should be admitted to a mental institution straight. I sit on the bar stool and think of the perfect revenge that will bruise his ego. I won’t do something that might break up his family but I also want to show him that he messed with the wrong girl. He can’t just break my fragile heart and think everything is okay.

...

The next morning after breakfast the kids head to the garden to play. I sit with Futhy on the patio just watching them.

“I think I have feelings for him.” I mumble and Futhy quickly turns her head to look at me. “It’s crazy, right?”

She shakes her head. “It’s not. I totally understand. Now what makes you think that?”

“The first and last time he came to my apartment, he was super chilled Futhy and we actually bonded. We shared laughter and he made my heart flutter. I came alive. I have never felt that way with another man. That’s why I think it’s insane.”

She sighs. “When I first met Kuhle, I was in a stage of puff and pass. I will admit this to you. My break up with Sabelo really broke my heart and left my confidence shuttered. When a man leaves you for a slimmer woman, you can’t help but blame yourself for it. Yeah, sure it was arranged and shit but truth remains, his wife had a supermodel body while I was a plus size. So that really hurt me. When I saw Kuhle I was like I would love to fuck that and pass but when he showed genuine interest in me, somehow my confidence was fully restored. What I am trying to say is that

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had I not shielded myself from feelings, I would've fallen for Kuhle on your first date and maybe I did but I was too ignorant."

"Your love story deserves a TV series." She chuckles.

"If only we weren't royals, we would be swimming in showbiz money." We both laugh.

"Anyways, I will be leaving before 3pm." I announce and she scoffs.

"Whatever, but it was nice having you around. I can't wait for the annual couples' retreat. Maybe you will bring Mr. Lethinlahla as your plus one." She teases and I roll my eyes.

"I am done with that guy. I am never going to entertain him."

"Never say never doll."

"Is there something that I should know about?" I ask and she shrugs, turning her attention to the kids. "You're being shady." She snorts giving me a sly smile. This woman. As we are

chatting, Nonkosi walks to the patio with a tab on her arm. I know she is here for work.

“Hello ladies.” She greets and sits next to Futhy.

“Can this not be about work?” Futhy pleads with a groan.

“I am the worst, I know but I am only doing what I am paid for. Anyways, I am not accounting expert but I found some interesting gaps on the company’s books.” That interests Futhy because she sits up. “Okay. I am not the one who found gaps but I am sleeping with Saneliso from accounting.”

“You silly girl.” I state and she laughs.

“Aibo, a girl has to get laid.” She pouts and we laugh at her.

“Anyways, Saneliso let it slip during pillow talk that he suspects that someone is stealing from the company. Then he said some terms which I couldn’t understand but I believe that the culprit has stolen more than R100 000.” Futhy gasps and takes the tablet from Nonkosi. She taps on it for a few moments and hands it back to Nonkosi. She huffs and stands up. Kuhle chooses that moment to walk out of the house with one of the four cousins on his arms.

“Babe, did you know about someone stealing from DCC?” she asks.

“Yeah.” Kuhle answers, unbothered and Futhy frowns, standing up.

“Aibo, let me get this straight. Some people have been stealing from me and you didn’t tell me. Why? And how much have they stolen?” – Futhy.

“About R1.2million.” we all gasp. That much? Who in their right minds would steal that much money? “Relax sthandwa Sami. He programmed the money to go to an offshore account and we changed its’ direction. When it gets into this account, the money is immediately transferred to Lisa’s offshore account but that doesn’t show in his statement. To him, the amount is increasing but in fact, the account has nothing. There is enough evidence in my account to get him, no, them, locked up. It’s Lethinkosi Mathenjwa and Camilla Smith.” Futhy just walks away.

“Shall I do something about this information, bhuty?” Nonkosi asks.

“We will wait for my wife to say something. If he wants them arrested, I will give you all the proof I have and you will submit

it to Detective Ncebakazi Shabangu.” He answers. “Let me quickly check on my wife.” He walks away.

“I always knew Camilla Smith was crooked and wicked. I actually read an article about her being accused of fraud and nepotism in a company she worked at.” I state and Nonkosi looks at me.

“Which company is this?”

“Trails Corp.”

“I will do my research on that. When are you going back to Durban?”

“Later this evening.” Her phone beeps and she checks it.

“I need to bounce. Say bye to the boss for me.” she heads to the kids and play with them for a few moments before bidding farewell.

Nonkosi and Saneliso, huh? Now that’s a combination I didn’t see coming. I guess the guy is too dull and too much of a nerd for my liking. But I guess Nonkosi is taken by that. I wonder how this is going to pan out.

7

I have accepted the fact that Lethi was never mine from the beginning. It hurts because he has so much potential and I actually saw IPhakade in his eyes but I guess I should've seen that he was too good to be true. There are so many things I wanna do just to avenge myself but I don't really like too much violence and chaos. So I am going to hit him where it hurts the most, his pocket.

During lunch, I head to the bank and settle my car loan with Lethi's money. As I step out of the bank, I suddenly feel the need to upgrade my ride. Well, not really upgrade but add to my car collection like my friends. I sit in my car and just Google the type of cars that I would like. I swear I had a dream car at the back of my mind but now it has suddenly vanished. That's what happens when you suddenly have so much money out of the blue. Then, like a sigh from God, a beast passes me in high speed, I don't even have time to see what it is. Then by the grace of God, it gets stopped by the traffic lights and I smile as I recognize it. Suddenly, I know which car I really want. I drive to work, make up an excuse and ask for someone to cover for me. I make an appointment with a real estate agent for tomorrow during lunch time first. I then head home, change my shirt and drive to Mercedes Benz where they sell pre-owned cars.

When I get there, I ask for a sales consultant. In the meantime, I look around and the beast I saw on the road just speaks to me. It calls me to it. I feel drawn to such an extent that I find myself standing near it and just admiring it. Its matte grey colour is just calling my name, compelling me to take it home. It has officially turned me into a zombie. I am drooling over a machine. Can the Holy Spirit come down?

“Excuse me, sir.” I am startled by the voice. I quickly turn and my eyes land on a very sexy sales man.

“Oh-la-la. Don’t you look handsome? I am Lindsay.” I extend my hand and he shakes it with a smile.

“I am Mlulamisi Nxumalo and I will be assisting you with anything you need today. So what are we doing? Window shopping? Test driving or purchasing?”

“I would like to test drive this beast right here and then purchase it.” His eyes pop out.

“We would have to check if your credit score is good before you purchase it.”



“Do you need that credit score shit when you’re purchasing it in cash?” his jaws drop to the floor and it takes him a few moments to collect himself.

“Mr. ow sorry, Miss...” he stumbles upon his words and I chuckle.

“You can call me Mr. Mzobe. That’s what’s on my ID.”

“The car costs more than 3 million rands. Now, are you sure you want to purchase it on cash?” I really hope this card has more than 5 million rands. I don’t wanna end up embarrassing myself in this garage but Mr. Khambule is going to feel my wrath today. I am sure he is going to sweat in all the hidden places as soon as he recognizes a huge amount of 3million rands being subtracted from his bank account. Well I am also glad it’s pre-owned. I am sure a brand new one would’ve cost me 8 million rands. Well not me per say but you catch my drift.

“Is that what you get hired to do, Mr. Nxumalo? Doubt the customer’s capability?”

He shakes his head. “Ow no. that’s not it. I am sorry if it seems like I am undermining you. That’s not my intention. So would you like me to highlight the car’s special features or we can just get to the purchasing part?”

“I am already taken by just looking at it but you can wow me with other details

only the important ones.” He nods.

“In combination with the SPEEDSHIFT MCT 9-speed sports transmission and all-wheel drive, the four-seat coupe slings itself from rest to 100 km/h (62 mph) in just 2.8 seconds. The car reaches 300 km/h (186 mph) in just 23.9 seconds. Due to the tires, the top speed is electronically limited to 330 km/h (205 mph).”

“Enough with the 2.9 seconds and all. I am no fast and furious driver.” He laughs. “Tell me something in my language which I am going to love hearing.”

He smiles. “Brabus offers buyers of this supercar the option to custom-tailor the interior of the vehicle to their personal preferences with a bespoke masterpiece interior.” That sounds cool. I would love to have the seats written ‘Lindsay’ or ‘Mzobe’. “There is also a fine leather interior. I would love to explain the seams and piping but I am sure you would find them boring.”

I laugh. "I am glad you are taking your time to understand me. Now how about we test drive it?" he chuckles.

"You can't wait to know how it feels beneath you."

"You don't understand, Mlulamisi. It is calling my name and I want to answer." He laughs.

"Okay. Let me grab the car keys real quick." He rushes away and I exhale loudly, looking around. I feel like Lethi is going to kill me for this. Phela 3 million is not just petty cash. But I have already started this. I guess it's do or die. Mlulamisi comes back with the car keys and he opens the car for me. "Since we don't like customers going too crazy, we have a driveway in our backyard which is approximately 1km. you can test drive the car there."

"Thank you." I slide inside and take the car keys from. He shows me how to start the car and the engine purrs in response, startling me and I end up shrieking in delight. He laughs.

"You will get used to it. The driveway is through that window." He points to my left side.

"Thanks once again."

He closes the door and I drive the car outside and I love how it roars and follows my every command. It makes me wanna cry really. I drive back inside the garage and stay in the car after parking it for a few moments trying to gather my thoughts. I then hop out and Mlulamisi smiles at me.

“How are you feeling?”

“Like a brand new person. How do you make it feel so brand new while it is a second hand?”

“Well this one in particular, the previous owner only had it for 3 months and then sold it to us. The price he sold it for was very low, so we didn’t see the need to sell it for more than 4 million.” I nod.

“Let’s get to the paperwork then.” We walk to an office and he gestures that I sit.

“Would you like something to drink?”

“A virgin cocktail would be lovely.” He smiles.

“Let’s see if we have something like that in our fridge.” He speaks to someone on the phone and a few moments later, a young lady walks in with a cocktail and some biscuits.

“Here you go sir.” She places the small tray before me and walks away.

“Now can I please have your ID, Drivers’ license and the card?” I quickly hand him those things and then sip on my cocktail. He gets to work for a few minutes and we sit in silence. “Umm, sir, this card belongs to Mr. LT Khambule. We can’t continue with the purchase without verifying with the card owner.” Shucks.

“Go ahead then. Call him.” I state absent-mindedly because I know there is no way he has Lethi’s number. I see him dialing a number and my heart skips a beat. He puts it on speaker and it rings three times before the person on the other line answers it.

“Good afternoon. This is Mandy from Khambule Enterprises. How can I assist you?”

“Hey, Mandy. You’re talking to Mlulamisi from Mercedes Benz. I would like to speak to Mr. Khambule. It’s urgent.”

“Okay Mr. Mlulamisi. Let me quickly connect you to him.” the phone goes quiet, rings once and then his voice beams all over the office.

“This is Mr. Khambule. How can I help you?” he asks and my heart somersaults. Bitch chill. The man is about to rain on your parade. Bye bye Benzie. It was nice meeting you even for a few minutes.

“Yes sir. You’re talking to Mlulamisi Nxumalo from Mercedes Benz. I am with Mr. Lindani Mzobe here and he wants to make a purchase of a car.”

There is silence for a few moments before the man speaks up.

“Please give him whatever car he wants.”

“Umm, sir, the car is a Brabus Rocket GT900 and it’s R3 750 000.”

“Fine. Can I please talk to Mr. Mzobe for a few moments?” I can hear agitation in his voice. I don’t wanna speak to him. I don’t want him to soften me or whatever he wants to do.

“NO!” I shout before hanging up the call on Mlulamisi’s behalf.  
“Now that’s out of the way, can we please proceed? I don’t have the whole afternoon.”

“Yes we can. Also please forgive me for that. It’s not that I was undermining you or something, but a verification from the card’s owner is very important.”

“I understand, now can I please have my car?”

8

“Tomorrow I am fetching my car.” I say to Mlulamisi after he is done capturing my details and with the payment. “I want all the drama. First off, I need a personal photographer who will capture everything. I want balloons coming out of the car and floating in the air, champagne, hamper, every nice thing you can do for someone buying such an expensive car.”

Mlulamisi chuckles. “I understand, Mr. Lindani and I will make sure everything is to your liking. At what time will you be coming in?”

“At 8 am.” He nods. “I will see you then.” I get up and head to my car. When I climb inside, I suddenly feel lost. The Benzie has stolen my heart. I feel like I am suffocating in this Polo of mine. But all will be well tomorrow morning. I still have to nyisa my haters. I hope they have enough data.

...

By 6 am I am already awake and cleaning around. When I am done with my mini spring cleaning, I take a long refreshing shower and then dry my body. I wonder how the pink water



gang with showers does it. But it's none of my business. I dry my body and lotion it, taking my time. I then get dressed in a khaki button front solid shirt, brown letter patched tapered pants and brown vintage slip-on tassel loafers. One thing I like about being gay, you can choose which side you want to shine on that particular day. Sometimes I wanna bring out my feminine side and sometimes I wanna bring out my masculine side.

One flaw about the masculine side is the looks I get from thirsty ladies. I sometimes even get asked out. So that's why I do make-up even though it's minimal with my masculine look. I add black round stud earrings and a two tone chain necklace. I unbutton the first three buttons of my shirt and make sure everything is in place. I then take my bag and head to the kitchen. As I am preparing my cereal, I make sure to request an Uber. When I am done eating, I wash my bowl and head out just in time for my Uber to park outside. I lock the house and climb inside the Uber. I greet the driver and tell him my destination.

We arrive at the garage after 20 minutes and I pay him before climbing off the car and heading inside. I am greeted by Mlulamisi in the reception area and he leads me to the place

where the cars are stored. As we enter the room, I see my baby parked in the middle with a big red bow on the bonnet. There are silver and black balloons surrounding the car. My heart melts. This looks out of this world. I take out my phone and quickly go live on Instagram. I spot a janitor standing not far from us. I call him and give him my phone.

“Please make sure to come closer. People must see the content.” I say and he laughs before nodding. Mlulamisi leads me to the car. I spot a photographer and look at Mlulamisi. “I see you met my demands.”

“After paying cash, we had to meet them.” he responds and I laugh. We stop next to the car. “I present to you your new baby.” another sales consultant comes to us. She hands me a hamper with a champagne. That is the highlight of the hamper. Futhy would have to forgive me but I will work while I am tipsy today. They hand me the car keys and I do a mini dance just to celebrate and they cheer on me.

“Thank you, love.” I bow a little and then do a catwalk to the passenger seat of my car. I open it and put the hamper inside. Balloons spill from the seats. I am pleased that Mlulamisi

followed my commands. If he was my type, I would've given him a quick blow job but he has that small belly which looks like a child's tomb and I ain't interested in that. "When am I going to get my pictures?" I ask and he smiles.

"We have all your details, so we will send them via email before lunch time." He responds and I nod. I take back my phone from the janitor and thank him.

"That's how it's done, people. On a random day, you just get up and decide you wanna buy a Brabus. Don't hate on me. Just joking, sometimes haters are good for my skin." I end the live video and the people surrounding me just laugh. I take a few selfies with the car and even take a photo of the paper that specifically states 'Congratulations Lindsay on your purchase of the Brabus GT900'. "Thanks for the love, fam. Now I gotta bounce." The sales consultants actually come to hug me and I also hug the janitor and photographer just for control. I go open my door and let the balloons spill out before climbing inside.

I start the car and as it roars to life, a voice startles the hell out of me. "Good morning, Lindsay. My name is Pearl and I am your Google Assistant. What would you like to know about your new

car?” the computerized voice questions and I am shocked. They never told me about this feature though.

“Oww

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morning Pearl. I will learn about the car as we go. For now, please get me to Dubandlela Construction Company fast.” I respond.

“Dubandlela Construction Company which is owned by Princess Melamina Zulu. You will arrive at your destination in 15 minutes.” Hebana. Goodbye long boring drives. I have a new friend now. I salute everyone as I drive away from the garage and allow Pearl to direct me to a place I have known for almost 6 years.

...

“When we talked over the phone, you didn’t really give me a clear detail of what you need and where you want your new home to be. Can we start there for a second? State the area

which you like or desire your dream house to be at and the kind of house you want.” The house agent starts off. We are standing near her car and she keeps stealing glances at my beast. I clear my throat.

“I would love a nice three roomed house with their own bathrooms, a garage, a nice huge kitchen and a pool is a must. Let’s start at Glenwood, then if we don’t find what I am looking for there, we can proceed to Musgrave or Airport Area.”

She nods. “You have an expensive taste and I like you.” she notes and gives me a seductive smile. God intervene. She goes through her bag and picks out three catalogues. “This one contains houses and apartments in Glenwood. We can start by going through it and if you think you like a house, I can show your pictures on my tablet and if you still wanna see the real thing, we can do that even now or tomorrow.”

I nod and take the catalogue. As I am going through the pages, I stumble upon a 4 bedroom house which is R2 850 000. I have set my own limit of at least 3 million so that I can buy some furniture if I am not satisfied with what I find. It has a home office, a large dining area (I can already see myself hosting my

family or friends there) and a private deck overlooking the harbour. It also has a flatlet and my favourite, a pool. Honestly this house is nice. I show the house to the agent and she smiles before showing me pictures of it. I like it very much but if I were to choose it, I would change most of the furniture. It's not giving. The unnecessary garage that can park 6 cars mara.

Then the magic happens when my eyes land on an architectural masterpiece in Upper Glenwood which is worth R3 995 000. I work at an architecture and construction company, so I know how to appreciate great architecture. I am literally sold. The house has three bedrooms and two bathrooms with two open patios and a study area. There is also a double volume lounge that has stack back doors leading out to an enormous tiled patio which overlooks the natural finish rock swimming pool and indigenous garden. I am taken. There is also a gym in here. The level of flex. Yoh. Influencers won't know what hit them. They are going to have chest pains for weeks. When the agent shows me the pictures, I am complete.

"Honey I will take this one." I state and she frowns but you can see some underlying excitement there. There is hope.

“Are you sure? You don’t wanna look at others?” she asks and I shake my head.

“I am certain about this one. If it’s available for viewing now, we can go.”

“Wow. Okay. Let’s go. I will lead the way.”

I smile. “No offence, but Pearl doesn’t like following orders. So just tell me the address and I will meet you there.” I have decided to name my car Pearl after the Google Assistant because it’s logical. She smiles.

“Okay then.” She tells me the address and as soon as I am in the comfort of my car, I tell Pearl the address and she takes me there.

Getting there, I wait outside for about three minutes before I see the agent’s car park behind mine. Took her long enough. She leads me inside and I am in awe of everything I come across. By the time we are done viewing it, I just know the kind of furniture I am going to add for this house to be complete and I actually can’t wait to invite the squad for a house warming which I should plan as soon as my title deed comes back.

“I am completely sold, love. I will take it.” I state as we exit the estate. She smiles widely.

“That is music to my ears. Now the bond is roughly R24 000 but I think you can afford that, looking at the car you’re driving.” She smirks. “The title deed can take up to three months to come back. So after all the paperwork is sorted, you will have the keys to your new home. But a title deed won’t stop you from inhabiting your house, as long as you have started paying for it.”

I grin. “Love I am paying cash for it and I have discovered that it can takes up to two weeks to get the title deed or even 8 working days if you’re lucky.”

She frowns and her face transfers to rage. “Cash? What are you talking about? Is this some kind of a prank? This house is close to 4 million rands. There is no way to can pay cash for it.”

I smirk. “Wanna bet?” Oww how I love dares. Especially when I am in possession of this magical card. Black is the magic colour honey.



9

I have to admit. I love the power a black card holds. When the transaction went through, you should've seen Karen's face. Well I will call her a Karen because she is white and I don't remember her name. It's not even relevant. After the purchase was processed, as I was waiting for the title deed, I decided to shop for furniture and have it delivered to my new home in a week since I already have keys. It costs me close to R200 000 and I withdrew R100 000 just for control before thinking of shipping the card back to its owner.

Just to save time and avoid drama, I drove to Lethi's company and handed the card to his receptionist. Of course it was in a sealed envelope from DCC, so I know they were going to take it seriously. The guy has been blowing my phone with different numbers. Somehow I just know it's him calling and I don't answer it. I don't know if he wants to kill me for overspending his hard-earned money or what but I am not in the mood of finding out.

After a week of purchasing the car, I have decided to go home and show it to my mother even though I don't have answers for her to some of the questions she is going to shoot down my

throat. I also know that my sister is going to gang up on me with my mother. In a way, I am ready for them and if they behave themselves, I am going to take them to Zimbali for dinner and maybe we can spend the night there. I could've bought my mother a house with Lethi's money but I am the one who got heart broken, so she doesn't ripe the fruit of my broken heart. Sorry. Maybe next time.

The amount of congratulations I got from the squad made me really emotional. In a way, we are all lucky for Kuhle and Futhy's marriage because it created a group of friends that help each other in times of need and celebrate each other's achievements. Even though I can feel overwhelmed by their successes, just being around them and soaking in their knowledge is refreshing. Because of our get togethers, I know I don't wanna end up just a receptionist at one of the most powerful companies in South Africa. I wanna create a name for myself and leave a mark of my own but without leaving my job because I am not only doing it for myself. I am doing it for everyone out there. I manage to put a smile on almost everyone who passes by the reception, either a colleague or a mere visitor and I know by doing that, I am also leaving my own mark in the world.

So the squad usually gift each other with something significant to celebrate your achievement. I actually got a lot of clothes from the females, claiming that driving a car like that, I also have to dress the part. The drama but it just shows the amount of love. The guys also got me nice things. Mabutho got me a petrol card seeing how expensive petrol is these days and that was very thoughtful of him. I am sure they are all going to go crazy once I tell them about the house. It's funny how strangers seem to support you and your own family has a way of looking down on you or never assisting even in times of need.

My niece, Zuzile is the one at the gate again and when she sees me getting off the car, she literally screams before rushing to hug me. "Malume, nice car. It is so beautiful. Is it yours?" she asks innocently and I nod. "OMG! Can I see the inside?" I laugh and open the front door for her. I place her on the seat and she touches the wheel. "These seats are so nice." She wiggles a bit in my seat and I can't help the laugh that escapes my lips before I take out my phone and photograph her while she is unaware.

"WHAT IS ALL THIS NOISE ZUZILE? AND WHOSE CAR IS THAT?" I hear my mother's voice shout before I turn to face her.

"Lindani, I wasn't expecting you. And why are you arriving in

that car? Where did you steal it? Where is yours?" yoh, parents.

"That car screams blesser from a mile away

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ma." Sithenjwa responds on my behalf as she appears behind mom. "Yey wena Zuzile. Get out of that car. You don't know whatever STI you're going to catch there." aibo.

"Mama, what is an STI?" Zuzi asks as she climbs down from the car.

"Ask your uncle." Sithenjwa responds, giving me a challenging look. I sigh.

"Family, I bought this car a week ago and believe it or not, it belongs to me. I haven't found the time to get it personalized yet, but I am working on it. I am here because I wanted to show it to you guys and then take you out for dinner."

Mom frowns. "Where did you suddenly get money for that car, Lindani? Are you sleeping with a minister?" as if.

“Mom, I wanna take you out for dinner. If you don’t want that, then I don’t mind taking the kids. Either way, you have thirty minutes to make up your mind. I will wait for you in the car because I don’t need more negative comments from you. And before you say I didn’t warn you, dress the part because we are going to a fancy restaurant.”

I climb into my car and hear some muffled sounds before I see them heading back inside the house. I know they are not going to pass up on the opportunity to eat out. They love nice things and they love bragging about them, they just love trash-talking me more. While waiting for them, I receive a call from Danny.

“Who is this big shot you are shagging? Why am I the only one who doesn’t know about this?” he asks before I can even say hello. I chuckle.

“Hello to you too, Danny. I didn’t even know you were back. When did you land?” I ask and I can literally feel him rolling his eyes at me.

“That’s not important but I landed an hour ago. Back to you, Mister. What’s going on? Do I need to get there in order to force you to tell me what’s happening?” he asks and I sigh.

“I had landed myself a big fish but then it slipped right through my fingers because it has a lot of scales. Luckily for me, I got a taste before throwing it back in the sea.”

“Look at you talking about sea food budlabha. You are making me hungry.” I crack up. He had to say something like that. That’s so him. “Who is this guy and what happened?”

“He is Lethinlahla Khambule, a rich businessman and he is married.”

“Holy shit.”

“Yeah. I actually didn’t know about that before I fucked him. I only found out after he ghosted me for a week. I bumped into him with his family and when he saw me, he was shocked. I just said nothing and misused his card. When I was done, I shipped it back to his office. He has been calling me nonstop with different numbers but I don’t wanna speak to him.”

“You caught feelings, chomie. That’s the only explanation as to why you are so hurt you had to retaliate by buying a car worth millions.” I don’t respond and he chuckles. “Good, because I

wasn't asking. Anyhow, you can never be done with a black card. There are always expenses coming out of nowhere."

I scoff. "I know but I don't wanna live off with his money. It would look like he is maintaining me somehow."

"Okay. I hear you boo. I am coming to Durban in a week just to drive that beast of yours. Can't wait to see you. Bye love."

"Bye." We end the call just in time to see my family making their way to the car. I am not even going to comment about their dress code but what I can say is that my mom looks like she is heading to her ex's funeral. My sister is dressed like Uncle Waffles. Only her children are not wearing dramatic outfits. My mother take the front seat while Sithenjwa and her kids climb on the back.

"So, where are we off to?" Sithenjwa asks as I start the car.

"Zimbali love."

To say my family embarrassed me at Zimbali would be an understatement. First it was my mother. The woman actually demanded that the waiter translate every dish's name on the menu in Zulu but I know she could understand what was written because she is a literate woman. And there is my sister who took charge of my phone for the whole night. She only gave it to me when there was a message coming in. biggest surprise of all was that as I was about to pay the bill, the waiter said it was taken care of. I knew that had Lethi written all over it and I hated the fact that the guy was practically stalking me now.

I was planning on asking for a meet up in order to tell him to back off but imagine my surprise when I find him outside my gate as I am driving out to work. Sighing in frustration, I climb off my new baby and walk to where he is standing near his SUV. There are two cars parked behind his car. Something I never noticed. This guy travels with an army of bodyguards. But I guess that's what happens when you have more than a few millions in your name.

"Let's talk." He starts off and I frown.



“Oww, you still don’t have manners. A simple ‘good morning’, ‘how are you’, would’ve sufficed. But I guess disloyal men have no respect.”

“Lindani please.” I scoff and nod. “Not here.”

“Aibo. Where do you wanna talk? Bear in mind I am heading to work now and if I don’t leave within the next 5 minutes, I will be late and I hate being late at work.”

“I have that covered. Get inside the car.” My eyebrows shoot up. Is he ordering me around? “Please.”

“What do you mean you have my work covered?”

“Just park your car inside the yard. You will find me waiting in the car.” One of his guards is quick to open the backseat door for him and he slides inside. Thatha Barack Obama. But how dare he comes here and try to order me around? Where does he get that right? I wanna defy him and speed out of here but I know my baby might end up getting damaged and I don’t want that to happen, not now not ever.

Huffing, I get inside my car and drive it inside the yard. I park it in the garage and lock it in. I make sure to check if the house is

locked, lock the gate and then walk to his car. The same guard who opened his door for him, opens one for me on the other side. Thanking him, I slide inside and he closes the door behind me. Moments later the car starts moving.

“So spill.” I state, looking at him and he sighs.

“Not here.” hehaha! If not here then where? This man is frustrating.

I take out my phone and text Smiso who is the morning security at DCC. I ask him about my replacement and he pleads that I don't come back because the woman is hot with a huge ass and the view he is getting is spectacular. Men aren't loyal. I have been friends with him since he got hired at DCC two years ago and now after seeing a piece of ass for a few minutes, he has changed.

“Who is this replacement you placed at DCC?” I ask and a small smile breaks out on his mouth.

“My cousin.”

“Is she hot with a huge ass?” he turns to look at me.

“Why are you asking that?”

“Because people are going crazy about it.”

“Which people?” he asks in a harsh tone and I roll my eyes.

“I won’t answer that until you explain to me what the fuck is going on. In fact you shouldn’t explain. You’re happily married with kids. What do you want from me?” I ask already getting worked up. I thought I was through with him but he really hurt my feelings and I can’t just ignore that and laugh with him as if everything is okay.

“Can we please get to our destination first before I tell you everything?” I click my tongue and look outside the window. Silence reigns in the car as it continues driving with no intention of stopping. I get confused when I see the driver taking a turn that leads to SAA Premier Lounge which is a private airport.

“Yey, what is going on here? What does our talking have anything to do with an airport?”

“I don’t want you running away from me after I have told you everything. Durban is a familiar territory so you can literally call an Uber from anywhere and just go hide in one of your friends’ impenetrable fortresses. But you won’t be able to flee in a foreign place.”

“Stop being so fuckin mysterious and tell me where we are going.” He just takes out his phone and gets busy with it. Fucking moron.

When we get to the airport, we board a private jet and it takes off after a few minutes. A flight attendant comes to where we are seated with a wide smile on her face. She is wearing blue tight pants, a white shirt, a blue tie and some ugly hat but people’s fashion senses differ. If I were a flight attendant, I would surely get Nqobile Msane from KwesakwaMthethwa to create a mind-blowing hat.

“Good morning and welcome on board. I am Darlene Mathonsi and I will be your flight attendant. If you need anything

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please don’t hesitate to shout. For now, do you need anything to eat or drink? We have a long journey ahead, so I would suggest we start it with full stomachs.” At least she knows

where we are going, unlike the stupid Lindsay who knows nothing about where we are headed. What if he is going to slaughter me when we get to our destination and just silently dispose my body?

“A black coffee with a toasted chicken and mayo sandwich will do for me, Darlene.” Lethi orders and the woman gives him a wide seductive smile before turning to me.

“Anything for you, sir?”

“It’s actually Miss Lindsay to you honey but I guess you wouldn’t be able to read between the lines seeing that ugly hat of yours.” I bite back and Lethi chuckles before he holds my hand.

“Chill, babe. Darlene, you can make an egg sandwich for him and an Americano.” I am shocked by him calling me babe out of the blue. What is he hoping to achieve by this sudden display of affection? But I don’t wanna show that this ‘babe’ word affected me.

“Coming right up sir and miss.” Darlene quickly walks away and I take my hand out of Lethi’s grasp.

“Your jealousy makes me happy.” He muses and I roll my eyes. This man is impossible.

“Who is your babe, Lethi? Aren’t you mistaken? Do I look like your wife? Last time I had no boobs or a pretty face. Now why are mistaking me for your babe?”

“Can we please not do this now? Time for such talk is coming.”

“You are fuckin impossible.” I get up from my sit which is next to him and go sit on one of the sits across him. He is so annoying and he is getting on my nerves. If I had it my way, I would grab a parachute and fly out of this plane because I hate him. He exhales loudly and looks at me.

“Don’t be like that.”

“Leave me alone.”

I take out my airpods, put them on and play a movie on my tab which I downloaded on Netflix. It’s called Purple Hearts. I have seen the trailer and heard the hype to people who have watched it. I hope it won’t disappoint. 10% into the movie, some clears their throat next to me. I pause the movie and turn to see the ugly hat lady standing with a cart next to me.

“Here you go. Please enjoy and if you need anything, don’t forget to shout. And I am also sorry about confusing your sexuality.” She gives me a smile but even a blind person can see

that it's fake. She gives me the food and I thank her. She walks away and I start munching while continuing with my movie.

When I am done with it, the movie, I have a positive review and I can't wait to post a video review on TikTok when I get back home. I scroll on my Netflix and I am shocked when I stumble upon the third season of Never Have I Ever. I didn't even know they were filming one. I download them and then watch them. Halfway through the season, I doze off.

Waking up, I am shocked to feel arms wrapped around me. Last time I checked, I was seating alone. I turn my head up to discover that I am actually laying on top of Lethi. He reclined his seat and it looks like a single bed. He is sleeping peacefully. I take my time just to drink in his manly beauty. He has bushy eyebrows which I would die for but would have to tweeze every now and then because I can see that they grow fast. His nose is a little pointy but it looks so normal and unbelievably beautiful. It's like he has done a nose job or something. His plummy kissable lips are so inviting. I can't even stop myself. I move closer and perk them. I then allow my hand to trace his nicely trimmed beard. This man is dreamy though and look at me stupidly falling for him even though I know he is off limits. Lindani Mzobe, you are the worst.

The bitchy flight attendant wakes us up and informs us that we are about to land. I quickly detach from Lethi and walk back to my seat furiously. He doesn't say anything as we both buckle up. Few minutes later, the plane lands and I stand up to stretch myself. An unplanned trip is the worst. If I knew I would be flying, I would've worn something more convenient, but I don't think I would've agreed if the guy told me that we are going to another country 'just to talk'. Rich people have nice life problems shame.

As I step off the plane, my steps momentarily halt. I read the words in front of me loudly in my head. SINGAPORE CHANGI AIRPORT. What the flipping hell? This man had to take me to Asia just so he can explain whatever shit that's happening with him? I have been meaning to come here on one of my December Holidays. It is part of my wish list to come to Singapore and he has made it possible. How did he know? I want to scream out in excitement but I don't wanna give him the satisfaction. Scoffing, I climb down the rest of the plane stairs and my feet finally hit the ground. I don't know the person I am becoming. To think I left SA in such a hurry, I didn't even let my haters know I rode in a private jet to another continent. Jesus, the content would've killed some people.



Lethi catches up with me and holds my hand. I let him be and allow him to lead the way because I don't wanna end up getting lost.

We enter the airport and come across many people, both about to board and some who just landed. I feel the hunger course through my veins as we exit and slide into a black beautiful SUV that's parked in the offloading zone. As soon as it drives away from the airport, I speak up.

"I am hungry." I mumble and Lethi chuckles.

"Don't worry. We will be at the hotel in 15 minutes." He responds and I nod. I look outside the window and take in the beautiful foreign country. But this is a bit drastic. I am sure someone agrees with me. What is so intense that he had to come to another country just to explain it? Why did we have to be away from our friends or families? Maybe he wants to kill me. Shwele. I am so naïve though. The worst.

A few minutes later, the car pulls up in a hotel called Marina Bay Sands. I have never seen anything so captivating, so breathtaking, and so beautiful. It is out of this world. This place shouldn't even be legal. Wow. I am so taken by the exterior, I

don't know how I will feel about the inside. All I know is that I am going to be blown away. The hotel is huge though, it looks like a city. It also reminds me of that three towers in Dubai. The ones that were shown in Fast and the Furious 7. I need a full month to tour this place. That's how huge it is. It's early morning or dawn but I just want to admire this true work of art. When the sun is up, I will surely ask for a tour guide.

We step out of the car and head inside. I have never heard of people checking in at a hotel at 3 am but I guess things are different for Lethi. As we check in, he is given two key cards. One of the staff members come to us and leads us to Tower 2. Passing the huge lobby, we enter an elevator. She looks Asian or is it Korean? I am not sure. As the doors close, I turn to the staff member escorting us.

“Is there a way of getting something to eat? I am starving?”

She smiles. “I will have something up and ready for you guys in less than twenty minutes. I hope you enjoy your stay with us. The Orchid Suite is very beautiful. I am sure you will find it breathtaking.” She responds and I nod.

“What's special about the Orchid Suite?” I can't help but be curious.

“It is a first class 71 square metres’ suite, has a spa like marble spacious bathroom with glass-enclosed shower and deep-soaking bathtub, a bedroom with king bed, a separate living room and a whole lot more. You also get complimentary breakfast at Club55, Spago or RISE

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you get access to the stunning Sands SkyPark Infinity Pool. There are so many benefits for it.”

“I will find out all about it during the day. Maybe you can be my tour guide.”

She giggles. “I will love that very much.” The elevator stops at the 20th floor and we step outside. We finally get to our suite and we step inside. She shows us around and then leaves after Lethi has tipped her.

“I am going to take a shower. I hope that by the time I am back, you will be ready to tell me about what the fuck is going on.” I state as I take off my shoes followed by my shirt.

“Don’t you wanna rest first?” he mumbles and I quickly shake my head.

“It has to be done now. If you are stalling, I can get a flight ticket back to SA in no time.”

He huffs. “Okay.” He also takes off his clothes and I force myself to look away. The man’s body is built like a sex God.

I quickly head to the bathroom and I am pleased to see bathing amenities. I take off my underwear and step inside the shower. I open the tap and hot water pours down on me like a lava. I start showering and through the steamy glasses, I see Lethi getting in the bathtub. A few minutes later, all the fatigue is gone, chased away by the hot and refreshing water. I dry myself and put on a robe since I literally have nothing to wear. I head back to the bedroom, take my phone and update my status. I know nobody will believe that I am in Singapore just because I have posted that. I just take a selfie, luckily the robe shows the logo of the hotel. When I post it on my story, I just tag the hotel and then switch off internet connection. As Lethi steps off the bathroom also draped in a robe, I hear a knock on the door. I quickly tend to it and my stomach does a Madiba Dance when it sees food. I thank whoever that brought it as they wheel it in. they leave and I lock the door behind them. I go and sit on the bed because Lethi is sitting in the couch.

“Go ahead, the floor is yours.” I start off and he sighs.

“Well here goes nothing. I am Lethinhlahla Khambule and my mom calls me Lethinjabulo. I am an entrepreneur and I am 36 years old. I am married to a beautiful woman named Zoleka and I love her. We have 3 kids. Nkanyiso who is 13 years, Lethokuhle who is 7 years and my princess, Aphiwe who is 4 years old. My wife and I have been married for 8 years. We broke up after having our first born and when we got back together, we had our second child.” I don’t know what I was expecting. Maybe the typical ‘I don’t love my wife’ chorus sang by many married men in order to justify their cheating ways. His confession just breaks my heart. But I just let him continue.

“I have dated a few guys before, so I think I can call myself bisexual, but not a lot of people know about that side of me. When I was 13 years old, my parents took me to an all boys’ boarding school and that’s where I learned about my true sexuality. When I got to varsity, I dated a few guys in secret because people were too judgmental and harsh when it came to gay people or bisexual. As years went by, I discovered that I was attracted to women as I was attracted to men. I had a roommate when I was doing grade 12 who I fucked with from time to time. We got together when I started working. I didn’t have a woman in my life at that time, so we spent so much of

my free time together. My uncle caught us together and he was furious. He ordered us to stop that madness and told my father that they should arrange a marriage for me. I told them that was unnecessary and that I would break things off with Cholo.” He goes silent and looks down. Okay. I was honestly not expecting a confession like that.

“I wish that I could’ve done things differently. I wish I had been unselfish and let Cholo go but I didn’t. We decided that we would be ‘more careful’ little did we know that my uncle was on to us. One day he walked in on us, I don’t remember much, except cradling a bleeding Cholo in my arms as he took his last breath. My uncle killed him and had no remorse. Then he arranged a marriage for me with some spoiled brat from Balito. I was vengeful, so I drove her into committing suicide and then killed my uncle after I was sure the woman was dead. I...”

I cut him off with my hand. “I have heard enough.” I get up, put on my pants and vest. I take the key card and walk to the door.

“Wait.” He murmurs but I don’t turn around. I walk out and shut the door behind me. There are some things that other people aren’t meant to hear. What I have just heard is too much for me to digest. He killed someone and causes another to kill themselves? God.

I must admit, Lethi thought this thing of bringing me here through. I can't even run away with hopes to clear my head. This is fucking frustrating. When I get to the lobby, I come across a drunk couple. I ask them where they are coming from and they direct me to a club called Marquee Singapore Nightclub. When I get there, I don't even admire the place or look around. Instead the minute I spot the deserted bar, I head there. Muttering a greeting to the barman, I order 4 shots which I down really fast and then ask for a glass of whiskey on the rocks. The barman is serving me with no judgment on his face. Great. I don't need that right now.

Now back to the issue at hand, how can one just accept the fact the guy he is falling for has killed someone before and caused another to commit suicide? How can you be calm after hearing news like that? I want to break down and scream like crazy, just to let go of the emotions piling inside me but I don't want people thinking I am crazy or anything. I am sure they will generalize my behaviour and say all South Africans are crazy.

"Do you want to talk about it?" the barman starts off and I just stare at him. "It's not usual for us to get a customer like you so

early in the morning. Nobody comes in at 5 am and drink like that, like you wanna forget a lot of things going on in your life.”

I sigh. “Is there a barman-customer confidentiality?” I ask and he laughs before nodding. “What do you usually do when the guy you’re falling for suddenly reveals to you that he has somehow killed two people?”

He whistles. “Damn, that’s a lot for one to take in. Anyways 2 deaths doesn’t necessarily means he is a serial killer or danger to society. Are his reasons for the deaths valid?” I roll my eyes.

“Killing shouldn’t even be substantiated unless the person was an abuser of some sort.”

“But his reasons are valid, right?” I huff and nod. “Before he revealed things like these to you, did you think he was a danger to you or did you fear him?”

“Fear, no. intimidated, yes. The guy has that sex appeal that can be a bit scary but it’s one of the things that attracted me to him. He commands attention and respect when he walks into a room. He has that thing, that unexplainable factor that swept me off my feet.”



“The deaths weren’t connected to you in any way, so you shouldn’t hold them against him. And I am sure they happened before you guys got together.”

“That’s not important.” He laughs.

“I have met many like you. You’re in denial and you don’t wanna admit your feelings for this guy. You are afraid that this revelation hasn’t taken away what you feel for him and you feel like you’re supposed to hate him or something along those lines.”

“Are you a bartender or therapist?”

He laughs again. He has that soothing laugh that tells you that everything is going to be okay somehow. “I think every bartender has to have that shrink bone in him or her because sometimes you are required to heal a drunkard with just your words. I am sure you are getting healed by our talk.” He grins at me and I just roll my eyes because he is right but I am not going to spell it out. “Since I am not going to get my answer, I will just ask you some questions. Where are you from?”

“South Africa.”

“Oww, I have some friends over there. They live in this area called Upington.”

“I know that place. Not that I have been to it before but I know it. It is in Northern Cape, the biggest province in South Africa but is one of the less populated provinces. People don’t like the big hole that much.”

“The big hole?” he questions and I nod.

“In the 19th century, it got known for its diamond mines that were hand-dug that time. There is a museum there now and it displays some uncut priceless diamonds.”

“How haven’t they been stolen?” I laugh.

“A place with that much diamonds wouldn’t be unguarded. Anyways I am from Durban, in a province called KwaZulu Natal.”

“Like the Zulu king?” he asks and I nod with a smile. If he knew I was friends with the Zulu princess, I am sure he wouldn’t believe me. “What’s your name?”

“Lindsay and you?”

“Zane.”

After that

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we just engage in light conversation while he keeps the drinks coming. He even advises me of places I can visit while I am in Singapore. I don't even know how long I will be here but I will surely check out the places he has suggested. What is more interesting is that this hotel has its own shopping mall called Shoppes which consist of all the expensive clothing brands which most South African make counterfeits of.

"My shift has ended, Lindsay. In fact it ended 30 minutes ago. I was just enjoying your company."

I pout. "What time is it?"

"7:30 am."

"My God. That's late. I guess I should settle the bill then." I pat on my pockets and then it dawns me, I didn't bring my wallet and even if I did, it has only rands in it. "How does one get out of this situation?"

Zane laughs. "Don't worry. Do you have your key card with you?" I nod and hand it over to him. He then scans it and brings it back. "One of the benefits of the Orchid suite. I hope we can

do this sometime again, maybe then you will bring your mystery man. This was cool. Till next time.” He winks at me. My heart reaches out to hug him. I down my third glass of whiskey and carry my drunk self towards the suite. Getting there, I find a furious Lethi pacing up and down barking out orders to whoever he is talking to on the phone. I swear I see some smoke coming out of his ears. I am not lying. Drama. I just roll my eyes as I place my key card on the table near the door. That seems to grab his attention. He looks at me as he ends the call.

“Where have you been?” he asks.

“I don’t have time for your seriousness right now. I just wanna sleep. Too much alcohol intake.” I strip off to my underwear and throw myself on the comfortable king sized bed.

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The hangover that strikes me when I wake up hits hard. Why did I have to drink so hard so early in the day? I am just as dramatic as Lethi but is the worst. Turning around, I spot a juice or something that resembles it on the bedside table. I figure that’s my hangover cure. I crawl to it and down it fast before I can overthink. It is bitter and smells bad but I know it will get

the job done. My eyes travel around the room and I spot an uncomfortable looking Lethi sleeping on the couch. Serves his right. I get up from the bed, stretch my body a bit and then make the bed. I know what will rid me of all this fatigue. A good cold shower. I shower, taking my time and just thinking about everything that has happened since I got here in Singapore. It's a lot for someone to take in but in a way, I trust Lethi more now that he has told me about this. Before, he had a special place in my heart. Now he owns half of it. It's true when they say honesty is the best policy.

Stepping out of the shower, I feel refreshed already. I lotion using the hotel's cosmetics and walk to the closet. I am shocked to find two new outfits waiting for me. I guess Lethi organized them or something. I put on the mint green flap pocket shirt & drawstring waist shorts and black metal décor slides. I guess my shower woke him up because I find him seated on the bed. He pats on the space next to him and I have no choice but to listen and go sit next to him. There is no need to put on a show.

"I know I scared you earlier on but I had to get that out of the way in order for us to have a healthy relationship." He starts off and I just give him the platform to say whatever is on his mind or heart. "I love transparency from the beginning and I know I don't practice what I preach because I wasn't honest with you. Truth be told, I didn't anticipate my feelings for you. When I

first saw you, I was attracted to you, physically. So I thought fucking you will clear my mind and I will go back to being the loyal loving husband but that didn't happen. You fucked up my 'perfect life'. After having you for the first time, I knew I wasn't going to let you go. Coming to your apartment was just something I decided upon that minute and just went for it before I could stop myself. The way you handled yourself when you saw me together with my wife, it made my heart swell, even though it nearly stopped beating because I thought I would never see you again. It was that moment I fell in love with you." say what now?

"I know you won't believe me and you have every right not to. I haven't been truthful with you from the beginning. In a way, my subconscious convinced me that you reminded me of Cholo and I believed it until I realized that you two were completely different people. With Cholo, yes I loved him but I was never in love with him and I didn't fight for him enough, I just continued loving him in secret. I now know that I will never hid you. I will love you honestly and openly, consequences be damned. Nobody is going to stop us from being together. When we get back to SA, I am going to introduce you to my whole family and my wife."

WHAAAATTTT!

“So, do you wanna go out for dinner or order in?” He asks casually like he hasn’t just dropped numerous nuclear bombs on my lap. This guy though. What am I going to do with him?”

“A night out sounds fun. You have never really taken me out on a date.” Might as well get on with the program. The heavy stuff will be discussed as time goes by.

He chuckles. “As if you gave me a chance. I was still getting my head together when shit happened. Then you went out and bought a car and a tiny house. How did that happen? Are you trying to tell me that the next time I piss you off, you are going to buy a match or a chopper?” I roll my eyes. Did he just call my new mansion a tiny house?

“Did you just diss my new house?”

He looks away but it looks like he is holding in laughter. This dude. “Babe, it’s not tiny. Sorry I said that. It’s nice and cosy.” Another way of saying small in a non offensive way.

“And you’re not welcome in it.” I dramatically stand up and he breaks into laughter as he pulls me to sit back down. My God.

How can an intimidating man like him be so beautiful and look so carefree when he is laughing? I wanna see this side of him so often but his serious grumpy side turns me on too much.

“Come on. I want to be the first person to sleep over. Have you bought furniture? I hope you didn’t buy a double bed because I would rather sleep on the floor.” He continues laughing. He is unbelievable. I guess he needed to tell me his history because now he seems free, childish and idiotic. Typical man behaviour when they are with their mistresses. Wait a sec, am I his mistress? Why does that sound so hot?

“You noticed that I bought a car and a house but you didn’t notice when I bought furniture?”

“To be honest, I don’t really take note of transactions less than a million.” Shut the front door.

“OMG, that sounds so snobbish. You’re a low-key snob.” He laughs again. He seems unbothered by this. “Kante how much is in that card of yours?”



“I don’t wanna scare you with the amount, so I will just say unlimited funds. If they drop to a certain amount, my banker is notified and he tops them up.”

“Exactly what is your net-worth?”

“Isn’t it there on Google.” I scoff. now he is being stupid. He grins. “I will grab a quick shower and change. Why don’t you look for a nice restaurant where we can dine in?” he doesn’t even wait for my answer. He just kisses me and stalks to the bathroom. I wanna be mad at him but how can I when he is being so cheesy and loving like that? No. This is not me being desperate or falling for a rich man. This is me falling for a man who shows that he will do anything to keep me in his life. That I am worth fighting for and basically worth everything.

I already know which restaurant I wanna go tomorrow Zane suggested it this morning and I wanna go dig in on their excellent delicious food, as he advised. I get up from the bed and head to the balcony. The scenery is so beautiful and peaceful. I capture it and post it on my socials, making sure to tag the hotel so that people will know. They need to know that I am no longer breathing the same air as them. A video call from

Nonkosi comes in. I laugh as I answer it. I am sure she is going to talk about my sudden trip.

“Hey Nonkosi.”

“Bitch don’t ‘Hey Nonkosi’ me. You left like that? No warning whatsoever? Can you imagine my surprise when I got out of the elevator and my plain Mary Jane bumps into this freakishly handsome hunk who is currently standing in for you? Out of the blue? Next thing you know moghurl is in Singapore! Frikin Singapore!” Futhy's previous PAs were nothing like Nonkosi. She is too much but in a lovable cute way.

“It was also so sudden for me. One minute I am driving out in my new Mercedes Benz, the next minute I am hauled up to a private jet. When I wake up, I see a sign saying Singapore airport. My life is a movie. I am telling you.”

She laughs. “Uphila isi novel stru. Anyways who is this guy that has taken you halfway across the world during the week? It’s not even vacationing season.”

I smile. "I will tell you all about it when I come back." I see Lethi walking out of the closet already dressed. "Love, we will talk soon. I am going on a dinner date with the man."

"Can we switch places?" I laugh.

"Girl, you get to travel the world with Futhy. You shouldn't be complaining."

"Whatever. Bye." She hangs up. I did say she is dramatic. I walk back inside the suite. Lethi is putting on his watch.

"Have you decided on a restaurant?" he asks and I nod. He takes my hand and we walk out.

"I am thinking of hosting a house warming party when we get back to South Africa."

"Mmm. Are you satisfied with your home, though?" I frown. Satisfied? I am beyond that. I'm ecstatic and content. "Isn't it small?"

"Lethi it's not like I am going to have kids anytime soon. No pun intended. But even if I do decide to get a surrogate in the near future, I love that house and I am content with it. I will be very glad to raise my kids in it. Anyways, when I have raised enough

money, I will renovate my township house and maybe turn it into a BnB or guesthouse

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but I won't sell it."

"You like that, don't you? Having lodges or guesthouses? If so, I can make it happen."

"I don't want it to seem like I am in it for the money and I know that's exactly what people will say when word gets out about our situation."

He rolls his eyes. "I don't care about what people say and neither should you." Says every man who is rich beyond measures.

"We can talk about this over dinner." He shrugs. "I also wanna host a house warming." I know he ignored it and focused on the tiny house. "I love planning events but I know I won't have time for it. So I will ask Elegancy Planners to plan it for me."

"how much do you need?" I give him the look. "You know what, don't say it. I will get someone to set up your own card so that

you don't have to ask for money from time to time because I see that is going to be a problem."

"You are unbelievable, you know that?"

"So I have been told." He shrugs with that annoyingly cute smile. I wonder how adorable his babies are. Phela I didn't get a good view of them that day. Yes that day. It seems like it was years ago.

We get to the restaurant and we are ushered to our seats after giving them our names. Apparently that's one of the many benefits of the Orchid suite. You don't have to book a table for dinner. You have tables reserved in most eateries in this hotel or State of the art building. This is thee life, I'm telling you.

"So who is this hunk that you replaced me with?" he frowns.

"Hunk? What hunk?"

"My current replacement?"

"Ohh, that's my cousin. He owes me a favour and he has been a receptionist before, so he was the perfect replacement. Who said he was a hunk?" I think that rubs him off the wrong way. There is jealousy in his tone. I hold in my laughter.

“My colleague said so.” There is some relief in his face. My man can’t hide his jealousy.

“So tell me about that guesthouse idea of yours.” He sits back.

“Well, I am not as informative as you are when it comes to property, but I have always wanted to buy those abandoned township houses, renovate them and turn them to lodges, guesthouses or BnBs. DCC has the best architects and designers in South Africa. So I can get a few sketches from them and even employ them to do the whole thing. It’s just that they don’t come cheap.”

He nods. “I like your idea very much. Now what type of lodges are we looking at? Self catering or one with in house restaurants? Also is it child friendly? What amenities are available to guests? Does it have space for a beauty spa? Can it ...”

“Yoh babe, pause.” I cut in and he laughs.

“Sorry. I have had this idea in my mind for quite some time now. So pardon my little excitement.” It’s cute.

I chuckle. "It's fine. I want one which will be luxurious like the Lubelihle Lodge but I know that will need a place in the country side or something. So now, one with an in-house restaurant which is also child friendly sounds good. We can build a medium sized dining hall which can be turned to a venue for events or conferences, those type of gatherings with less that 20 guests. Also a spa sounds good but it must feature a baby spa to attract many single mothers." He nods.

"Lindani you're going to need a bigger place for your plans, unless you want a double or triple storey."

"Ohh okay. I will sleep on it." Our food is delivered and we start eating. "How are we going to be here for?"

"A week."

"Mmm. So a little birdie told me that there is a shopping mall here which has these designer brands stores like Gucci, Michael Kors, Channel and all. So since you're my blesser, I was thinking we go check them out tomorrow after breakfast." I give him my best innocent smile.

He laughs. “Blessed, my love? I’m offended.” Honestly every time he throws in a pet name, I melt. But I am just going to pretend as if it doesn’t affect me. “I am like six years older than you and have you ever seen a blessed as handsome as me?”

“So you do know that you’re handsome?” he laughs.

“My mirror tells me that every morning but I don’t like to brag.” My God. I think I have unleashed an inner diva in Lethi. What have I done?



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Yesterday we went to Shoppes which is that shopping mall I told Lethi about. I almost lost my mind when I got there. Everything was just too gorgeous and too tempting. Imagine seeing all those big names all under one roof? And I am talking about the legit shops, not ones that sell counterfeit ones sold Kula country. Local brands must forgive me but I couldn't hold still. I literally dragged Lethi to almost all those stores.

We started at Bally where I bought a Crystalia X's leather mini bag in light beige. When I checked the price, Lethi was like "stop wasting time with that. Just take whatever you want." Not need but what. Did I not go crazy? Next in my invisible list was Balmian where we got B-VI sunglasses and brown crossy sunglasses. Honestly I wish I can wear them with their price tag do that people will know the price. But I guess those fashion police agents on Twitter and Instagram will know. Then we went to Berluti where I bought matching Malcore slim leather wallets for my man and I. We are a couple, right? So matching is compulsory.

When we passed Monalisa Kids, I couldn't help myself. I bought a few clothes for my niece and nephew, and for Futhy's brood, Lee's kid. I also bought some stuff for Lethi's children but I didn't tell him about that. Next we went to Hublot where I bought a classic fusion titanium opalin 45mm. Don't even Google the price because you will have a heart attack. Honestly, I need bouncers if I am going to wear these things on a regular basis. I had to buy a Gabrielle BB carat calf leather handbag from Moynat and an Akoya cultured pearl ear cuff from Mikimoto. I also bought a lot of clothes and a TUMI international carry on 19 degree aluminium luggage. I didn't even know we had a luggage brand from South Africa overseas. Life is full of surprises. Later we went to Lavo Italian Restaurant & Rooftop Bar for some sundowners and dinner. Overall, yesterday was eventful and amazing.

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"Still thinking about that watch?" Lethi snaps me back to reality and I chuckle, shaking my head. After that expensive watch from Hublot, I saw another gorgeous one from Gucci but I had to stop Lethi from purchasing it. He saw nothing wrong with having two watches that are worth more than a hundred thousand rands. Snob.

“No. I am not thinking about it and stop asking about it because I won’t change my mind.” We are currently on one of the Sampan Rides. It’s a leisurely ride along the Canal and the Shoppes. The view is so beautiful and just floating around feels so magical. This place is more like an indoor river, if there is anything as such. The mall is so peaceful, it’s like a library. There are no long weird Capitec cues out of nowhere. God knows how much I hate those. “Were you serious about introducing me to your family and wife?” I know the timing is not right since we are having a peaceful moment like this but I know postponing this won’t make any change. Rather remove the thorn now and suffer the temporary pain or remove it later and suffer from a deadly infection.

He sighs. It’s too soon. I know that. But I don’t want you to be my dirty little secret or feel like I am using you to live a double life. I am not ashamed of my sexuality. That’s why I wanna do this. I know it won’t be easy. I might even lose my wife and some business associates but I have to do this.”

“What if the pressure gets too much for me and I want out?”

He looks down and plays with his wedding band. “I won’t guilt trip you into staying with me. It’s going to be a tough and

bumpy road from here and you're only human. There will be words or comments too harsh that will be thrown at you. I just need you not to give up on me too soon. And also know that I will be by your side and support you till the end of time."

I look away. Honestly, I should've waited until we were back at the suite to bring this up, but we are here now and there is no going back. "So, when are you going to introduce me to your munchkins?"

He smiles. We are back in the less tense territory. "As soon as I have spoken to my wife, I will introduce you. Whether she likes it or not."

"Don't be like that." I give him a reprimanding look. But why am I not surprised? He is a man. They like things done their way or the high way.

"What?" he looks at me like he is clueless.

"Force her to do your bidding. You have to ease into things. Let her get used to the idea of having me around and then introduce me to the kids. You can't do that while she is angry. Unless you don't tell her about it. But kids will tell on you. Also I'm in no rush."

“This one time, I took them out. A lady approached me and flirted with me. She even touched my chest. I was oblivious to her actions and it wasn’t until my princess told her mother that I realised what the woman did.”

I laugh. “That sounds like Amahle, my friend’s daughter. So what did your girl say?”

“Mommy, this other tall lady was speaking to daddy. She kept on scratching his chest with her devil nails. She was saying would you like to go out sometimes? Maybe for dinner or wine tasting? I love red wine.” Dear God!

“How old is your child?”

“4. Taking the time multiracial preschool ruined them.” I totally agree. We both laugh. His kids are dangerous.

We spend the rest of the ride just getting to know each other better. Turns out umanz is a huge fan of Supernatural or adventure TV shows. He is a Marvel’s fan through and through. Which is interesting because I am a die hard fan of the Justice League but give me Tony Stark at any moment and I will fuck him with no reservations. We explore the town and end up dining at a cosy Thai food restaurant.

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WARNING!!! 18SN!!

“What a day we had.” I remove my shoes and throw myself in the bed. My feet deserve a massage. But Lethi has other ideas. He climbs on the bed and starts undoing my pants. He pulls them down together with my briefs. He has never sucked off my dick before. I am usually the one who does the sucking, the riding or let him fuck me into paralysis. He is one rough motherfucker. But that’s one of his sexy attributes.

He raises his eyes to watch my face, as his hand travels upwards, sending tingling sensations wherever he touches, like a fire growing from a torch. His hand soon reached my semi hard dick, his fingers tracing a line over it. I gasped as his whole fist close over my dick, sending an electric jolt running straight to my brain. His fist softly moves up and down, causing my knees to tremble at his touch. Lethi soon gets up and pulls me towards him. He quickly gets rid of my shirt and I return the favour with his clothes. I put both my hands around his head and bring him closer to me.

Our lips meet in a tender embrace. We start kissing and my whole body vibrates with anticipation of what's to come. He encircles my waist with his big arms and presses me closer to him, our dicks grinding each other. He groans as we press our bodies together

my hand running through his muscled back. Our kiss becomes harder, more intense. I push my tongue into his mouth and he runs his tongue over my lips, tasting me. My hands find their way to his tight butt and I squeeze it. He groans. That sound is like the sweetest melody in my ears. He breaks the kiss for some air and then pushes me down back to the bed. All that fatigue gone, replaced by desire and lust.

He crawls on top of me and kisses me again. I take his ass into my hands again and press it to me, pushing his dick on top of mine. He starts moving his pelvis up and down, sending me into a frenzy. My right hand finds its way to his dick and I grab it. He is so hard, veins are even pulsating. He squirms in pleasure as I start jerking him. His moans vibrate in my mouth as our tongues wrestle.

He breaks the kiss and moves up, practically straddling me. He puts his hand around both our dicks, bringing them together

and he starts jerking both of us at the same time. “Fuck, Lethi!” he grimaces in lust and pleasure. He is all man and he is half mine. What more could a bit want? I move my waist in the rhythm of his hand. His balls are resting on top of mine and I can feel the weight of them pressing on my own. His thighs around my body are so sweaty and they look Hella sexy. His hand increases the jerking pace and I can see he is close to cumming, just like me. He curses loudly as he shoots warm liquid all over our dicks. That’s enough motivation for me to let loose and follow suit. We both shoot globs of warm white liquid over each other. The pleasure is so white, raw and fierce. I feel like life is being sucked out of me, literally.

Lethi collapses next to me, gasping. “I am not done with you, yet.” Well duh. He is never done until he has fucked me to the moon and back. After a couple of minutes, he heads to the bathroom and calls me once the water is ready.

After a blissful week, we finally land back on the boring South African soil during sunset. Honestly, I really needed this spontaneous holiday. Even though I got more than what I wished for, I am glad I decided to give Lethi a chance. I just hope things will not spiral out of control. He may seem cold and calculated when you first meet but I discovered that’s his mask. He uses it to protect himself and his feelings. Once you get to



know him better, you learn that he is actually cool, loving, open and honest. I love how he never sugar-coats things or downplays them. His honesty and bravery is a turn on.

As soon as we are seated at the back of that SUV that brought us to this same airport a week ago, texts starts coming in on his phone like it was switched off the whole time we were together. He tends to the texts while I also check my phone.

“Whoah, whoah, calm down.” I turn to look at him. He is on a phone call. “I was out of the country and no one cared to inform me ... okay fine. I’m on my way.” He hangs up and sighs. “Deli, Drive to the Sabatha Memorial.”

“Yes boss.” The driver responds.

“What’s going on?” I ask after minute of silence.

“My daughter is in the hospital. We need to rush.”

“Oww My God, that’s awful. I am sure you want to be with your family right now. It’s fine you can drop me off at my house or anywhere, I will request an Uber.” I am trying to make the situation better.

He huffs. “Not now, Lindani.” He looks outside the window, completely dismissing me like I just said something of no insignificance. Save me Lord.

If you think your man is crazy, then you definitely haven't met Lethinlahla Khambule. I thought he was going to let me get used to the idea of introducing me to his family at some point but no, the man is going straight for the kill. I know hearing about his daughter being in the hospital might have freaked me out, but there is no reason for him to drag me to the hospital. What good will it do? Maybe I still have a way out of this. I can just ask his driver to drive me home after he drops off Lethi. Yah. That sounds like a plan. When we get to the hospital, he climbs out of the car and extends his hand to me.

"I don't think taking me with you is a good idea. Deli can drive me home."

He gives me cold icy stare like I have taken away his favorite toy. Suddenly I wanna swallow back my words but I know I have to stand up to him. If not, he will just dictate my life and control it. "Lindani, either you get out of this car willingly or I drag you out. Your choice." Fuck me.

Mxm. I Huff as I open the door on my side and slide off. My courage got me what? A silly ultimatum which benefitted him in the end. Fuck him. He holds my hand as we head inside the

hospital. He enquires at the reception and he is directed to the waiting room since visiting hours will start in 20 minutes.

When we get to the nice and cozy waiting room, we find two women, his wife and another woman who is in her forties or fifties. There is also a young man who is around my age. The wife stands up upon our arrival. She frowns when her eyes travel to Lethi's right hand which is still gripping mine. I tug my hand and luckily he lets it go, slowly.

“Khambule, what is going on? Who is this and where have you been?” she asks and Lethi sighs. He turns to look at me.

“Go sit down.” Yes sir. I know better than to disobey him. So I settle two seats away from the young man. “How is my daughter doing, MaHlophe?”

Zoleka scoffs and looks at him angrily. “So now you care? You care, huh Khambule? You went MIA on us for a whole week only to show up with some Somizi wannabe while your daughter is fighting for her life. What would you have done if she died? Where the fuck have you been? Why aren't you answering any of my questions?” her voice is too high. I'm afraid she might get chased out of here because of the noise.

And than comment about a Somizi wannabe, the woman is crazy. I am not that dramatic and I am normal. Somizi is normal. She is extraordinary and I have nothing against her. I am not needed here. I know that. I wish I can shrink myself and crawl out but I don't wanna get into trouble with Lethi.

“He is not some Somizi wannabe and that’s an insult to him.” Lethi responds, pointing at me. Ow boy. Here we go. “I didn’t want for you to meet him without sitting down and talking about him properly in a calm environment. His name is Lindani and we are together. I am sorry for not being there for out princess when she needed me. I also had to take care of myself. I can’t be a fully functional father and a loving husband if there is a part of me I am suppressing.” That’s deep. He turns to the older woman. “Mah, how is Aphiwe doing?” the woman gives him a small smile.

“She had food poisoning but luckily it was detected early. It also led to the doctors discovering allergies we were all not aware of. She is lactose intolerant, so we really have to watch what we feed her. Also she is allergic to any product that comes from a cow.”

Lethi curses in a low tone and sits on the coffee table in the middle of the room. “What did she eat that led to food poisoning?”

The woman looks at Zoleka briefly before turning to Lethi. “Lot of pancakes, pizza, pasta, ice cream and meat. All in one day. Her mother was kind of stress eating.” She shrugs like she hadn’t just dropped a bomb. Sounds like she is low-key blaming Zoleka for this.

“I wouldn’t be stress eating in the first place if you weren’t busy gallivanting wherever you were. The nerve, Khambule.” Zoleka bites back. You go girl.

“When is Aphiwe going to be discharged?” he asks.

“The doctors still need to run some tests, but as soon as those are done and once she is in a better shape, she will be discharged.” The woman responds. I think she is the nanny or something.

“Thank God.” He sighs. Then he raises his head to look at me. “Mah, this is Lindani Mob. I will tell you all about him soon. Lindani, that is my wife, Zoleka Khambule, uMaHlophe; my

mother's younger sister, MaCabe and my younger brother, Mqondisi Khambule."

"Nice to meet you all." I send them my best smile. This is rather a very awkward position Lethi has put me in.

"Khambule, can I talk to you for a moment outside?" his wife asks calmly.

In that same moment, my phone chooses to ring. I frown when I see who is calling. Ralph. Some white guy we used to do modeling gigs with back then. He got picked by a great agent and we somehow lost contact. Luckily for Truecaller, I see who is calling.

"I have to take this. Please excuse me." I mute the phone as I stand up.

Lethi also stands. "You're coming back right?"

I shake my head. "Jet lag is killing me. So I really need to rest."

He nods. "I will walk you out."

“I know my way out. And besides, your wife wants to talk to you. Bye everyone. I hope we see each other in the future.”

“Bye Lindsay.” Mqondisi speaks up for the first time and I frown. He knows me? But how? “Durban is very small.” He smiled at me.

I shake that off as I walk out, answering the phone. “Lindsay speaking.”

“Hey babes. You’re talking to Ralph.”

“Ohh hey. What a nice surprise. How are you doing? How have you been? What has been happening in your life?”

“A lot has been happening. We would at least need a box of wine to unpack everything but I’m okay. I know we haven’t been in touch and I have doing this but I am in Durban and kind of stranded. Can you please take me in for a night or two?”

God I hope I am not about to have a squatter in my hands. I climb inside the car and Deli drives off. I think he has been instructed to drive me where I wanna go. “Ohh okay. No problem. We are friends after all. Just tell me where you are

and I will come pick you up because I'm not at home right now."

"I'm in Sydenham." He tells me the street address.

"Okay. I will tell you once I am there." We conclude the call.

"Deli can we please pick up my friend in this address?" I tell him.

"No problem, Mr. Mzobe. I am instructed to take wherever you wanna go as long as that place is not dangerous."

I snort. "Well, welcome to Durban." He smiles and shakes his head.

On our way to Sydenham, I purchase some groceries and drinks in the Checker's App because I know my house is empty. I then order pizza and a meat platter. When we get to Ralph's location, I spot him in a shelter. It's late afternoon but still, sitting in a shelter with bags in Durban is never safe. As soon as Deli parks the car in the bus stop, I rush out of the car and go hug Ralph. Having him in my arms makes me realize just how much I missed him. We break the hug and I take a few moments just to take in his appearance. Despite him being 'stranded' he looks as classy as ever, with Luis Vuitton boots, leather pants, a tight beige shirt and a designer bag. His long



blonde hair is straight and neat. He looks painfully beautiful. Luckily I am also wearing some designer clothes I bought in Singapore or else I could've been a bit conscious about my looks.

“My God. Look at you. Did you just step out of a magazine?” he laughs.

“Look who is talking. You're glowing.”

“Power of a great dick, my friend. Now let's go before we get robbed.” I knock at Deli's window. “Please help us with the bags.” He smiled before climbing off the car. I lead Ralph in the backseat and slide next to him.

“A chauffer? What the fuck are they paying you at DCC? Or is it the new dick?” I laugh.

“You will have to wait till we get to my crib.”

On the way, we exchange meaningless chats about latest fashion trends, celebrity gossips and all those non serious chats. When we get to my house, the Checker's scooter pulls up behind us. Deli takes the groceries and places it in the passenger seat before driving in. As he parks in the driveway, I climb off the car and take a few moments to admire my house.

I can't wait to show it off to my friends, which is why my house warming party is in a week. If you have a multimillionaire partner, you don't plan a small event for months.

"You live here?" Ralph asks, unable to hide his shock. I just smile and take one of my suitcases.

"Come on." He takes his luggage and follows me inside. I unlock the huge front door and switch on the light. My house smells so nice and looks so clean. Home sweet home. I haven't lived here for longer than a week but I missed it. "I will show you around later. But I first have to show you the guest room. You can use this one." I point at the second door. "I need to freshen up. I had a long flight. You can get settled and we will meet in the kitchen in half an hour."

"Thank you for taking me in."

"I am sure you would've done the same for me." I open the guest room door and he gets in.

I head to my room and find my suitcases and some shopping bags near the closet door. I am glad Deli decided to put them here and not in the bed. After freshening up, I head to the

kitchen, smiling at the takeaways on the island. Deli is also chilled on one of the barstools.

“Thank you for all this, Deli.”

He grimaces. “No big deal.” I expect him to leave but no, he is still seated.

“Do you need anything else?”

“Mr. Khambule is yet to assign a guard for you but in the meantime, I will resume the role of being your protector.”

“Protector? That’s a bit extreme, don’t you think?”

“Mr. Mzobe...”

“Please call me Lindsay.”

“Okay, Lindsay. You’re not seeing just an ordinary rich man. Mr. Khambule is a very wealthy man. He has many competitors, many enemies and many things who always want to kidnap his loved ones just to get a ransom. Soon, your news will be all over the tabloids and threats will descend upon you. Better get used to having a security detail now.”

“Fuck. Everything is just extreme with Lethi.”

He smiles apologetically. "I will be outside if you need me." He gets up.

"Aren't you hungry?"

"I will eat but later." He walks out.

I don't think I will get used to my new life or reality soon. I unpack the groceries and then dish up the fast food. I then update my friends about being back in the country. I am lucky that it's Friday. I have enough time to rest before going back to work. I wanna call Lethi just to check up on him but I have to give him space with his wife. Downside of being a side chick.

"You look like you have the weight of the world on your shoulders." Ralph startles me. I even forgot he was here.

I smile at him. "I am a survivor." "That I know."

"Let's dig in." I pass him his plate and then uncork a wine bottle before placing it between us with two wine glasses. We spend the first few minutes just eating without saying anything and then I break the silence. "So how has life been?"

"After that contract with the agency, I relocated to New Orleans 6 months later. All was glitter and gold. I was a hit. I later moved to Los Angeles. I worked with Polo, Calvin Klein, three other huge brands until I was taken by this huge brand

where I signed a five year contract. The benefits were really attracting and the pay was big. I got myself a new car and apartment. I even scored a few TV roles. All was well for two years until the big boss invited me to his penthouse one night which I later found out was his fuck pad. He wanted us to fuck and I was down since your girl was single. I thought it was a once off but turns out the guy wanted to have me regularly. He even stopped fucking his regular girls and focused on my ass. He was too kinky for me and I never complained. But one day he was drunk. He came to my apartment and found me with my past agent. He chased me out rudely and fucked me roughly without any lube for a whole night. I was sorry for three days. He apologized with flowers and expensive gifts but then he did it again twice. I decided there and then to come back. I knew he was going to find me in America but he wouldn't think of coming here. Besides he was just using me for sex because I wasn't a hassle and I was a safe option." Yoh. Isgaxa.

I take a huge sip straight from the wine bottle just to down what Ralph just told me. And here people think only straight people suffer in the hands of their partners. Yoh kuningi and Ku wrong.

Why do people drink again? My whole body aches my throat is dry and my head is heavy. I don't wanna get up from this bed but I know I have no choice. Groaning, I roll off the bed, head to the bathroom and take a cold shower which has me yelping but I know it will jumpstart me. By the time I dry my body I'm already feeling better. I brush my teeth, comb my hair and then clean my bedroom. Wrapping a Robe on my body I head to the kitchen and retrieve cold bottled water. I need to finish all the contents in one go. I know a home-cooked breakfast won't do. So as soon as I'm dressed, I will go have breakfast at any restaurant, says the new black card owner.

“Good morning babes.” I am startled by Ralph's entrance. I totally forgot about him spending the night.

“Hey love. How's the hangover?”

He chuckles. “Not bad. I missed drinking and chatting with you. Maybe we should go out tonight.”

I grin. “Not you making plans of drinking again while I am nursing a hangover.” He laughs.

“You only live once.”

“Whatever. Anyways, get dressed. We are going out for breakfast in 10 minutes and after that, I have a friend I need to see in the hospital. Then we will spend the day together. How does that sound?”

“Fabulous.”

In no time, I am dressed to kill and Ralph and I drive to the nearest mall. He can't stop complimenting my car. He thought that maybe someone borrowed it to me until he had the monitor greet me. he literally screamed for 60 seconds without taking a break. And they say I'm the drama queen. When we get to the mall, we had to Galaxy bingo for our meaty breakfast. We continue catching up but making sure not to touch the subject about his abusive ex boss. Honestly working for a female boss is much better considering Ralph's case. If I had power, I would send lightning to that asshole of a designer.

When we are done eating I purchase a cute stuffed animal with some goodies, balloons and a breakfast meal. We drive to the hospital and the receptionist doesn't give me any hassles since it's visiting hours. She just directs me to Aphiwe's ward. When I get there, I find Lethi chatting with his daughter. She is laughing at whatever joke he said.

“Knock-knock.” I make my presence known and both father and daughter turn to look at me. Lethi frowns first and then smiles a little. I step inside. “Good morning everyone. How is the princess doing today?” I ask placing the goodies, balloons and breakfast on the table.

“I am doing great. Who are you?” Aphiwe responds in a tiny voice. The girl doesn’t beat around the bush.

“I am Lindsay but you can call me uncle Lindani. Here you go. A beautiful doll for a beautiful princess.” I give her the stuffed animal and her face lights up.

“Thank you so much. She is so pretty. I will name her Lily.” She hugs the animal. She is so adorable.

Lethi comes to me. “Thank you for cheering her up.” I smile at him.

“This is me unofficially doing second wife duties.” I whisper and he laughs. “Have you eaten or even taken a shower?” he is still wearing yesterday’s clothes.



“No. I didn’t go home last night. Mainly because I didn’t want to leave my princess but also because my wife said she didn’t want to see me.”

“Well I don’t care about her not wanting to see you. You need to look and smell fresh for your daughter. You can’t be looking like a rich hobo as if you’re DJ Sbu. You will scare the child away, and me.” He chortles. “Also I bought you some food because I could sense that you hadn’t eaten.”

“Thank you. That’s so thoughtful of you.”

“And I should take my leave. I don’t want your wife to find me here and beat me up.”

He chortles. “She will never do that. Let me walk you out.”

I go closer to Aphiwe’s bed and hug her. “I will see you soon, princess. Maybe after you’re out of this place, we can have a play date.”

“That sounds cool. Being here is so boring.” She rolls her eyes. What a drama queen. But she makes my non-existent ovaries float with butterflies.

I bid farewell to her once again and head out with Lethi on my heels. As we walk down the corridor, we meet with his aunt from last night. She is with another woman who looks exactly like her but slightly older with more class. It doesn't take much science to identify her as Lethi's mom. Fuck. I think I am going to piss in my pants. Somehow meeting his parents is much scarier than meeting his wife.

"Morning ma and hey ncane." He hugs both women.

"Hey Lindani." His auntie greets me with a smile. "Let me go check on our princess." She walks to Aphiwe's room leaving Lethi's mom staring at me like I am the 8th world wonder.

"Mom, this is Lindani Mzobe. We are... well, together. Lindani, this is my mother

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Mrs. Khambule, u MaCabe." How many times is Lethi going to put me in a spotlight this week? God he is the worst. I should auction him off.

“Nice to meet you, Lindani. I wish it were under better circumstances. We need a proper introduction not the “we are together” shit. It’s not proper.” She gives me a tight smile before following her sister.

I give Lethi a scolding look. “I can’t deal with you, yazi. You could’ve just said I am your employee or friend until it’s the right time to do a proper introduction and not just dropping a bomb on your mom like you did with your wife. You are raising my blood pressure shame. It’s this high.” I indicate with my hand.

“I don’t knew what you were expecting from me. I did tell you that you won’t be my dirty secret. I am sorry if my actions seem a bit rushed or what but there is no timeline for that. You are in my life now. No amount of time is going to change that. The world just have to adjust.”

“That’s not the way to approach things, Lethi. Especially with your wife. What you did last night was wrong on all levels. You can’t have that 'my way or the high way' mentality if you want to build a bigger and stronger family. You want polygamy? Be patient and treat your wife right.”

He sighs. "Sorry for that." Dominant males are tiring honestly.

I walk out of the hospital and sit on the bench near the entrance. I just need some time to breathe. All this is too much for me. He sits next to me and holds my hand. He takes a deep breath.

"I am an idiot. I know that. The thing is, this is all new to me. I don't know how to handle this situation. I want you in my life permanently. But I also want my wife and my family. How do I go about making sure I don't lose anyone of you?"

"I can't help you with that question but maybe you can consult someone who is a polygamist. One of my friends' father, Mr. Nzama or even Musa Mseleku. Our situation is rare, very delicate but with proper guidance, you can find a solution that will keep you happy."

"Thank you for that. Maybe I will contact your friend's father. Now how are you going to spend the rest of your day?"

"I have a friend who is squatting at my place for a few days. So I am going out with him."

“All your friends are rich so who is this one that is homeless?”  
we are back to him being a snob. I roll my eyes.

“He was also rich a month ago. His name is Ralph White. He is a model. He was based in the States. He was in an abusive relationship with his boss and he fled the country.”

“My, my. What a coincidence that he is coming back to the country after you recently scored a millionaire for yourself.”

“My God. You’re so full of it. Not everything revolves around you. No one knows about us. They will in good time but no one knows and suspects.”

“Suspects? You’re smarter than that. You bought a luxurious car and a townhouse in one week and then went on a spontaneous trip to Singapore. Come on. Kuyavela nje (it shows).”

“You are being dramatic. Anyways, I’m off.” I stand up and he quickly pulls me to his lap. I giggle, wrapping my arms around him. “What are you doing? Aren’t you afraid of people taking pictures of us?”

“This is not movie, Lindani. There is no paparazzi. Besides, I am not ashamed of you. I am still enjoying my time with you. Why are you leaving me?” he pouts and I laugh. He can be such a big baby when he likes.

“Aren’t you tired of me? I mean we spent All day and night together in Singapore for a whole week. You should be tired of seeing my annoying face.”

“No matter how annoying they are, you never get tired of being with the person you love.” I will never get tired of hearing that. “Now how much do you need to spend with your hobo friend?” Aibo. “You know what? Let me just...” He takes out his phone and I quickly take it, shaking my head.

“I have enough money on that card to last me for probably a lifetime. I don’t need more.”

“Money is never enough, Lindani. I think 10k will do for today. If you need more just send me a text and I will transfer more money.”

I scoff. “You are impossible, yazi.” I stand up and hand him back his phone. “Bye now.”

“Don’t you want me to meet your hobo friend?” he asks, standing up with a grin. Can someone kill him for me?

“No. What’s the deal with Dela or the security detail shit?”

“That’s for your own safety.” He steps closer to me and kisses me. “You drive me insane, but in a good way. I will see you tonight.” He spanks my butt and then walks inside. He is going to be the death of me.

As soon As I get back to the car, a notification comes in from the bank.

'NEDBANK TRANSACTION. ELECTRONIC BANKING EFT DEPOSIT OF R15000 INTO A/C. REF YOUR MAN.'

Another text comes in. 'Buy MORE LUBE'. Dear God.

“Everything okay?” Ralph asks.

“Yes. Everything is perfect.”

“How about the princess you were visiting?”

“She is going to be fine. She is strong.” I smile at him.

## ZOLEKA KHAMBULE

I can't believe Khambule. I just can't. How could he do something like that to me? He did not only cheat on me but he bought evidence to rub it in my face. How could he? What he did showed me that he doesn't respect me and he doesn't love me like he always claim to. And who in their right mind cheat on his wife with a gay man? That's just insane and all kinds of fucked up.

Yes he once told me about him liking me in the past but I thought that was just a phase, not something that will come back later in life. Maybe it's some kind of midlife crisis shit. Yeah, that can be the only explanation to this. Or maybe this ashy version of Moshe Ndiki bewitched my husband and wants to Milk him dry. I just can't believe my husband though. He loves me. He is so in love with me and he is obsessed with me. He would never think of doing what he did last night. He even wanted to walk that Lindani out after I asked to speak to him aside. That's some next level witchcraft from the middle East. So even gays ayaloya these days? Wonders never cease to end.



“Is everything okay sisi?” Mqondisi's voice startles me. I look at the cup of coffee in front of me. I'm pretty sure it has grown cold. I raise my eyes and look at the young man. He looks so much like my husband, the traitor. I wish I can buy him with this cup for the cunning resemblance but he is innocent.

“Everything is fine, Mqondisi.” He is currently visiting us. He has just finished his engineering degree. He said he will start looking for a job next year. He is just resting now.

“How about I make you another cup because I am pretty sure that has gone cold and in exchange, you can tell me what's bothering you. Though I might have a clue.”

I chuckle and he takes that as a yes. He moves around the kitchen and prepares another cup. “What do you know about 'Lindsay' as you called him?”

He grins. “Lindani Mzobe, known as Lindsay, is a proud gay man and a socialite of some sort. He works as a receptionist at Dubandlela Construction Company. Has an Administration Degree. He is also friends with the owner of DCC, Princess Melamina Zulu. They are in the same circle of friendship and it is very tight. You don't get in unless you're a partner to one of them or a really close friend. Aside from that, he was raised by

a single parent and had only one sibling. He is also a promoter and ambassador for some brands like LOYALTY and BATHU.”

I frown. “How the hell do you know all this? Or maybe you’re also obsessed with him?” Khambule men obsessed with gay men? Jesus come down now.

“No. No. No. It’s not like that. I just admire him and his crew. I know almost everything about them.”

“Everything that is public knowledge or everything everything?”

He laughs. “Okay, almost everything that is public knowledge. He also just went through a break up.”

“Mmm. At least I know something about him. But I still don’t know what the fuck he wants from my husband and my family. He is nothing but a home wrecker right now.”

He hands me the cup of coffee. “Enjoy. Do you want a grilled cheese sandwich? Because I am making one for myself.”

“Sure, go ahead.”

We continue chatting, with him telling me more about this strange Lindsay character. Even though I have figured that he may not be a gold digger, he is still after my man and that doesn't sit well with me. Lethi might be bisexual but he has a wife and kids for godsake. What is he hoping to achieve by bringing this clown into our tight family? We don't need him. He is just here to destroy nje, nothing more. While nibbling on the cheese sandwich, Khambule enters the room looking a bit happy than he is supposed to be. I guess his Moshe Ndiki gave him too much sex.

"How are you guys doing?" he asks, taking my sandwich and eating it. "Mmm. This is nice. Did you make it, Mqo?"

"Yes, bhuti."

"Where is mine?"

Mqo laughs. "I thought you were banned from this house."

Khambule rolls his eyes. OMG! What has that gay clown done to my husband? He is an eye roller now? "Please make two for me. I am going upstairs to shower. Baby, please come with me." He gird me that panty dropping smile of his that makes me melt even in this day and age. I am not going to fall for it. Not today. He can forget it. "Mkami. Sthandwa Sami. Mama

wabantwana bami.” My God. Why did I date a charming Zulu man? Look at him sweeping me off my feet with six words. I am doomed.

I get up from the chair and angrily stomp my feet. I head to the bedroom and hear his footsteps behind me. I know the drill. When he comes home with a serious talk, we are going to have that talk in our massive bathtub while both of us are naked. Getting to our walk-in closet, I undress, dropping everything on the bench and proceed to the bathroom. I fill the tub with hot water, bath salts and foam bath. This tub is like our sanctuary. But I know today it is going to be my doom because he is going to have to tell me all about Lindsay, honestly, without leaving any details behind. When the bathtub is almost full, I close the tap and we both get in. We sit facing each other and my feet rest on his lap near his semi hard dick.

“So

how are you, Nhlahla?”

He exhales loudly. “Honestly, my mind is chaotic and peaceful at the second time. I am 100% happy for the first time in my life but I am also not okay because I know my actions are hurting you. I am sorry for disappearing on you for a whole week. That

was written of me. I am really sorry, my love. Do you forgive me?”

“As if I have a choice. I am stuck with you till death do us part.”

He chuckles. “I told you the story about the guy I dated before we met and how things ended with him. I have always been bisexual, MaHlophe, but after what happened to my ex, I wanted to suppress the other part of my sexuality. And then I met you. I was content and totally happy with you. Believe me, mawabo, I was happy, I still am.”

“So, what changed?”

“I met Lindani at this gathering. He was his usual bubbly hyper self. I went near him. He didn’t even take notice of me. My people researched about him and a week later, I saw him at a club. I thought maybe it was lust, so I invited him to a hotel room. We slept together and at 3am, I woke up. I stared at him for a whole hour and I realized that I had fallen for him.”

I look down and rub my forehead. I know honesty is the best policy but hearing about how your husband fell for another person, worse a man, doesn’t make things easier.

“Baby, please look at me.”

“Continue talking, Nhlahla. You wanted my full attention, now you have it. Talk.” My tone comes out harsh but can you blame me? What would you be doing in my position? Smiling as if your world isn’t falling apart?

He sighs. “At 5 am, I left but I left my card behind, sting he can use it as he pleases. I then visited him at his house later that day. I don’t know why I was there. We talked like normal people and even watched a movie. After that, I was freaked out by my feelings for him. So I ghosted him for a week. Then one day he bumped into us at the mall with the kids. He didn’t know about you. So he went crazy. He bought a car and a house with my card and sent it back. He wanted nothing to do with me. I then planned a week trip to Singapore and ambushed him with it. He was mad at me the whole time. When we got to our destination, I told him everything. He didn’t take it well, even went out for the whole morning and got me freaking out. He came back later and well the rest is history. We are together now. I know I am asking for the impossible, mkami. Believe me, I know. But I need both of you in my life. I may take him as my second spouse in the near future. I just need you to accept and acknowledge him as my second life partner.”

I get up and step off the tub.

“Zoleka...”

“No, Nhlahla. What you’re asking for is too much and I just can’t. Not right now.”

I walk out of the bathroom with tears streaming down my cheeks. What the fuck is wrong with Nhlahla? Has he completely lost it? I can’t deal with this shit. Not now and maybe not ever.

“Bye friend. I am going to miss you but don’t worry too much. I will visit you soon and we will meet at events. Your house warming for instance. We should go clubbing when you’re not busy.” Ralph drawls and I almost shed a few tears. He spent two nights in my house but I already know that I am going to miss him. Apparently; when he left the States, he listed his apartment to some agent and it was sold really fast. The agent transferred the money on Friday and it reflected to Ralph’s bank today. We went apartment searching and found a perfect one for him. So all the paperwork was done and he didn’t want to wait any longer.

“It was nice having you around. Love you.” We hug for the last time and he climbs into the Uber. It drives out and I lock the gate after him.

Living alone can be so boring but I know that I have to bring my family over to see my new my home before anybody else. I think they have gotten over the car issue. I know there will be comments but I will cross that bridge when we get to it. I make sure that the house is clean before driving to Mom’s house. I get there at 1pm and I have to wait for her to come out of



church. I then decide to fetch her. My car is going to get me a lot of unwanted attention but fetching her will save me some time. As I park the car, I climb off and lean outside my car. I spot mom coming out with her friend, MaDube and her neighbor, MaJali. They are talking about whatever noisy church ladies talk about. Not that I am trying to hide my true self but I am dressed in chinos, a tight black satin shirt and dress shoes. I know my outfit doesn't scream gay.

"Hey ma." I say as they are about to pass me. Mom stops and looks at me.

"Lindani." She acknowledges me with a nod.

"That's a really beautiful car you have there, Lindani. Congratulations. I thought your mother was being her dramatic self when she told me about it." MaDube compliments and I smile. She can be friendly when she wants. Ohh so mom brags about me to her friends?

"Thank you, ma." MaJali also compliments the car and I thank her. They then bid farewell and head to MaDube's Corolla. "You can get in ma while we wait for Sithenjwa and the kids." She nods before climbing into the front seats. Mothers and front seats, you can never separate them.

Moments later Sithenjwa comes out of the church wearing a black short dress which is fit for eGagasini not church, but her I'm not judging. Zuzile and Vumani are behind her. When the kids see me or the car, they run towards me and attack me with hugs.

"Hello my munchies. How are you doing today?" I ask, kissing their heads. Zuzile looks like she is due for a salon appointment soon. I wonder what she is going to do with that unruly afro since she needs to go to school tomorrow.

"We are doing great, malume." Vumani responds. He is 7 years and is doing grade 2.

"Hey Sithenjwa." I greet my sister and she rolls her eyes before getting inside the car. Drama. The kids also get in and I climb into my seat. I start the car and it greets me as usual.

"So family I have something to show you. I don't know if you would like to go home first or go with me to where I wanna show you."

“Lets just get this done and move on with our lives.” Sithenjwa responds looking down on her phone. That girl is dramatic to the T.

As I drive off, I order lunch from Mr. D food. I would be complaining about their feed and stuff but the ghel is currently a millionaire, so no complains about poor people troubles. When I pull up in my neighborhood, I swear I feel mom’s frown before I see it.

“What are we doing here, Lindani?” she asks.

“You will see mah.”

I drive up to my house and open the gate. Driving in, I close it behind me and park the car on the driveway. I step out of the car and they all follow suit. I lead them to the front door and open it.

“After you guys.” They step in and I get in after them. I find them starring at my A1 portrait in the hallway. While shopping with Ralph yesterday, I made sure to print some pictures to

make my house more homey. They include my portraits, some with my family and the rest with the rich gang.

“Whose house is this?” Sithenjwa asks.

“Is it yours, uncle?” Zuzile asks with so much excitement, she can barely contain it. I just nod and she screams before running inside with her brother in her heels.

“Where did you get the money to buy it?” mom asks. Couldn’t she say congrats first before asking questions that are none of her concern?

“I work, ma. So I qualify for a home loan.” I mumble rolling my eyes.

“This has blessed written all over it.” Sithenjwa comments and I wish I can shut her up with a mean slap. Lethi is no blesser.

“Do you want a tour?” I don’t even wait for them to respond. I just start off, knowing very well that they will follow. I give them a tour of the whole house, mizing my sister’s nasty comments. This woman’s cause of death will be too much jealousy, I swear. As I lead them to the kitchen, someone rings the intercom. I already know who that is. I open the gate and

then head out to take my wallet from the car and pay for the food before heading inside the house with paper bags. I find everyone around the kitchen island.

“Great. You are all here. Let me quickly dish up.” I take out plates and dish up for everyone before pouring juice in glasses. I also get seated between the kids.

“This is nice, malume. Thank you.” Zuzile comments. This child has more manners than any of us in this house combined. If she didn’t resemble my sister so much, I would’ve said she was swapped or something.

“You’re welcome, angel.”

“Your house is really beautiful. I would love yo do a sleepover soon

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that’s if mom agrees.”

“I will think about it, Zuzi.” My sister dismisses my niece and she nods. This kid is so adorable though.

The lunch continues with just chatter between the kids and the adults chirping in here and there. When we are done, Sithenjwa volunteers to do the dishes while mom asks to speak to me aside. I lead her to the backyard and call the kids. They squeal when they see the jungle gym and the pool. They rush to the jungle gym while mom and I stand on the patio watching them.

“I need you to be honest with me, Lindani. I am your mother. I deserve honesty from you.” Okay. Emotional blackmail or Mom showing her rare caring side on the weirdest time.

“I will try and be open to you but you make it difficult.”

She sighs. “People talk, Lindani. They say that car you drive is worth millions and very limited, and now this house? Where did you get the money to buy these things in such a short space of time?” I exhale loudly. Might as well tell her about this before she finds out from someone else.

“I am dating someone, ma and it’s very serious. He said he loves me and he brought me these things. He us perfect for me and he is every woman’s dream. Problem is he is happily married and wants me to be part of his family.”

Mom frowns. "Sorry, what?"

"I know it's a lot to take in. I, myself, can't even believe it. He is a little unhinged but he cares so much for me and I know ours is a strange affair but I have strong feelings for him."

"Aibo, Lindani. What you are doing is home wrecking and when have you ever heard of a man married to a woman and a man at the same time? That's just absurd and you're signing yourself up for a heart break." I know nobody was going to understand my situation.

"Ma, the heart wants what it wants. If it doesn't work out between me and him, at least I will be left with a car, a house and a few thousand Rands in my account." She sighs.

"What a fucked up situation you've put yourself in, bro." Sithenjwa's voice startles me and I turn to find her leaning at the doorway.

"How much did you hear?"

"Everything. You have a dishwasher, so I didn't bother hand washing the dishes. You can have the kids for this weekend for a sleepover." She responds with a straight face.

“No can do, this weekend. I am having some friends over for a house warming and some colleagues too. So maybe next weekend. You can come for the house warming if you are not busy.”

“I will think about it.”

“I will send you money for your outfit.”

“Count me in.” women though, throw money in their face and they change their minds so fast. I just chuckle.

“Maybe I will come for a sleepover just to make sure the kids don’t break anything.” Mom chirps in and I resist the urge to laugh. I don’t know if they seem to be coming around because of the money but I don’t care. I love them even though they might treat me shitty most of the time.

“I will make sure the fridge and pantry is stocked.” They both laugh because they know they love eating. When the kids are tired of playing, they come where we are standing.

“Your house is awesome, malume. Can I come live with you?” Vumani asks giving me puppy eyes. He is a panting mess.



“I will think about it.” I wink and he grins. We head back inside and I hand them bottled water. The intercom rings again and this time I check who it is on the monitor because I wasn’t expecting anyone. I frown when I see Lethi. I don’t think I have seen him driving himself around ever.

“Hey. What are you doing here?”

He chuckles. “Please open for me or I will think you’re cheating on me and I will be pissed.” I giggle. This man is so dramatic.

“You have a guest” mom asks behind me.

“Yeah but he can come back some other time.”

“No. It’s alright. The kids need to prepare for school anyways.”

“Ohh. Sithenjwa, you have no problem with driving my older car? Because I am not brave enough to drive to the hood in the late afternoon.” Mom laughs while my sister nods.

We all head to the garage and I hand her the keys which are hanged on the wall. I also hand her money for fuel, give Zuzile and Vumani money for lunch tomorrow at school. I give mom

R1000 just so she can but whatever she needs. She hugs me for the first time in years before sliding in the car. I open the garage for then and after they have driven out, I open the gate. Sithenjwa hits the hooter before driving past Lethi. When the car disappears into the street, Lethi drives in in his black Bugatti. I didn't know he has a fancy taste in cars but it's no surprise really. The man is a snob. He parks behind my car and I couldn't be more prouder of my decision to buy the BRABUS.

"We are pushing relationship goals with these cars, Baby." I tease and he laughs as he walks towards me.

"I can see you're dying to create content for the socials, so go ahead."

I frown. "You don't mind."

"My wife knows about you, so I have nothing to hide."

"Yaas!!!" I quickly kiss him and go to the lawn before he changes his mind. "Please don't photo bomb." He cracks up.

"You are Savage." He comes to stand next to me. I take a lot of pictures of the house and the cars. They look so good. He volunteers to be my personal photographer. I step in on the shoot and strike a few gorgeous poses. I also take snaps on top

of both cars. “That’s enough for the day.” He fakes a yawn and I laugh.

“You’re jealous.” I stretch my body and walk to him. He kisses me before taking his phone and taking a few selfies with me. I’m in love.

“So who are you bringing to the house warming?” I ask as we step inside the house.

“Mqondisi, but first he demands an outfit.” I chuckle. I guess he is like my sister. “And knowing him, he wants something from Gucci or whatever and a Hublot watch. My baby sister is coming the week so I might bring her if she doesn’t have plans with Zoleka, and well my guards.”

“Okay. I want a controlled guest list. Don’t want people breaking my pieces of art.”

“Art? Do you have anything worth a million maybe?” I pout. SNOB! “Then anything below that or even above can be replaced, unless it is a limited edition.”

“Iyakushisa wena imali.” He laughs. Fuck him.

“You looking forward to going back to work?” Lethi asks, brushing my arm. We are cuddling in the lounge couch. He is full because I fed him some of the leftovers. Men. No matter how rich they are, they always forget to feed themselves or they are always hungry. It is very rare to find a man who denies food. That’s why they get bewitched via love portion so much.

“Yes. I miss everyone and just being at work. I love my job so much, so yeah.” He nods.

“How is the housewarming coming along? What is the theme vele?”

“Summer vibes. So any floral outfit in your wardrobe will do.”

He frowns. “You would have to buy something for me. In fact let’s go to the mall now so that we can sort out the outfit shit. I will tell Mqondisi to meet us there.” He stands up, taking his keys and I frown.

“Aybo, Khambz, malls are about to be closed now.” I check my wrist watch and it’s nearly 4pm.

“I think it’s time you learn how powerful your man is and I am not Khambz.” I roll my eyes and stand up.

“Let me go get changed.”

“You will find me in the car.” I nod and head to my bedroom.

When I am done changing, my phone rings. I frown when I see that Lee is calling. She hardly calls. She usually texts when she needs something and it's been a while since she needed something from me.

“Mrs. Nzama, how are you?” I answer, grabbing my side bag and walking to the lounge.

“I am fine dear. How are you? You are so scarce these days.” I chuckle.

“Now you sound like Futhi. What did you hear?”

She laughs. “Nothing. Absolutely nothing. But even if there was some adventure in your life, I would love to hear it from the horse’s mouth. Sthuli has been asking for you, so how about you join us for dinner tonight?” Lies. That child is too shy to be asking about other people other than her cousins. I lock the front door and climb into Lethi’s car. He brings the engine to life.

“I will just pretend as if you didn’t lie using the princess’s name and somehow committed treason.” She cracks up.

“You’re crazy.”

I snort. “Fine, since you love me so much, I will come to dinner and I will be bringing a guest.”

“A guest? Is it the mystery man from Singapore?” I can hear the excitement in her voice.

“One, he is not from Singapore and two, after tonight, he won’t be a mystery to you or your family.”

“My God, I can’t wait. Bring Gin. Bye.” She hangs up before I say anything.

“Dinner?” Lethi asks as he drive away from my street. “Who was that?”

“A friend. She is Lindelwa Nzama. The one whose father-in-law is a polygamist. Maybe they will give you his contacts.”

“Okay. So we are going to their house for dinner?”

“Precisely. Unless you have other plans though. I wouldn’t mind telling them that.” He smiles.

“It’s fine. I can meet some of your friends. It will be less awkward on Friday if I know at least two of them at the party.”

“That’s Mr. Khambule for you, always thinking about a positive outcome.” He chuckles.

xxx

“Mr. Khambule, always a pleasure to see you.” A shop assistant welcomed us as soon as we step inside the shop.

I have never been here before. It's like a mini mall with expensive clothing brands that are probably worth more than a total of different houses in one suburb. They are worth more than people’s retirement funds or even lotto. I don’t know their names yet but I can see they are of high quality from a distance. The current shop we have entered had two levels. There is a giant spiralling staircase leading to the upper floor. I wonder what’s there. More expensive items? Is this where the filthy rich population of Durban shop? The ones who you won’t see abusing Gucci or YVL on the socials? Definitely.

“Hey, Fikile. Is Swati in?” Lethi asks in a polite manner. I have never seen this side of him. Is this him humbling himself? What a sight to behold.

“Yes. He is right this way. Please follow me.” Fikile leads us to a lounge which has three couches, a coffee table, a mini runway stand and a big floor to length mirror at the end of the runway. A woman is sitting on one of the couches and she is busy tapping on her tablet but when she hears footsteps, she raises her head and a smile automatically spreads on her face. She is not bad to look at but... okay let me not say anything about her looks. She stands up and opens her arms. She is wearing red dress pants, a white chiffon blouse and red heels.

“Ahh

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Lethinhlahla. What a pleasant surprise. We weren't expecting you.” They share a hug.

“I also wasn't expecting myself but life is full of surprises.” They both laugh. He turns to me. “This is my partner, Lindani Mzobe. Lindani, this is Zamaswazi Mathenjwa. She and her husband are the founders of this fine establishment. Her husband is the designer behind 90% of the clothes here and she is a stylist, fashion guru and also a designer.” Zamaswazi smiles at me.

“It's nice to meet you, Lindani. He forgot to mention we met at boarding school where he was very troublesome and always



got bailed out by his family's money." She wiggles her eyebrows and I turn to Lethi. That definitely doesn't sound like him. He smiles shyly.

"We were all kids once who made stupid mistakes. Just like that one time when you sent a Valentine's Day card to the captain of the Ruby team and ordered me to break his bones because he made fun of you. The guy couldn't play for a whole season."

"Wow, it sounds like you guys have amazing memories together." I comment and Swazi smiles.

"We do. It would take more than a week to revisit them. Now what can I do for you today? The usual?"

Lethi shakes his head and points at me. "He has a party this Friday, a housewarming, so we both need outfits. Something floral but not too much."

Swazi grins. "You and Floral? My husband has to see this."

"He is still in Milan?"

"Yes. The fashion week ends this Friday and after that he will be heading to the states to meet with HER, Dua Lipa and Harry Styles. He is dressing them for the Met Gala."

“Cool. Harry Styles’s style need intervention.” Fikile comments as she walks in with Mqondisi and I resist the urge to break into laughter.

“Hey Junior.” Swazi greets Mqondisi and they share a hug.

Then Lethi sits down on one of the couches and Swazi looks at me from head to toe squinting her eyes. She gestures with her fingers that I should twirl and I do just that because she looks all business right now. She steps closer to me and brushes my cheek.

“You have nice skin.” She then turns and walks out of the room.

“What was that all about?” I ask as I go join Lethi on the couch.

“She just did a full assessment on you and your style. To her, this is more than just a career, it’s a calling. She started dressing people up even in high school. 30% of the girls in our school were styled by her for the matric dance. She is pretty awesome.”

“She must be if you hold her in such high regard.”

He smiles. “She is one of the few people I trust when it comes to dressing me up.”

“Mmm.” I turn to his brother. “So how are you, Mqondisi?”

He smiles sheepishly. “Great now that I am talking to you. I am such a huge fan of you and your crew. I admire you guys.”

I smile at him. “That’s so cute. Which couple do you ship the most?”

He blushes. “King Mkhwanazi and Princess Lisakhanya. It’s just that people respect them so much and the guy looks scary sometimes but from the videos I have seen of you guys having fun, I love how both him and his wife let loose and just live in the moment and also the way he loves him. Gosh, I should like a girl right now.”

I laugh. “Don’t worry. I also ship them but don’t tell anyone.”

He chuckles. “I wonder how you’re going to behave when you meet the crew on Friday.”

His eyes pop out. “They are going to be there?”

I shrug. “Maybe. These guys are really busy so it’s a miracle to have them all in one place but so far at least 60% of them have confirmed that they are coming. I don’t know about Lisa and Zenzo though. Last time I checked they were in Guatemala. Those two are so cute and they are always exploring new places which one or both of them have never been to. Lisa doesn’t even mind traveling with a baby bump.”

“She is pregnant?” Mqondisi asks, utterly shocked. Fuck. What have I done?

“Don’t tell anyone or I will cut out your tongue.” His eyes pop out.

“I would never. But why is it kept a secret?”

“From what I have picked up on your conversation, the couple you’re talking about is a king and queen.” Lethi chirps in and we look at him. “Many kingdoms don’t announce a Queen’s pregnancy especially when she is carrying an heir. So many things can happen that may lead to her losing the baby or even her life. In life, not everyone wishes you well, no matter how kind or humble you are. It’s worse with royalty.” He shrugs. I couldn’t have explained it better myself.

“Time for chitchat is over.” Swati announces, pushing in a clothing rack. She stops in the middle of the room and takes out four outfits from it. “I have paired shirts with pants and kept them at a minimum floral because I know you.” Lethi chuckles. “So how about you go try them out?” she asks looking at Lethi but I know that’s not a question. It’s a polite demand. “You will come back and show us what you’ve picked.” Lethi nods before standing up. He takes the clothes from Swati and disappears into one of the closed doors behind her. I’m guessing those are changing rooms. “You’re up next, Lindani.” I stand up and she hands me a pile of clothes.

“I already like everything I see.”

She grins. “I know my stuff.” I love her confidence and she has earned the right to be arrogant.

I head to one of the unlocked changing rooms and start trying on the clothes. The first thing that charms me is a white lapel collar lace shirt. This looks so sexy. I love it. It is paired with white graphic print straight leg pants. I will definitely wear this. The next outfit is a black random floral & crane print kimono with black shorts. I can definitely wear these when I welcome my guests. Fuck I’m already excited. The other is a green floral print ombre shirt with green pants. I love these clothes very much. I never knew there was a boutique like this in Durban. I only ever saw one like these in k-dramas which stars stinking

rich people. With my normal salary, I don't afford most of the shit in this store but your boy has a black card, so I will definitely be visiting it soon. I walk back to the lounge and find Lethi, Mqondisi and Swati there. Lethi is wearing a black and white floral print shirt with black solid drawstring waist pants. The outfit goes well with his sneakers. Mqondisi on the other hand is wearing a palm tree print shirt with light grey letter graphic drawstring cargo pants.

"You guys look really handsome." I bite my lip and Lethi frowns.

"Didn't you like any of the outfits?" he asks.

"No. I actually loved all of them and if its not a problem, I would like to purchase them all. I didn't wear them for you guys. You have to see them with the rest of the guests on Friday." Lethi rolls his eyes.

Swati chuckles. "I understand your logic. So how about you guys go change and we will pack these things for you? In the meantime, Lindani you can look around the store and see if there is anything else you will like." She takes the pile of clothes from my arms and I smile at her. I am definitely inviting her to my housewarming.

“They have such a nice cosy home.” Lethi comments as we drive past the Nzama gate and into their driveway. I groan.

“Let this be the last time you say that a mansion is cosy. If you repeat, I will pluck your teeth out.” I threaten and he cracks up.

“Ohh, I’m scared.” He indicates with his hands dramatically. I think he got more feminine hormones than me. This can’t be normal.

“You are such a bore, yazi.” I climb off the car after he is parked it and he laughs before following me to the front door. Lee opens with a wide smile before we can even knock. She is carrying her gorgeous Sthuli. This child is one of those beautiful children whose beauty isn’t noticed because they are not too forward or forward at all. But Mrs. Nkosi once said that Lee was like this when she was a baby, so it's no wonder that her child was born this way.

“Hey! How are you?” she greets us and hugs me with one arm.

“I am good, darling.” I extend my arms to Sthuli and she smiles shyly before coming to me. “Hello princess, the girl who bears the Zulu clan name. You grow more beautiful each day.”

Lee chuckles. “Don’t remind me. Butho said he will buy a new gun every year on her birthday just to keep off any man who would dare court her in the future. The only thing that would save the next generation of boys is if the princess becomes a nun.” Lethi chuckles.

“Well I guess we can sign them up in the same nunnery because I know that mine might also cause me to commit murder the moment she comes of age.” He chirps in. Lee smiles, looking between Lethi and I. God I am so terrible when it comes to introductions.

“Lee, this is Lethinhlahla Khambule, my man. And Lethi, this is Mrs. Lindelwa Nzama, uMaNkosi. You can call her Lee or MaNkosi but not Mrs. Nzama. She hates formalities. Well unless you become her patient, then you will be forced to call her Dr. Nzama.”

They both shake hands. “It’s so nice to meet you, Lethinhlahla.” She turns to me. “I can’t wait to brag in the group. Please come in.” we follow her inside her beautiful home. It is so warm and just so homey. You can literally feel the love in the air.



“This right here is Sthulikazi Zulu by the way. Lee’s adventure baby.” I whisper the last part to Lethi who snorts. “Baby, this is uncle Lethi. How about you greet him?”

Sthuli smiles. “Hello lume and hello uncle Lethi.” This child with manners though. She is the next humble princess after Lisa.

We enter the kitchen where we find Mabutho preparing drinks. He looks up when he sees us walking in and he smiles. “Good evening and welcome to our home. I am Mabutho Nzama.” He stretched his hand and Lethi shakes it.

“I am Lethinhlahla Khambule.”

Mabutho turns to me with a smirk. “No bets this time around?” did he have to bring that up now? I swear friends have a way of embarrassing you.

“No. Umshado Lo.” I respond.

He smiles widely. “Well halala.” He passed us the drinks and we thank him. “You deserve some eternal happiness in your life. Shall we start looking for tuxes?” I roll my eyes.

“Speed kills.” He chuckles and then turns to Lethi.

“So what do you do?”

“I am an investor, I have a logistics company and other minor companies under my name.” my man answers confidently. Well the man knows his story.

“That’s cool. I am a bodyguard by the way, I also own a private security company and in business with my siblings. We buy and sell second hand cars and bikes.”

“That’s cool. Do you have classics? There is a piece I have been looking for and I haven’t had much luck with it.”

“I don’t promise you anything but we can look at the basement. That’s where we keep all the expensive second-hand classic cars.”

Lethi grins like a kid in a candy store. “Well after you man.” They follow each other out of the kitchen without a single glance towards us.

“Men and cars. One can never separate them. I remember the argument we had when he told me he wanted to keep the cars in our basement. I told him its dangerous and it might attract

criminals but he wasn't having none of it. He wasn't going to allow me to separate him from his babies."

"Men are just big babies."

"Tell me about it." We both laugh. "So you and that hunk? My God! I didn't know they still made men as fine as that." She fans herself and I laugh.

"Honey you and me both. When he came at me, I was at a loss of words. That was my real reaction. I froze. I still can't believe how lucky I am. Even though I have to share him with his wife." Her eyes pop out.

"Say what now?"

"Yeah, he is happily married and he wants to take me as a second spouse. The idiot man has already introduced me to his wife, his mother

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aunt and brother."

"Is your ass imported?" what? I was not expecting that. I break into laughter and she also laughs. "Love, it has to be imported

for it to drive a married man that crazy. This is going to be added in the agenda of Saturday.”

I frown. “What’s Saturday?”

“Thembisile’s movie premiere. The one in Cape Town. Can’t believe you forgot about it. But I can’t blame you.” She smirks. Sly bitch. “We are flying to CT first thing Saturday morning and we will go to a spa before preparing for the night.”

“Fuck. I totally forgot about that. I don’t even have an outfit. But I guess I will go to Swati’s boutique.”

“Thee Swati? Zamaswazi Mathenjwa?” I nod. “How did you get hold of her?”

“When you’re dating a rich snob like Lethi, everything is possible.” She laughs.

“Help me set up the table.”

I put Sthuli down and we take the dishes to the dining room. We place everything at the table and just as we are about to sit, Lethi and Mabutho come back. Lethi kisses my cheek before

sitting down next to me. Mabutho takes Sthuli and places her in his lap. She is the one who says grace before we start eating.

“So see anything you like down there?” I ask Lethi and he nods.

“Yeah, a 1964 black World’s Fair Skyway Mustang. Its one of a kind and the only one in the southern Africa. Mabutho is willing to sell it to me for R10 million.” My eyes pop out.

“What’s so special about it? Does it fly?” I ask, flabbergasted. A R10m car? It has to be super special.

He chuckles. “No, babe. It’s one of a kind and a classic. Adding it to my car collection will be a huge honour.”

“Is it even allowed on the road?” everyone laughs. The car sounds like a dinosaur. Something that belongs in a museum not on the road.

“It is a one of a kind car. It made its first debut in the 1964 World’s Fair hosted in New York where only 12 of them were showcased. It is indeed an honour to have it in your garage.” A voice startles and we turn to find Mr. Nzama Senior leaning on the doorway.

“Khulu!” Sthuli exclaims before trying to get down from her father’s lap. Butho laughs and helps her down. This is the first time I have seen her happy over someone else other than the trouble twins.

“Hello my angel.” Mr. Nzama picks her up and showers her with kisses all over her face. Sthuli giggles adorably. “Hey everyone. Sorry for interrupting your dinner. I am pissed at my wife so I thought I should come and check on my number one lady.” He kissed Sthuli’s cheek before sitting down on a vacant chair.

“What did you do, dad?” Mabutho asks as Lee stands up to dish for her father in law.

“Hey! Why is it that men are always wrong?”

“Because that’s usually the case, even if we are right. We just have to say sorry to keep the peace.” Lethi comments and Mr. Nzama chuckles.

“Wow, finally someone who can knock some sense into our men.” Lee teases before sitting down.

“I am Celimpilo Nzama and you are?” the man introduces himself with a stretched hand and Lethi shakes it.

“I am Lethinhlahla Khambule.”

“The billionaire?” Lethi nods. “Mmm.”

“You’re a polygamist?” Lethi asks politely and Nzama chuckles.

“I think so. I have three legal wives, four baby mamas and two girlfriends. I can’t help it. Women can’t resist the Nzama charm.” He is giving those Luzuko vibes but unlike Luzuko, Mr. Nzama loves all his children equally and he isn’t afraid to show his love, affection and attention.

“Well I think I might be a polygamist soon, if I am not right now. I would like some advice on how you make it work, but privately whenever you find time.” Nzama smiles.

“Okay. We can talk after dinner. Hey Lindani.” He waves his hand.

“Hey Mr. Nzama.”

“So isn’t anyone of you interested to know what my wife did?” he asks, biting his meat.

Lee snorts. “Humour us, baba. But I will know if your story is true or false soon enough.”

He rolls his eyes. “So your mother has what you youngsters call a crush on Pharrell Williams. Now she heard that the man will be having a concert in Joburg next month and she has been pestering me about getting her a backstage pass ticket. Not that I can’t make that happen but since I ignored her request, she has been pissing me off with the Williams talk. Like Pharrell wear nice hats or has nice dance moves. I just told her she should propose to him if she likes him so much and stormed off because I was fed up.”

“Dramatic exit much.” I whisper and Lee laughs.

“I am not on mom’s side because she is clearly the one who is wrong here. But don’t you think you were a tad too harsh on her, baba?” Lee asks and Nzama Huffs before feeding his grandchild.

“Let me focus on you, my angel. At least you don’t judge or side with your gender.” Everyone around the table laughs. He is sulking and I think he should’ve went to one of his many women to comfort him but I think one of the rules about



polygamy is that you shouldn't go to another wife while mad at the other because you will vent and drag the other into your argument. This polygamy shit has a lot of rules.

The dinner continues swiftly with laughter here and there. Lethi looks so comfortable around the Nzamas. I hope he will be like this on Friday when he meets the rest of the squad. At the end of the dinner, Nzama gets a call from his wife and he rushed out but not before exchanging numbers with Lethi. I guess they will have a chat next time.

Thursday evening after work, I start at Swati's boutique. I know if I don't go there today, I will not find time to get an outfit for Thembisile's movie premiere and I will be forced not to go or repeat an outfit and I hate both those outcomes. Lethi met up with Mr. Nzama on Monday and they spent like three hours together. He still won't tell me what they talked about. What he did tell me is that his wife left for a vacation. She said she needed some air because being in the same country as him was suffocating her. Rich people problems. South Africa or even Durban is big enough for people not to run into each other but I guess she needs to be given time to come around. Aphiwe was discharged from the hospital and Lethi's mom is the one looking after her since Zoleka is a little MIA.

I get to the boutique and head inside. I don't really know what I want, but I know it has to be fabulous and make a fashion statement. I find Fikile at the entrance just like the last time.

"Lindsay, how are you?" she asks with a wide smile as if we are besties and frown. She quickly catches on. "I stalked you on social media and I must say, I love your content and your style. Especially the clothes you wore in Singapore. They were giving." An admirer. Wow.

“Thanks for that. I am fine, by the way. Is Swati in?” I don’t need to drag this any longer. I have a salon appointment in 30 minutes.

“Right this way.” She leads the way to the lounge and I find Swati lying on one of the couches while staring at her phone. Oww, she is on a video call. It looks like I have interrupted her moment. She looks up and smiles at me.

“Baby, a client just walked in. I will call you once I am free. Bye.” She gets up and places her phone on the coffee table. “Lindani, twice in one week. Am I lucky or what?” I chuckle.

“Well I was in need of your services and after the last time we were here, I loved your work ethics and techniques. That’s why I came back.”

She nods. “How can we help you?”

“I am attending my friend’s movie premiere on Saturday and I know it’s short notice, but I need an outfit. If I could, I would’ve gone to any shop to mix and match but it’s a red carpet affair, so I can’t rock a mall look on the red carpet.”

She snorts. “You look like you will be causing me a lot of trouble with your last minute outfit requests. Anyways, I will help you only because of Lethi. If you were someone else, I would’ve told you we are closed for the weekend since it's a holiday

tomorrow. Now sit down.” Thank God. “What do you have in mind?”

“Anything fabulous and iconic but not a dress. At least not for this occasion.”

“Hmm.” She looks at me for a few moments before walking away. I will never get used to her scrutinizing gaze. She comes back after a few minutes with two different fabrics of the same colour, violet. “Stand up.” I do as she says. She would’ve made a great army commander because dishing out orders is her thing. She holds out the fabric against my skin and then I see her stitching some of it up with pins. I am so confused by what she is doing but I keep my mouth shut. After 10 minutes she smiles at me. “Perfect.” She looks at the ruffled fabric on my shoulders and then places it on the table. “So will you be able to collect it tomorrow evening or shall I ask someone to deliver it to your house?”

“A delivery will be great. I don’t think I will find time to go out tomorrow.”

“Okay. What’s your address?” I call it out and she writes it on a piece of paper. “Fikile or someone else will deliver your outfit. I know you will be impressed by it because I know my story. Your purchase will be added to Lethi’s account. Do you need any accessories to go with your outfit?”

“I trust you, so whatever you say goes.”

She smiles. “Thank you for that. Hope you come back soon.” I hug her and then head out. If she impresses me with this outfit, then she will be my go-to designer forever.

xxx

After my salon appointment, I head to a restaurant that’s 15 minutes away from my house. When I get there, just as I am about to request a table for one from the hostess, a familiar laugh startles me. I look around and spot Futhy. She is not alone, she is with her husband

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Ndosi omkhulu, her mother and Gcino. Well they are surrounded by their guards who are occupying other tables.

“I will be joining them, please bring me a chair.” I say to the hostess and she looks like she is about to tell me I am delusional. “FUTHI!” I shout and almost everyone turns to look at me. Futhy sees me and she stands up with a wide smile.

“Hey! Come here!” I walk towards their table and we share a hug. “My God, look at you. You’re stunning. Did you put on make-up?” Futhy is the type of girlfriend that every girl or gay needs because she knows how to boost your confidence or hype you.

I smile. “Yes. I just came from the salon. How is everyone doing? Hey Gcino. Still troublesome as ever?” I greet everyone and shake hands with them.

Gcino grins. “I am matured now. I am just sad that you didn’t invite me to your housewarming.”

“Adults only, kid.” Everyone laughs around the table. I think he is 22 or 23 now but he will always be Futhy’s baby brother.

“Don’t worry though. Maybe you can come and see my house before everyone else. It’s a 15 minutes drive from here.” He smiles. A waiter brings me a chair and I smile thankfully before sitting next to Gcino.

“I would also like to see your house. I was so happy when Futhy told me that you bought a new one. How are you going to survive in a quiet neighbourhood since you’re this loud?” Futhy’s mom comments and we all laugh.

“I am adjusting, ma. It’s definitely new territory but I will get used to it as time goes by. I actually just realised how lonely it is to stay alone in the suburbs. No wonder most people are married or cohabiting.” Ndosì chuckles.

“For you to cohabit, it will mean you should bring a man to me and I have to approve of him first before I can let him stay with you.” He states and Kuhle chortles.

“Abort mission. Fall back soldiers.” He chirps in and we all laugh.

I love Ndosini omkhulu though. He is protective of all Futhy’s friends. He doesn’t care whether you’re a full grown adult or not. If he wants to instill some discipline, nothing will stop him. He recently shouted and knocked some sense into Noma, a whole queen, because she was thinking of resigning as the CEO of her law firm. I don’t know what made her decide that but Carter was against it and he actually just reported Noma to Ndosini who ended the whole nonsense in under thirty minutes. This man can humble you.

“I wouldn’t mind bringing the man to you, Ndosini. I trust your judgement.” I smile at him and he grins.

“Finally, someone who doesn’t see me as the bad guy.” He boasts and Jabu rolls her eyes.

“We won’t hear the end of it.” She comments, sitting back. Waiters come and place dozens of dishes on the table. “Don’t worry about ordering your food. We ordered enough to feed a whole nation.” She smiles at me. She and Ndosini are total opposites of each other but they do compliment each other and I love how unconditional their love is for their family and for each other.

“I can’t wait to meet the mystery man. Futhi hasn’t stopped talking about him.” Kuhle teases, looking at me. I give Futhy a pointed look and she shrugs with a smirk.

“He is actually not a mystery since you know his name and surname. Kuhle, you of all people should know more about him right now, even the name of his first pet.” He blushes.

“I am not that bad.” He defends himself and Futhy laughs.

“Yes, you are.”

“There is already a man in your life?” Jabu asks and I nod.

“He is the one who actually, no I bought the car and house with his card after he pissed me off. One big flaw about him is that he has a wife and kids. But apparently he wants to take me as his second spouse and his wife kicked him out of the house because of that.” I blurt out. I don’t mean to shock everyone but sometimes these news get too much for me.

“Wow, who needs lokshin bioskop when we have abo Lindsay who do the impossible?” Gcino comments with a chuckle.

“Now I really need to meet this guy and soon.” Ndosu says and continues eating. Luckily Kuhle changes the subject and starts telling us about the many mischiefs his brood gets up to. Ndosu’s wears a proud smile as he listens to how naughty his grandkids are. He loves kids shame.



After dinner, they are all for the motion of seeing my house, so I lead the way there. When we get to it, I give them a tour. The pensioners are impressed by everything. Futhi falls in love with the bar in between the lounge and dining area. I serve them drinks and after an hour or so, we bid each other farewell. I call Lethi just to check up on him before going to sleep. I have a big day ahead tomorrow.

Today is finally my housewarming and I am excited about it. The event only starts at two but I have to be around my house as the people set up everything. I know I am a people's person but sometimes I don't feel comfortable with people moving up and down in my space. I know I have no expensive art, as Lethi rudely pointed out, but people can steal and sell everything these days. Amaphara are the most convincing sales people. They can make you buy something that you don't need because they have a tongue. They will convince you to buy printer ink cartridge while you don't even own the 2 in 1 printer.

Getting up, I clean my bedroom before bathing and dressing up in a green floral print ombre shirt and green shorts. I hear the intercom buzzing as I descend the stairs. That must be the magical twins. Last night when we talked, they told me they would be here first thing in the morning. After checking the monitor, I open for them and go open the front door. I wait for them there as they drive in. Two trucks are behind them. The twins are in an SUV. They climb off the car and walk towards me.

“Lindsay, how are you doing?” Dakota greets me with a smile and a hug.

“Hey darling.” Londeka also greets me. “Congratulations on your nuptials. I saw the pictures. You and your husband looked stunning and adorable.” Londeka got married a month ago and her wedding was beautiful. But it’s surprise because the girl is a planner. I am sure she was a bridezilla, wanting everything to be perfect from the beginning till the end.

“Thank you very much.” She smiles.

“I am glad that a person gets married once because I am never going through that again.” Dakota fans herself and Londy laughs. She mouths ‘Drama’ to me and I just chuckle.

“So your day is finally here. We can chat as we work. Please show us the way to the backyard.” Londy states in a professional voice.

“You can take the indoor shortcut or the long way around just following the pavement to the back. Is there anything you are going to need me for?”

“Your kitchen.” A very beautiful curvy woman states, as she comes to where we are. She is dressed in a chef coat. “I’m Chef

Azania Mthombeni.” Shut the front door. There is only one Chef Azania Mthombeni and that’s Mfihlo Mthombeni’s wife, the billionaire.

“You got me a celebrity chef?” I ask, shocked to the core. She giggles.

“I am hardly a celebrity chef. I just overheard them talking at a supermarket and I offered my services. It’s my first time cooking in a Durban event, so I hope to impress the Durbanites.” She is so pretty. I literally can’t get over how she looks. “Also, I hope you don’t mind. My husband will be stopping by to bring some things I need for desert.”

“I don’t mind. You’re just so beautiful.”

She blushes. “I get that a lot. Thank you. You have a lovely home. So which way is the kitchen?”

I snap out of it and start showing people around. Chef Azania is here with four assistants. I can’t wait to taste her food. Seeing that my kitchen is about to get occupied, I guess I will have to order breakfast. As I settle in the lounge after placing my order, a text message from Lethi comes in.

‘Good luck for today. I hope everything goes well. Love you.’

That’s so sweet. I wonder what I did in my past life to deserve such a man. God am I lucky. I stand up and head to the backyard. It’s still early but I can see the set up coming along. The intercom rings and I open the gate. Food. I am starving. As I go wait for the scooter in the driveway, I see a car driving behind it. I wonder who it is. Anyways the Mr. D food guy gives me my paper bag and I pay him. He drives away. My lips transform into a wide smile when I see the person in the car and I just start screaming.

“FRIEND!” He laughs as he walks closer to me.

“I had to come here early just to see you and the house. I missed you.” He hugs me tightly and I reciprocate the hug. It feels like ages since I last saw him.

“I’m glad you’re here. Where is your Afrikan man?”

He chuckles. “Afee will be here later on, friend. I think he is also on the programme, so you will see him perform his new song which is a dedication to your girl.” He swings his inches. Danny

is really beautiful, especially when he has make up on. But now with the installed weave, he is fire.

“Now you make me wanna install a wig. Really, you’re so hot friend.”

He smiles. “I just came from Fancy Claws, so Afee hasn’t seen me. He once went crazy when he saw me rocking a Bob. I wonder what this will do to him.”

“He will be admitted in the psychiatric hospital before the night ends.” he laughs. “Come

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let me show you around the house and please don’t mind the mess. People are moving up and down.”

“That’s what rich people with super clean houses say before showing you their perfect houses.” We both laugh. We head inside and I start on the kitchen to grab some plates and glasses. “OMG! Is that Chef Azania Mthombeni?” he whispers loudly as we make our way upstairs. I just laugh.

“I was also shocked when I saw her. I thought I was dreaming. The girl is more beautiful in person. Her skin though. I wished to run my hands on it.”

He chuckles. “Have you started creating the content?”

“Yes but the photographer has also arrived and is doing them things.” I lead him to my bedroom and as he goes crazy over my clothes in the closet, I head to the balcony. I set up the food in the balcony table and wait for him. He finally comes out of the closet wearing one of my huge sunhats and Balmain sunglasses. “If you behave, I might give you those sunglasses.”

“Oww I was already taking full ownership of them. Honey, you have a millionaire bae. He can literally buy you a Balmain store if he wanted.” I roll my eyes. “Come on. Let’s take some pictures. People need to know we have reunited.”

“You’re dramatic yazi.” But I entertain him and we take endless pictures and short videos. After a while, we sit down and start eating. I’m glad I ordered extra.

“So spill. How and when did you meet the mystery man? One moment you’re heartbroken, the next you’re in a relationship

with a black Bill Gates. Tell me chomie. Did you go to that lucky pink river?”

I laugh, nearly choking on my food. “It all happened so fast. One moment I met this broody sexy mysterious guy at the club. Next moment I found myself on a private plane to Singapore. Lethinlahla Khambule is such a lovely man. Seems cruel at first or even scary but as you get to know him, you will discover that he is kind, loving and just downright the best. And he fucks like a stallion. The man is a whole package. He gave me a black card after our first night together. I gave it back after finding out that he is married. Then he gave me another after Singapore. That one even has my name. What’s worse is that he always provides for me, so I hardly use the card.”

“Girl, you definitely stole that pink water from that Lake because Hun.” He grins at me. He is busy typing something on his phone. “Gotcha. Name Lethinlahla Khambule. Age 38. Companies. Shut the front door. So many companies he is associated with!” he exclaims. “My God, his net worth is...”



“I don’t wanna know. It’s tempting but I don’t want to know. You know how money is the root of all evil and already people think I am with him for the money, so no.”

“So, he is married. How is he dating you?” he tilts his head to the side.

“He wants things to be legalized. So he wants to take me as his second spouse. Don’t even ask because I don’t know how he will manage all that.”

He nods. “You will tell me all about him later. For now, you need to do my face.”

I roll my eyes. “You know how to do your own make up Kodwa Danny.”

“Yeah but I want you to do it. I wanna be super cute. My brows are tinted already.” “You are troublesome but fine.”

We finish eating and clean up the table. While he carries the dishes to the kitchen, I take out my makeup kit and set up on my dresser. I don’t have to worry about my face because a MUA will be coming at 12 to do my make up. Danny comes back and I start doing his face. He has really cute cheekbones. His facial structure isn’t manly at all. It is giving white woman vibes. While doing his face, he tells me the latest celebrity gossip. Being married to one, you get the inside scoop. My

friend is even adding spices but I am not mad. When I am done, he checks his reflection and squeals.

“Bitch I look like a colored bitch. I can actually enter Miss South Africa and win with this face.” I laugh.

“I know I’m good.”

“Take pictures, a lot of them, but we will post them after the event has started. Now let’s get some mimosas to get this party started.” People and mimosas though. What happened to getting the party started with a few tequila shots?

Getting downstairs, I find people moving around with covered portraits. Some are already mounting a few on the clear wall. I see a huge vase with beautiful flowers on the table down the hallway. I think I saw that on a magazine while in Singapore. The vase. It costs \$150000. I frown. I didn’t order those. I stops one of them and ask what the hell is going on.

“They were ordered by Mr. L. Khambule. He said your art collection isn’t complete without them.” Aww. My man though. Can someone take me to him this instant?

I am feeling all nervous and worked up when my guests start arriving. I have never hosted an event before, well not one so personal. So I am anxious. I pray that everything goes well and all my guests feel welcomed and at home. Nothing is worse than people being uncomfortable at your event. They actually make you trend for that. I am grateful though that I have Danny with me. I think I would've had a panic attack by now if it went for him. I'm dressed in my black kimono robe and black shorts as I welcome the beautifully dressed guests. People sure know how to stick to the theme these days.

The first to arrive in the crew is Nomxolisi with her husband, Phumudzi and Lee with Mabutho. I am not surprised. Lee is very punctual. She is rocking a gorgeous shirt with matching skirt and heels. Her body though. Mmm. I have a huge crush on thick woman. But that woman to woman crush, nothing too intense or sexual. After exchanging greetings, one of the twins show them around the house. Being a host means I have to be at the door to welcome everyone. Isaac, one on the Kuhle's friends, couldn't make it but he sent a huge gift. I haven't opened it yet. I guess I will view all the gifts on Sunday as soon as I'm back from Cape Town. Sbo and Thembisile also won't make. She is in Joburg, shooting her next big series. When Sbo

isn't busy, he follows her around the world. A bit romantic and possessive but I'm not judging.

The next to arrive are Phiwa with his fiance, Nonku. Yes, one of the twins finally decided to settle down. Their wedding date hasn't been set yet but I am sure it is happening this year. The thing is Nonku comes from a very street traditional family and the family is not happy about them cohabiting. They are followed by Zah and Mbuso. Not a day goes by without drama with those two. Mbuso actually cheated on Zah, or he kissed some woman and Zah went crazy. She nearly cut off his dick but they are better now, or I hope so.

"Wine for the lady of the house." She hands me a box of wine bottles and I frown. "Honey that's Lubelihle wines. A special gift from my husband and I." my eyes pop out. Yes, Lubelihle wines is a wine company owned by Futhy's mothers in law but that shit is limited edition and single bottle cost over R5k. That's normal for whiskey and champagne but not wine.

"Thank you so much, my lovies. I will Honor these and lock them in my cellar. Nobody will touch them. Well except for me when I'm celebrating a really special occasion."

"Like this one." Mbuso suggests with a smile and I nod.

"Yes, like this one. Please go inside. Enjoy the appetizers and welcome drinks which you will find on the first table as you

enter.” We share a hug and they head inside. I don’t have a proper wine cellar yet, so I will put this in my room. Danny comes out and frowns at the box. “Play nice hostess while I put this away. Yes. Thank you.” He shakes his head. I don’t wait for an answer. I head to my room and put the box in my closet. I lock it and walk to the lounge. I take one glass of champagne and down it.

“LISA!” Danny screams as I walk back to the front door. I rush there to find Lisa and Zenzo walking towards Danny. Lisa is looking so pretty in a floral tank top and white tulle skirt which is almost knee length. The belly isn’t showing, so great choice of clothing. Zenzo is looking handsome as ever in a t-shirt the same colour and design as Lisa’s top. They are wearing matching outfits. Couple goals.

“Hey guys. I’m so glad you could make it.” I greet them and we share hugs. Lisa smiles.

“We wouldn’t miss it for the world. We had to take a short break on our world tour. After this, we are going to visit Croatia Republic and then we come back to SA to recuperate and bring in the new life.”

“Well, we will be ready with the tiny gifts. Anyways, welcome to my humble home. Please help yourselves to the drinks and appetizers in the lounge. I can’t believe you’re here.” I hug Lisa again and she giggles.

“Believe it, love.” She takes her husband’s hand and they enter the house. My guests continue arriving

colleagues and party friends. My sister also arrives but she is not alone. She brought a friend. One thing about relatives, they always find a way to ruin the party. Who said she must bring a plus one? But I ain’t gonna let her put me down. After complimenting her, she heads inside with her friend. I think I am going to need Gin in order to survive today.

xxx

“How nice of you to finally grace us with your presence, your majesty.” I tease Futhy as she arrives with her husband. They are actually the last couple in the crew to arrive. Even Noma and Carter have arrived and they are usually late comers.

Futhi huffs, throwing a glance at Kuhle. “That crazy royal man made me change my whole outfit. He wasn’t comfortable about ‘it’ showing too much of his assets. We had to go from boutique to boutique looking for a last minute outfit. I am so pissed but I am not going to let it ruin your day. You look lovely by the way. Nice hair, nice face, nice outfit. Who beat your face?” I chuckle. There is always drama surrounding this woman. “This other lady from Mbali. She is good, right?”

“Totally. I love her work. Who amongst our friends have arrived?” “Everyone, actually. Even Lisa and Zenzo.”

She smiles widely. "I can't wait to see those two." She turns to her husband. "Baby, everyone is here. Let's head in." Kuhle comes towards us carrying a white envelope. He hands it to me.

"From the Zulu family. Happy house warming, Lindsay."

I smile. "Thanks, Kuhle." I hug him. "Bev is in the lounge and someone will direct you to where everyone else is. But I think you will find Lee and Noma by the bar." She laughs and pulls Kuhle inside.

Lethi finally arrives with his sibling and another man around his age which I think is his friend or something. I don't care if he brought a friend. He is the one who technically paid for this party. He is wearing the outfit that he bought at Zamaswazi's boutique and he looks so handsome and so edible. I am sure a few ladies are going to throw themselves all over him tonight. Suddenly I feel so giddy, like a teenage girl seeing her crush up-close.

"Hi." I greet him with my cracking voice and he chuckles, his eyebrow lifting. "Am I that charming?" he asks and I giggle.

"Am I making it too obvious?"

He laughs before he steps closer and hugs me, pecking my lips in the process. "I hope my housewarming gift has arrived yet."

"Yes, with your snarky comment."

He laughs and then turn to the people he is with. “You already know Mqondisi. This is my baby sister, Mntomuhle and my friend and business associate, Senzo Nxumalo.”

“Nice to meet you all. Please follow me. I think you’re the last ones to arrive. The party is about to start.” I lead them to the lounge where they take their drinks and appetizers. Then I hand them over to an usher who leads them to the backyard.

I head to my bedroom and quickly change into my real outfit for the day, my white lapel collar lace shirt with white graphic print straight leg pants and white Hibacci sneakers. I open the first three buttons of my shirt just to entice Lethi and show off my minimal muscles. One need to hit the gym yazi. I put on cologne and then head downstairs. I take a glass of champagne and walk to the party. The whole place has been transformed. There is a huge gazebo near the pool where all the guests are seated. There is also a live band that is playing soft melody, something close to jazz. There is also a DJ stand or table and an open dance floor. We are about to get down guys. People scream when they see me. I feel like a celeb right now. I laugh and head to the main table. There are three dinner tables filled with my guests and my friends and Lethi with his guests are on the main table. I take my place at the head of the table. I didn’t want too much spotlight by having my own chair separate from everyone.



“How are y’all doing?” I ask nervously and my friends laugh.

“Not you going all shy on us now.” Zah comments and I laugh. Our relationship began when she was still working at DCC. I just love her aura and energy.

A short buffy guy walks to the front. At first I am confused by him but then I recognise him. His name is HumbleBeast and he is an MC from Esikhawini. I have been to an event where he was an MC and I can safely say that he is really good. He greets the guests with intoxicating level of energy and I am happy the twins chose him. Someone places a mic in front of me and I frown.

“Since our guest of honour invited us, it’s only right that he welcomes us into this beautiful home before we turn up.” He looks at me and I chuckle. I stand up, taking the mic and my eyes wondering around.

“Wow. That’s a lot of people.” I hear chuckles. “I guess I will thank everyone for coming later. For now I would like to welcome you all into my new home. You all look stunning. Feel at home but don’t steal the art in the wall. It’s worth y’all’s retirement packages.” Everyone laughs. I sit down and the programmer starts.

The party goes on without any hiccup. The MC knows his story, no lie. He keeps everyone entertained. The moment the first performer graces the stage, Dladla Mshunqisi, almost everyone gets up to dance. It ain't a Durban party if you don't have the screaming fat dude. After his performance, we settle down and the main course rolls in. The food looks delicious and the presentation, world class my dear. The mic goes around the table as a few friends congratulate me on the new house and car. Chef Azania walks to me with a smile.

“Good evening everyone. I am Chef Azania Mthombeni, your chef for this evening. I just wanted to find out if you're enjoying your meal.” She gives that warm smile.

“You got a celebrity chef? Now everyone doing an event after you must up their game.” Xoli comments and we chuckle.

“I love your food. Is there a way to get a second plate?” Lisa asks with an adorable smile.

“I will have one of my assistants bring it to you, your highness. I am glad you're enjoying the food.” The chef responds.

“We love this. It is so delicious and the presentation, this is straight out of a commercial.” Futhy comments and Azania chuckles. “I recently got a tender of rebuilding and rebranding a chain of hotels. How about you show me a portfolio and I will decide in which of the hotels I should put your restaurant. Look at me blabbing. I haven’t even asked if you considered opening another branch.” She places a hand in her mouth and Azania giggles.

“It sounds like a great offer.”

“Then I will contact you first thing on Sunday morning because I never rest.” Nonkosi announces as she walks in. She goes to hug Futhy and then settles on her chair. “I am the PA by the way and I technically run the show.” We all laugh. She is very forward. “Sorry I am late, love. I had to tell some demanding client where to get off and then I signed in your outfit.”

“I think I’m in love.” Phila comments and we all look at him but he is looking at Nonkosi. Well, well, well. Who would’ve thought? Unluckily for him, the girl is taken but you are never really taken unless your Mrs. Somebody.

Everyone eats the main course and only good comments flow out of their mouths. As the waiters collect the dishes, I spot Ralph on the table next to mine. That's odd. Why didn't he come and greet me? Unless he got here pretty late then. He sees me looking him and waves a hand, mouthing an apology. I guess I will chat with him after the programme is finished. The speeches continue and this time around, it's my colleagues wishing me good fortune and wealth. Another performance rolls in. Papi Cooper and Khanyisa and they perform their song titled Mama. How much did Lethi add for this event? I wonder. People are served desert but some reject it because they are already tipsy.

"Well it has been a lovely evening here at the burbs. Thank you for respecting me as your MC. I hope you high rollers will consider me on your upcoming events." Humble Beast announces and I chuckle while everyone laughs. I like him. "We have come to an end of our programme. We would like to ask our guest of honour to say a few words or maybe even chase us out, we don't know." He shrugs and we laugh.

I stand up and take the mic. I look at everyone, giving them small smiles and finally my eyes land on my awesome man. He winks at me and I blush. God. "Thank you all for coming to

celebrate my success with me. I know the event was such a short notice but I am glad all of you honoured my invitation. Thanks to all my colleagues; my friends, the rich kids;" they all laugh. "Thank you to my sister who is here with us. Thank you to my man and his family for their presence. Thank you to God for blessing me with this luxury and for blessing me with a generous man." I bat my lashes and everyone laughs.

"YAAS GIRL!" Danny shouts and I giggle.

"A special shout out to my boss who is my friend, therapist and sometimes big sister. I love you all and thank you once again for coming. Well you all know me. The party doesn't start until the sun has set. So now the real party starts. If you can't handle too much fun, leave it to us, the VIBE BRINGERS. A toast to SUCCESS."

"TO SUCCESS!"

xxx

Almost half of my guests leave but I make sure to say goodbye to all of them before they leave. My friends are busy taking endless photos. I photobomb on some of them. Then I head to

my man who is sitting on one of the pool chairs talking to his phone. He smiles when he sees me and end his call.

“You look like an entire snack. Is there time for me to devour you this evening?” he asks, licking his lips and the butterflies, the butterflies guys. Dear God.

“I am afraid not but when I come back to Cape Town on Sunday, I will be all yours.” I respond, sitting on the chair next to his. He smirks.

“I love the sound of that. Now are you going to introduce me to your friends?” I look around and see them settling on the couches in the small gazebo which was initially prepared for them.

“Let’s go.” I take his hand and lead him there. When they see us approach

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they all go quiet, starring at us. I clear my throat. “Guys, this is Lethinlahla Khambule, my partner. And Lethi this is everyone.”

“Everyone njani ngiyi queen?” Noma asks, seizing up Lethi.

“And here I thought Zenzo was the most handsome man. Damn one must explore KZN.” Lisa mumbles and we all laugh.

Futhy fans herself. “Yuh hhay. Hello Lethinhlahla. Your network and looks approve of you to join the group.”

“I wish I was single.” Zah chirps in.

“Unyile.” Mbuso groans and the ladies just laugh. After that, everyone shakes hands with Lethi, officially welcoming him to the group. I see Ralph coming towards us and I wait before he gets to me. We share a hug.

“Thank you for coming.”

“I am sorry for being late, friend.”

I also introduce him to the squad. Everyone smiles at him but Futhy gives him the cold shoulder. Weird. Futhy is the most welcoming person I know. I wonder what’s the issue. Ralph sits next to Danny and they start chatting. Lethi’s siblings also come to sit with us. The waiters bring us alcohol and we start drinking for real.

“Is it too early to start the drinking games?” Xoli asks.

“For you, never my darling.” Phumudzo responds, caressing her chin adorably. Well the girl was on a maternity leave, so she hasn’t touched alcohol in a long time.

“Not the ones we have played before, please.” Phila suggests and we all agree.

“Let’s just start with something light. Like how your husband or partner courted you. We wanna hear all the embarrassing stories.” Danny suggests. Wow. He is going in for the kill.

“I will start.” Xoli raises her hand. “Better get this done and over with.” Phumudzo laughs. “Well we hooked up on that first trip to George after a long night of drinking. Then the following morning, he asked me to be his girlfriend. He swooped me off my feet and a few months later he asked me to marry him.” All the ladies go ‘Aww’. We know most of everyone’s cute meet stories but hearing a retelling is good.

“Well, I guess we also fucked before he asked me out.” Noma speaks next and we just laugh. “I had slept with white guys



before but not a white bodyguard. He was giving me protector vibes, so I actually dared him and one thing led to the other. He didn't think he stood a chance but I told him to put everything aside and just do what he wants to do. Here we are." She raises her left finger to show off her ring and we all hype her.

"The fucking before dating thing is a thing, Neh?" Lisa asks and we laugh. "Well the guy followed me all the way to a foreign country just to accuse me of a crime I didn't commit because I am a hacker. When he found out I was sort of innocent, he followed me to my house and asked me out. He was persistent, even after I threaten to have him gunned down. Then I carved in because he is just charming. Well too charming because we are here now." She brushes her belly. This pregnancy evoked a funny bone in her. Zah shares her story which is quite similar to Xoli's.

Lee smiles first before she starts speaking. "So this guy barged into my office one day and just straight up confessed his feelings for me. Lapho I had just found out I was pregnant and a lot was going on through my mind. So I tried to push him away and guess what, he stuck. Just like now." She places her hand on Butho's shoulder and he chuckles.

“He just told me he liked my vibe and energy. And next thing I knew, boom the guy dropped the L word and asked me to be his second wife.” Futhy is such a dramatic storyteller. “Of course I declined. But I was lusting on him. So I screwed him on the George trip with his wife and my date a few metres away. Long story short, his wife nearly killed me and managed to kill my bodyguard but against all odds we made and y’all are invited to our 4 year anniversary dinner at our palace.” We all scream. She throws the best parties, so I can’t wait to attend.

“Futhy finished this challenge but I would like to hear your story before we move on.” Danny smirks, looking at me.

“He saw me at a club. We made eye contact and then he cornered me at the restroom. His cologne, God. It still makes my knees shake even today. So he gave me a hotel room number. We fucked all night and the next morning I woke up to an empty bed but a black card on the bedside table. He took me to Singapore just to court me properly and the rest is history.”

“I am jealous.” Nonkosi pours and Phila smiles at her.

“At the next event, you will be telling our story.” We all go  
“Uuuu.”

Futhy excuses herself and I follow her. She goes to the guest bathroom and I wait for her outside. When she comes out, she rolls her eyes upon seeing me.

“What was that all about with Ralph?” I ask and she sighs.

“He is not a great person or a great friend. There is darkness surrounding him. Jealousy and envy is heavy in his heart. Just be careful of him and be careful of who you let inside your house. Not everyone wishes you well. Now let’s go back to your party.” How can I when she has dropped a bomb like that?

This past weekend has been nothing but a blast. From my epic housewarming party to the movie premiere. Everything was just amazing. The housewarming ended on a high note, despite Futhy's bomb. Ralph seemed to like my friends and I saw him chat with Lethi at least once. I don't want him to feel left out and shit. I hope whatever darkness that surrounds him has something to do with his toxic ex and I hope he fixes it as soon as possible. He is a wonderful soul and deserves all the happiness in the world. Lethi stayed with my crew till dawn and I was so happy that the gents welcomed him with such warm arms. No one made him feel less of a man for dating me, a proud gay man. Nonkosi went home with Phila at the end of the party. I hope they get married one day. Phela we are old now and have money. What left for us is to explore the world, have kids and get married.

At the premiere, I wore a stunning red pantsuit. The coat had a long trail with glittering red and silver stones and head feathers on the shoulders. The pants were normal dress pants and made the entire outfit fabulous. When Lethi saw pictures of my outfit, he sent Zamaswazi a bonus. He is dramatic that one. Overall, everything was great and now it's back to real life. The stress about event is gone. Now on to the next challenge of my life.

My relationship with Lethi. Which, by the way, was exposed by some blogger. Someone took pictures of Lethi and I kissing at the party and they sold it to a magazine. The issue came out yesterday and it went viral. Someone said it was rumours but another person shared a photo of me and Lethi kissing outside the hospital where Aphiwe was admitted in, just to show that it wasn't a coincidence. I know Lethi has had no problem with publicizing our relationship from the go but this is too much. Everyone is all up in our business. Can a girl breathe?

Anyways, I just came off work. This was the worst Monday ever. I usually love Mondays at work because people are always coming in with their weekend drama, but today everyone seemed to be too interested in hearing about my drama from the horse's mouth. And trust me, the attention is not nice at all. I decide on having early dinner at Oceans Mall because that's a peaceful mall. No one is going to take pictures of you and post them on the blue bird app. I head over to of their top class restaurants. After settling down and ordering, I go to the crew group chat. They emphasized with me on the drama earlier on and then moved past it. Drama is not a new thing in the crew. A message comes in from Futhy saying they are going on Family Feud to play against another royal family. I love that show and I

am so happy for my friend. I wish I can be on the audience on that day.

“You’re a hard person to track.” A voice startles me and I raise my head. Shut the front door. Thee one and only Zoleka Khambule is seated across me. What the actual fuck? Does Lethi know about this? Last time I checked, she was MIA. I guess she was planning her next move carefully.

“Zoleka.” I lean back and put my phone on the table.

She smiles. “I am not here to fight.” Said every woman confronting their husband’s mistress before they start throwing insults and fists. A waiter quickly comes to our table. “The usual for me, dear.” She looks so proper, like someone who would star on the next season of The Real Housewives of Durban. The waiter nods before leaving. “So, Lindani, out of all the men in Durban, you chose to go for mine. Why is that? Why would you want to break my family like that?” wow. Going in straight for the kill. How do mistresses answer such questions again?

“I am not going to disrespect you or anything, Zoleka. In fact I hold you in high regard. You are a good woman from what I have read or seen on the internet. I didn’t go for your man. He

is the one who came after me and this is the honest truth. On our first meeting, he followed me to the restroom. On our second meeting, he just showed up at my doorstep. The only time I went to him or near his property, was when I dropped off his black card at his company. I know you know this already, but Lethi is an amazing man. He is kind

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loving, caring, honest, stubborn and most importantly handsome. He is the best party any man or woman would want. This is not me stepping on your toes. It's just that I have fallen so hard for him. I did not intend on breaking his family or anything. The polygamy shit is crazy, like all kinds of fucked up, but I would do it if it meant having Lethi in my life."

She clears her throat and put on her sunglasses. "But he is mine, he is husband. The father of my children. Why would you want to get between us like that? You are not a woman, Lindani. Your presence is going to more harm, more conflict and more confusion for everyone around us. Why don't you just let it go? He has given you a card that can sustain for your whole life. Why don't you give it a rest?"

I sigh. “He is yours, Zoleka. No one is disputing that. But he is also mine. You know the real him. You know it’s not that easy to just let go of him just because someone told you to. This has nothing to do with his net-worth. I have known him for such a short time but he has been there for me, a constant present. He supports me physically and emotionally. He is the best. I am not fighting, but why the hell would I let go of someone who treats me like a queen?”

She scoffs and looks down. The waiter brings our orders and I drink my wine just to digest this meeting because it’s a lot to take in. In a way, I am glad I talked to her. The discussion was freeing and intense. I don’t wanna be put in this position again. “How does one do this again? Do I welcome you into our lives just like that? Do I introduce you to the kids and say “my lovies, this is your new stepmom or stepdad”? Do I have to talk to you about what happens in the Khambule family? What the fuck am I supposed to do because Nhlahla made it clear that he intends on making things official between you? And now the media is on our case. Tell me, what am I supposed to do?” she asks, raising her head and staring straight at me. How the fuck am I supposed to know the answer to that? I am not Lethi. I am not the one who started this whole shit. I don’t have any answers.



“You don’t have to do anything. You just continue being the lovely woman that I chose to be my wife.” Lethi’s voice startles us. I don’t even wanna know how he found us. He joins us on the table and looks between Zoleka and I. And then his gaze focuses on Zoleka until she takes off her glasses. I didn’t even think that she was crying underneath. Her eyes are red. Now I feel a little shitty about the whole situation but it is what it is. “Lindani is not here to break our family. He is just going to strengthen it and hopefully in the future, both of you will learn to coexist. As you know, he won’t fall pregnant or anything, but should we want kids, we might consider surrogacy or adoption. You don’t have to entertain anyone who asks you silly stuff about our situation. You are married to me and you are loyal to me. You don’t owe anyone, even my parents, answers. You also have nothing to worry about.” She sighs and then nods. He turns to me. “Why are you here instead of your house?” is that the first thing he is going to say to me today?

I roll my eyes. “I just needed a breather away from the drama and Oceans is a very peaceful mall.”

“We haven’t dated for that long but I do see a future with you. I won’t ask you to marry me or anything, but I will ask for a chance to get to know my future spouse a bit better and later

on get married to you, if my wife allows.” Lethi has no timing whatsoever. He is the worst.

“As if I have a choice.” Zoleka mumbles, drinking her white wine. I guess this is a done deal then and by how things are right now, I would say Zoleka and I will get along but I will give it about 2 years. No rush.

One would think that being gay automatically makes life easier but that is just bullshit, at least on my part. After the news about my relationship with Lethi broke out, I started receiving death threats from different people. Can you believe it? I also discovered that people out there still use mail in this day and age because I received a couple of hate mails or letters. If I wasn't for Lethi's security detail, I would've been scared of even my own shadow. My colleagues started treating me differently, especially females. Some gave me that jealous ex or baby mama stinky eye. The drama child.

The journalists were worse though. They showed up practically everywhere, wanting to get the scoop of how the relationship started from the horse's mouth. Some even wanted to know if I bewitched Lethi or not. I mean come on. If you bewitched your partner, would you tell a journalist? Unless you're done with that relationship. Lethi also had it worse. Gays all over the nation started flooding his DMs. They flirted with him, sent dick pics and asshole pics. The madness! He had to deactivate his accounts immediately because my people were trying to fuck with my relationship. This one time we were dining out, some gay showed up. He had a really huge ass. He came to our table and said "you can smash all that ass instead of that plank. Plus

this one will keep your dick warm all the time.” He literally shook it in Lethi’s face. Lethi just raised one of his eyebrows and said “pass” then he raised his hand. Next thing I knew, the big butted gay was escorted by two of Lethi’s guards. The drama never ends.

But that was not the worst of it. Believe me, it gets even more interesting. A week after the spontaneous first meeting of Khambule and partners, there was a family meeting at the Khambule household. Zoleka's family wanted Lethi to break up with me and clear the rumors about our relationship. They literally forced his hand and even threatened to take the kids away. They probably thought Zoleka was on their side but they were shocked when she spoke and said she will support any decision taken by her husband. Her family started terrorizing me, accusing me of bewitching their daughter and made her an imbecile. Ngimfake umathithibala. Her sisters didn’t mind sending insulting messages day in day out. Some of Lethi’s cousins joined in on those insulting ventures. I ended up changing numbers because it was too much. My friends took me to a spa last week in Port Elizabeth just to distress and I actually enjoyed that time away.

Someone would've thought with all the drama surrounding us, Lethi would eventually drift away from me but that is the opposite of how things are happening. It's like he just started loving me soon after our love trended. In the midst of all the negativity, he took me to Lagos after the family meeting. We spent two days there but the man went all out. He showed me love and affection through his love language, showering me with gifts. People say money can't buy you happiness but if you're with great company, it can.

Well I tried to plan an activity that would excite us. Lethi visits the gym regularly, so I thought hiking might be fun for both of us. That MC guy who was at my event, Humble Beast, actually has a backpacking company called Great Hikes Backpackers. They had this amazing Valentine's Day trip planned for singles and couples. I took Lethi there and we were having a lot of fun, until it was time for yoga. I have never laughed so hard in my life. His body was so stiff and tense. He couldn't do a single pose. As punishment for laughing at him, he actually made me watch gay porn. Then gave himself a handjob and then went to sleep, leaving me high and dry. I swore to never laugh at him after that. The man is vengeful.

So for the actual Valentine's day, he couldn't be with me because he spent the day with his wife. I wasn't jealous or anything because I was getting used to sharing him. He made my day so special though even in absentia. There was breakfast on my bedside table when I woke up with a cute good morning note. Then a hot bubble bath was already prepared for me. The bathroom floor was filled with violet rose petals

my favorite colour. There was also a glass of champagne with grapes on the edge of the bathtub. It was so perfect and romantic. Of course I had to take pictures and videos of the whole set up for the gram dear. After that amazing bath, I went downstairs, ready for work, and I found Azana in the middle of my living room with a guitar on her arms. An entire Azana y'all. Did I not scream? I rushed to hug her and greet her. Then she started playing 'Uthando Lwangu' which happens to be one of my jams and I melted in to a puddle. Who knew polygamous Zulu men could be this romantic?

After that I was driven like a queen to work. I was smiling from ear to ear the whole day. I did send Lethi a text to thank him for the marvelous morning. Calling might've meant I am overstepping and interrupting Zoleka's time. During lunchtime, I received two small boxes with a clear "DO NOT OPEN" instruction, when I asked, the man told me about delayed

gratification. Drama. After work, I was driven home where I found a glam squad waiting for me. They gave me little time to shower before they started dolling me up. They even did my nails and hair. They put on purple dye on my hair. After that, they actually dressed me up in a baby purple pantsuit with feathers on the front. They completed the look with silver heeled boots and a matching purse. I couldn't believe the end result. I looked like a fucking stunning model. It made me miss my runway days. Then I was escorted to this secluded restaurant in Ballito. When I stepped inside, my breath was taken away by Lethi who was dressed in a black suit, black shirt and black Italian shoes. He looked like a frickin Mafia King and I just wanted to die right there and then. We complimented each other, even made out, and then ate out dinner. After it, the waiter brought out three boxes identical to the ones I received earlier that day. He placed them on the middle of the table. Another waiter came with a white envelope and handed it to Lethi.

“Where are the boxes I sent earlier?” he asked looking at me. I took them out from my purse and placed them next to the ones on the table. He beckoned I open them. I found identical keys on every box and I frowned at him. “The houses for your guest house project you mentioned.” He said it casually and my mind

went blank for a whole minute. I was trying to make sense of what he was saying. Then he opened the envelope and laid out the papers in front of me. After skimming what they contained, I screamed and went to him. I hugged him tight and kissed him all over his place.

xxx

Lethi is such a romantic man. Like what the fuck do you get for him? A watch? No. He has hundred of those, different brands, different collections and hella expensive. You also can't buy him a car because he had dozens of those and he hardly use half of them. So I swallow my pride and ask Zoleka. She had known him for longer than a decade. We ain't best of friends but we are civil towards each other. That's what expected if you're marrying or married to the same man. She actually got a boutique hotel in Cape Town as her Valentine's gift. It's so classy. It has a kiddies and adult spa, yoga studio, meditation studio, a gym, numerous dining areas and a golf course on site and so many interesting things to do. I am planning on taking Danny there for his birthday in a few weeks. I am actually not jealous of her gift. The building is a state of the art, million dollar with but Lethi also gave me something which I will call



my own. So he is really good at this husbanding thing and he owes Zoleka for breaking her heart.

So Zoleka told me Lethi has a thing for those fast food restaurants that kids like to dine in. I narrowed it down to three, KFC, Wimpy and McDonald's. So I went with McDonald's because I like their burgers. I also bought him a BMW R 1200 GS X drive hybrid two wheel drive Motorcycle. Zoleka told me a little story about bikes. I didn't get the ending of it but I hope Lethi appreciates it.

Lethi arrives at my place and I practically shove him to my car's passenger seat. He is very stubborn, nothing new there. He is not someone you can surprise without risking him pissing you off. Yes. He can be a lot. After buckling up, I drive off.

"Where are we going?" He asks after a minute of silence. I don't think I have ever driven him to anywhere. This is a new experience. He looks like I am about to send us straight into a collision.

"You will see soon enough. How was your day?" He rolls his eyes and I laugh. Big baby.

"Nothing exciting happened. Well, my lawyers finalized paperwork on some commercial property in Indonesia but that's no big deal." His snobbish ass can be modest sometimes.

"Congratulations, babe." He blushes.

"Thank you. So when are we going to get married?"

“Woah, slow your role, tiger. First, you gotta propose, then the whole lobola issue which I know my family will cause drama in. Then the hundreds of Zulu functions after that. Emotionally, I am not ready for that and I don't think your family is looking forward to that considering what your cousins did.” I haven't even met his parents officially and I am in no rush, bakwethu. This ain't a marathon.

“You do realise that once I propose, none of that shit will matter and no one will stop us, right?” I roll my eyes. Why did I go for a stubborn Zulu man with a huge ego?

“Yeah, yeah. I know how strong and resilient you are. Nothing can stand in your way. The great Lethinhlahla Khambule.”

“Why are you being sarcastic? What have I said wrong?” he asks with a slight frown. He really doesn't see his mistake? God, men are stupid.

“Lethi, what we are doing is not normal. Yes, we are loving our lives and the world should adjust, and really fast according to your timeline. But we need our family's support. 100% support. We should give them time to get used to our new reality. We are not dying tomorrow. So there is no rush, really. Maybe we

can revisit this topic after six months or so.” He scoffs and looks outside the window. Hebana. Did I say something wrong? “Are you mad at me? Wow. That’s really mature of you right now. Snob.” I park the car and he turns to look at me.

“What are we doing at McDonald’s?”

“What everyone else does at McDonald’s. Eat.” I climb off the car and head inside, knowing very well that he is following me. I step inside and I am glad I chose this place. The eatery looks deserted, well except for the staff at the toll point and kitchen. It is relaxing somehow.

The manager approaches us. “Good evening, Lindsay and your date. I hope everything is to your liking.” She gives her best professional smile.

“Yes. Everything is perfect.” I take Lethi’s hand and lead him to the counter. He looks so confused. I point at the screen menu behind the cashier and turn to Lethi. “Go crazy. I will cover the bill.” For a moment he is frozen on the spot, and then he breaks into laughter, his facial expression is priceless. It’s like he can’t believe what’s happening.

“Are you serious?” I nod. “My God. You closed down a whole McDonald’s restaurant for me? How much did that cost?”

“None of your business.”

Don’t want him ending up paying for his own surprise now, do we? I would say I am lucky he left his wallet in his car but the man doesn’t mind using that scan to pay feature on his banking app. He is amazing, with his big ego. And he deserves to be spoiled, celebrated and appreciated. As much as I enjoy receiving gifts, I also like handing them out, especially to my significant other.

He laughs and then focuses on the screen with a rare smile on his face. Then his eyes turn to the cashier. “I will have 10 piece chicken McNuggets with your best dips, 2 chicken foldovers, a crispy chicken salad

a grand special burger, an apple pie, a strawberry shake and a happy meal on the go.” The cashier looks as shocked as I am.

“You will eat all of that tonight?” I ask and he grins.

“You underestimate a man’s appetite, love. And because of you, today is officially my cheat day.” Yes, this freak has a diet.

“Please add a large coke there, my dear.” The cashier laughs before tapping on the computer and then turns to me.

“What will you be having tonight?”

“I feel like he will kill me if I share any of his meals.” She laughs while Lethi rolls his eyes. “I will have a big Mac meal, a McFlurry, a carrot cake slice and a large sprite drink.”

“Oww, I also want the cake.” Lethi chirps in and the cashier laughs once more before rounding up the order. I use my personal card, not the black card, to cover our bill and we go sit down. “This is really nice. Thank you. I don’t know when was the last time someone paid for my meals, or anything really.”

“Well, that’s because you’re stubborn.” He laughs.

“I am sorry for my childish behaviour back at the car. You are right. I don’t care about how other people feel about my decisions, especially when they are this personal. I will try to see things via your point of view. I promise.”

I smile. "That's all I want. For you to be a little accommodative and considerate."

"I get it. Stop with the punches now." I chortle. He is the dramatic one and I am sure everyone can agree with me on that. "So what is your ideal wedding?"

I shake my head. "I won't tell you. I don't want you to plan a secret wedding for me. That's just too predictable and totally you." He gives me an innocent smile and I just my head. "Usile wena." He snorts and shrugs.

"I tried."

"I am curious about the Zulu ceremonies. Which ones will we be doing?"

"Ilobola, obviously. Then umembeso and ingqibamasondo. We will proceed to the actual wedding after that." I nod. The waiters start bringing the food. It literally fills the table until there is no space left. We start digging in.

"You have made my year, sthandwa Sami. This is the best night of my life. I love you." That warms my heart. Being Lethi must be a bit difficult and heavy. You always take care of others and

provide for them. Everyone is expecting you to do that but no one really wants to take care of you and spoil you. So making him feel like this is such an achievement.

It takes him almost two hours to finish everything he ordered. And I am serious. He finished everything, except for the happy meal he ordered as a takeaway. In between the meals, he tells me more about his friends or close business associates, his siblings and his parents. He actually lost one of his siblings in an accident. She was a porn star, and I ain't judging. After thanking the manager, we head out. Next to my car, his gift is parked with a black ribbon on it. You can't gift manly man like him and wrap the gift in red. It has to be a cool colour. He frowns, looking at me and I smile.

“This is the last surprise of the night. I promise.”

He smiles. “I don't know what to say.” He circles the bike, brushing it like it's a woman or something. “This is mine?” I nod with a grin and he rushes to hug and kiss me before climbing onto the bike and bringing the engine to life. It purrs, announcing its presence. He giggles like a happy kid before looking at me. “Last one to your house will lick the other's fingers.”



What a safe dare. “Oww, you’re on.” I climb into my car and start the engine. He raises his hand to start the countdown and I just drive off. No one said anything about a fair race.

He actually wins the race, despite me cheating every chance I get.

“You are a bad cheater.” He states when I slide off my car. He is already leaning on his bike. I laugh.

“A girl’s gotta do what a girl’s gotta do. It was worth a try though.”

“I will make things easier for you. Just suck my dick instead of the fingers.” How is that ‘making things easier’?

“Okay. That’s doable, honey.” I step closer to him and then go down on my knees. His eyes nearly pop out of their sockets.

“I didn’t mean on the driveway.” His voice comes off a bit squeaky.

“You also didn’t specify the location, love, so that’s all on you.” I drag his sweatpants and briefs down, revealing his semi-hard dick. I cup his balls and he shakes a bit. “This us going to be fun.”

## BUCKET LIST

Sucking off your partner in public.

Since my house warming party, I think I have hung out and went clubbing with Ralph at least three times. He has been so busy with modelling gigs. Even had a photoshoot with Khosi Nkosi a week ago. We have been chatting though and he told me that he is seeing this black rich guy from Bloemfontein. Honestly I am happy for him. I think, no, I know that everyone deserves love, especially if your man is rich because he will spoil you rotten. Well unless you were unlucky and gifted a stingy one.

So I am a bit happy that he is at the gate and here to see me. I open a bottle of wine and pour two glasses, waiting for him at the lobby. When he opens the door, I frown at his unusual attire. He is always a trendsetter, much like a Danny, a head turner if I must say. So this bad boy with mental health issues look he is rocking is not on, but maybe he is marketing it for someone.

“Hello love.” I open my arms for him and he gives me a cold hug. “Okay. Who did what to you? Who do I have to kill?”

He grins before taking a glass on my hand and downing it on one go. “Life is fucked up. Do I need a skin darkener for this dude to actually like and notice me? Where can I get melanin?” I frown. I have never seen this side of Ralph. What the hell is

going on? Is he having a mental breakdown? Well I am keen on finding out because he is my friend.

“Is this about the Bloemfontein guy?” he takes the second glass and also drinks it so fast. Something is not right.

“Which Bloemfontein guy?” aibo. Does he have amnesia. He doesn’t wait for me to reply. He heads to the kitchen and I follow him. I find him gulping on the bottled wine like it’s just water.

“Ralph babe, talk to me. You won’t find whatever answer you are looking for at the bottom of that bottle.”

“Where are your guards?” he asks looking around.

“Around here somewhere. Do you want to sit down maybe?” he leans on the kitchen island and stares at me, like size me up from head to toe. I am wearing a chilled white co-ord and sleepers because I am chilling at my home. Is that not allowed anymore?

“You think you’re better than anyone else, don’t you?” say what now? “You think you are a perfect little thing. Just because one handsome guy showed interest in you, you think you’re the shit now?” what the fuck?

“Ralph, what are you on about? Is everything okay?” why is he coming for me as if I provoked him or something?

“You are the fuckin problem. What is it that you have that I don’t? Or what? Men are attracted to ashy assholes nowadays? Maybe I am the one who didn’t get the memo while I was in the States.” Yehheni. No he didn’t.

“Listen, I don’t know what crawled up your ass. Just go home and sleep on it. Maybe you will wake up feeling a bit better and your mind clearer. Like I don’t understand how you would attack me while I haven’t provoked you or anything like that.”

He laughs bitterly. “I would wake up with a clear mind and a brighter future if you’re dead. Because that would mean I have less competition on my man.” Death? His man?

“DELA!” I shout because this bitch is starting to creep me out with all this crazy talk. He does that annoying villain laugh.

“Shame, are you scared? You shouldn’t have flaunted my man in my face like that. Now you have to live with the consequences of your actions, or in your case, die.” It all happens so fast. One moment I am watching him take out something from his hoodie pocket and the next, I feel it in my arm as a sharp object pierces my skin and I shriek. OMG! Ralph just stabbed me. I clasp my bleeding arm and take two steps back. The pain. Did I really let a snake into my home? And where the fuck is the security detail when you need it?

“Listen.” I clear my throat. This hurts like hell. How do people get stabbed or shot in the movies and continue fighting like nothing happened? “I don’t understand you, Ralph. Was Lethi your ex or are you guys hooking up?” even I know my question is stupid but I am just buying myself time.

“Cute. I am a model, I am sexy I am successful and independent. He should be mine and mine alone, not yours. You dog deserve him. I deserve to be living in this house or driving that beast in the garage or even the owner of that black card on your wallet. Those things are all mine, not yours.”. This dude is delusional.

I take another step and balance my body on the wall behind me. “You deserve all the luxury and nice life just because you are white? Bitch wake up. This is not the apartheid era. Us, black people, can live a luxurious life much better than yours. But I must say I never thought you were thus bitter airhead.”

He advances to me and I can’t even run because I backed myself up on the wall. He passes a table and a vase breaks. That doesn’t deter him. Before I know it, he is standing in front of me. The knife pierces my lower abdomen and I scream. Fuck. That hurt more than the first one and it seems to drain half the strength and will I had. I slide down the wall and he does a victorious laugh.

“Who is the airhead now? Honey, I would watch my mouth if I were you. Where are your guards now, president’s daughter?”

“You won’t get away with this.” I manage to mumble that out and he grins. I am in so much pain.

“Ow but I have, Hun.” He squats in front of me. “After my man recovers, you will be old news. Probably ash or rotten flesh eight feet under.”

“Recover? What are you saying?” I can’t believe I still have the strength to engage in a talk with him.

“I had to rid him of all the toxicity that is you. When he comes out of the hospital, he will be born again. A new man.” He smiles in a creepy way. He did not just harm my man. Please tell me he didn’t. I try to shove him away with my uninjured arm and he laughs before smashing my head on the wall. Christ. When did he become this violent? Or maybe I didn’t know the real Ralph White.

“Just a pretty face, aren’t you?” he punches me and I literally see stars. Shit. I am bleeding out. My head is pounding and my face also hurts. Is this God’s way of punishing me for being gay? If so, then Well played, Messiah. “Since I am almost done with you, my next target is the wife. She is not worth my energy. One bullet in the head buy a skilled hitman will do.”

“Please don’t. She had kids.” I can’t breathe properly. Zoe doesn’t deserve the same fate as me. She is innocent.

“Aww, those little devils. A little food poisoning will do and my man and I will sail off to paradise, elope and live happily ever after. What a life.” He straightens and then kicks me on the face. My body finally gives in. I slump on the floor, clutching on my abdomen. He smiled. “This is the end. Hold your breath and count to ten.” He sings Skyfall with a smile. “This won’t hurt if you just embrace it.” He raises his knife and before I feel that piercing feeling again, I hear a loud shattering sound. The next thing I know, he falls down before me with his eyes wide open and blood coming out of his mouth. What? Am I dreaming? My vision is blurry but I see someone in a black suit coming closer to me.

“Lindsay! Are you okay?” I think that’s Mabutho’s voice, even though I am not too sure. Maybe I am hallucinating. My eyes feel so heavy and I close them, still trying hard to breathe.

“That’s a dumb question, man.” A second voice which sounds a little like Carter chirps in. “He is drifting away.”

I can literally feel my body giving in. The last thing I remember is someone picking me up before it’s complete lights out. I hope Lethi is okay.

## NARRATED

“You would think that with all the warnings issued, people would actually listen. But no. they act like they are listening but then turn around and do the exact shit you warned them about. What’s the reason of having a psychic friend if you won’t listen to her simple free advice, huh?” Futhy asked, pacing up and down in the waiting room.

She was livid with the way things had happened. She was also worried about Lindsay’s state but that didn’t mean she couldn’t vent about her feelings. She was actually in town with her friends and their husbands to do brunch because it had been a while since they sat down and bonded without having to rush to an event. In the middle of brunch, she had a vision of Ralph attacking Lindsay and she could feel that it was happening right that moment. So she sent Mabutho and Carter to Lindsay’s house.

“I wish psychos came with warnings or labels. Lindsay is so kind and welcoming. He sees the best in everyone and I am sure he didn’t see this coming. Of course he heard your warning but he



didn't think that his 'friend' might do something like this. I mean, what was the motive?" Lee asked in a low tone. She knew not to shout in a hospital.

"I just got news that Khambule was also admitted into this hospital two hours ago." Q, Futhy's bodyguard, announced walking and everyone turned to look at him, practically demanding answers with their stares. "he was involved in a car crash 5 minutes from his household. He sustained a few injuries but they weren't fatal. He is in theatre. I think they said his leg was damaged or something." he reported and everyone went quiet.

"Wow. I didn't see that one coming. Why I blindsided by the ancestors or something?" Futhy asked, sitting down next to her husband.

"I think it's because you have a strong connecting with Lindani. That's why you felt his attack and not Khambule's. In any case, you have nothing to worry about. I am sure both of them are out of danger and the threat has been neutralized." Kuhle stated as he comforted his wife.

“Not really. My gut feeling is telling me that something is not right, I am literally waiting for the other shoe to drop at this point.” Futhy responded, leaning back on her chair. “Who is going to inform Lindsay’s family about this?”

“I will.” Lee responded and honestly she was the better candidate for the job because Futhy was in no position to speak to an outsider. “Do you have her number?” Futhy called out Lindsay’s mother’s number and Lee went to the cafeteria to make the call.

“I don’t understand this situation at all. Where the hell were his guards? I mean she must have screamed at some point during the attack. No one heard anything in the house? Really? How big is his house that you couldn’t hear a scream from the ground floor if you’re on the first floor?” Noma asked. She was actually thinking out loud.

“Khambule doesn’t have as many guards as you and Futhy has.” Mabutho responded. “There is about two guards stationed to protect Lindsay and I think they got the call about their boss being attacked. They got distracted and forgot about their job, which is protecting their ward. Like that’s bodyguard guide 101. Never leave your ward without any protection.”

“Thanks for the lesson, Butho.” Carter responded sarcastically and Mabutho just rolled his eyes. “Maybe the wife is the next target. I mean from bits of the conversation we heard, Ralph wanted Lindsay’s guy all to himself and he couldn’t have that while the wife was still in the picture.”

“Yeah, but he is dead now. So I think that part of the plan died with him.” Kuhle responded.

“Unless the plan was already in motion. He isn’t the one who caused Khambule’s accident

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simply the mastermind behind it. He went to Lindsay because the situation was a bit personal. Maybe he hired someone to harm or scare the wife, or even kill her.” Mabutho chirped in and they all looked at him. “I mean it took him weeks to plan this. It had to be perfect to the end.”

“So a hitman maybe?” Kuhle asked and Mabutho nodded.

“But that’s just the worst case scenario. Let’s wait for Lindsay to wake up and then we will take it from there.” Noma states and everyone agreed.

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3 hours later, Lindsay was out of surgery. The doctors came to give a report to his friends and family. His mother and sister were already there with everyone. Luckily there wasn't any permanent damage caused by the incident but it would take some time for him to recover. So he was going to take a break from work. He hadn't woken up though and that was everyone's concern because the doctors said he should've gained consciousness by now.

On the other side of the hospital, Khambule was out of surgery and doing better than Lindsay. His right leg was injured badly and they had to put a cast on for the time being and he was ordered to use a wheelchair to move around. His left arm also suffered a blow but it wasn't that bad. A week of taking it easy would assure a full recovery. When he opened his eyes, he saw Zoleka sitting on a chair not far from the bed. He cleared his throat and his wife gave him a teary smile.

"You're okay. Oww God. I am so glad. I was so worried about you. The doctors said you should be up and running in no time

but you have to take it easy. So that means bed rest for the next two weeks.” she spoke so fast and he couldn’t help but smile. His wife was always like this when she was scared for him or his life. It wasn’t his first time in the hospital, so he could easily see right through her.

“What part of me was damaged the most?” he asked.

“The right leg and left arm but you don’t have to worry. Your personal nurse is at your service.” she did the salute and he chuckled.

“Well aren’t I the luckiest men to have the sexiest nurse on the planet?” she giggled and shook her head.

“Focus on your recovery and not my sexiness.” he pouted and she laughed. Then he cleared his throat.

“Was Lindani informed about me being here? Not that I am not happy you’re by my side, but I would’ve loved for him to be also here with me.” Zoleka looked everyone but into his eyes.

“Wife, why are you dodging eye contact? Did something happen?”

“He dumped you.” she said in a soft tone and he frowned. He opened his mouth to respond and she chuckled. “I am just kidding. You know how I spew crab when I am nervous. But here it goes. He was attacked round about the same time you were. His white friend attacked him at his house, stabbed him twice and punched him on the face. He is out of surgery now but he hasn’t gained consciousness. He is also here at the hospital.”

His frown deepened. He wasn’t comprehending any of the words coming out of his wife’s mouth. He couldn’t process them faster. “I don’t understand.”

“Apparently the friend was obsessed with you and he felt as if he needed to get Lindsay out of the way in order to have you all to himself. I am wondering if he forgot about the little old me or something.”

He tried sitting up and actually removed some of the tubes connected to him, including the drip. “I need to see him, as in now. Can you take me to his ward?”

“Nhlahla.”

“Please.” she sighed before standing up and wheeling the wheelchair near his bed. Then she helped him sit on it before she wheeled him out of his ward.

“If we bump into any of your nurses or doctors, I am not getting involved.” she threatened and he just chuckled. They arrived at the waiting room where Lindsay’s family and friends were at.

“Good evening everyone. How is Lindani doing?” Khambule asked.

“Deteriorating, thanks to you.” Lindsay’s sister muttered.

“Which way is his ward?” he asked, not paying attention to that comment.

“He is in ward 2.” Futhy responded. “I can take you there.” she stood up and led the way. Both Khambule and Zoleka followed him. When they got to his ward, he was surrounded by machines. His face was swelling and he looked so small and vulnerable.

Khambule wheeled himself closer to the bed and held Lindsay’s hand. “I am sorry that my stupid guards weren’t there for you when you needed them the most. I promise you they are fired. I

want you to know that none of this is your fault. You didn't do anything. It's just that your friend was a psycho and you're not liable for his actions. I hope you recover soon and then we can start planning out life."

"Do...o...n't." a muffled sound came from Lindsay and everyone in the room frowned. Khambule quickly removed the oxygen mask helping Lindsay breathe. He blinked a little and swallowed hard. "Don't fire them."

Futhy laughed. "Oww, fuck. You almost scared me. But trust you to think about other people while your life is on the line."

Lindsay tried chuckling but he wasn't there yet. Khambule helped him drink some water and he leaned down on his bed, closing his eyes. "Zoleka is in danger. Ralph called a hit on her." he said before taking a deep breath and slowly drifted away again.

"Was he serious?" Zoleka asked, looking at her husband.

"Don't worry. I will handle it." Futhy stated before heading out and leaving the 3 spouses together.



## FINALE

I never really thought I would survive. I swear I saw my life flash right before my eyes. Like what the actual fuck? In what universe does your 'friend' fantasize about being with your man to such an extent that he tries to kill you and actual endanger the said man's life? It just doesn't make any sense. If he tried an attempt on my life, that would've been, I don't know, valid at some point. But to 'cleanse' Lethi, that's just damn psycho move. I am glad he is okay though. I would've died if suffered some permanent damage.

I was a bit surprised when I finally woke up and found Lethi sleeping on a hospital bed next to mine. They said I woke up and warned them about the hot on Zoe's life but I honestly don't remember any of that and that's the truth. The only time I remember gaining consciousness was when I woke up to Lethi sleeping next to me. Being in a room with him and his wife is kind of weird. In a way, I can see how much she really loves him but she can't show full affection just because I am here. Is this what polygamy is actually all about? If so, then I don't know how I feel about it but it's not that uncomfortable.

Lethi is currently in the cafeteria to see his kids. You know, some hospitals are still strict about the no kids visiting policy, so he is meeting them in the cafeteria. I thought Zoe was with them but I frown when I see her coming back without Lethi. She sits next to my bed and sigh.

“I honestly feel like this chat is long overdue.” she starts off and I sit up. My body still aches when I move but I am healing. “I wasn’t happy when Nhlahla told me about you. In fact I was livid. I thought about leaving him because I just couldn’t take it. My mother advised me to get rid of you by any means necessary but I love Nhlahla and I saw how he was around you. I knew your departure or death would affect him dearly. So I tried accepting my new reality. Trust me, it wasn’t easy knowing that if he is not at home or at work, he is definitely spending time with you.” I don’t know how to feel about everything she is saying but I know I must hear her out.

“Nhlahla is like my favourite doll. The one I don’t take out for other kids to see or play with. He is my favourite person in the whole wide world. When I am with him, I feel like I can be vulnerable and nothing can harm me because he is there to

protect me, share some comfort and wisdom with me. He loves me for who I am not what I have. When I ask him why he loves me, he always say that he doesn't have a reason to love me. It just comes naturally. because if he had one or two reasons to love me, then that means if those reason were to fade, he would stop loving me." that's a lot to take in.

"I wish I could hate you or judge you for the recent attack on Nhlahla's life but that would be hypocritical of me. See, when we broke up years ago, I dated a guy who was a gangster. He was charming and funny and loving. But then Khambule came back to demand his wife with full force and I swayed. You know how charming he can be. He has been like this since we started dating. So I dumped the other guy and gave Nhlahla my all. Of course the guy wasn't happy. He went to fetch my son from school and held him captive. He demanded I come back to him or else he will kill my son. Nhlahla somehow tracked this guy and when he found him, he got himself captured. They tortured and nearly killed him. Your friend's grandparents

the royal family from Western Cape, are the ones who rescued both Nhlahla and my son. He came out of that with many scars. I don't know if you noticed but he has a lot of scars in his chest, abs and back. Also a bullet scar on his thigh. So don't feel bad about this incident. I guess this is me fully accepting the fact

that Nhlahla is not mine alone, I have to share him with someone else.” She gives a teary smile and I take her hand.

“I have never been in this situation before, so I don’t know what to do but I will just follow my heart. I hope we will be able to respect each other and know each other’s boundaries and also respect each other’s space unless you invite me into your home and me visa versa.”

“That’s doable. Also, please take the bike. I can’t deal. He has become a teenager ever since he came back with it. I was surprised he wasn’t riding it when he got into an accident.”

I laugh. “I’m afraid I can’t, you know. Congrats about the hotel by the way. I am planning on taking my friend there next week for his birthday.”

She smiles. “I will make sure to be present and make your stay extra special. I am new to this hospitality industry but I am planning on taking a short course so I can understand how everything works.”

“Maybe I will join you since I am also opening guesthouses soon.”

“Nhlahla told me about that. I guess we are fully into the hospitality business now.”

“Now that’s the best sight I have ever seen. The two people I love the most talking and actually bonding.” We both turn to see Lethi leaning by the door. He is using crutches to support him. He is so stubborn.

“WHERE IS YOUR WHEELCHAIR?” Zoleka and I ask at the same time and we both chuckle.

“Okay, I take my words back. I liked y’all better before this union. You are not about to gang up on me.” He responds, stepping inside and settling on his bed.

Zoleka laughs. “Let me go to the kids.” She stands up and heads out.

“I have no problem with you guys getting along but you can’t be ganging up on me. That’s not cool.” I laugh. Why is he talking in American slang right now? Did the accident tap into his hidden nigga side?

“If it’s for you own good, then we will gang up on you. If it was me walking up down with my injuries and straining my leg, you would’ve tied me to a bed.”

“We are no the same. You are fragile and you are mine. I don’t want you overworking your body while you should be recovering.”

“Please practice what you preach, mister.”

He rolls his eyes and then sits on the edge of my bed. He rests his leg where Zoe was seated. “What were you all gossiping about?”

“How to run the Khambule household. Not something you should concern yourself about. All you have to do is be on standby with your wallet when we need you.”

He raises his eyebrows at me. “Seriously?”

I laugh. “No. We were just getting to know each other and she told me About the story with her ex so that I wouldn’t feel bad about the whole saga that put us in here.”

“Even if her ex didn’t do what he did to me, she wouldn’t have judged you. She is forgiving a welcoming. It’s one of the things I admire about her.”

“So have you ever cheated on her before?”

“Before you, no. I know it’s hard to believe. A businessman who is always on the road travelling. I should have a lot of one night stands behind me but that’s not who I am. I am a one woman man, well plus you now since you’re on the equation.”

I chuckle. “You can send your negotiators in May. I think everything would’ve cooled down by then.”

“Are you serious?”

“Yes.”

“Fuck, thank you so much. I am in love with you Lindani Mzobe and I can’t wait to prove for the rest of my life.” He kisses me. He looks so adorable right now. “So when are we having kids?”

“Chill. We gotta crawl before we can walk.”

He sighs. “Okay, but only for you.” He kisses me again.

My God. Who would've thought? Me ending up with a multimillionaire like him? I didn't think that fate was possible with gays but after this, I believe in anything. Even the fact that Pluto exists and it's either a planet or a star. Whatever it is. I am sure if I said I wanted to go there, Lethi would make a plan. That's how much he loves me. It's not toxic, just unconditional.

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

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